This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 07579718 7

"Covet Earnestly the Best Gifts."

AUTUMN LEAVES

PUBLISHED FOR THE YOUTH OF THE

REORGANIZED CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST

OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

LAMONI, IOWA:

M. WALKER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

1890.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
297032A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1927 L

INDEX TO VOL. III.

Alive Two Thousand Years.....507
Alpha's Log, The (No. 2).....163
Ambition.....474
An Evil of American Daughters.....572
Angels of Christmas Eve, The..... 13
Autobiography of Elder R. C. Evans.....271
546, 311, 373, 407, 464, 513
Autobiography of Elder Glaud Rodger..... 89
542, 130, 174, 214. 317, 369, 415, 470, 518
Autobiography of Father John Landers.... 66
Autumn Leaves.....560
Beautiful Morning 458
Be Civil 340
Beet Sugar Industries.....236
Ben-Hur; or, a Tale of the Christ.....561
Bible Enigma.....549
Bravest Battle, The.....283
Brighter Day 474
Broken Heart, A.....350
Careless Habits 502
Camp at Keokuk, Iowa.....245
Caste.....450
Childhood.....116
Children, The.....226
Child's Struggle..... 31
Christmas Chimes, The..... 17
Christmas Vision..... 1
Christ in America, The.....345
Christ's Sympathy 8
Church and the World, The 540
Churchianity *vs* Christianity.....489
Come up Higher.....130
Confidential with Fathers 569
Cupid by the Well 333
Cyclone, The.....551
Day we Celebrate 380
Death 82
Decoration Day.....271
Definite Object in Life, A.....315
Department of Correspondence.....47, 102, 145
191, 240, 288, 334, 383, 429, 479, 531, 578
Does it Pay to Read Fiction 521, 557
Domestic Department.....80, 140, 196
246, 292, 338, 389, 434, 484, 528, 574
Dr. Lassarre at Trafalgar..... 53
Editor's Corner 53, 101, 151, 198, 245
296, 341, 387, 437, 486, 525, 576
Education and Religion.....125
Essay on Temperance..... 476
Eternity of Mind 170, 232, 297, 397
Ethics and Religion.....478
Evening.....475
Evil Tree, The 249
Experience with Modern Cigarette.....329
Faith, Hope and Charity 352
Feed My Lambs 162
Fetching Water From the Well 333
Fire, Flood and Famine..... ...323
Galilee..... 561
Gift of Tears, The..... 81
Girls in the Outer World.....382
Gleanings from the History of English Mission 108, 185, 401
God's Rest.....502
Gospel of Jesus Christ, The..... 57
Happy Woman, The.....456
Hard Times..... 210
Highland Park Normal College.....571
Hints on Domestic Life..... 426, 457, 549
Home 244
How to Read 220
Incidents in the Life of one of Earth's Pilgrims..... 551, 99, 142, 218, 302, 361, 422, 509
Incidents of a Day's Travel.....497
Indian Summer.....527
It is Good to Read the Stories 406
June Song 252
Lake George by Moonlight.....571
Lake of Fire, The 321
Leaves From Palestine 16, 354
Legacy of Christ Kindchen, The.. 6
Let the Flowers Speak.....259
Little Ben Ezra 451
Living.... 428
Living Pictures.....539
Loss and Gain..... 294
Love for Good Books..... 438
Love of God, The 254
Love One Another 301
Loving Words..... 342

Memorial Sermon....256
Memories....259
Mother's Room....31
New Every Morning....75
Not as I Will....65
Nothing Good and Beautiful, etc....113
Observations....157, 227, 260, 441
Oldest Story, The....316
One of the Least....37
Our Minds....544
Our Treasure is There....320
Pan's Revenge....372
Past and Present....415
Patience With Love....15
Pattie; or, Leaves from a Life....33, 95, 206 284, 324, 365, 418, 503
Peace....105
Perfect Through Suffering....518
Pictures from Memory's Wall....217
Principles....167
Promise and the Promiser, The....507
Psalm of Praise, A....306
Public Opinion....453
Push On....134
Reflections....368
Reminiscences....307
Rest....108, 213
Resurrection, The....507
Revelations to the Church....378
Rose of Sharon, The....328
Round Table....55, 104, 151, 199 247, 295, 343, 391, 439, 487, 535, 583
Santa Claus on a Lark....18
Save Your Eyes....506
Scholar and the Donkey, The....125
Sea of Galilee, The....425
Search the Scriptures....342
Sermon by John Landers....393
Sermon in Rhyme....520
Sermon of Elder James Whitehead....118
Social Progress and Spiritual Development.404
Some New Year's Reveries....43
Song of Spring....278
Song of Winter....205
Spirit of the Teacher, The....535
Spirituality of Plants, The....153
Spiritual Reminiscences....566
State of Tulait, The....70
Step that Never Came, The....184
Story of the Book of Mormon...26, 75, 134, 180
Testimony....212
Testimony, A....161
Testimonies of Elder James Whitehead....70
Testimony of Sr. Mary Jordan....258
Testimony of Sr. Mary J. Page....320
Three Christmas Days....39
Thrice Rescued but Once Saved....494
To My Companions....168
Troubles....308
True Hero, The....255
True Leader, The....190
Trusting Our Children....463
Truth *versus* War and Ignorance....412
Unity....331
Vision....237
We are Like the Books we Read....7
Weeds and Flowers, The....344
What is it Good for....72
What is Man....309
Why She Quit Dancing....412
With the Church in an Early Day....9, 84 130, 222, 279, 357
Woman's Liberty in the Holy Land....252
Wreck of the Flora M. Crowley....201
Zion's Redemption....555
Zion's Rising....554

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A Christmas Vision....1
An Evening Scene....440
Camp at Keokuk....200
Cupid by the Well....296
Elder R. C. Evans....248
Father John Landers....56
Indian Summer....488
Kanesville....104
Lake George by Moonlight....571
Mission San Carlos De Monterey....392
Scene near Monterey....344
Spirituality of Plants....152

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

CHRISTMAS VISION.

(See page 1).

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. III. LAMONI, IOWA, JANUARY, 1890. NO. 1.

A CHRISTMAS VISION.

BY "FRANCES."

(S[redacted].)

"As thou hast made thy world without,
Make thou more fair my world within;
Shine through its lingering clouds of doubt;
Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin."

THE mind of man is a complex machine; busy in its waking hours and often busy when sleep would fain bind it in fetters. There are visions of the waking hours and visions of sleep, and the boundary line—the dim, undefined realm between these two—has also its visions. To either of these the reader may assign the vision of our story; but careless as we may be with reference to which realm you may assign it, we are not careless as to the impression it shall make upon your mind. If it contain gems of truth, we ask you to cherish them. Weigh it in the balance of God's word and, if it be found wanting, cast it aside, ever remembering the injunction, "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

A short winter day of early December was drawing to a close. The sun was descending the western horizon, curtained by fleecy, low-lying clouds, through which his beams penetrated with small degree of warmth or cheer. The air was filled with damp vapors and, though not so cold as to be severe, yet it seemed to pierce to one's very joints and marrow, and the few pedestrians forced to be abroad, hastened along, seemingly intent only upon reaching a place of warmth and shelter.

Among these was a fair young girl, slight of form and so delicate and fragile looking that you almost instinctively wondered how she dared venture abroad upon an evening so disagreeable. But looking again you would notice that her step was elastic, her cheeks rosy with the glow of health, and just then as she passed a little child, she stopped to fasten its hood more closely, and as she stooped to kiss it, her face was radiant with the warmth and light of a smile so bright, that instinctively the little one closed her arms tightly about her neck and held her in a fond embrace. Each passed upon her devious way and was soon out of sight. We say out of sight, for standing back from the street amid well kept shrubbery and beneath the branches of now leafless trees, was a stately residence, from the window of which a lady plainly but richly dressed, had been silently regarding them.

The residence was not a palace, but everything in and around it betokened comfort if not luxury. Soft damask curtains draped the windows, and as the fair hand of the lady held them back, the interior of the room was partly visible to those without, and comfort was stamped upon its every appointment. The fitful flames from an open grate played in soft shadows upon the walls, and as Mabel—for that was the lady's name—turned away from the window, she threw herself into a low rocker in front of the fire, and, closing her eyes, gave herself up to a long and earnest reverie.

"I wonder," she said at last, as though speaking to an invisible presence, "I wonder how it is that despite the most adverse circumstances and disagreeable surroundings some people seem to be so happy. It is a mystery to me. There is, for instance, Dorothy Stanley, who has just passed by. I can not believe that she has anything in this world to fret or

worry her, for no matter how disagreeable the day, sunshine is hidden away in her face. The children all love her, and no wonder, for she has ever a kind and loving word for them. It can not be that sorrow ever disturbs the placid depths of her soul, or mixes bitter drops to be poured into the cup of her life. I remember now I have often thought that I would inquire somewhat more about her, something of her history, for it must be that into her life some 'rain drops have fallen,' but if so, one would not know it, for her garments have gathered neither dampness nor mold, and what but the sunshine of happiness could paint a smile so winning?"

"Would you like to visit her to-day?" said a voice close by Mabel's side.

For a moment the lady started, as she saw a white robed figure standing near the table and earnestly regarding her; but the feeling passed away as quickly as it had arisen, and without fear or wonderment she asked:

"Who are you and how came you here?"

"I am the Spirit of Truth," it answered, "and my business is with you. I know something of Dorothy's life and surroundings, and as you have expressed a wish to know also, will you come with me and learn?"

"But the day is cheerless and night is coming on. It is very disagreeable without, and I would rather not go to-day."

"Your waterproof and rubbers are as serviceable as hers, are they not?"

"Yes," said Mabel blushing; "but I can not understand how any one should *choose* to be abroad such a day as this. I must confess that I greatly prefer my comfortable fire and easy rocker. But pray be seated," she added, as suddenly recollecting herself, she drew an easy chair forward for her guest.

"Thank you; no," said Truth, "but if you will not go with me I have power to cause a view of Dorothy's life to pass before you. But let me warn you that you will unavoidably be the loser. Those who love truth will seek for it, and when they find it, will not sell it for gold or diamonds. It is my privilege, however, to present it to you, and if you really wish to know the secret of true happiness, I will show it to you.

Mabel blushed at the rebuke of the lovely presence, but she had long had a great curiosity regarding this young girl who daily passed her house, and she could not refuse to learn the secret of her apparent happiness and contentment. Her own heart was ill at ease, although to all outward appearance there was nothing wanting to her cup of happiness. Many trivial causes, even a day like this one, was sufficient to dim her joy and cast a damper over her spirits, which in turn would soon be felt by husband and children. She very seldom knew what it was to have her wishes crossed, but instead they were anticipated by the willing service of loving hands, until almost unconsciously she was growing selfish. *Selfishness and unhappiness are inseparable*, and consequently she was not always happy. Unthinkingly she frequently pondered this question in her mind and came at last to wonder how it was possible (if she failed) for others always to succeed.

"I fear you will think me very exacting," said Mabel, "but if you can show me Dorothy and her home life I would much prefer having it come to me than to seek for it."

A slight shadow passed over the beautiful brow of Truth, and she said, "*He that seeketh findeth.* But I will bring it to you, though I warn you that you never can obtain what you wish until you are not only willing to seek for it, but also willing to give all that you have on earth in exchange for it. Look!"

Mabel obeyed, and, looking toward the part of the room indicated, she saw a fair haired child tripping through green meadows, hunting out the sunniest nooks and gathering the loveliest flowers. Anon as she grew older she drove the cow to pasture and lingered by the way to catch her own reflection in the limpid stream or to adorn her brown hair with scarlet berries or the blue and white asters of autumn. From childhood she passed to girlhood and from this to maidenhood. Frequently in these days she came forth from her father's house, book in hand, and for hours would sit lost to a sense of all outward things, wholly absorbed in the pursuit of knowledge. Seeking it not only from books, but from forest, field and stream. As she grew older, however, an unseen presence accompanied her, and sorrow sat down by her side. Looking towards her

father's house, Mabel saw through an open casement a table spread with every luxury and wine—red wine—crowned the feast. She saw the mother's eyes red with weeping and heard the harsh, unmanly tone of the father's voice, and then she knew the name of this unwelcome presence. The days grew darker for Dorothy, and her tears many times wet the opening blossoms of morning and fell upon the crystalized dew at night.

"Poor Dorothy," said Mabel, "truly you have known sorrow."

But now there came a change, and Dorothy was not alone. Fairer than the clear harvest moon of midsummer, brighter than the sun in midday splendor, softer, gentler than the murmuring of waters or the cooing of the ring-dove to his mate, was the dream of happiness which crept into her soul with the coming of "Love's young dream." Ah, well has the poet said, "There is nothing half so sweet in life!" Is there indeed anything in life worth the living for when this dream has fled? Not in life, for life's sake; but there is One whose name is Love, and in his service "loss is gain."

Mabel could see the roses blushing and budding into bloom, upon Dorothy's cheeks as she wandered by her lover's side through the autumn woods, all aflame in beauty, and down by the meadow brook where the asters and golden rod dipped and nodded close by the clumps of flaming sumac. The voice of no wild bird was sweeter in its trilling notes of gladness than was hers as she went about her household tasks or upon errands of mercy to and fro.

But alas! there came a time when Dorothy walked again alone. Cold, dark and silent was the grave where her love lay entombed, and like a slender reed bent and tossed by a winter's storm, she bowed her head in loneliness and sorrow, while the fierce winds swept by in their wrath.

Winter locked the rippling stream in fetters of ice, buried the frozen earth in a mantle of snow, and the sad winds swept through the leafless branches in a dirge sadder than a requiem for the dead. From the cheeks of Dorothy the rose faded and the light died out from her eye; her step lost its elasticity and her voice of song was stilled. The ice-bound stream and the frozen earth seemed less cold and dead than the once warmly throbbing heart of Dorothy. But even to the wild birds she never breathed a note of her sorrow, and her own mother could only guess how it walked with her and brooded in her heart.

All this Mabel had the power to see as she looked, for thus far the experience of Dorothy was common to all. She saw also that grief was making a wreck of her once fair life. Again in these dark days the unseen presence of her father's house walked by her side, and for her mother there came rest and the folding of cold and weary hands. Then Dorothy in utter loneliness wept and refused to be comforted.

"Surely," said Mabel, "fate is bitter, unrelenting and cruel to Dorothy."

But there came a change, and Mabel heard as it were the voice of chimes in the stillness of a winter's night. She could see that Dorothy was listening to the music, and oh, how clear and joyous it floated out on the midnight air: "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men."

Then Mabel saw that there came power to Dorothy to remember what in her dream of great joy she had forgotten, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." Her idols were but clay, and they had been shivered, leaving her standing amid the broken fragments, worn and weary, crushed and bleeding, unable to gather them up or bind a single one together. Would this message, this gospel of peace, strengthen her to take up the battle of life anew? She listened, as there came floating over the stream of time, words which sent the blood leaping and surging through her heart as she had thought it would never leap again,—

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor, he hath sent me to heal the broken hearted."

Could this be the meaning of those midnight chimes? Was this the reason for those shouts of joyful gladness? Christ had been anointed to preach the gospel to the poor, he had been sent to heal the broken hearted.

When Dorothy had felt every earthly hope a failure, it had not entered her heart that this was reason sufficient to justify her in seeking a refuge where she had never thought of looking for

one in the days of her unclouded youth. But now the thought came home to her with peculiar force and power. It was for this purpose the Christ was anointed and sent. How great the love! and even before her bruised heart was aware of its change, her love was going out to God, because he first loved her and had sent his Son with this message of life and salvation.

Then there came to her a marvelous peace, and she thought no longer of her dead as laid away in the silent tomb. To her they were a living presence, and her countenance was radiant again with a calm joy.

The days went by and still found Dorothy the same. Beside her walked the unseen presence of her father's house, and, added to this, came poverty and toil. But despite the loss of loved ones who could never come again, and the presence ever walking by her side, Dorothy was the same cheerful, hopeful girl, who so short a time before had passed the gate of Mabel's house, stopping in the mist and rain to pet the little child and send her rejoicing on her way.

The vision faded as it came, and Mabel with a look of perplexity turned to the angel of Truth, saying:

"Is this which I have seen, really Dorothy Stanley's life?"

"It is," said Truth; "her life just as she has lived it, except that many of its cares and trials I have not shown you."

"I can not understand it," said Mabel, "and I do not see how it is possible for Dorothy to smile and be so happy in the midst of such surroundings."

"I told you that you would unavoidably be the loser by not going with me. You say truly that you do not understand it, for you can not understand the things of God, except you have the Spirit of God to teach you. He that seeketh findeth."

"But," said Mabel, looking appealingly at Truth, "is this the way in which God rewards those who serve him. I have been thinking seriously of trying to be a Christian, because I do not enjoy that peace of mind which I believe it is possible to enjoy; but I think I am far happier than Dorothy can be. Alas, poor girl! I shall never see her again without thinking what a sad lot is hers."

"Nay; there you are mistaken," said Truth, "and I want to remind you that happiness is not a worthy object of pursuit, and seldom comes to those who seek her most eagerly."

Mabel raised her eyes to the beautiful spirit of Truth, who stood calmly regarding her, and there was in them an incredulous look as she said:

"Is there any thing more worthy the pursuit of mortals, than perfect happiness?"

"There is," replied Truth, "and it can nowhere be shown that God has ever promised to exempt his people from the sorrows which are common to the human race. The words of Christ were, 'In the world you shall have tribulations, but *in me peace*."

"But how can peace dwell in the heart at the same time with unhappiness?"

"The trials of this world need not produce unhappiness. In the midst of them it is the privilege of every Saint of God to remember that he has the promise of this life and of that which is to come. Pain and sorrow are but ministering angels sent to help him in the attaining of that which he seeks."

"But even Christ shrank from the bitter cup, and prayed the Father if it were possible that he might not drink it."

"Yes," said Truth, as a tremor stole into her voice and she bowed her head at mention of that awful agony, "Christ took upon him not the nature of angels, but the nature of his brethren whom he came to save. Men have gone calmly to meet death, and think you he would shrink from the momentary pain?"

"But the death of the cross was a cruel one," said Mabel.

"Yes, I grant you that, but think you this was the cup he prayed might pass from him? Was the thought of death, that which wrung from him as it were great drops of blood?"

"Could he suffer more? Was ever a more cruel death invented?"

"If it were not possible for his brethren whom he came to save, to suffer more, why did he say to them, 'Fear not them which have power to kill the body.' What power had the Jews or the Roman soldiers over the Spirit of Christ? Would he say to his disciples, 'Fear them not,' and then shrink in agony and plead with the Father, 'If it be possible let it pass?' Nay; there is a depth of anguish unknown to men in the flesh, neither can the spirit

of man taste its bitterness here. Upon Him the sins of man were laid, and he was made like unto his brethren in all things save that he never sinned. Could he redeem from a depth of woe which he had never tasted? Could he appreciate the state of the lost, never having violated a law of God? How could he, unless God had laid upon him those sins? Did he feel the weight of them? Do you hear that bitter cry, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!' Oh, to be forsaken of God! To call and no answering voice be heard. To stretch forth weary, bleeding hands when the heavens are closed and men shall remember their sins and that which they have lost! But praise, thanksgiving and glory to God forever and forever, that he so loved man as to give his only begotten Son to suffer and die, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life!"

"It is appointed unto man once to die, and from this death none are exempt; but Jesus Christ by the grace of God tasted death for every man. This was the second death—the bitter cup which he drank to the dregs, and through the drinking of which he obtained the power over death and hell, and brought to pass the resurrection of the dead. Through taking upon him the seed of Abraham, it became possible for him to go wherever his brethren went, and when his spirit was separated from his body, in spirit he went to his brethren, whose spirits were confined in prison, for to this work the Father had anointed him and given him power."

Truth stood as though wrapt in thought, not heeding the blinding tears falling from Mabel's eyes, but gazing as upon things unseen. At last, however, she broke the silence which had fallen between them, saying:

"Through disobedience man brought sin into the world. Death and all evils followed in the train of sin. Perfect obedience to the will of God is required of man, and when man realizes the great love of God and loves him in return, will he not be ready to both do and suffer his will?"

"I never felt this before," said Mabel, "but tell me, Truth, just how I may know the difference between serving God and serving self, for to me it seems hard to do. I naturally shrink from pain, as well as from many things which are disagreeable, but if my final happiness is to be secured through obedience, is it not after all, happiness which I am seeking?"

"Not if you love God. Love will prompt the service, and a sense of duty well done will bring peace as its reward on earth. Duty performed at the promptings of love is the path which leads to the throne of God. Right and wrong are immutable in their nature, even as truth is eternal. Obedience to right will exalt and glorify — obedience to wrong will lower and degrade. Christ has made obedience possible. He has done for man that which it was not possible for man to do for himself, and to every one who would be his disciple he says: 'Let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me.' He sought not his own—came not to do his own will—not to be ministered unto, but to minister. This is what Dorothy is doing, and though it leads her over rough ways and lays upon her slender shoulders many a burden, and her lot to you seems hard and cheerless, yet she knows a joy and peace to which your own heart is a stranger, though you are surrounded and hedged in by the tenderest watchcare love can bestow.

"I believe it," said Mabel, as she heaved an unconscious sigh. "She accepts her lot as being appointed by the wisdom of God, and so leans upon him with perfect trust, and finds her joy in submitting to his will."

"Not this only," said Truth, "but she seeks earnestly to do his will. There is the grace of submission and the virtue of doing, both to be cultivated, and when man has done all in his power to do, he may safely leave the results with God."

"And yet, Truth, there is in it that which I can not understand. I should question many times whether it was all for the best, and I fear I never could have faith sufficient to accept those things which seem so hard."

" 'Perfect love casts out all fear.' If you loved God supremely, fear could find no lodgment in your heart. He has all power, and nothing can turn aside his purposes, and his promise is unchangeable that, 'All things shall work together for good to them that love God.' "

"I might believe it with my understanding, but to realize and feel it in the midst of the fiery trial—this is what I can not comprehend."

"These things are known only to those who have His Holy Spirit to teach them and guide them into all truth. This Spirit is the promised Comforter, and when you are in possession of it, then you will be able to understand fully that which now seems a mystery to you."

"But," said Mabel, "I assure you that very few who profess to be Christians feel in this way. I frequently hear them talk of their trials, crosses, and troubles, as though their being Christians was in itself a cross and made the trials of life heavier. But they were willing to bear them because they expected to be rewarded for so doing."

"It will be a sad day to such," answered Truth, "when they shall discover how grievous is the mistake they have made. How beautiful are the words of Jesus to his disciples: "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' This giving is not as the giving of the world, but his peace passes all understanding, and they who know that peace will even rejoice in tribulation, thanking God that they are accounted worthy to endure it for His name's sake. But the evening wears on apace and soon the shades of night will be closing in and I must leave you."

"Oh, why must you go so soon," exclaimed Mabel. "Your presence has already lifted many a mist from my eyes, and I am beginning to see my life in colors I never saw it in before and to realize how it is that the happiness we seek eludes our grasp. Could you but stay with me, I feel that I would soon be brave and strong."

"I am but the spirit of Truth," answered the angel visitor. Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ, and to those who believed on him he said, 'You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.' If you desire my presence you must come unto the Father in the name of the Son. Come in the way he has appointed, and when you do this with full purpose of heart, the Comforter will abide with you always, and lead you to me. But beware of cherishing in your heart any thoughts of selfishness, lest you grieve the Spirit and are left to your own guidance. You may still retain the outward form of Christian graces, but if the Spirit which giveth life is not abiding in you, you will stumble as you walk, not discerning what manner of Spirit is your guide."

Quietly, noislessly as she had entered, the Spirit of Truth took her departure and Mabel sat still, lost in deep thought, until a soft hand tugging at her dress, and a sweet childish voice calling, Mamma, why don't you wake up?" aroused her to a sense of her present surroundings. She took the little one up in her arms and, holding her in a fond embrace, told her again and again the story of the babe of Bethlehem, while all unconsciously her voice took a softer, sadder tone as she thought of the new light shed by the Angel of Truth upon the work appointed the Anointed One to do.

THE LEGACY OF CHRIST KINDCHEN.

'Tis nothing at all but a baby,
And only a small one at that;
No larger, nor much better cared for
Than many a family cat.

But 'twas for such little creatures,
In all lands and ages the same,
That, down on the wings of the morning,
The lovely Christ Kindchen came.

The breath of that ancient frankincense
The centuries have not destroyed;
The gold has come down through the ages,
In mother-love, never alloyed.

Oh! you to whom Christmas dawn bringeth
Child-eyes, so expectant and bright,
Make home for this one day a glory,
A garner for sheaves of delight.

To all who have hearts the world over,
The work of to-day is the same;
To make some dear little one happier,
Because the Christ Kindchen came.

—Selected.

WE ARE LIKE THE BOOKS WE READ.

BY J. A. GUNSOLLEY.

MAN has desires. God has provided means wherewith to gratify these desires. Man is also in a sense a plastic substance; he can be moulded, worked over, and changed into various forms, depending of course upon the means brought to bear upon him and the design of him who instituted the means. He may rise to almost divine perfection or descend quite to infamous degradation. These means which may be applied in moulding the man are as various as the degrees of perfection; one of the most potent, as we believe, it is our purpose to discuss briefly.

Man is a social being. God in his infinite wisdom declares, "It is not good for man to be alone." If we could by some unknown power take hold of the gigantic wheel of time and turn it backward through a period of nearly six thousand years, we should find man in the garden, surrounded by all the effulgent beauty which God has seen fit to bestow upon the person of Nature, upon her head an azure coronet set with glittering gems; her person adorned with a robe of ultramarine blue, relieved by a vesture of emerald green, enriched here and there with shining studs of silvery whiteness, held in place with numerous bands of living splendor; rocked in the arms of unbounded space. Yet man was alone. The multitudes of animals could never be society to him; hence God in compassion "took from man's side a rib" and created an helpmeet for him.

Man thus created seeks society. Aristotle said, "He that loveth solitude is either a wild beast or a god." Few indeed are the instances where man has isolated himself from the society of his fellow beings. Families, villages, cities, states and nations exhibit this tendency of man to associate with his fellows.

Man in society comes in contact with man almost constantly. In the home, in the place of business, on the broad thoroughfare and in the house of worship, is mingling of human beings.

Aside from this there is another kind of society formed by the contact of one mind with the mind of another perhaps long since dead. These latter are represented in our literature. This mental society is much broader than at first sight we are wont to suppose. One who reads extensively associates with hundreds, yea thousands of minds, the character of which many of them may be questionable.

We are governed by our environments. We believe it impossible for any one to disprove this statement. Who has not seen men of high intellectual attainments and seemingly good moral character fall into the snares which beset us on every hand and go down to ruin? The proposition seems too apparent to admit of argument.

All men have likes and dislikes. The power of an object to gratify our desire measures our attachment for that object. In our circle of acquaintances there are, therefore, those who please us more than do others; hence all have favorites. These favorites are they who may and do exert the most influence over us. Observation alone is sufficient to confirm this truth.

Since this is true of his associates of the first class, does it follow that it is also true of those of the second class? Let us see. Granted: that man is a social being, so created; that he intuitively seeks society; that he is constantly surrounded by real and imaginary associates; that he is governed by his environments; that our attachment for an object is measured by the power of that object to gratify our desires, thus forming favorites, and that these favorites influence us most; to prove that mental association brought about by reading books casts an influence upon the mind.

First.—We take up a book from curiosity and begin to read; we continue to read or cease; if we become interested, we continue, if not, we cease. Whether we become interested or not, depends upon the ability of the book to gratify our desire. If we are pleased with the book, we have a desire to read another of like nature; if we are not pleased, we seek a book of different nature; in either case the book has influenced our taste for reading.

Second.—If the book does not meet our approbation, we at once discard it from our minds; but on the other hand if it does meet our approbation, we dwell upon the characters and incidents, and revolve them in our minds until they become a part of us; hence, since we turn our minds to the subjects discussed in the book, it has modified our line of thought and influenced the source of thought—the mind.

We judge of character only through action, and since "an act is but an outward expression of an inward thought," whatever modifies the source of thought, influences character.

It is a true principle in nature that like begets like. All are familiar with the so-called tree-toad, how if he sits upon a green leaf for some time he becomes green, and changes his color when he changes to some different colored object. If we put a poor quality of seed into soil ever so fertile, we obtain a weak, unhealthy plant, which can produce only imperfect fruit; yet the fruit is of the same nature and resembles the seed.

Now character is the fruit, action the plant, and thought the seed; and in harmony with the principle, as the thought is sound or diseased, the action will be pure or tainted, and the character perfect or defective. Books furnish us thought; therefore we are most like the book from which we obtain the most thought. This is most strikingly exhibited in the youthful mind, for then the mind is most flexible and easily influenced.

Since, as we have shown, books are a source of thought, and thought generates action, which is itself the measure of character, how careful ought we to be in selecting books, and choose those best adapted to our wants. How much more essential is this in the case of the youth whose mind is susceptible of so great flexibility, for 'tis an old proverb, as true as 'tis old, that, "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined."

SHENANDOAH, Iowa, May, 1888.

CHRIST'S SYMPATHY.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

If Jesus came on earth again,
  And walked and talked in field and street,
Who would not lay his human pain
  Low at those heavenly feet?

And leave the loom, and leave the lute,
  And leave the volume on the shelf,
To follow him, unquestioning, mute,
  If 'twere the Lord himself?

How many a brow with care o'erworn,
  How many a heart with grief o'erladen,
How many a man with woe forlorn,
  How many a mourning maiden,

Would leave the baffling earthly prize.
  Which fails the earthly weak endeavor,
To gaze into those holy eyes,
  And drink content forever!

His sheep, along the cool, the shade,
  By the still watercourse he leads;
His lambs upon his breast are laid;
  His hungry ones he feeds.

And I, where'er he went, would go,
  Nor question where the paths might lead;
Enough to know that here below
  I walked with God indeed!

If it be thus, O Lord of mine,
  In absence is thy love forgot?
And must I, when I walk, repine,
  Because I see thee not?

If this be thus, if this be thus,
  Since our poor prayers yet reach thee, Lord;
Since we are weak, once more to us
  Reveal the living Word!

Oh! nearer to me in the dark
  Of life's low hours, one moment stand;
And give me keener eyes to mark
  The moving of thy hand.

—Selected

WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY.

BY "FRANCES."

CHAPTER XIX.

MARGERY remained standing where Daniel had left her until the sound of their footsteps died away in the distance. The sky was clear, the stars shone brightly and ever and anon from the town came the distant sound of the drum, mingled with the notes of the bugle, now faintly heard, now dying away and lost to the ear. She pictured to herself the hurried coming together, the painful partings, the hasty march beneath the solemn stars, the encounter in deadly strife, and then—but, falling upon her knees, she closed her eyes, and lifting her heart to God, prayed long and earnestly for patience, strength and guidance; for the safety of those who were going forth and their speedy return. Lost in her earnest pleadings, she took no note of time, till a step near her and the voice of Mrs. Clark calling her name roused her to a sense of time and place.

"I am coming, mother," she said, as she rose hastily and, throwing one arm around Mrs. Clark, they entered the house together.

In the large open fire-place a cheerful wood fire was blazing, for the nights were cool. Drawing a chair into its warmth and light, Mrs. Clark gently forced Margery into it, while she untied her bonnet and unpinned her shawl. Tenderly she smoothed back the soft brown hair and took the cold hands in her own.

"Oh, mother, don't!" said Margery, as a quick convulsive sob shook her frame. "I am younger and stronger than you are and ought to be comforting you. I will be calm in just a little while, and then there are so many things that I want to speak to you about."

"We will have the evening all to ourselves, Margery, for I have sent the children to bed, and Mary is down with Sr. B——, whose husband is also away. Sit quietly here and warm yourself, for you are chilled and nervous. I ought to have called you in sooner."

"I ought not to have waited to be called, but really I did not know how long I was there, my brain was so busy."

"Margery, you must leave this trouble in God's hands. The path we can not see, because the mists hang so low, is all clear to his sight. Let us put our hands in his and walk with firm steps, because we walk by faith."

"You are right, mother, and I will; but there are some things weighing on my mind that I shall feel better when I have talked with you about them."

"Rest quietly until I finish a little work I have to do, and then I will give you all my time."

Margery closed her eyes, and as the heat of the fire penetrated her chilled frame, a sense of utter exhaustion and weariness came over her, and the scenes of the day faded from her recollection.

"Poor child, it is too much for her," said Mrs. Clark tenderly, and hoping that Margery might in reality be asleep, she moved very quietly about her uncompleted household tasks.

Before they were finished, however, Margery's eyes were following her, and, taking her knitting, (for her busy fingers knew not how to be idle), she sat down by her saying: "I am ready now to listen to all you wish to say."

"Mother, do you believe in presentiments?"

That is a hard question to answer, Margery. I do believe that many times God prepares us for the trials which lie before us, even as we at times warn our children when we discover that they are eagerly expecting and surely counting upon events yet in the future, events which we fully realize may never transpire. Our riper experience warns us of this uncertainty, but our fears are not always well grounded."

"But, mother, if the impression comes from God and really is a warning or a preparation, His knowledge is not limited as ours is and therefore we can more surely trust it."

"Yes, if we knew assuredly that it came from Him; but as Paul tells us, 'try the Spirits,' so ought we to try the impressions upon our minds and see if there is not a natural cause for them. But why do you ask me, Margery?"

"Because, mother, the feeling has taken such a firm possession of my mind, that I shall not be with you long, and that clouds of trouble will darken around and envelope us, like the smoke from a heating furnace. Do not think that I fear it or shrink from it, but there is one thing which I do fear, and it is for this reason I wished to talk with you. In the long ago, (or to me it now seems oh, so long!), you may remember that I talked with you and with Mary about the possible result of the troubles we are now going through. I then felt that the result would be either to make a purer, better people—a people in whom the dross was wholly burned away, or to make a people who, smarting under a sense of cruel injustice, of unmerited wrongs, would finally retaliate evil for evil. I think, however, that I now see with clearer vision. Not all will be purified, neither will all fail in this furnace of fire. There will be those who will come forth as the tried gold; but mother, there will be many who will deny the faith and will have only a form of godliness left, and these will bring upon the true Saints such a weight of reproach that they will stagger and go with bowed heads, as men carrying burdens too heavy to be borne."

"My child, the wickedness of those who go out from us can not be charged to us."

"No, mother, but these will not go out, for I have seen the evil overcome the good; not as when the chaff is sifted from the wheat and scattered, but as when the tares choke the wheat. These will bear the name of Saint, and the eyes of the world will be fixed upon them, while the true Saints will be scattered upon the face of the earth. It will surely come to pass, though I could not convey to you in words how I know it. This is the Church of God, but these are not the people who shall prepare the way for the coming of the Son of Man. The kingdom shall not be given to another people, but among the scattered ones will be found the faithful ones with whom God will entrust his work."

"Dear child, I fear you are letting our troubles take too deep hold upon your mind, and much of this is doubtless the result of your delicate health. You need to be surrounded with cheerful scenes and loving care, instead of being so exposed and constantly made anxious on account of others. But cheer up, for all these things will work out for good, and we have only to submit patiently to the will of God."

A momentary smile was the only answer Margery gave, and then she added:

"Mother, I want you to promise me one thing. When I am no longer with you, watch over Daniel, and warn him of the danger I have pointed out to you; for, mother, I would rather they would bring him back cold and dead to us to-morrow, than than he should ever turn away from the faith."

"Do not fear that, Margery. None know better than Daniel the foundations of that faith."

"Do you remember when the disciples would have called fire from heaven to destroy the enemies of Jesus? He told them that they did not know what manner of spirit prompted the thought. They were following Jesus then and loved him; but notwithstanding this, an evil spirit had power to tempt them by prompting them to render evil for evil. How far it might have led them but for the kindly admonition of the Master, who can say? I do fear for him, mother, and I want you to promise me."

"I will cheerfully do that, Margery, but now you must lie down. It will rest you, even if you can not sleep; and I will sit here, for I can not go to bed to-night."

Margery found herself too weary to resist, and lying down, she closed her eyes, though not with any hope of sleeping. Her thoughts wandered to Daniel, and her heart was lifted to God in one unceasing prayer that he might be kept in safety, and contact with the enemy avoided. Every sound from without was eagerly listened to, and she thought of how many families were yet far away from the town and exposed to the enemy. Hour after hour passed away, a faint line of light appeared in the east, the stars began to pale, and soon the rising sun chased the shadows from corners where they were lurking and Mrs. Clark, putting out the light, went to the door. Long and earnestly she scanned the prairie, but nothing was to be seen.

Margery arose, bathed her face and helped to prepare breakfast. Little was eaten by either, though for the sake of the children a semblance of cheerfulness was maintained.

The breakfast things were put away, and all had been done which hands dreading idleness could find to do; it was nearing the hour of ten, when the clatter of a horses hoofs was heard, and they saw Daniel's brother approaching at a swift gallop. Riding up to the gate, he threw himself from the horse, though still holding the bridle in his hand.

By this time Mrs. Clark was at his side, while Margery, faint and pale, was leaning against the gate. "Mother," he said, as he threw one arm about her, "you must be brave. I have bad news for you, but far worse for others. Father is wounded, and three of the brethren are killed, among whom is David Patten. Daniel is not hurt, but is with father at the house of a brother near where the battle occurred. I must ride on to carry the news to Far West, but will be back immediately. Tell Fred to harness our best team and have the carriage in waiting by the time I get back; and, mother, put up something in the way of lunch—all you can spare, for the men have had nothing today." Kissing her hastily he sprang into the saddle and galloped away.

It was now Margery's turn to be collected and brave. Calling to Fred, she told him just what to do, then opening the gate she put her arm around Mrs. Clark, who was standing as if stupefied, gently drawing her into the house and arousing her faculties by appealing to her for the things necessary to be put up.

It was but for a moment that Mrs. Clark lost her presence of mind, then collecting her faculties she directed all things necessary to be done.

"Will you be afraid to remain alone with the children?" she asked of Margery.

"No, mother, but will it be best for you to go?"

"I can not remain; I must get to father just as soon as possible. Do you have bandages and all things in readiness. I will drive down the lane and George will meet me there."

But George was already at the gate, and, helping his mother into the carriage, he threw the reins of his horse to Fred saying, "See that he is well fed and cared for, for he has had a hard trip. Goodbye, Margery, and don't be alarmed if we are not here until late, as we will have to drive very slow. We do not think father's wound is very bad, but he was faint from loss of blood."

"Tell me all about it, George," said Mrs. Clark as they drove rapidly over the smooth prairie road; and he related to her the circumstances as we have recorded them.

They had been on the way but about two hours, when they met the sad procession, and lifting Mr. Clark carefully into his carriage, supporting him with pillows, they started slowly upon their homeward road, after they had distributed the provision brought with them, which was gratefully received by the hungry men.

Knowing how anxiously Margery would be looking for Daniel, George gave him the reins to drive back, and he joined the company on foot.

"I think you may drive a little faster, Daniel," said Mr. Clark, "and if I can not bear it I will let you know." He said nothing to Daniel of the cause of his anxiety, but it was not necessary, for his own thoughts were busy with the situation. "Join us in Far West immediately," were the parting instructions of the officer in command, and Daniel knew that it meant a consultation with reference to the best means of providing for the safety of those who had been engaged in the battle.

Soon after Mrs. Clark left, Margery saw a body of men enter the graveyard (which could be seen from the window of Mr. Clark's house) and begin preparing for the last resting place of those who had but that morning been full of life and hope. She stood as though fascinated by the sad sight, while the tears poured down her cheeks like rain. Why had God been so merciful to her in sparing her husband, when others were called upon to mourn with a mourning more bitter than that of Rachel for her children? Then again the thought came to her, "Is this not better than the fate which awaits many another wife and mother whose husbands and sons will come home to her to-day? I have seen it," she almost whispered, "seen this awful cloud of blackness and darkness; and I know that the day is coming when they will say the dead are the happy ones. I only wish that it was clearer to my mind, that I understood it better, but it is doubtless wisdom that I do not."

She busied herself in preparations for the return of the family and in providing food in place of that which had been

taken away. Shortly after noon Mary came home, and Margery was glad indeed both of her company and help. Between anxiety, work and watching, the hours wore away, until, as the sun sank low in the west, Fred from his lookout on the fence, discovered the carriage returning.

"O Margery, what is to be the end of this?" said Mary, unable longer to control her feelings. "Would it not have been better to have waited here until the enemy came, than to have bought this brief respite at such a fearful price. It will be many a day before any one like David Patten will seal his testimony with his blood."

"Ah, Mary, David Patten was indeed a man of God, and thousands will weep for him to-day, but I fear that many will be called upon to lay down their lives and that too very shortly, for the sake of the gospel."

Mary did not reply, for looking out of the door she caught sight of the carriage, and, calling to Margery, "Daniel is driving," hastened out to meet them.

A sudden faintness came over Margery, and Daniel found her, after he had helped his father to bed, sitting by the table, her head leaning upon her hand, and her cheeks pale as marble.

"Give me a glass of water, Daniel, and then let me go out into the air; I shall be better soon."

Daniel obeyed, and leaning upon his arm, Margery went out into the bright October sunlight, and, sitting down upon a rustic bench, leaned her head upon his shoulder and wept silently.

Daniel did not interrupt her weeping, but drew her very close to him with one arm, and with his hand gently smoothed the brown hair from her temples, while the sunshine as it glinted through it touched it into hues of gold. As Daniel held her there, it required every nerve, every fiber of his being to control the emotions surging in his bosom. But he mastered himself, and when in a few moments Margery raised her head, and, wiping her eyes, looked up into his face, he smiled down upon her, and only the sunlight of love beamed from his dark brown eyes.

"Do not think me weak, Daniel, for oh, it is so good to have you back. So good," she repeated, "but we must not be selfish. I am better now, and we must go in and help mother. Is father very badly wounded?"

"I hope not, but we can not tell until his wound is dressed. Fred has gone to Far West for some one to dress it, and mother and Mary are by him, so stay here for a little time in the fresh air, and let us talk of the future. I am afraid I shall have to leave you, Margery. Father and the brethren think that a demand will be made for all who were in this battle to be given up; and if the demand is not complied with it will bring trouble upon all those who were not there as well as those who were. There is a chance for us to escape, if we embrace it, but it will have to be done quickly. Even as we came along we met with some brethren who told us that the enemy have sent scouts and runners to all parts of the country, bearing the most unreasonable account of the affair, and manufacturing the most glaring falsehoods. I do not want to be the means of bringing trouble upon others, neither do I want to fall into their hands."

"That is not to be thought of for a moment," said Margery. "You must hasten beyond their reach, there is no time to be lost."

"But, Margery, how can I leave you here?"

"There will be no danger for me. I can stay here or go to father's, but it would kill me to see you fall into their hands."

"There is danger for you, Margery, and I can not leave until I have made some arrangement for you to go also. You could bear the journey now, but later on the inclement season might be fatal to you, and if driven from your home here you would surely die."

Margery opened her lips to say, "They would not do a thing so inhuman," but remembering the case of her cousin, she was silent.

"I am going to town immediately to learn what the brethren will do, and in the mean time it will be well for you to gather up a little provision, and before I come back I will have fixed upon some plan for getting you away. Go in now to father, and I will be back as soon as possible. Do not worry, my dear wife, for I have the assurance from the Lord that we shall both be saved out of the enemy's hands."

"Thank God for that, Daniel, my heart

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

A CHRISTMAS VISION.

(See Page 1.)

is lighter than it has been since you left. Don't tarry here a moment."

"One moment," he said, as he bent down and tenderly kissed her quivering lips. "I tell you, Margery, that notwithstanding all this trouble, if you were only in a place of safety, I could rejoice in God to-day, that he ever counted me worthy to have his Son revealed in me. Yes, Margery, my heart has been so light that had I been going to the stake, I think I could have shouted praises to his name."

"Then, my husband, why should you not trust me in his hands with the same faith and confidence?"

"I do, I do, but yet I feel these trials and hardships for you as it is not possible for me to feel them for myself."

"What you have told me lifts every cloud from my heart, and you will see me as strong and brave as ever. Go, now, for every minute is precious."

When Margery went into the house, Mr. Clark called her to the bed-side and bade her be of good comfort. "Look upon the silver lining of the cloud and trust God with implicit faith, for all things shall work together for good to them who fear the Lord."

"Surely, dear father, we ought all to be cheerful when you set such an example. Does not your wound pain you?"

"Yes, at times; but my mind is at peace, and the Spirit bids us all be of good cheer, for we shall come through these trials and be saved from the snares laid for our feet. You and Mary must hasten your preparations now, for the brethren will leave to-night, I am very certain."

Margery needed no second reminder, and soon both were busy in preparations for the departure of husband and brothers.

To be continued.

THE ANGELS OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY MRS. A. L. LAWRIE.

The graves—the little graves we loved
Are covered long ago,
And swiftly from the lowering clouds
Comes down the drifting snow;
And darker, colder grows the night,
They call it Christmas Eve;
Alas! within a home like ours
Can we the tale believe—

That ever, for the suffering poor,
A Savior sought the earth,
And still the star of promise shines,
The star that hailed His birth?
It may be so, alas! but I,
And thousands more to-night,
Up to the dark December sky
Look vainly for its light!

How vainly, dear one, these do tell
These withered hands of thine,
And these dim eyes that were so bright
When first I called thee mine!
A Savior for the famished poor—
For thee and me, sweet wife!
Why comes He not with fire and food
To end this weary strife?

Why came He not that fearful night
When the wild fever pain
Swept, like the desert's burning blast,
O'er wasting heart and brain?
Two little graves by stranger hands
At morn had not been made,
If unto us a Savior *then*
Had proffered kindly aid.

Thou sayest my heart is faint, beloved,
Thou sayest my faith is weak;
Could I alone this sorrow bear,
These words I might not speak?
But thou art dying even now
With hunger and with cold,
And I can only share thy fate,
For I am weak and old.

All day with chilled and weary limbs,
I've sought from door to door,
And sick at heart have only heard
These words repeated o'er:
"Within the city dwells a man,
To whom, for such as thou,
Our alms we give, go ask of him,
We may not aid thee now."

And when this almoner at last
Had heard my tale of grief,
His answer was, "The city's poor
May only claim relief."
Then every hope so long deferred
Found in my heart a grave—
For then, as now, I knew that death
And only death could save.

"'Tis even so, in that dark hour
Thy prescient heart did feel
The truth of its last prophecy
That death has come to seal.
But thou wert weary, and thine eyes
Were dim with gathering tears,
Or unto thee had then been shown
The light that now appears.

"And death had seemed a blessed change,
As now, it seemed to me
A pathway thronged by angel friends
Whose shining forms I see—
Whose welcome songs I hear, beloved,
And oh! that glad refrain—
It hath no word of hope deferred,
It hath no mournful strain;

"No cold, dark river sweeps between,
Whose angry waves may whelm,
For even now the vision fades
That veils the spirit realm,
And there in robes of golden light,
A youthful band amid,
I see the forms we last beheld
Beneath the coffin's lid.

"And those whom thou didst mourn as dead
Are as the angels now;
No trace of earthly wrong is left
To cloud the radiant brow.
I hear the music of their thoughts;
In songs they call for thee;
They bid me tell thee ere the spring
As they are, thou shalt be.

"They bid me tell thee that this life—
This weary life of thine,
Is but the promise of a day
Whose light shall ne'er decline.
They bid me tell thee life is love,
Though now to thee it seems
Like that dark chaos which enfolds
The weary one in dreams.

"They call me first, that I may wait,
An angel, by thy side,
That thou may'st know that even death
Our souls may not divide."
Faintly these words of love and hope
Fell on the listener's ear;
"Alone with death! No—not alone,
My angel bride is here."

"My angel bride" they heard him say,
When all too late they came
With alms that now might only feed
Awhile life's wasting flame.
They fed and warmed and clothed him then,
While all his griefs he told,
And oft he murmured to himself
"She'll never more be cold."

And oft with calm, but earnest words,
He said "My angel bride
Has kept the vow she made in death,
To wait my couch beside."
And while the little graves he loved
Were yet beneath the snow,
The old man heard his loved ones call,
And said he fain would go;
And then with smiles and words of joy,
He bade them all believe,
He joined the angels he had seen
Alone, on Christmas Eve.

— Selected.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

Do not make Christmas a day of balancing accounts of gifts.

Santa Claus comes down the chimney when love kindles the fire.

Christmas is the day when the children get up without being called.

Better is a little gift where love is than a necklace of diamonds for appearance's sake.

Give your wife something for herself—not a piece of furniture or an article for family use. Ditto as to your husband

How much brighter the fires on our own Christmas hearths will look, when we know that we have been the means of brightening a fire that had grown dim on some other hearthstone.—*Sel*

The most approved invitation etiquette for a Christmas dinner is that prescribed in Luke:—"When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy frieuds, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors; lest they also bid thee again. and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind: and thou shalt be blessed; for they can not recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."—Luke 14 : 12–14.

—Selected.

"PATIENCE WITH LOVE."

They are such tiny feet!
They have gone such a little way to meet
The years which are required to break
Their steps to evenness, and make
Them go more sure and slow!

They are such little hands!
Be kind! Things are so new and life but stands
A step beyond the doorway. All around
New day has found
Such tempting things to shine upon, and so
The hands are tempted hard, you know.

They are such new young lives!
Surely their newness shrives
Them well of many sins. They see so much
That (being immortal) they would touch,
That, if they reach,
We must not chide, but teach.

They are such fond, clear eyes!
That widen to surprise
At every turn; they are so often held
To sun or showers (showers soon dispelled)
By looking in our face,
Love asks for such much grace.

They are such fair-frail gifts,
Uncertain as the rifts
Of light that lie along the sky.
They may not be here by-and-bye;
Give them not love, but more, above,
And harder—patience with the love.

—Selected.

LEAVES FROM PALESTINE.

BY SR. ABIGAIL Y. ALLEY.

Dear Sister Walker:—

IT was with sincere pleasure that I received your dear and most welcome letter, which found me sick with a sore hand; but at the present writing it is much better, although far from well. I had cut the ball of my thumb a little, but thought nothing of it and went to washing; but the next day after my washing was done my thumb began to swell and pain me. That was two months ago. I opened the place where it was cut, thinking to ease it, but there was no matter, only a dry swelling, and there grew out a bunch of flesh like a button, but the pain was dreadful. I pray God never to let me have again such dreadful pain as that was. Then it went to my stomach, and I was told that it would kill me if I did not have it burned around. A woman came and burned around the thumb above the joint next to the hand. That, too, was dreadful, and I shall not be able to have it done again, as it is too painful. I have not had a whole night's rest in two months; and vomiting by spells all through that time. I am not able to hold anything with my thumb and finger yet, and it is numb all the time. Thank God, it was my left hand, or I could not write at this time. I am so weary of being idle so long without work, for I love to work. It is my medicine and better to me than all the doctors in the world, no matter what it is. Thanks to God who has given me strength in my old age like a young woman, and sustains and helps me through everything through which I have to pass. Do not think I have no trials or troubles to pass through, because I do not complain to mortal. I take all my troubles to God and he helps me as no mortal can. "Man's necessity is God's opportunity." I am, and have been trying for years to so live that I may not give offense, therefore I am trying in every way to so live, that where I fail God will take the will for the deed.

We are now expecting two elders, and a few families from California, and we have spoken for a large house near us to buy or rent as they shall please. It has a well, which is very necessary in this land, and the house, like all the houses, is built of stone. We have moved from the City of Jaffa one mile, into a village called "The Beirout Village." A man from Beirout bought a large piece of land here. It looked like sand, but he dug a well, and built a house, and planted a vineyard and fruit trees, and when people saw that it looked so well, there came

many from Beirout and bought of him. Now the place is beautiful with white cottages in the midst of green trees and vines, a very paradise, summer and winter. The flowers are growing and the trees are green, as each house has its well to water the gardens, as well as for other purposes of family use. The houses look pretty, peeping out amongst the green, and some stand out quite by themselves. Some have green blinds, others have blue, in fact, all the colors of the rainbow are represented on their blinds, and it makes quite a picture when viewed from the housetop.

We went to our landlord's house yesterday. It joins this house, and you only have to go on the housetop, and they unlock a door at the top of a stairway which leads down into their house. My daughter with baby and self, spent the afternoon there. They seem to be nice people, but have no little children, although they have been married thirty years. From the front you also have a nice view. They will rent this house or sell it to brother Vernon and the families that are coming out here with him. It will accommodate four families. There is also a piece of land in front that would make a cow pasture, which he will also sell to them. Willie and I have done our part, now the money is wanting to secure the house for them to come to, instead of going to a hotel, or be put to great expense otherwise. I have made it a subject of prayer ever since we came to this house, and I can not express to you how rejoiced I was yesterday to see everything coming to my mind. Thanks to my Heavenly Father, who never leaves me nor forsakes me in the hour of need, and I pray he will make all things comfortable for them on their way. We are longing for them to get here that we may rejoice together, and I wish you was also coming.

If you will add my name to the Prayer Union I shall be happy to be so honored. The subjects for prayer on the leaflets are what I have been praying for for years. We have Bible reading every evening, and explaining of them also. My daughter always prays night and morning, Willie prays also. I taught him to pray when he was a little boy, and he has not forgotten it yet. We all have spells like St. Paul, "When we would do good evil is present with us." Like him we all have our trials, and at times we are almost overcome; but thanks be to God who helps us through our dear Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ; in his strength we shall yet triumph over all our trials. Give my love to the dear Saints. I am always praying for them.

The railroad is not progressing so fast as I could wish, but I hope it will be built this coming year. At present it is delayed until the proper place is determined upon; yet they (the eight engineers), have to make the plan. We must be patient. I have not written to you about it before, because I had nothing of importance to write about it, and it is still doubtful, although the Sultan has given the firman and received much money; yet I hear that he said if the road was not begun in four months he would break the contract and would not let them build, and that is what the trouble is. He fears the nations wish to take this land from him.

As to Mr. F. G. Carpenter's effusion in *Herald* of September 21st, number 38, about half is true, and the other half will do for the fire. The agricultural school near Jaffa of which he speaks, that it has more than seven hundred pupils, I am sorry to have to say it is not so, and there never has been one quarter as many as that in the school since its beginning until now. I lived there four months at one time. There are only fifty scholars allowed at a time in the school, and there is only one agricultural school, which is called "The Netter School." The others are Jewish villages only. The Sultan gave to Mr. Charles Netter one hundred acres of ground, and that is the twenty-eight hundred acres he tells of, and this will do as a sample of the rest of his stories. Those Americans that live on the wall of Jerusalem are as poor as myself. They rent the house they live in and are scarcely able to pay their rent. They believe the resurrection is already past. I was told so by their president who has since died. I wrote to you about it some time ago. Poor man, he will find out all about the resurrection now. His wife is called a prophetess. After her husband's death she almost died, and brother Rollo Floyd brought her to Jaffa to his house, and gave her airings in his carriage to benefit her health or she would no doubt

have died, although she says that she is past death and will never die.

Last winter we had great rains here, so much that two houses fell down and the gales of wind were terrible, and at the same time tore off the tops of houses, and already the rain and thunder have commenced here. We have had two storms; the last one two houses were struck and burned by the lightning. Drinking shops are getting plenty here, and of course plenty of drunkenness follows.

Our love to you and yours, and God bless you is our prayers.

JAFFA, Palestine, Oct. 24th, 1889.

THE CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

SITTING in the glow of the firelight, with folded hands, and gently rocking to and fro, and the winter twilight fading, thoughts of the old year, lying so dead at our feet, with his mantle of age wrapped about his shrunken form, and of the new, in his youth and glory, standing upon the mountain tops, intrude upon us.

The plans for the old year are laid aside as a worn garment forever. All its hopes and joys, all its woes and heartaches, are numbered with the past. Its bitterness has been reft at last of its sting, its toil and all its harassing cares have drifted into eternity.

In the morning of this glad new year, while yet "the dew is upon the daisies and clover" in the green meadows of his youthful spring, we "take up our scrip and staff" and begin anew. But it is not without doubts and fears, e'en mingled with our hopes and promise of future joys. But under the seal of His benediction, meekly trusting He will lead us in pleasant paths and by running brooks, that in our strife through life our thirst shall be quenched.

Some of us will start anew, with fresh courage, taking note of the past, that life has not been in vain. Others will stand without as the Peri at the gates of Paradise, longing for that they may never have.

There are those to-day, looking far down the corridor of by-gone years, whose halls of memory bear upon the time-worn walls nothing but marks of pain—signs of woe, of "hopes long deferred, at which the heart grew sick," and faint, even upon life's threshold. There are no echoes of silvern cadences, no silken threads woven into the woof of their seemingly barren lives. All joy and beauty and sunlight somehow has passed them by—not because of themselves, but as though fate had willed it so. And yet what patient, all-enduring, self-sacrificing lives were theirs. Looking back they see naught but shadows, hear nothing but the echo of moaning voices. All the pathway of life for them has been strewn with open graves, filled with the ashes of dead hopes, as well as cherished friends. Even the great trees, with their horny arms, bending above them, are twisted together, and writhe as in mortal agony. And in this, many "seeing as through a glass darkly," have trod the wine-press alone, so utterly so, that reason left them stranded as upon a barren island, upon a desolate sea, where no ship ever passed, with the glinting sunlight, dancing fairy shadows.

And, again, those whose lives have been one long summer day. Memory's halls for them are bathed in sunlight. The pathway of life strewn with flowers, with no hidden thorn to pierce the tender feet —a life rose-crowned. No clouds in the star-gemmed or sun-lit heavens. Only beautiful memories threaded with golden strands. Memories of loving kindness, gentle touches and echoes of voices, sweet as the chime of silver bells. The balmy air laden with the rare perfume of affectionate remembrances. Not a grave—not a shadow, no gloomy memories, the heart not cankered with "the bitterness of slowly finding out," no toiling of weary hands and burning of heavy eyelids, which the hot tears had seared, and fallen in vain. No wishing for a fuller fruition, for it was already there; and on this face the imprint of sweet content. And not because of themselves, but because it seemed so to be. Yet these lives knew

nought of that beautiful abnegation—that utter renunciation—that immolation of self upon the altar of love and duty.

The sunlight glints all along the path of one whose steel had never been tested in its warfare, and would snap, perhaps, at the first onset; of the other crowned with a halo not of earth, and girded with the armor, as Achilles of old, waiting the signal given, to do His will.

Fair faces, and soft, white, useless hands, do not testify to the depth of true greatness, unless it is forced upon one, who may be stricken in health, and even there, that perfect charity, "in honor preferring one another." The gentle touch and kindly ministration of the toil-worn hands, and the ready step, though blood-stained, will weigh heavy with Him in the scale of human suffering.

So although the year or years that have passed may have seemed all darkness, the light was there. He never forgets nor passes thee by. For the other—let a little of thy sunlight fall upon another whose paths have not led them into pleasant places. To many of us the year will be but a completion of that begun in the old. To others life will go on in much the same way; let it be bitter or sweet. Let us all look for sunshine where before we found shadows. All lives are not glad because they seem so. Shadows lie along every path, and "into all lives the raindrops fall." We are greater grown, and wiser for our share in life's battles.

In this new year let a certain joy crown every effort. None strive in vain; and, though it is not given us to understand the whys and wherefores of His mysterious ways, yet "we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known, in the dawning of that morning when the mists are cleared away."

—Selected.

SANTA CLAUS ON A LARK.

ON a certain twenty-fourth day of December, about four o'clock in the afternoon, if you had been looking in at the front windows of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Bank, in the city of Smokopolis, you would have seen a big book lying open on a desk shut itself up with a sounding smack, spring into the air and go flying to its place on the shelf of the vault in the rear of the counting-room. While you were wondering what might be the matter with the big book you would suddenly discover that its remarkable antics were due to the agency of a little man whom you had hardly noticed before, whose chubby hands had closed the book, lifted it above his head and borne it swiftly to its resting place. Now that the big book is out of sight you get a better look at the little man as he skips back from the vault, plucks a pen from one ear and a pencil from the other, lays them down upon the desk of his inkstand and then steps briskly across the floor of the ante-room, whence he brings forth a gray overcoat with a fur collar; into this he quickly plunges and sets a visorless sealskin cap daintily on his head. All these movements are swift and sure, but noiseless; you would scarcely hear his step if you were in the counting-room; he opens the door of the ante-room and shuts it without any clatter; he is as spry and as sly and as silent as a hummingbird. Little? Well, I should say so! About five feet three in his high-heeled boots; plump figure; ruddy face with no suspicion of beard; bright gray eyes; curling chestnut hair; nose like a Seckel pear, and pursy little bud of a mouth ready on the shortest notice to blossom into a smile. How old? I give it up. If I should say that he is twenty you would believe it; and if I should put him down at forty you would not dispute it. He is one of those plump, fresh, cheery people who never grow old.

He has donned his overcoat and stands pulling on his fur gloves and looking out of the window at the softly falling snow before any of the clerks have discovered his movements. Then Finch, the paying teller, looks up quickly and says with a smile:

"Hello, Ben! Off for the night?"

"Yes, and for the morrow, too," answers the little man in a chirping tone.

"Of course. A good holiday to you,

old chap! You've earned it, if anybody has."

"Thank you, sir. Your saying so will help to make it merry."

"Good night, Ben!"

"Merry Christmas, Ben!"

Such are the hearty words that follow him as he hurries away. It is evident that he is a favorite among his fellows. As he walks up the busy street, dodging the porters rushing out of the stores with boxes and bundles, and the shoppers hurrying home with their hands full of parcels and their eyes still turning to the bright show windows, he gets ever and anon a bow and a friendly word from the persons whom he meets—greetings which he returns with a sprightly courtesy. Two clerical-looking gentlemen pause and shake hands with him, the one introducing him to the other. It is Doctor Adams, of the Third Presbyterian Church, who knows the little man and who tells his companion after they have parted with him something of his history. Let us listen:

"Benoni Benaiah Benjamin, that is his name," says the Doctor, laughing.

"My, what a name!" answered the other. "Is he a Hebrew, pray?"

"Oh, no; he is the son of a Puritan Yankee who settled in Western Pennsylvania years ago. He was an only child, and his father and mother were killed in a railway accident when he was about twelve years old; the company gave him a position as train newsboy and kept a kindly watch over him; he was ready and frugal, saved his money and took a term or two at a commercial college; then he took a place as book-keeper in a bank down street, and has now been there ten years. He is a first class book-keeper and one of the best known and best loved men in the city. I don't know why he is so popular. He is very quiet, one of the properest little men you ever saw; never says or does an undignified thing; never takes a prominent part in public affairs; never blows his trumpet on the streets when he bestows his alms, so nobody knows what charitable deeds he may do, though there is a general impression that he is a very generous giver. Whatever good he does he manages to keep well hidden. I don't think I have another man in my church whose influence is, on the whole, more salutary and helpful than that of little Ben Benjamin."

Meantime the little man, whose ears might have burned if they had not been tingling with the keen Christmas frost, has turned into a broad avenue, and is hurrying homeward. The snow falls faster and faster; the sleighing, which was somewhat worn will be thoroughly repaired.

Through the gate that opens before a pretty cottage the little man passes, and lets himself in with a latch-key at the front door. A kindly faced old lady comes forward to meet him, takes from his hands his scarf and his cap, and leads him into the little drawing room where a bright fire is glowing in the grate. Good Mrs. Snowden has had Ben Benjamin as her sole boarder for ten years, and the business interest of the landlady and the stately courtesy of the hostess are by this time wholly swallowed up in the motherly affection with which she had learned to regard him.

He had taken in her heart the place that belonged to her own son, who died just before Ben came to live with her. The rocking chair that he likes is drawn up by the fire and the evening paper lies within reach on a stand at his elbow, but the little man shows no interest in the news of the day; his mind is evidently pre-occupied. He sits with his feet upon the fender, looking into the blazing coals, and musing while the fire burns.

"It is snowing fast, Mr. Benjamin," the landlady ventures.

"Very fast; fast enough to make a lovely Christmas counterpane in an hour. An inch or two must have fallen already."

"Will you drive to-night, as usual?"

"Certainly; the ponies need the exercise, and I don't mind the snow."

"When Thomas came in, after feeding the ponies," Mrs. Snowden continues, "he said that an expressman had just brought a barrel addressed to you, to be left at the stable. Christmas gifts for the ponies, I dare say."

"Likely enough!" laughed Ben.

"Of course Santa Claus wouldn't forget them."

The maid now announced supper. After it is finished, Ben dons his overcoat and his warm arctic overshoes, and is ready for his customary evening drive.

"Don't sit up for me," he says carelessly to Mrs. Snowden. "I shall take a long

drive to-night and it may be late before I return."

The landlady lifts her eyebrows slightly; this is unwonted behavior; but her confidence in her protege allows no questioning. So Ben sallies forth, bidding her good-night, and leaving her to speculate on his mytserious performance.

It must, by this time, be as evident to my readers as it was to Mrs. Snowden that there is something unusual on the mind of our hero; and it is impossible any longer to hide the secret which he has so carefully concealed.

The truth is that this quiet, kindly, proper little man has determined that night, for once in his life, he will go off on a regular lark. He has been cherishing this purpose for three or four weeks. Perhaps the first suggestion of it came into his mind on the afternoon when the first snow fell. He was driving along Elm Avenue in his cute little cutter drawn by the prancing brown ponies that are now so well known in Smokopolis, when he heard through the resonant air that often accompanies a snow-storm, a little girl standing on a corner say to her companion:

"My! wouldn't he make a lovely Santa Claus?"

"Wouldn't he though!" exclaimed the other. "He's just the right size."

"And what a jolly little face, too! Only Santa Claus has whiskers, I think."

Ben laughed softly when he heard it, and then kept thinking it over. Wouldn't it be fun to be a veritable Santa Claus, and go about giving gifts? Not to take anybody into the secret, of course; to surprise everybody with presents that nobody could account for; or perhaps to let them have a glimpse of the messenger hurriedly depositing his favors and swiftly departing, unheralded and unexplained. The more he thought of it the more he was fascinated by the notion. But it would not do to attempt it here in Smokopolis; he would almost certainly be discovered. It could only be done in some secluded country place where there was no throng and no gas-lamps on the streets.

Springdale—that was the very place! It was a village thirteen miles north of the city; one long street running east and west, crossed at its western extremity by the Gridiron Railway, and lying sheltered and secure from the noises of the world in a lovely valley, the abode of peace. The houses on either side the long streets were well separated; and there was not enough movement on the streets to interfere with such a shadowy visitation as Ben was contemplating.

So the plan had gradually shaped itself in his mind. He would collect, one by one, a large number of gifts, of all sorts, suitable for young and old; on Christmas eve, after dark, he would start away to Springdale, watch his chances, and make his distribution in ways that might then be opened to him. The barrel which had been delivered, that afternoon, at the stable, contained the store which was thus to be dispensed. He had purchased these gifts in many places, and had kept them in a private closet of his own in the basement of the bank building; the expressman had brought the barrel to the stable by his order.

This is the secret that is hidden in the breast of Benoni Benaiah Benjamin, as he bids Mrs. Snowden good-night and trots briskly down the garden walk in the direction of the stable where the brown ponies, Dunder and Blixen, who knew their master's step, are whinnying to give him greeting.

These are almost the only luxury little Ben allows himself; they have been in his possession now for four years; and every day after banking hours Ben is whirling along some country road behind them, filling his lungs with the sweet air of the hills and his heart with the pure delight of motion.

Ben opens the stable door and is greeted by an audible horse-giggle from the ponies as they take from his fingers the accustomed lump of sugar with great gusto, and rub their brown cheeks against his red cheeks in a very loving fashion.

Ben now lights his lantern, casts off his overcoat, seizes a hatchet and quickly unheads the mysterious barrel; then he transfers its contents to his sleigh, carefully placing them so that he may easily lay his hand on them—dolls in one pile, games in another, books by themselves, toys for the little folks in a separate heap; two or three warm little shawls for the shoulders of old ladies (shawls such as Bed had given to his landlady last winter and found her often rejoicing in), and a variety of miscellaneous articles, of which he hopes to make some fitting disposal.

From the bottom of the barrel he pulls out a white cap, made of the fur of the Arctic fox, and a flowing white wig and beard.

Arrayed in these disguises, he glanced at his face as revealed in a bit of looking glass that Thomas keeps for his stable toilet and breaks into a gleeful laugh. Suddenly he checks himself, covers his mouth with his hands and goes dancing across the stable floor. Such a jolly little Santa Claus as he is, with his keen eyes, his little dumpling of a nose and his red cheeks blooming out of this shock of white hair! His fur coat will complete his costume. "Hey, Dunder! Ho, Blixen!" he softly cries, as he confronts the ponies. "Did you ever see Santa Claus?" The ponies answered with a snort; starting back in their stalls, but Ben's voice reassured them.

Quickly now he flies on the harness, from which he removes the bells; and, buckling his gray fur lap-robe carefully around his treasures, he puts his lighted lantern between his feet, underneath the robe, and drives away. Out through the alley, across the street and down another unfrequented lane he steps swiftly along, and soon is beyond the street lamps, out in the open country. Dunder and Blixen are in their gayest mood; they fill their nostrils with the winter wind and spin away right merrily.

It is now seven o'clock and there are thirteen miles to cover; but Ben does not wish to reach Springdale too early; the ponies will easily make it by half-past eight. Dearborn Woods, a stretch of forest three miles long lies just ahead of him, and Dunder and Blixen plunge into its sombre arches at a brisk pace. It is a familiar road to them, and they are wont to quicken their gait when they enter its shadows. Now the long pent up mirth of the little man can safely effervesce and his cherry voice rings through the woods in clear, melodious laughter. "Oh! ho! ho!" he cries, "isn't this a jolly lark, indeed? Who would ever have suspected you, Benoni Benjamin, of cutting this kind of a caper? What would Doctor Adams and the church folks say if they caught you in this ridiculous rig? But they won't catch you, eh? No; they won't. Ho! ho! ho! The Doctor said one day in the Bible Class that Ben in Hebrew words means son of something or other. Benoni Benaiah Benjamin, what are you the son of to-night? I have it. The college boys sing it:

'I'm the son of a son of a
Son of a son of a
Son of a gambolier.'

That's what I am. Hey! oh! ho!" The little man trolls this merry stave—it happens to be all he knows of the song—over and over again, and laughs and shouts till Dunder and Blixen catch the infection, and shaking their heads and snorting vociferously, they break into a gallop. If there had been any elves or goblins in Dearborn Woods that night they would surely have come forth from their hiding places at the souud of Ben Benjamin's laughter; but neither they nor any of humankind responded to his merriment, and when he emerged from the woods and the lights of the farm houses began to reappear by the roadside his jubilation was subdued to a merry little laugh, and the ponies sped over the ground with scarcely a sound. The soft falling snow slowly increases in depth as they go northward and the driver compels his coursers to take a more leisurely pace. At this rate six or eight inches of snow will be added during the night to the well worn sleighing—more than enough for Christmas uses. Thus far Ben has neither met nor overtaken a single wayfarer; but, as he reaches the top of a long hill, he sees a light approaching from the direction of Springdale. It is Doctor Horton, the physician of that village, going out on some professional errand and carrying his lantern in his buggy.

"Here's a go!" says Ben to himself. "How shall we dodge that lantern? It's some old covey that will want to talk, I'll venture. Look alive there Blixen; you and Dunder must get me out of this."

The light draws near, and as the horses meet, the Doctor turns the light of the lantern full upon Ben's face. His own eyes are as big as dollars. "Je-ru-sha!" he exclaims, (it is the only expression of the sort he allows himself), "what's this, anyway?"

The passage is somewhat narrow, and Ben is giving strict attention to his ponies. His only answer is a little gurgling laugh.

"Who are you? What's your name? Where on earth did you come from?" cries Doctor Horton hurriedly, his voice quivering a little.

"Oh! ho! ho!" laughed Ben, with a tone as musical and as gay as the horns of Elfland.

"Good natured laugh!" says the Doctor; "nothing impish in that, I'll guarantee."

In a moment the travelers are well past each other, and Ben's ponies are trotting down the hill.

"I say!" cries the Doctor, turning on his seat and holding up his lantern.

"Say on!" cries Ben hilariously. "I've a mind to follow," says the Doctor aloud, turning his horse's head. But Ben's little ponies spring into their best gait, showing the Doctor at once how vain it would be for him with his aged steed to undertake the pursuit. Down the hill they go at a tearing pace, while the voice of Ben is borne back on the wings of the wind:

"I'm the son of a son of a
Son of a son of a
Son of a gambolier."

"Well," ejaculated the Doctor, drawing a long breath, "you are about the spryest little spook I have met in my travels. None of the Smokopolis boys are likely to be off on this lonely road at this time of night, and you don't belong in Springdale, that I know. You're a conundrum, and I give you up. But I don't believe that you are bent on mischief. Too gay a laugh, and too merry an eye for that." and turning his horse's head southward the Doctor jogs on.

After this Ben meets no travelers until he turns the corner near the blacksmith shop at the eastern extremity of Springdale street. Here a belated farmer upon an empty wood rack scans the small establishment inquisitively, but it is dark and Ben has flung the corner of his lap-robe over his head, so that the gaze of the curious rustic is scantily rewarded. Now he is driving down the village street and the shafts of light are shot athwart the way, through the falling snow from the windows of the houses on either side. In default of street lamps, all the villagers open their shutters and draw their curtains in the winter evenings, that the light of the fireside may guide and cheer the traveler.

It is now nine o'clock, for the deepening snow has somewhat retarded our amateur Santa Claus. But it is a very good time for him to made a reconnaissance of the village. Through these open windows he can gain many hints as to the best disposition of his bounty. He will drive carefully and slowly down on one side of the wide street and back on the other, keeping his eyes open and noting the houses; then he will go round again a little later and make his distributions.

"Steady, Dunder! Slowly, Blixen!" he says softly, "let's look a minute!" They are stopping before a low, broad cottage, with sloping roof; a white haired woman is sitting by the evening lamp. "That gray shoulder shawl will fit you beautifully!" says Ben. A little girl about eight years old is sitting by the side of the old lady—grandmother and granddaughter beyond a doubt. The maiden is working away for dear life on some bit of worsted, and glancing stealthily over her shoulder now and then at her father who sits reading on the other side of the table. "Good!" chuckles Ben, who takes in the situation at a glance; "you shall have one of the work boxes, little busy fingers!" So while the ponies stand, he writes by the light of his lantern under the lap-robe on two cards, "For the old lady," and, "For the fair haired girl;" pins the one on the shawl and shuts the other in the work box; makes a bundle of them and lays them together in a corner of the sleigh. So he goes from house to house, picking out the presents, slipping them into big paper bags that he has provided; one bag for each house, and piling the bags in regular order in his sleigh. Some of the houses refused to give him any clew to the age and quality of their occupants; but before he had made the circuit of the street he has found places for all his small wares, and he feels well assured that the greater number of them will be fittingly bestowed. A good half-hour has been taken in this reconnaissance; when it is finished he scuds back toward the eastern end of the street to begin the distribution. Very few pedestrians have appeared on the sidewalk, and these he has managed to dodge by skillfully tarrying in the dark places between the houses until they were past. But now, a boy of ten, carrying a bundle and whistling blithely, plunges out from the walk and cries:

"Let me ride?"

Ben is too good natured to refuse, and

the boy fastens himself to the side of the sleigh, clinging to his bundle.

"Slick team you have here," he says.

"Well, I reckon," answers Ben in his tuneful falsetto.

"Can they go?" asks the boy.

"Yes, pretty well for little fellows."

Ben wishes to answer no more questions, so he quickly reverses the order of the colloquy and becomes inquisitor himself.

"What's your name, boy?"

"Jack Kilbourne."

"Any relation to Jack the giant killer?"

"Oh, yes; I'm his great-grandfather's second cousin," answered Jack.

"Oh! ho!" laughed Ben. "You're an old one, you are! Any younger ones at your house?"

"Yes, sir! We've a new boy baby there not four weeks old. And then there's Sis; she's been up to grandma's now for a month and she's comin' down to-night on the 'commodation. There's the whistle now!"

"Is she coming alone?"

"Yes; Uncle Ton's put her on the train and pa will meet her at the depot."

"What's her name?"

"Lil."

"How old is she?"

"'Bout five or six, I guess."

"Where do you live?"

"Right up there; big white house; left hand side."

All the while Jack's eyes have been on the ponies; he has not once raised them to the driver's face, and he could have seen but little if he had, for they had been passing a space vacant of houses, where all was dark. But now, just as they are drawing near to Jack's home, the ruling passion of the boy seized its last chance to utter itself: "Let's see them go!"

Nothing loth, Ben whistles to his ponies, and they spring at once into a rattling pace. Jack is delighted, but his delight is only momentary; they are opposite his house in ten seconds, and the ponies are reined in to let him dismount. He lifts his eyes to the face of the charioteer just as the light from the window strikes it, and the look of amazement that overspreads his countenance tickles Ben to the very ends of his toes.

"Oh! ho! ho!" laughs the little man; while the boy suddenly relaxes his hold upon the sleigh and tumbles backward into the snow. Quick as a flash he picks himself up and peers through the storm at the flying apparition.

"Je-mi-ma Cripps!" gasps Jack; "if that isn't the old fellow himself, then I hope I may never see him."

The boy rushed into the house, while the little man speeds away to the upper end of the street to set forth on his benignant errand.

"W-w-what-d'ye think I saw just now?" cries Jack, bursting into his mother's room, his teeth fairly chattering.

"Sh-h! my son, you'll wake the baby. But what was it?" asks the pale lady hurridly, perceiving the boy's excitement.

"S-a-anta Claus!"

"Santa Claus? Where was he? How do you kuow?" asks the mother, her anxious look relaxing into an expression of curiosity and amusement.

"Right out here in the street. I rode up with him from down there by Billy Townsend's house."

"Rode with him?"

"Y-y-es 'em! I caught on his sleigh an' rode with him. He had the cutest little ponies!"

"What did he say to you," queries Mrs. Kilbourne, beginning to laugh.

"D-don't know what he did say," stammers Jack; "it scared everything out o' my head when I saw him. Never looked up at all to see who it was till we were right oposite our house, 'n then the light shone right into his face. My! what a cunning little chap. I don't believe he's more'n that high," and Jack measured with his hand a stature less than his own, "and his face and his eyes looked as if he were about five hundred; and he had a little fur cap and a fur coat, I think; and he laughed—you ought to have heard him laugh?"

"What made him laugh?"

"To see how s'prised I was, I guess. He asked me 'f I was any relation to Jack the Giant Killer, 'n I told him I was his his great grandfather or something. I thought he was poking fun at me, 'n I thought I'd give him as good as he sent. Crackey! If I'd known who it was that I was talking to, I'd have been a little more partickler 'bout what I said. He was a jolly little chap any how."

"O Jack!" cries his mother, "your imagination must have made most of this.

I can hardly believe that you have really seen anything quite so strange as you describe."

"Now, Mother Kilbourne!" replies Jack, deeply grieved, and somewhat indignant, "I guess I have eyes and ears; and I guess I know what I see and hear; and I tell you it is just exactly as I've told you. I never b'lieved in Santa Claus before; but when a fellow hangs on to his sleigh and rides with him a quarter of a mile or so, then he *knows*, and there's no use talking."

"Well, my son, it is very curious, I admit. But I wish your father would come. He must have had time to walk here since the train arrived. Is it still snowing hard?" asked the lady as she rises and walks slowly to the window, and shutting her face between her hands, gazes out into the storm.

"Deed it is!" answered Jack. "Snow's most up to my knees now. Sis will have a gay time wading through it."

"Your father will be obliged to carry her, I fear," replies Mrs. Kilbourne. "I think," she adds, after a moment, "that he must have stopped by the way at Judge Gray's; I know that there was some matter of important business between them. Our little Lil will be very tired, I fear."

Jack sits looking into the glowing grate, and asking his mother all sorts of questions about the legend of St. Nicholas; who he was, any how; if he was really a man, and when he lived; and how long ago; and what he did; and what about the Bible stories that tell about spirits and angels that appear to men—a sharp fire of puzzling questions, which his mother answers dubiously and absently; for her heart is a little troubled about the child for whose coming she waits impatiently.

Meanwhile Ben is speeding upon his errand of good-will with many a merry experience. Halting his ponies in front of each favored house. he seizes the parcel prepared for its inmates, runs to a lighted window, taps on the pane, holds aloft his treasure in full sight, makes a low bow, skips to the door, lays it down upon the sill, and then jumps into his cutter and is off in a twinkling. The children run to the window, half in terror, half in transport; they gaze after the vanishing spirit, with their hearts in their mouths; then they go timidly to the door and take with undissembled glee the goods so mysteriously provided for them.

As for the older folks, they are as much puzzled as the children; no one can find any clew to the identity of this unearthly visitant.

If Ben could have looked into all these homes and could have heard the admiring outcries, and could have known how much surprise and curiosity and innocent mirth and thankfulness his pranks were producing, he would have been fully satisfied with the success of his experiment.

Finally he arrived in front of Mr. Kilbourne's gate, for he had reserved a part of his bounties for the children whose descriptive list Jack has given him. There is a light tap on the window which opens upon the veranda, and Mrs. Kilbourne starts. There he is in full view, bowing low, waving his parcel in the air, then bounding away with the spring of an antelope.

"There, Mother Kilbourne!" cries Jack, his teeth chattering again; "n-now what have you to say?"

"Blessings on us!" exclaimed the pale lady; "what does it mean?"

They reach the window, like all the rest, just in time to see the ponies trot away, and to verify Jack's description in very detail.

"Well, I never!" cries Mrs. Kilbourne.

"Run to the door, Jack, and see what he has left!"

A rubber rattle for the baby, a volume of Baby World for Lil, and Historic Boys for Jack,—these were the gifts drawn forth from the paper bag with great delight and wonderment.

"Now you'll own up, won't you, mother?" demands Jack triumphantly. "I didn't imagine it all, did I?"

"No, Jack; you are a good reporter; your account was very accurate."

"Well, how do you explain him?"

"I can't explain him," answered the mother. "I haven't the least idea who he is—some good being, I'm sure."

"Right you are!" says Jack in a tone of solemnity which strangely contrasts with his school-boy phraseology. "But there comes father and Lil!"

The boy runs to admit the tardy comers, but his father is alone.

"Where's Lil?" cries Jack, as he opens the door.

"Isn't she here!" demands Mr. Kilbourne, anxiously.

"No sir; we thought you went to the station after her."

Mr. Kilbourne pushes into the room, where the pale mother stands trembling and anxious.

"We shall find her soon," he says. "Didn't that Jonson boy bring you my note?"

"What note? No! Nobody brought any note," cries Mrs. Kilbourne.

"The young rascal! I sent him with a line to tell you I could not leave my office at that hour, and that Jack must go to the train for Lillie."

"And so the poor child found no one waiting for her there. Where could she have gone?"

"Wait!" cries the father. "I'll telephone to Wilkinson at the depot. That's where she is beyond a doubt. He has taken her into his office to keep her till we arrived."

Mr. Kilbourne rushed to the telephone. "Hello, Central! Give me the Gridiron depot. That you, Wilkinson? Kilbourne's talking. Did my little girl come down on the accomodation train from Smokopolis? — What? — Didn't what?

Mr. Kilbourne turned away from the telephone rather pale, with an anxious look about his eyes; but, for his wife's sake, he says cheerfully: "Well, Wilkinson says he saw a little girl step off the rear end of the cars; the conductor helped her off and told her to run into the waiting-room; Wilkinson had some baggage to look after, and when he was through with that the child was out of sight. He supposed some one had come for her."

"O my poor little lamb!" cries the mother piteously. "Where is she out in this merciless storm! What shall I do?"

"Don't cry, mother," says Jack cheerily. "She's down the street somewhere; she's gone into somebody's house."

"They would have sent us word," says Mrs. Kilbourne hopelessly.

"Well, we'll find her anyhow," says Jack.

Mr. Kilbourne has been thinking hard with knitted brows and compressed lips. Now he speaks; "Jack, you stay here, and take care of your mother. I'll go down street. As soon as I get word of her, I'll call to you from the nearest telephone." He gently leads the trembling lady to the sofa, and turns to go.

Hark! the gate is opening! There is a quick footstep on the porch—on the veranda! Mr. Kilbourne pauses; Mrs. Kilbourne springs to her feet. There he is—the same little man, and Lil in his arms! He tosses her above his head; he lets her gently down upon the veranda; he makes the same low bow; he springs from the porch and runs away.

Mr. Kilbourne rushes to the door.

"Hello!" he cries. "Who are you, my friend? Say! won't you let me——?"

But the little man is in the sleigh and the ponies are in motion. All they hear is Ben's laugh as he drives away. "Oh! ho! ho!"

Mr. Kilbourne picks up the little girl, who stands half dazed upon the porch, and hurries into the house. Her mother clasps the child in her arms and covers her face with kisses. Poor little bairn! Her garments are wet and her curls are matted with snow, but her eyes are bright.

"Wasn't it beautiful for Santa Claus to bring me home?" she cries.

"Yes, my darling; where did he find you?"

"Oh, up here in the road. Papa wasn't there when the train stopped, an' I was in such a hurry to go home, I started right off; an' I went along down that way, an' then I turned into the street."

"The little midget!" exclaims Mr. Kilbourne, "she went off up long lane!"

"There wasn't any houses," continues the little wanderer, "so I kept going on, an' on; an' it snowned so I couldn't see; an' bye and bye I came to another road—"

"Yes, she must have turned out on the Smokopolis road," shouts Jack.

"An' I kept going on, an' then I was tired, an' I sat down on a log to rest, an' I heard a team coming,—and it was Santa Claus, and he turned around an' brought me home."

"How did he know where your home was?" asked her father.

"Oh, he asked me what was my name, and I told him it was Lillie Kilbourne, and he said: 'Oh, yes, I know where you live! I've been to your house once tonight.' "

"How did you know it was Santa Claus?" asked her mother.

"Why, I saw him, didn't I? When he

lifted up the robe to tuck me in, there was a lantern between his legs—he said it was his stove—an' the light shined right up into his face, and I saw him as plain as anything. 'Sides, I asked him if he wasn't Santa Claus, an' he laughed and said, 'That's what some folks call me!' "

"I don't know whether he is a saint or an angel," says Mrs. Kilbourne solemnly, "but this I know, my darling, he has been a messenger of good to us."

"But what did he mean when he said he had been here before to-night?" asks Mr. Kilbourne.

Now it is Jack's turn to talk. While his mother strips off the wet garments and puts the little girl into her warm bed, Jack rehearses to his father, open-eyed with wonder, the tale of the evening, with which we are familiar. His father listens, questions, shakes his head, and gives it up.

Many of the gossips of Springdale wondered that night, and the next day, and are wondering still, over this mystery, but they are not likely soon to unravel it, for the ponies went leisurely back that night to Smokopolis. It was about one o'clock when they began munching their oats in their comfortable stalls; the wig and the beard that had formed so perfect a disguise were hidden in the granary; the little man let himself softly in at Mrs. Snowden's front door, and went noiselessly to his room. It was a happy heart that beat, on that early Christmas morning, in the breast of Benoni Benaiah Benjamin; but the secret of its happiness will never be discovered, for his laughing lips will not open to reveal it, even in his dreams.

—Selected by Dora Howland.

San Francisco, Cal.

THE STORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

BY ELDER H. A. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER XXI.

BOOK OF NEPHI, THE SON OF NEPHI.

Further teachings of Christ to the Nephites.—The Gentiles to possess the land and afflict the Remnants.—Pride, corruption and wickedness of the Gentiles in latter days.—Destructions will follow.—The Church to be established among those who believe.—The Remnants to have the Records in time and to receive the Gospel.—A City to be built.—The Resurrection taught.—Ten Tribes to be gathered.—Christ blessed Children.—The Lord's Supper instituted.—Ministers Ordained.—The duty of Prayer.—Name of the Church.—Baptism.—Christ's departure.—The three Nephites who remained.—Testimony of Mormon.

AFTER the teachings recorded in the previous chapter, Christ, in the spirit of prophecy, blessed those among the Gentiles who should come upon this land and believe in and obey the truth. And, foreseeing their readiness of belief, he said that in the latter times before his second coming they should have the gospel restored to them first, and upon this continent would it begin, and many would accept it joyfully. For he said that in those days multitudes of the Gentiles would come from other lands and dwell here, and that in taking possession of and ruling over the land that they would oppress and destroy the degenerate remnants of the Nephites and Lamanites, even smiting them terribly, and without much mercy afflicting and scattering them. He foretold, also, that the Gentiles in that time would be exalted in riches and in pride, and, furthermore, that there would exist among them secret organizations to do wickedly, and that in many respects they would become very sinful in their course. In consequence would all manner of mischief prosper, and murders, robberies, lyings, deceits and hypocrisies be common, and all kinds of evil deeds abound, not only among the people upon this land, but also among the nations who would dwell upon all other parts of the earth.

He likewise prophesied that the most of the Gentiles of that day would add to their other transgressions the sin of rejecting the gospel, upon its being recommitted to the world by the Lord through his angels and the Holy Ghost; and, in consequence of this, would judgments and calamities come upon them. Yet blessed would those be who obeyed it, for such

should be numbered with his people and neither be trodden down nor broken in pieces. In that time, he declared, will the Lord show unto the nations his power, and then will he perform his great work unto the deliverance of Jerusalem and the establishment of Zion upon earth, and unto the gathering of the Jews from among all nations and the bringing again of the ten tribes to the land of their fathers, as by his prophets he had promised from olden times that he would do.

Then he asked that the sick, the lame, the blind and the suffering ones be brought out, and when this was done he healed them by the divine power that was his. He also blessed their little children; and as he did so, the Spirit of God so rested upon the parents that they witnessed that angels were present and were ministering to their children, and that they were surrounded by the divine power that seemed as a wall of fire protecting them. Then he blessed bread and wine and gave to them as being tokens of his body and blood, saying also to the ministers whom he had called that they too should so bless thereafter the emblems and so give to the church after his departure. This should they always practice towards those who repented and were baptized in his name. But when any were known to the church to be unworthy they were not to be permitted to partake of the sacrament until they repented of their sins and reformed their ways, though neither these nor the world should be prevented from attending the meetings of the faithful.

He commanded all of them to watch and pray evermore, lest they should be tempted of Satan more than they could bear, and thus be led astray, and also that by prayer they might obtain blessings from heaven. He said that it was necessary for them to pray in their families as well as in the assemblies of the Saints, and that they should ask divine blessings upon their wives and children, and upon all that they had.

When he had finished these teachings he said that he must go from them again and ascend to the Father; but before doing so, he laid his hands upon each of the ministers whom he had chosen and to them he gave authority to confer the Holy Spirit upon those who should obey the gospel under their hands. When this was done a cloud came down and enveloped him, and he was taken up into heaven. Of these things the disciples made a record in their history of the sayings and doings of Jesus Christ while he was with them. Therefore the matters already related are concerning his first visit to the people who dwelt upon this land at the beginning of what is called the Christian era.

On the next day the multitude came together again, and the twelve disciples taught them, as they had been ordained to do. They gathered them in twelve groups and instructed them in those things that Jesus had spoken of and commanded, being greatly aided by the Holy Spirit in so doing. After that they went to the water and Nephi baptised the eleven and was himself baptised, and then the Holy Ghost came upon them in greater power, and also angels appeared and ministered unto them. Then came Jesus himself and stood with and prayed for them as well as commanded them to pray. And their hearts were filled with joy, and their whole minds were gladdened, instructed, and lifted up by the Comforter that was sent down from heaven upon them. Though no bread and wine had been brought yet Christ blessed both bread and wine and gave to his ministry, and they in turn to the baptised believers.

Following this season Jesus reminded them of the prophesies of Isaiah concerning the future gathering of all Israel, and he stated that in that day shall the many fragments of his people be gathered from all parts of the earth back to the land that God gave unto their fathers; and then will they come to the knowledge of their Redeemer, even to know and accept Jesus Christ as their Savior. And, as the Nephites and the Lamanites are of the covenant people also, so their remnants in turning to righteousness shall also be gathered, but their inheritance, he said, will be upon this land, according to the promise that God made to their fathers at the time they came from Jerusalem. But this will not be until after their darkened posterity are sorely treated and scattered by the Gentiles who must first possess the land. For they shall come, he said, and they are to be a great people upon this continent, and a free people also, having the full benefits and privileges that the Almighty grants to whomsoever he permits to possess it, especially

while they seek to govern righteously and to execute justice and equity among themselves.

In that time will the history of the Nephites and the Lamanites, and the teachings of their prophets, and these sayings of Christ, all come to the knowledge of the Gentiles. And when these things are revealed this will be a witness that the day is near at hand when the Lord will fulfill his promise of gathering the nations of Israel back to their ancient land. And in that day will the Lord bring to pass strange things among the nations and wonderful deeds for the establishment of his people. And the kings and the great ones of the earth, and all their people, shall be astonished in seeing and considering the marvelous works that shall be brought about in the latter days. But unless the Gentiles continue in righteousness upon this land and accept and do the will of God he will destroy their greatness and overthrow their iniquitous doings and their secret combinations that are for murder, for robbery, and to get gain unjustly. Because of their increasing pride, their abominations, their unbelief, and their general unrighteousness will various forms of destruction come upon them.

But those of them who harden not their hearts, among them will he organize his church, and those who thus believe in God and receive the gospel, they shall assist in the work of establishing righteousness again and in building a city upon this land, even a new Jerusalem, a city of peace and safety, where shall dwell a fulness of joy. In this work will the remnants have a prominent part; for unto them will the gospel also be preached and they shall become a redeemed people by the power of God and by faith in Christ and in his gospel. (Note 38.)

The Lord's work in those days will include the bringing back of the ten tribes from their seclusion and the restoration of Judah's dispersed ones from every nation where they have dwelt. Then shall all the afflicted and distressed have security and peace, with abundance and plenty. About these things he commanded the Nephites to search the prophesies of Isaiah, because they were of great value and comfort in foretelling the coming glory of Zion and Jerusalem. He also repeated the words of Malachi concerning the coming of the Lord to his temple; of his purpose to refine and purify his people; of the necessity of their paying tithing; of the coming of Elijah the prophet, and of the judgments that will overtake the wicked. Then also, he said, shall be given unto men rewards according to their deeds, the righteous in the first resurrection and the unrighteous in the final resurrection, every one as his works shall have been. (Note 39.)

So was Jesus with the Nephites, teaching them of the will of God and of the Father's designs and purposes for the happiness of his people, for the joy of all who serve him in truth. Thus he came to them upon three successive days, instructing and blessing them. He taught them to call the Church after his name, for by his name should they be known in the last day, and if the Church is built upon the true gospel then will the Father show forth his power among his people. Christ said that he was lifted up on the cross in order that he might, through the gospel, draw all men unto him; and those who obey the same, those who are baptized with water and receive the Holy Ghost, those who endure the warfare unto the end, even these shall be exalted. Then he proclaimed as follows: "Repent, all ye ends of the earth, and come unto me and be baptized in my name, that ye may be sanctified by the Holy Ghost, that ye may stand spotless before me at the last day. Verily, verily, I say unto you that this is my gospel." And he commanded them to write the things that he had taught them, so that their posterity might hereafter come to the knowledge of his words. For he declared that by the books and by the writings of the prophets men will be judged at the great day.

He said that God and the angels rejoiced over the people to whom he spoke, because of their faith and their obedience, and that if they would continue to ask the Father in his name they should receive great blessings and favors. But he foretold a change to come, and that within four hundred years their posterity would go into darkness and iniquity by departing from God and his word.

After that he asked his ministers what they desired to have after his departure into heaven. Then all of them but three

said that they desired that when their ministry work was over they might come unto him. He blessed them and said that so it should be. When he asked the three what they desired they were afraid to speak; but he told them that he perceived that they wished to stay upon the earth, even as his disciple John in Jerusalem had desired to do. And he commended their faith, and their love for man in desiring to stay, and said that because they so wished therefore they should not taste of death but should live to see all the doings of God among men until the Son should come to reign upon the earth.

Then he declared that he must now go to and remain with the Father. So he touched with his hand all of his ministers but the three, and the heavens opened and he ascended up on high. And the three were also taken up for a brief season, during which they saw and heard wonderful things concerning the work of God and his purposes; but speedily they descended, and with their brethren they preached the gospel of Christ and baptized the people who believed and repented. And such received the Holy Ghost. Thus many were converted, and that generation was greatly blessed with the favor of God.

Concerning the three who were permitted to tarry, Mormon, who lived long after Christ's visit, said that he had seen them in his day, and that they would also be upon earth among the Jews and Gentiles of the last days, though they would not be known. He said that in his time prisons would not hold them, when they had been taken by the wicked, neither would fire burn them, nor had they been hurt by wild beasts when they had been cast among them. But they were able to show themselves to whomsoever they would. He said that they should continue to have great power, and that in latter days they should minister to the tribes of Jacob, and to other nations, thereby aiding in spreading truth and in bringing men to Christ; yet would they be hidden from the world. Mormon wrote that the Lord informed him that a change had been wrought upon their bodies whereby they felt neither pain nor fatigue, neither could Satan tempt them, nor could men harm them, they being, to a great degree sanctified and made holy by the power of God.

Then Mormon adds his testimony after Nephi and says that when these writings shall come to the knowledge of the world then shall the covenant of God to all Israel be speedily brought to pass. And in that day men need not say that the words of the Lord are vain, nor that he delays his coming. For he will surely come, and his words will all have fulfillment. And woe be unto them that shall say that the Lord no longer reveals himself or manifests himself by the Holy Spirit, or works miracles; for they who say so are in darkness, and they know not the mind of the Lord. Therefore he asks them to repent and to turn from all their unbelief and rebellion, and to receive a remission of their sins by baptism and the reception of the Holy Ghost. And with this exhortation ends the book of Nephi, the son of Nephi.

(Note 38)—With this chapter I add a few more quotations concerning the traditions of the ancient Americans about Christ's visit to their fathers. Lord Kingsborough, writes as follows:

"Of Quecalcoatle they relate that, proceeding of his journey, he arrived at the sea, which is here painted, and which they named Tlapallan, and that entering into it they saw him no more, nor knew they what became of him, except that they saw that he desired them to restrain their grief and to expect his return, which would take place at the appointed time. And, accordingly they believed it was he."—Mexican Antiquities, vol. 6, page 183.

"What shall we say when we find that the Indians of New Spain did expect a Messiah? . . . Torquemada has recorded in the thirteenth and fifteenth chapters of his fourth book of his 'Indian Monarchy' the curious fact that when the Spanish general arrived he was not only taken by the Mexicans for their Messiah but actually received their adorations in that character."—Mexican Antiquities, vol. 6, page 338.

He says that Cortez kept the matter as secret as possible because he was ashamed of the circumstance, evidently expecting to be ridiculed in Spain if it became known. Again he says:

"If our surprise is excited by the discovery that the Peruvians were not altogether ignorant of the nature of a vicarious sacrifice or atonement, it will be produced in no less degree when we discover that the inhabitants of New Spain generally believed in the coming of a future Redeemer, or Savior, whose advent, as well as the destruction of the world, they seem to have expected at the close of certain stated periods. That future Redeemer was Quecalcoatle."—Mexican Antiquities, vol. 6, page 409.

Torquemada writes:—"It is likewise found that in some provinces of New Spain, as in Talonaca, they expected the coming of the Son of

God into the world. . . . They said that he was to come to renew all things, although they did not believe in interpreting this in a spiritual but in a temporal and earthly sense. For example, they thought that on his coming the grain would be of a pure and more substantial quality, that the fruit would be better flavored and more excellent in its kind, that the lives of men would be prolonged, and that everything else would become better in a corresponding degree."—Mexican Antiquities, vol. 6, page 413.

If the above was indeed the belief of the people whom the Spaniards found, then it surely accord with the teachings of both the Bible and the Book of Mormon. The Bible, especially, has much to say of the wonderful fertility of the earth that will be in the day of Christ's return, and when he reigns over it, The prophets say that in his time the desert will blossom as the rose, that the garners shall overflow with plenty, that God's people shall plant and build for their own use and occupancy, and not that others may eat their fruit or grain, or dwell in their houses; for "every man shall sit under his own vine and under his own fig tree." These, and many other things, are said of a literal and temporal salvation upon a redeemed earth, in fulfillment of the saving of Christ in Jerusalem that "the meek shall inherit the earth." As to the longevity of man in that time the Lord has said by Isaiah that "as the days of a tree, so shall be the days of my people," or, as one translation gives it, "as the days of the tree of life," showing unlimited continuance and length, not an uncertain one. But in either rendering it is evident that the idea of great longevity was intended to be conveyed.

(Note 39.)—Of the evidences that they also understood the doctrine of the resurrection the following is presented:

"It was the cupidity of the Spaniards that first instructed them in another essential doctrine of the Indians, that of the resurrection of the body. And here we must observe that this doctrine is peculiarly Christian. It is on this point and not on the immortality of the soul that Christianity differs from the religions of antiquity, and it is very singular that it should have been discovered in the New World. Gomara, after stating that the Peruvians deposited gold and silver vases in the tombs of the Incas, says: 'When the Spaniards opened these tombs and scattered the bones the Peruvians entreated them not to do so, assuring them that these bones were to be united in the resurrection.' Herrera says: 'In the provinces of Guazaculco and Uluta they believed that the dead would come to life.'"—Mexican Antiquities, vol. 6, page 413.

(Note 40.)—Lord Kingsborough also relates from Torquemada another interesting matter, namely that Diego de Mercado, in those early days, conversed with an aged Otomie, who informed him 'that they in ancient times had been in possession of a book, which had been handed down successively from father to son, in the person of the eldest, who was dedicated to the safe custody of it, and to instruct others in its doctrines. . . . On the ecclesiastic's questioning the Indian as to the contents of the book and its doctrines he simply replied that if the book had not been lost he would have seen that the doctrine which he taught and those which the book contained were the same.'"—Mexican Antiquities, vol. 6, p. 409.

Elias Boudinot (elected in 1816 as the first president of the American Bible Society) in his book about the Indians wrote as follows:

"There is a tradition, related by an aged Indian of the Stockbridge tribe, that his fathers were once in possession of a sacred book, which was handed down from generation to generation, and at last hid in the earth; since which time they have been under the feet of their enemies. But these oracles were to be restored to them again, and then they would triumph over their enemies, and regain their ancient country, together with their rights and privileges. . . . They also say that their fathers were possessed of an extraordinary power by which they foretold future events, . . . that they did by these means bring down blessings upon their beloved people; but that this power for a long time past has entirely disappeared."—Voice of Warning, pages 81, 82.

Upon the fact that they did have books and writings in plenty in those olden times Charnay admits as follows:

"The history of this people can only be read on the monuments they have left. Yet documents were not wanting, and had the religious zeal of the men of that time been less ill-judged, they would have found in the various and multiform manuscripts, in the charts or maps, in the idols, in the pottery and living traditions, ample and reliable materials from which to write an exhaustive history of the Maya civilization. But the Spaniards were more careful to destroy than to preserve. Zumarraga, Bishop of Mexico, destroyed all the Aztec annals that he could lay his hands upon."—Ancient Cities, p. 270.

Also Prof. J. D. Baldwin has the following:

"The ruins show that they had the art of writing, and that at the South this art was more developed. . . . It is known that books or manuscript writings were abundant among them in the ages previous to the Aztec period. They had an accurate measure of the solar year, a system of chronology, and many of their writings were historical."—Ancient America, page 187.

Mr. Baldwin quotes the words of Las Casas, the Spanish missionary, who says that he and his fellow priests had seen the books, but he adds, "though many were burned by the monks, who were afraid they might impede the work of conversion."

Mr. Baldwin says further:

"Besides many similar bonfires there is record of a great conflagration in which a vast collection of these old writings was consumed."—Ancient America, p. 189.

In his work John T. Short writes as follows:

"The infamous crime committed against the cause of knowledge, and the irreparable injury done to the natives, to their successors, and to the students of history for all time, by the destruction of those manuscripts, must ever remain an universal blot upon the name of the early church in Mexico, and must be ranked with the worst deeds of the Goths and Vandals."—North Americans of Antiquity, p. 429.

MOTHER'S ROOM.

'Tis the cheeriest room in the household,
With window-seat battered and bruised;
Where the carpets, the chairs and the table
Are never too good to be used.

Here little ones come with their sorrows,
Or bubble with laughter and noise;
Bring sweetest caresses and kisses,
And scatter their books and their toys.

There's an unceasing patter of small feet,
An opening and shutting of doors;
And the room that was swept and garnished,
Is covered with spoils and stores.

In the dawn of a summer morning
There's a scampering down the stairs,
And every one knows they are coming,
They whisper so loud their affairs.

And when the day's lesson is over,
They come, with their chatter and song,
To the sunniest room, where dear mother
And all that is lovely belong.

If the thread of their lives get tangled,
She quietly straightens them out,
And gathers them, sweetly united,
Her little low rocker about.

Dear mother, o'er all presiding,
O, honored and beautiful queen,
You gather your loving subjects
With a grace that is rarely seen.

Then who, to keep spotless and tidy
The carpets and windows and doors,
Would lose the sweet laughter of childhood,
And love from such beautiful stores?

—Vick's Magazine for December.

A CHILD'S STRUGGLE.

THERE is a struggle for victory, and a victory of struggle. There is a struggle that, failing of achievement, is in itself a yet higher and nobler achievement. He who accomplishes his purpose with ease may have accomplished less than he who struggled for that accomplishment and failed.

Of these inward struggles of the spirit the world knows little. And one reason why the world knows so little of them is because it is the little people—the children—who furnish the greater part of the heroes of those hidden wrestlings of the soul. The world does, once in a while, recognize the hero in a child who rescues a comrade from some bodily peril. But of the struggles within, the fierce spiritual combats for the mastery of right over wrong, for the overcoming of difficulties of temperament, difficulties in the constitution of mind and of body, difficulties of environment,—of these the world keeps itself ignorant, and the child knows it and feels it. Yet all the nobler is its heroism for this isolation, this painful loneliness, this cruel banishment of soul.

Let me tell how I once caught a glimpse of a bit of this occult heroism. It was in the lamp-light. A little white-robed figure darted through my library portiere, and after a hug around my neck, and a rain of kisses as well, my affectionate boy was kneeling at my lap for his bedtime prayer.

Mild, tractable, obedient, yet full of life, spirits, and zeal, he was the very incarnation of affection, the very home of emotion. He was at once bold and timid, shy and familiar, of fine sensibilities, open, talkative, yet reticent in all that to his realest self was sacred and divine. Never until now, when he was fast approaching five years of age, had he added a new petition to his formal prayer, or been willing, apart from that, to so much as mention the name of the Deity.

It had been one of those days when in child life, as in adult life, everything seems to go wrong and to be at cross purposes,—or, rather, with grown persons it is claimed that "things go wrong," while with children it is the children themselves who are charged with going wrong. Before my boy knelt in prayer, I talked to him, and asked him whether he wanted to do right, even though he sometimes found it hard. He convinced me that he did, and I told him that it was

so with me oftentimes, and that we had only to ask God to help us if we would make the effort.

Having repeated his "Now I lay me," my boy was about to rise, when I told him again, in a low voice, that God would help him as he would help us all,—for I was particular to let him know that I was just as human and helpless as he. "Suppose you say, 'Help me to do right,'" I said. He was silent. I waited a few moments, and still there was no response.

"Can't you just say, 'Help me to do right?'" I asked in as sympathetic a tone as I could command. Another pause, and still no response. I put my hand on his head, toyed with his hair, spoke his name familiarly, and—still he was silent. I bent over and brought my face nearer to his, and said in a lower tone: "Can't you say it?"

"No," he answered in a half-stifled voice.

"Very well," I continued, "if you *can't*, you had better rise." But neither could he rise.

Putting my hands under his arms, I attempted to lift him to his feet; but he clung to my knees, and forced his face back again into my lap. This taught me something. He had said that he could not, and yet he was unwilling to give it up. More than that, I had had something of a revelation of the tremendous struggle that had been going on in that soul; for in lifting him I caught a glimpse of his face. It was flushed to fiery redness, and the perspiration stood in beads from his forehead to his throat. Was he stubborn? No; for he was fighting on my side, and not against me. Was he disobedient? No; for he was working toward the result, and for it, as fast as he could. The stuggling and fighting to overcome his natural reticence in spiritual things, was at an expenditure of nerve force which, directed in some other way, might have gained him the applause of the world for singular accomplishment. But how often do children hear the world's "Well done!" for such a secret struggle as this? Indeed, it was evident that the petition, "Help me to do right," had ascended in burning thoughts, if not in formal words; for already God was helping him to do right in just this thing. The very heat of the fierce struggle was in itself the evidence that the prayer was answered even before it was uttered. The struggle was the strongest kind of an expression of prayer,—and God knew that long before I did.

Once again I attempted to raise him from my knees, and still he clung to them with a life-and-death grip. I could feel the waxing heat of his face,—of his whole body. I could not but see in him the truest of heroes. Yet my heart went out to him in the deepest pity. Here was mental distress, heart-anguish, such as few men or women experience, or at least do not experience without the world's touch of sympathy. But for a child!

I bent my head again to his, put my mouth to his ear, and whispered, "Just whisper it—very low; God can hear it." I raised him up, put my arms around him, drew his face close against mine, and waited, and—still there was no response. In a more familiar, yet serious way, I said again, "Very low, now,"—and, with one final struggle, I heard him say "Help!" It was very, very low, almost inaudible, but just as good as, and better, than a loud voice that had come easily.

He had indeed struggled victoriously. That simple petition came easy to him ever after; but he never spoke it without seeming to be impressed with its peculiarly serious import. The victory of accomplishment, however, was not half so much to me—nor to him—as was the victory of struggle. Should I have reprimanded him at first for a refusal to speak when I had asked him? No! He had not refused; he had begun to comply at once. Another child might easily have spoken the petition, and, perhaps, as soon forgotten it. But I would rather see him wrestling in prayer, than merely repeating a prayer without the wrestling.

And now, on looking back to that evening hour when my child and I were alone together, I can see how, in my danger of misunderstanding him, and so of causing "one of these little ones to stumble," I was permitted to catch a glimpse into the soul-life of childhood, and to see how God-like the heart of a child, how child-like the heart of God. I saw that the prayer was in the struggle, that the struggle itself was prayer, and that, while I was learning to know my child better, and childhood better, my child and I were together learning to know God better.

—N. Patterson in Sunday School Times.

PATTIE; OR, LEAVES FROM A LIFE.

BY ELEANOR.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE STERN REALITY.

"In the cruel fire of sorrow
Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail:
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
Do not let thy spirit quail;
But wait till the trial is over,
And take thy heart again,
For as gold is tried by fire,
So a heart must be tried by pain."
—Adelaide Proctor.

"After that ye have suffered awhile stablish, strengthen, settle you."—1 Peter 1:10.

THE warm southern sunshine was doing its best to revivify the earth. Thousands of blossoming peach trees swayed their branches in the soft air; song birds joyously flitted about the honeysuckles at the window; and a Sabbath blessing of love and peace seemed to be breathed upon all nature. Pattie's eyes had rested upon the sweet scene as soon as she unclosed them, and she had been silently regarding it for some time, taking notice of every detail as one might do of a picture, but her thoughts were not with the bursting beauty around her.

More than two weeks had passed since the grave had claimed her love. The nervous shock she had sustained had been too great for her, she had been quite ill, she was ill still; but this morning she felt only conscious of extreme weakness. Still she lay with her face to the window; but the birds and budding trees, and spring sunshine, all but the Sabbath stillness and peace faded from view. She saw before her that other Sabbath scene when as a child, on that other bed of pain, there were gathered about her couch the dear home circle. Again she was in her father's arms reading in the family Bible the old, old lesson of faith and trust learned so long ago. "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

She had been too happy those few brief years; she had fergotten her lesson and must learn it again. God knows best. Bye and bye when she felt stronger she might be able to add, "Thy will be done;" but just now she could only pray that this last great trial might indeed, in her, yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness. She must learn to lean on no earthly arm. If she had, in very truth entered the dark, thorny pathway of her dream, she would try to discern the ministering angels and walk in the light that had been promised her.

She felt the warm embrace of little arms about her neck, the lovely eyes of her beautiful boy were looking into hers; in baby pity for suffering mamma he laid his little cheek caressingly on hers.

Sorrow must not yet cloud the brightness of that little life. She would be brave and steadfast and cheerful for his sake. Nerved by the resolve she arose, dressed herself and child, and joined the family in the dining-room. Wan, weak, and bent as by the weight of years, there was consternation among the good people to behold her; but Pattie smiled at their fears.

"I am better," she said.

"Let us thank the Lord," exclaimed Mr. West reverently, as he came forward and shook her hand warmly; and she knelt with them around the family altar.

"Thank the Lord"? For what should she thank him? That he had bereft her of all that had made her life delightsome? That she must fight alone for the means to sustain her own and her child's existence? But baby hands touched her, and clasping the little one to her heart she said:

"For the child's sake, O, Father! I accept and thank thee for the boon of life; grant also strength to do the part assigned me."

In the days that followed she resolutely kept about, although to her friends she did not regain health or strength perceptibly. At the coming of evenings her little boy would watch for the appearance of his absent father, coming to her often with the question: "Papa come soon, mamma?" And when she could no more keep the grief from eyes and voice, she would slip out into the twilight and pace the little path that he had last trod, while she writhed in voiceless

agony. And Mary, the kind hearted daughter of the house, would follow her, and putting an arm about her waist walk with her in silent sympathy.

Her board having been paid for some time in advance, she remained with the family of Mr. West for over a month. Her father wrote to know if she wished to return, but she had decided to visit her husband's mother and family, also some relatives of her own who lived in Iowa, hoping to find something to do by which she could be able to support herself.

The time at length arrived when she was ready to leave the sad scenes. She had disposed of their little possessions, packed her trunks and was ready to leave; but Mr. and Mrs. West would shake their heads and declare that she was not able to travel.

They had been so kind, and she was sorry to leave them, but the day came at last when she bade them farewell.

She reached in safety the home of her friends, about twenty miles from Des Moines, Iowa, and was kindly received by her husband's relatives and her own.

During the summer, while visiting among them and trying to recruit her strength, she had abundant leisure to resume her religious studies; her sore heart longed to have a place and communion among God's people; the thought had occurred to her that possibly it had been her neglect of these things that had caused her chastisement.

The sect to which Mr. Hervey's family belonged had a church organization in their neighborhood, where meetings were held once a month. The members being widely scattered they were generally entertained *en masse* at the home of Pattie's mother-in-law. They appeared to be an earnest, enthusiastic class of Christians.

But in attempting to study their distinctive doctrines, Pattie found herself as completely lost in the labyrinthian mazes as she had been in the perplexing studies of her first early researches. She was obliged to put on her spiritual spectacles again and call to her aid the commentaries.

She never expected to meet with the people called Latter Day Saints, and if she had, her mother's words and wishes seemed sacred to her.

Her stricken heart was seeking rest, something to lean upon, and when the people gathered there for worship and sang in hearty enthusiam, something like the following:

"In his righteousness confiding,
Sheltered safe beneath his wing,
Here we find a sure abiding,
And of covenant mercy sing;
Seek, my soul, no other healing,
But in Jesus' balmy blood,
He beneath the Spirit's sealing
Stands the great high priest with God."

It was that very sense of sure abiding that she longed for, had sought for, and had not yet enjoyed. She expressed these desires to some with whom she conversed, and was answered that the only way to obtain that confidence was to put her sole trust in the righteousness of Jesus, and to get rid of any thought of trying to work out a righteousness of her own.

"Remember," said they, "that the best you can do is so mixed with sin that it is but filthiness in the sight of God."

"That may be true," said Pattie, "but it is difficult to comprehend those decrees of God concerning election, as you teach them."

"Could we always comprehend the right of everything, there would be no room for credence. It is by faith not by sight that Christians should yield obedience," was answered.

"Ah, there it is!" said Pattie. "What is it to which they are are required to yield obedience?"

"To God," was the solemn rejoinder.

"But what is it that he requires of us? I fail to see how we can render obedience to him until we know what he demands of us," said Pattie.

"He demands nothing; he knows that we can do nothing meritorious, therefore salvation is of grace—free grace."

"How could I be certain that I am one of the elect?"

"Do you believe in God?"

"Yes."

"Then 'he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved,' is what he has declared through his Son. 'Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified. What shall we say then to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?' "

"If you please, Sir," said Pattie, "that subject of baptism is where I have always

stumbled. You say that God demands nothing of us, and yet baptism is an act, and coupled with our obedience to it is the promise that we shall be saved. If then baptism, faith, or any other act, no matter how inconsequential in itself, if it is demanded and complied with before we can be saved, then salvation is not wholly of free grace. A price has been demanded and paid, whether nominal or otherwise. Now how do you reconcile this with free, unconditional election?"

"My friend, we don't try to! If the Lord has instituted baptism as the door into the church, it is my business to enter by the door and not try to climb up into the sheep-fold any other way. I don't know why the door was made that way, nor why he has made a door at all. Neither has he told me to know, but to believe. Paul says: 'I am determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified.' Here also is a little hymn right to the point:

'Let all fruitless research go,
Which perplex and tease us;
We determine naught to know,
But a bleeding Jesus.'"

"If it is not necessary to know in order to believe, what answer would you make if asked to give a reason for your hope?" she asked.

"This," picking up a Bible.

"But Mr. ——, I think I am quite familiar with the Scriptures, and I fear I could not defend the faith from that book."

"If there should be a need for you to defend it, the Lord will give you the word. But your only business is to rest yourself entirely on Jesus and he will defend his own cause when necessary."

It was rest and peace that Pattie was now seeking, and she could not divest her mind of the idea that some degree of knowledge was necessary before faith could be exercised, in her case at least. But to her weary spirit rest was the thing most desirable; particularly sweet to her came the invitation, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

She had labored long to find the gospel, and she had not attained to rest and confidence that casts out fear. Suppose it were true that Christ had not required this labor of her; had not told her to seek him, but just to cast herself upon him in the faith that he would accept her without conditions of any kind, why, then, what was left but for her to accept him as unconditionally?

In this mind she presented herself for admission to membership, giving at their request a brief recital of her endeavors to find Christ.

Whether or not she pronounced Shibboleth (Judges 12:6) to their entire satisfaction, I do not know. They voted to receive her on condition that she should be re-baptized, there being no fellowship between themselves and the church to which she belonged, and claiming that baptism to be valid must be administered by one having authority in the church to which admission is sought. This seemed reasonable to Pattie, and she accordingly submitted and received the hand of fellowship.

After Mrs. Thurston's return to Ohio she learned of Pattie's bereavement, and wrote to her as soon as she could obtain her address. (Mr. Waldville had removed from her neighborhood.)

Pattie replied to her kind condolence and informed her of what she had done; to which her friend replied expostulating, urging her to be patient and await God's own good time to gather her with his people. "How can you," she wrote, "reconcile the glorious gospel in its fulness with the iron-bound creed of predestination?"

But Pattie had not tried to do so; she was literally acting on the advice to know nothing but a bleeding Jesus. She had as it were sat down at his feet and bathed them with her tears.

Among the members of the church who were often entertained by her mother-in-law was a lady from Des Moines who promised to interest herself in obtaining employment for Pattie in the city. Leaving her little one with his grandmother, Pattie went with this lady to try what could be done.

For a time it seemed impossible to find anything for her. Shop after shop of every grade of work, all had the same answer, "work in plenty, but no time to talk to a deaf person." One, a Jew, stopped long enough to add, "unless you will works sheaper on dat accounts."

The same objection was urged when she applied for housework.

At length a lady advised her to do

plain sewing, such as does not usually go to the shops. She would herself furnish some and induce others to do so. She was of opinion that when it was found what she could do, the quality of her work would become better.

This necessitated a room and a sewing-machine. The lady with whom she had come to the city, offered her a room and board for assistance in housework mornings and evenings.

It cost a great deal of money to purchase a sewing machine in those days; the cheapest of the Howe machines then was $75. Pattie obtained one, agreeing to pay five dollars per month for it. By strictest economy she succeeded in paying forty dollars on it, although for some time her work was of the cheapest class, though gradually improving.

Then came the financial crisis of 1873, and the people with whom she made her home were involved in the crash of bankrupt business houses. Pattie suddenly found herself in the street with nowhere to go, and without money to pay for a meal. She called on a family who were distantly related to her husband who, on hearing her story, kindly provided her with means to return to her mother-in-law.

In the excitement and distress in business there were too many unemployed to obtain anything further by way of employment for Pattie, and she lost her sewing machine, the agent returning but ten dollars of the amount she had paid, and declaring himself under no obligation to do that much.

Her father, learning of the circumstances, sent means for her to return to him. Alone with her little one, she made the long journey to Galion, Ohio, where her father then resided, but met no welcome from her step-mother who, except for a short visit, refused her consent to allow Pattie to remain in her father's house, even in a room by herself.

In vain her father tried to obtain employment for her; business was as unsettled there as elsewhere, and distress among the poor and unemployed prevailed.

So, for a year Pattie and her child had no abiding place except as they found it here and there among various relatives. About this time, also, she lost by death another sister.

At length she decided to remove to a small village in Knox county, where was located a church of the denomination to which she belonged, into which she was received by letter from the church in Iowa.

Her plan was to proceed as she had done in Des Moines, except that she hired a small room. She also made another venture on a sewing machine, her father and brother helping her to pay the first installment. She was an entire stranger in the village, but some connections of her husband's lived in the surrounding country. They were mostly strangers to her, except one brother, who with his wife was very kind, doing all they could to assist her.

When Pattie had purchased some necessary articles for her room, some fuel and provisions, she had but two dollars left, and a very uncertain prospect of work.

She had been urged to give away her child to some one else to bring up, but Pattie felt that to do so would leave her poor inducement to live and struggle. She also believed that to train that child was a sacred trust imposed on her of God, and only by the faithful discharge of that duty and trust could she be blessed.

She determined to trust in no human help, but in God only, and in the evening, of her first arrival, after she had finished the arrangement of her room and put the child to bed, she locked the door, laid an open Bible on a chair, and on it her two dollars; then kneeling she told the Lord what she had resolved to do, pleaded every promise in his word; and asked him to do for her two dollars what he had done for another widow's meal and oil; not by working a miracle in her behalf, but by inclining the hearts of the people to supply her with the work she was so willing to do; and then committing her ways to him she went to rest.

"The mystery of the untried days,
I close my eyes from reading;
His will be done whose darkest ways
To life and light are leading."

To be continued.

"ONE OF THE LEAST."

BY "RUTH."

'TWAS at the close of a rainy Sabbath day that two young ladies opened the door of an unpretentious house and stepped out into the quiet street.

The weather all day had been capricious, and now, at a cessation of the showers, they started out, and a glance at the books they carried would tell you that their destination was the prayer-meeting.

Lingering a moment at the gate, they saw a neighbor go up the street, accompanied by a stranger of rather seedy appearance. Although it was late in May, he wore a long overcoat of faded brown. He was a small man and walked with a stooping gait that told of a weary body and a troubled mind.

"Can you tell me where the minister lives?" they heard him say, and, watching, they saw the man go down on the opposite side and stop at the parsonage gate. The stranger entered, but before reaching the door was met by a lady who came out of the house. After a brief conversation they saw him turn and walk with quick, nervous steps up the street.

The girls, meanwhile, had been walking slowly, looking on in silence, but now, one in an indignant voice broke out, "Georgie, that man needed help, and he went there for it and did not get it."

"I believe it, Kate, and I don't think he can be a bad man either, or he would not have gone to the minister's for help."

"No, he would't. I wonder what he wanted; but I suppose he is some homeless one, wanting a night's shelter."

Crossing the street, they passed the neighbor, a little Frenchman, who with shrugs and nods and shakes of the head, looked after the retreating form of the man he had left at the parsonage gate.

"We can't ask, Louis; for he is talking to those young men," said Kate. "But I'll tell you what we can do, Georgie, we'll see which way he turns and then we can go along this street and meet him on the other corner."

"Yes, let us do that." Here the young ladies bowed to the minister's wife who had come to the gate and looked after the "tramp"—perhaps a feeling of regret came over her—perhaps a fear that her action might be criticised.

"There, he's gone that way! Now quick! We must reach the other street as soon as he does!"

Hurrying on, they saw the man as he appeared a block away.

"Poor fellow, how nervously he looks about him; how hesitatingly he moves; how anxiously he observes the gathering night!"

"There, he is saying something to that boy, but the urchin sidles off as if afraid to answer. Now he stands at the corner, undecided which way to go."

"I wish he would come this way."

As if suiting action to the word, the man started down the street.

"Now, Kate, let us cross and meet him," said Georgie.

So the girls crossed the street and walked leisurely along, as if they had not been shadowing that dejected-looking man and looking eagerly on the corner for the appearance of his faded brown coat.

He moved slowly now, with bent head and plodding steps. Had he looked up, he might have seen how intently the two approaching were scanning him. But he did not notice them more than to see that they were ladies and, of course, could not help him.

He was moving on, keeping close to the edge of the sidewalk, when he was astonished to hear himself accosted:

"Were you looking for some place?" It was Kate who spoke.

"I am looking for a place to stay to-night," was his answer. And then, as if he read their feelings and divined their sympathy, he continued eagerly:

"I am a stranger and out of money. I live at B——. I accumulated a little for my family and then started out for work. At B—— I have work occasionally, but you know a man with a family needs work every day."

The girls nodded, and thus encouraged, he repeated, "I am a stranger; I am lost; I am sorry and ashamed."

"We came around this way to see if we could help you," said Kate.

"God 'll reward you," said he quickly, "and I am willing to work for you. I 'll come in the morning, if you'll tell me where you live."

"Where did the minister's wife send you?" asked Kate.

An amused smile crossed the weary face, and he answered quietly: "She didn't send me any place."

"What did she say to you?"

"I offered to work if she would help me, and she said she had a man. That was all."

"Well, we can help you for to-night, and wish we could do more."

A look passed between the two girls, and then, as previously agreed, Georgie opened her purse and, taking from her hard earned wages a piece of silver, she gave it to him, receiving in return his grateful, "God 'll reward you! God 'll reward you! He's the One that can reward each of us!"

"That is what we believe," said Kate, and bidding him "good bye," the girls went on, while the stranger continued his way. Looking after him they noticed how frequently he put his hand to the pocket in which he had placed the precious silver piece as if fearful that it might escape him.

"Now Georgie," said Kate, "if any of our friends hear of this they will say we have been imposed upon and, more than that, some may claim that, by helping these 'tramps' as they are called, we encourage idleness. I have heard even Professor Carter make that statement."

"I know that is the common sentiment, but I prefer the teaching of Him who said, 'Give unto them that ask of thee, and from them that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.' Still I would like to know what this man will do now."

"We can easily find out with a little trouble. If he spends the money for a night's lodging, he will go to the Clifton House. All we have to do is to go down and ask if he has done so."

"Well, let us go; we shall have time; it is still early for meeting."

So the girls turned their faces in the direction of the house at which they supposed the man would find lodging and, by a different route from his, approached it.

Walking briskly along, they entered the garden gate and soon stood in the family kitchen. Explaining their errand, they learned that the man had been there just after supper and, after hearing his story, the proprietor had given him his supper, but had not offered to keep him all night. They said he had just returned with the money to pay for his accommodation.

Satisfied, the girls now wended their way to the parsonage, where the meeting was to be held to which they were just starting when they noticed the stranger.

On arriving, they found that it wanted some time of the meeting-hour, and those who were there were carrying on the usual small talk that fills up such intervals.

"Did you have a tramp at your house?" asked Mrs. Haskell, looking at Kate.

"No," responded she, "but we met him on the other street."

"To-night?" asked Deacon Forbes.

"Yes, he was here," said Mrs. Haskell. "A very repulsive-looking man. I heard him ask where the minister lived. I suppose he thought he was sure of a berth here. I was afraid of him, and when I saw him coming, I met him outside of the door. He wanted a place to stay all night and said he was willing to work, but I finally got rid of him."

"They always say that. If you gave him work he wouldn't have done it," rejoined the others; for, as a rule, where Mrs. Haskell led, they all followed.

"He was such a repulsive-looking man," repeated the lady.

Kate, meantime, had been holding a mental soliloquy: "And this is the woman who last Sunday night appointed me a member of a 'Relief Committee,' requesting me to report to her cases of need! And these are the ones who have been urging me to join the Foreign Missionary Society. And they talk in this manner of a man whose offense is his poverty, his call for help." Aloud she said quietly but firmly: "Well, we met him on the other street and gave him some money."

"And by this time he's drunk," broke in Deacon Forbes.

"No he isn't," rejoined Kate in triumph. "He went in the front door of the Clifton House and we went in the back, door and we know he spent his money for a bed to sleep in."

"So you saw him safely housed," said one.

"Well then," said Mrs. Haskell in a

tone of relief, "I needn't worry any more about him," and the girls wondered what the remark meant.

The "tramp" was talked of no more, but Georgie said that all the evening when those fervent prayers went up that they might be "led in the right way," made "a power for good in the world" to "save many souls for Thee," she couldn't help thinking that, in looking for great work, they overlooked the little things that are yet so mighty; she couldn't help thinking that the man in the faded brown coat had a soul and a body too.

And Kate said that when they sung,

"Shall we Thy life of grief forget;
Thy fasting and Thy prayer,
Thy hair with mountain vapors wet,"

She thought of that weary man, wandering about in the darkness and rain, "catching the rheumatism, or consumption, or you can't tell what."

And she said she believed it would be no worse to forget the Savior's life of grief and care than to overlook the grief and cares of those He died to save, his own poor wandering ones.

That night as they closed their eyes to sleep and heard the wind beating the branches of the great elm against the window pane, the grateful words of the man came to them, "God 'll reward you," and also the words of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

THREE CHRISTMAS DAYS.

BY MELISSA.

'TWAS Christmas eve in Perryville. Had you been there that night I need not have told you, no one need have told you what night it was. What night could be like that one? Happiness was in the air; joy rung out in the peals of the bells that called troops of children to the Christmas Trees; sorrow was banished from earth; her place was not to be found.

Was it so, or did it only seem so to Jennie Ruydel as she and her young friends went out into the brightness of the night? Crisp and white lay the snow, sparkling in the pale moonbeams; away in the distance the music of the sleigh-bells jingled; brilliantly in the heavens shone the constant stars; lights streamed out through the windows and eager voices and hurried footsteps told of hearts that joined in the happy commotion.

And what was this night to Jennie? stepping briskly along, the keen air sent the blood dancing through her veins. It seemed to her she breathed in the spirit of happiness from everything around. Ah! hearts are light, and 'tis easy to be happy when one is seventeen!

She had come home from school that very day, and she had felt her spirits begin to rise when she rushed into the kitchen to mother and Susie, the dear, patient, older sister, "mother's stand-by," they sometimes said. "Anybody might know it was Christmas just to look in here," Jennie declared, and then she was away to find little Fred, whom she did find learning his piece.

"It's the one I'm to speak to-night, you know," he explained, when he had recovered from Jennie's greeting. "And Santa Claus will be there, too," he added, "and we've been getting ready for him, and when we see him coming we're going to sing:

Jingle, jingle, come Kris Kringle,
Come with your Christmas Tree;
Oh, there he is, yes, yes 'tis Kris,
'Tis Kris with the Christmas Tree!
The Christmas Tree, the Christmas Tree!
The Christmas Tree, the Christmas Tree!

By the time he had finished his song of glee, Jennie's spirits were in harmony with his own, and so she went through the afternoon in this mood of joyous anticipation; for she was as yet but "a child grown tall."

And now as she stepped out into the beautiful night, the world seemed very fair and she hummed lightly,

"'Tis a beautiful world in the care of our God."

Ah, Jennie, your young eyes have not

yet learned to look beyond the present, away from yourself, to discern the cares of others; no tears of bitterness have dimmed them as they welled up from an aching heart. You are happy now as the birds are happy, because the world is beautiful; but when God's hand has touched the deep wells of your heart, that as yet are sealed, the words you will love to sing tenderly are,

"The feet of the Savior its pathways have trod."

His coming does not mean to you to-night what it will mean in later years. You are not thinking nearly so much of it, as of the festive scenes about you. 'Tis merry, merry Christmas everywhere. There are Christmas cakes and pies and turkeys; Christmas baskets and boxes and bundles; Christmas bells; Christmas gifts and Christmas greetings. Go your way, happy maiden, and may blessings go with you.

"God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put his arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again."

We left her with this tender wish, left her a merry-hearted girl with all the buoyancy of youth and health, enjoying the pleasures about her.

Four times the snows of winter fell and four times they faded into spring, when we looked in again upon Jennie Ruydel, not in her childhood's home, but in the distant village of Stanbridge.

In the years that had gone by, some changes had come to her as to all of us.

After completing her course of study, naturally as the nestling tries the strength of its wings, she tried her own powers; for said she sagely to her girl friends, "A girl who does not earn her own living, depends upon her father or brothers for all she has until she is married, and then she depends upon her husband. I want to know what it is to be independent, for a little while, at least."

So she turned, as so many women do, to teaching, and when there came from Susie, who in the meantime had been married and had gone to live in Stanbridge, a letter asking if Jennie would fill a vacancy in the village school, she had accepted readily.

George King, Susie's husband, was the superintendent of the woolen factory, upon which so many of the villagers depended for support. Soon after Jennie went to live with them, it was necessary for George to take a journey to a distant city, and on his return, in conversation upon the incidents of his trip he remarked, "I met a young man in W——. We spent several hours together at that lonely junction, waiting for our trains. He was coming to Kansas City, hoping to find employment. I was then on my way east, but I told him the date of my return, and that if he did not succeed in finding anything more suitable, to come on through to Stanbridge and I would find something for him to do. The letter you handed me on my return was from him, and he will be here in a short time."

In a few days the stranger arrived. As the reader foresees, and as some others at the time thought they too foresaw, a mutual friendship sprang up between the two young people who came at the same time, strangers, to a quiet western town.

As for the two most concerned, they felt, each down in the depths of his own heart, that theirs was no meeting of accident. When Charles Dustin walked home after the first evening spent at their cozy little cottage, he musingly said to himself, "A jewel among women," and when our friend Jennie knelt that night beside her bed to pray, she murmured, "I thank thee, O God, for this good thing that thou hast brought into my life." And then she wondered why she had said it.

The poet tells us that our brightest joys are the soonest to fade. We will not discuss the question, neither need we enter into details and tell how it came about that jealousy and intrigue on the part of false friends separated for a time, a long weary time, these two loving hearts.

Jealousy and deceit on the part of others, a little too much independence, a little too much pride, a little too much of stubbornness on their own part, resulted in the parting, outwardly calm, but inwardly despairing. How soon each regretted it! How soon after they could see a hundred ways around the trouble. How soon each could see a hundred excuses for the other! But a step taken wrong can not be retraced, and some opportunities, slighted, never come again.

Four years passed thus, and then again on Christmas we met Jennie Ruydel. We are telling you this story that you

may watch with us the development of a character, purified in "the furnace of sorrow," and trace with us the winding path by which she was led to the fountain of life, brought from darkness to light.

Jennie was no professor of religion, knew nothing of church creeds, never having been taught anything of them; but her heart was honest, and she was true to her convictions of right and truth.

She was very faithful to any duty resting upon her. The little children who came to her daily appealed to the best impulses of her nature, and sometimes, as she closed the door of her school-room, it seemed as if she had shut out all the world and its cares. It was well for her in those days of darkness that the little clinging hands of children roused her when her feet had well-nigh slipped, that children's mirth sometimes brought smiles to her face, that children's eyes reproached her when impatient.

How hard it was sometimes to be patient! She had as yet no understanding of the principle of "being made perfect through suffering," and the question that often arose in her heart was:

"Oh, when shall I attain to this,
To thank Thee for the things I miss?"

And thus it was that we found her on that second Christmas night which we have chosen from the life of our friend to present to you.

The festivities of the day were over. She had worked faithfully with others to make it pleasant for the children, and then as the short winter day began to darken, she went out for a walk with some friends.

Down by the river side they strolled, and the scene of beauty was worthy the time and effort. The winter being mild, the waters were still flowing, and as the sun made his downward march, his red rays gleamed across the waters, and the ripples and small waves caught the light and turned it to gold or purple.

It was a scene Jennie never forgot; for when she looked away across the waters, while her eyes noted the beauty before her, the sadness in her heart overshadowed it all, and the great cry was, "How long can I endure this?" She said afterward, "If any one had told me I could live on for years with that unrest, I should not have believed it."

But God's hand was leading her. He took from her the pleasures of life for a season, that she might come to know of the pleasures that await the children of God in eternity.

Already she was drawn by her adversities nearer to Him; for she felt her need of sympathy. And, too, looking about her now she saw the traces of care in the faces of her fellow-creatures, and she came at last to wish she might do something to relieve the want of others. "I would be a sister of charity, if I were of that faith," she said, and so she would have been.

It was partly from some such feeling, partly from a feeling of unrest, partly because in Stanbridge so many things kept her in constant remembrance of her sorrow and its cause, that she announced her intention of giving up her school and going for a long visit to Aunt Jane.

Jennie had been named for her and had always felt it her duty to keep up a correspondence with her, and of late there had seemed something very pitiful in the letters that came at intervals. "I am old and alone," wrote Aunt Jane, "and the winter will soon be upon me, though why I should dread it, I do not know; for the Hand that has always provided for me will not neglect me now."

"If she would only come and live with us," the family had often said, but this Aunt Jane said she could not do; for she must live where she could go to meeting, which sounded strange to them, considering the fact that Perryville contained no fewer than five churches. Still she had persisted in living as she did, and now Jennie was going to her.

She had made a visit to Danvers and Aunt Jane once, several years before, and she remembered that the people among whom Aunt Jane lived, and whom she delighted to call her brethren, held some very peculiar views. One thing that stood out prominently in her memory was a meeting at which her aunt arose to bear her testimony, as she called it, and immediately, she began talking in a language which Jennie could not understand. When she sat down, the man in the pulpit said the interpretation was among them and strove to encourage the one to whom it was given to arise, but to no avail. Finally, after prayer, he himself arose and gave an interpretation,

of which Jennie did not believe a single word.

She had denounced the man in plain terms, in her own mind, as an impostor; but what to do with Aunt Jane and her connection with it, she did not know. "She never told me a lie in her life," said Jennie, "and I know she would not act one."

She had left it an unsolved problem, and had forgotten it long before; but as she walked down the quiet street, something recalled it to her mind, and as she just then passed a little stone church, she said to herself, "I will care for Aunt Jane all through the week, but on Sunday I shall come here to church." But she never did.

It was a childless widow, old and feeble, to whom this young girl went in the health and strength of her youth. She had a few hundred dollars, which with careful management would suffice for her wants, but her surroundings were all of the plainest character.

Jennie was of a family that, although by no means rich, had always been used to plenty, and she now came to a closer acquaintance with poverty than she had ever known; not that she felt it so much in Aunt Jane's little home as she observed it about her. "There is one claim at least that these people may justly make," said she to herself; "they are the 'poor among men.'"

Despite her intention to the contrary, when the Sabbath day came, she would accompany her aunt to the plain, little building, dignified by the name, "Meeting-house;" for the aged woman tottered as she walked, and the strong, young arm was a grateful support. The little company that gathered was sometimes small, very small, and the one who presided, at times extended to *all* present the invitation to express his sentiments, and Jennie, the only outsider, knew it was meant for her. Accordingly, one stormy night, when only a few had come out, feeling her heart warm and just to the people, she told them her feelings.

Her desire, she said, was to do right; yet she had never seen the necessity of joining any church. Since, however, she had been among them, she had heard enough to convince her of the necessity of being in the Kingdom of God. Still she hesitated to accept Joseph Smith and the Book of Mormon. "How can I know," she asked, "whether they are true or false. Joseph Smith is dead and I am unable to decide the question of his divine calling. If I knew the right, I would do it."

When she sat down, one requested that they kneel in prayer, and he prayed that light might come to this one, so willing to walk in it.

The meeting over, he lingered, a venerable, white-haired man, and laying his hand upon her head, he said: "Child, do you know there is a promise in the Bible, that if you obey this gospel you shall receive a knowledge of the truth?"

"I did not know," replied Jennie.

Then he repeated: "If any man will do the will of my father, he shall *know* of the doctrine whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself."

"Here," thought Jennie, "is something tangible, a conditional promise. If any man will *do*, he shall *know*." But she did not act immediately. In the evenings she read from the church publications, such things as Aunt Jane selected for her; she read and thought, but in her own mind, she carried the settled conviction: "I shall never know more until I have done my part."

At last she determined to be baptized; "But," said she, "when I have performed my duty, I claim the fulfillment of the promise. God is true, and the question remaining is, "Is this church true?" If it be true, my obedience will be recognized. If, having obeyed in sincerity, I do not receive the promised knowledge, I shall know your's is a 'vain religion.'"

Then she was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, thenceforth to be known in the world as a Mormon. Little that mattered to her. Popularity had been no incentive to her to join this people, neither had it been able to deter her. Indeed, she had not thought of it at all.

And was she satisfied? Satisfied! Yes! God is true! He did call Joseph Smith to do his work! His church is organized again, and the reward does come down when faith reaches up to claim it. Soon from her own experience she could exclaim with the man of old: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that *thou visitest him!*"

And now, standing in the light of the

revelation that had come to her, she looked back and saw how unmistakably her feet had been guided all the way, saw that even the pleasures of which she had been deprived, were taken for a wise purpose, and she could say:

"And now my heart attains to this,
To thank thee for the things I miss."

All the world was changed for Jennie Ruydel. She had new labors, new thoughts, new aspirations and *a new hope;* for she had not forgotten the one to whom she had given her best affection, whose memory was sacred to her. And now she prayed that he too should know and obey the truth, and when the Spirit testified that in due time this should be granted, she went on her way, trusting, hopeful and patient; for she said, "He is faithful that has promised."

And so last Christmas when I went to call on her, I found her alone with Aunt Jane. The dear old lady had gone to sleep in her chair and Jennie was writing. With the privilege of a friend, I sat down beside her, and laughingly demanded the paper. She gave it to me, and because the little poem will speak for itself and fittingly close my little story, I repeat it for you:—

There is a Power that leadeth me
In the way that at last will be best;
And teaches me by faith to see
And know the joys of the blest.

The way He leads sometimes seems drear,
And I miss the loved one's smile;
But I know 'tis only a moment here,
And the sun will shine out after while.

When the willful spirit has learned to be meek,
When the proud heart has learned to obey,
The Lord will give me the boon I seek,
And restore all I've missed by the way.

SOME NEW YEAR REVERIES.

BY ELEANOR.

"Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue."

THESE were the words which started my reveries. Perhaps there are very few who do not own to a partiality for some particular piece of music, or a song, that is always soothing to their feelings in whatever mood they may be. Often we love it, without knowing why; but should we analyze the feeling, we would be likely to find that it is due, not so much to the words or the melody as to some association which it recalls.

Had you asked me before to-day why I like that old lyric of Wesley's which you were singing, I might have been at a loss for a reason, for so unconsciously has it wound itself among pleasant recollections that it seems like the face of an old friend when I meet it.

Tell you an incident of the long ago? Scarce had your voices joined the notes of the deep toned organ in the words above, than my soul rose on the waves of sound and floated away over hills and dales, across the river of rivers, over cities and plains, fields and forests, on through the mists of years until, by fancy's magic, I stand again before the old log School-house on the brow of a hill, gay betimes with coasters, but now with summer flowers. It is the noon hour, and the children are gathered in the cool woods near by, and as I draw near I recognize each familiar voice in the babel of tongues which greets my ear. I hear Tilly Dowling call out, "Come, children, let's play we're going to church."

I hear the shouts of assent from the children.

"Come on then," says Tilly, and I join the gay procession.

"For time in its backward flight
Has made me a child again just
for to-night."

We reach the place of meeting—the huge trunk of a fallen tree, the upturned roots of which resemble stairs, and by a little artificial help have been made to serve as such. We mount them decorously and Tilly appropriates to herself the chief seat—a rustic chair formed of the gnarled roots.

How like some gypsy queen she looks, with tresses of dark hair escaping from beneath her white sun-bonnet, the top of

which is gorgeous with streamers of paw-paw leaves pinned on with red thorn.

In obedience to her behest the female portion of the congregation seat themselves along the trunk, and the males in the galleries, which is anywhere they can reach on the spreading limbs. A huge knot at the junction of two large limbs makes an excellent pulpit, and from behind it beams the fun-loving face of Jesse Axtel.

And now the service begins:

"Tilly, you start the tune," calls out the embryo Paul.

"Why don't you give out the hymn first?" demands her royal highness.

"Oh, yes, of course, to be sure," says the preacher, amid the titter of the audience, who are promptly frowned to silence by the queen.

The young preacher arises and repeats the lines that started me on this visit to the dear long ago. It isn't New Year, but what of that? Never was hymn written more appropriately to all times and seasons. Never has the sun risen on a single morning when the youngest and best might not well begin anew the journey to the celestial city.

So Tilly starts the tune and thirty or forty fresh young voices unite in the singing—

"Sang as little children sing—
Sang as sing the birds in June.
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune."

Oh, happy children! What heed ye whether life is a dream or a reality? Reckless ye, whether the thousand years of sinless bliss is rushing on to view, or is ten hundred thousand years out of sight!

Ye live but for the pleasures of the hour. Neither yesterday's griefs nor to-morrow's wants have place in your philosophy.

"Sweet the song as song could be
And ye have no thought beside."

Scarce has the last note died in the woodland echoes, when a strange man steps into view from the shadows and says:

"Sing it again, children."

For a moment silence deep and awful falls like paralysis on the tongues of the astonished children until the stranger repeats his request:

"I'd like to hear you sing that again."

And then Tilly regains her presence of mind, or audacity, flattered perhaps at the notice of the performance for which she assumes due credit. She again starts the tune and once more the arches of our prehistoric temple ring with the words that oft before and since have wooed the despairing, back-slidden sinner to return to God.

The last triumphant words are yet lingering among the quivering leaves when the stranger turns about and walks on through the wood toward the road, soon disappearing from view.

Ding, dong, ding, goes the school bell; then there is descending in hot haste, a snatching of sun-bonnets and straw hats, and away we all rush, helter skelter, over the fence, across the brook, past the spring and up the hill to the School-house door. But pause here; you and I will not enter, but let the curtain fall on scene one.

* * * * * *

Again Fancy waves her hand and I find myself again standing before that ancient school-house. It is winter; all nature is dressed in glistening white robes. The bubbling spring and laughing brook are suppressed under icy covers. The cord-wood near the door looks like a great drift of snow, except at the end next the door where the snow has been knocked off to get the wood. The hill itself looks like a huge and hardened snow-ball, so smooth has it been worn by trampling feet and coasting sleds. But the children are not seen now, except the few who have come with their elders in the sleighs and farm sleds drawn by bell-laden horses now standing in the corners of the crooked rail fence.

It is Sunday and New Year's day. There is to be preaching within the little square cabin. I lift the latch and cross the old worn door-sill. A glance at the teacher's desk in the corner assures me that the preacher has not arrived. I look around on the two rows of familiar benches encircling the room, where are seated the few early arrivals. I take my accustomed place on one of the lowest benches of the front row that is minus back or desk, and just of a convenient height to let my feet swing clear of the floor. Ah! as I touch the familiar plank how memory thrills with the recollections of childish hardships endured in the pursuit of knowledge both secular and religious, but softened now by time's all tempering

hand into an affectionate remembrance of the dear old days when through long hours of summer heat, and cold ones of wintry snows, I have sat here and swung my feet and watched from behind my spelling book for the paper wads that came now and then from the opposite side. To shoot them at me seemed to be the sole aim of Jake Stout's young idea in five days out of seven. I feel even now an unchristian satisfaction that my tormentor is never present on the seventh day. His place is occupied by old Mr. Wirick, dressed in his red flannel "warmus."

But my satisfaction with the exchange is short lived, for see those huge streams of tobacco juice that ever and anon leave the lips of the old man and alight on the red-hot stove midway between us. I draw back to escape as much as possible the sickening fumes, when my ears are greeted by the words, "She said, says she," spoken in a loud whisper in which I recognize the voice of fat, fussy Mrs. Weaver. But the "long ears of the little pitchers" in the front row are saved further details of the neighborhood scandal by the timely entrance of the Rev. Mr. Dowling, the scholarly preacher to this backwoods assembly. I watch him hang his hat and overcoat on the pegs by the door and take his place behind the desk. He opens a hymn-book and proceeds to read the hymn two lines at a time. I listen to his soft, persuasive voice and beautifully modulated tones as he reads:

"Come let us anew,
Our journey pursue."

The congregation take up the words and sing with a vim and energy which seems expressive of determination to obey the kindly invitation.

"His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfill."

Up and down the words are tossed between the tobacco stained floor and smoke begrimed ceiling

"In notes with many a winding bout;
Of linked sweetness long drawn out;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

O Memory, dear Memory! is it because we smiled at the careless, thoughtless singing of the children that you have drawn this picture? Do these people of mature years sing with the Spirit and with the understanding? If so, could we not justly expect that they, especially those who had named the name of Christ would depart from evil? That they would henceforth be found earnestly striving to improve their talents and earning the plaudit, "Well and faithfully done"? If not, are they not more thoughtless than the children of that summer day? Hath the Lord none who worship him in spirit and in truth?

Since that New Year's day forty years ago, most of those singers have gone to try the reality of eternity. Memory, you knew many of them that day to be filthy tobacco users, drunkards, swearers and tattlers. Judging by the fruits of their subsequent lives, have you a reasonable hope that when they finished their course they entered into the joy of the Lord? Ah! you shrink from the answer! Let us draw the veil over scene two.

* * * *

Fancy's fairy wings bear me onward. It is a country road over which I am traveling, a few farm houses are scattered here and there; the farmers are cutting and shocking the corn in the fields, for it is early autumn. The air is warm and balmy, and I am in no hurry. I loiter on the bridge that spans Shaw Creek, and watch the little fishes darting about in the water.

The trees, for the most part, still wear their summer dress; but now and then as I pass them they fling a red or yellow or brown leaf at my feet—scraps of the new garments they are preparing, which I gather up and carry with me.

Can you guess where I am going? Ah! you need not be told that it is to visit Aunt Naomi. There she is, standing on the porch waiting for me. She greets me cordially. I enter the house with her, and as I untie my bonnet, I tell her as something too good to keep longer, "I'm fifteen years old to-day, Auntie."

She smiles and replies, "I was just going out to visit Granny Grimes, when I saw you coming."

I think the reply a little irrelevant, but I ask, "Who is Granny Grimes, Auntie?"

"She is one who is almost seven times fifteen years old," said Auntie.

"Seven times fifteen. Oh," and I pause to make a mental calculation of the numbers. "One hundred and five! Is she so old as that, Auntie?"

"Not quite; if she lives a few more

months she will have reached one hundred and four years," said Auntie.

"I will take you to see her after dinner," she added; and we go.

We find the old lady seated on the porch, in a large splint bottomed rocking chair. Her son-in-law with whom she lives, is seated in a similar chair near her.

It is a warm, pleasant day and Granny is enjoying the sunshine, though she does not see it. She turns her sightless eyes towards us as we mount the steps near her. We are given seats close by her, and I feast my eyes on the face of the woman who has seen almost seven times fifteen birthdays.

As when we stand by some lofty object we feel dwarfed and insignificant by comparison, so feel I by the side of this centennarian. Abashed, I lay down the pride of my budding womanhood before the crown of hoary hairs.

"Granny is more of a child than the little gal is, after all," says the old man kindly—for Auntie has been telling him that I am fifteen to-day. Then he talks to me about Granny, how she was twenty-four years old at the declaration of independence; and the battle of Brandywine was fought not far from her home. That up to her one hundredth year her memory had been quite good, and she had loved to talk of those old times; but now her mind had failed, and she recollected but little, though she would sometimes talk to herself as though speaking to some one in the long dead past.

Pausing and putting his lips close to the old lady's ear he shouts:

"Granny, ho Granny!"

She turns her withered face toward him with a petulant, "What?"

"Tell the little gal about General Washington."

No answer.

"Say, Granny; how did General Washington look?"

"Out of his eyes," said the spoiled child of a hundred years, with a saucy little jerk of her chin.

The old man laughs as a fond father might at the tricks of a saucy child.

"Nancy, my wife, is Granny's youngest child; she is sixty-five years old, and I am sixty-eight. We feel most afeard that the good Lord will take us before he calls for Granny," he said.

"Why don't you sing?" interrupts the old lady, sharply.

"Well Granny, what shall I sing?" he asks.

"The camp-meeting hymn," she answers.

Whereupon the old man leans back in his chair, draws a long breath and sings the old familiar words:

"Come let us anew
Our journey pursue."

With his eyes fixed on the far away horizon he sings on, as only they can sing who behold the promised rest. Singing Wesley's hymn to one who has lived contemporaneous with Wesley!

I watch her as she leans over the arm of her chair in a listening attitude.

Is she thinking of the approaching hour when she shall indeed begin life anew? Or does her mind turn backward to the long, gone past, rather than to the unknown future? Is she dwelling on some far distant camp-meeting scene when the Wesleyans made the "heavenly arches ring" with their sublime hymns? Of the years and years since then when the "patience of hope" has been tested to the utmost, and the labor of love has not yet received its reward? I can not tell; her unresponsive features give no clue to thought or feeling.

As the singing ceases she arises from her chair, feels her way down the steps of the porch and with the help of a cane she starts off on quite a brisk little trot.

"Where are you going?" calls her guardian. "Ho! Granny, where are you going?"

"After my nose," retorts the coquet of a hundred summers, with an independent toss of her head that makes the girl of fifteen laugh sympathetically.

"Don't let Granny get in the spring," calls out Nancy from the kitchen door.

The old man goes after her and gently leads her back and into the house, where she lies down on a low bed and he tucks the spread about her shoulders.

"Granny sleeps in a trundle bed now, just as she did when a child a hundred years ago," he says as he comes back to the porch. And there a few months later they found her sleeping her last long sleep.

* * * * * *

The strains of an organ and the voices of singers come to my ear like the distant

roar of some rock bound cataract as it leaps its barrier. I rub my eyes and look about me. I am sitting in a little chapel of the Saints on New Year's day. The congregation is just closing the lines:

"Enter into my joy
And sit down on my throne."

Since they began to sing, I have traversed a thousand miles of space, revisited scenes of a hundred years; have listened to the singing of that New Year hymn, from early childhood to hoary age.

And now, as I look about me, I wonder when the millennium will come! "Why?" do you ask?

Do you see that legend tacked to the pillar in front of us? It reads:

"Don't spit tobacco on the floor."

Department of Correspondence.

PROF. J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR.

BOX 5, LAMONI, IOWA.

SALUTATORY.

TO all interested in individual advancement and mutual improvement, greeting!

With the beginning of each new year it is well for us to take an inventory, as it were, of our deeds; placing the good upon one side, the bad upon the other, and striking a balance. If there should be a balance in favor of deeds of charity and kindness, this view will give us feelings of satisfaction and enjoyment, and should urge us on to greater endeavor the coming year. If the balance should, unfortunately, be upon the other side, such a view of our lives will be unpleasant, and ought to create within us determination to improve upon our actions in the future.

In harmony with the foregoing, we have decided to try to improve upon our past year by attempting to institute a method whereby the young of the church, and others who may feel an interest in so doing, may have the pleasure and benefit arising from a free interchange of ideas upon subjects of interest which may present themselves. We will give a prospectus of the work as it now presents itself to our mind.

The department is intended for those who are young in the work, who desire to improve themselves by exchanging ideas with those of like calibre with themselves. While we do not wish to exclude elders, especially those of limited years and experience, we understand that the *Herald* is their medium of communication, and that if permitted to occupy our limited space, those for whom the department is especially intended would be either silenced or crowded out. We especially extend to the school teachers who read the LEAVES an invitation to take an active part in striving to make the undertaking a success.

The discussions will be upon varied subjects of interest; such as science, education, sociology, theology, etc. While the subjects are unlimited, the editor will guard judiciously the department from everything of an immoral tendency, such as personal reflections, arguments simply for the mastery, and those of kindred character and aim. Let those engaging in the discussions quote authority when possible, and have your position supported either by standard authority, or the light of reason and intelligence, that we may be able to give a reason for the hope within us.

Having outlined the work briefly, let me urge upon our readers the propriety of responding at once, for if the work moves off lively at the beginning, there will be no trouble to maintain an interesting and much needed department, but if the work drags at the outset it will require a strong effort to overcome the inertia. Let us then improve upon our talents and give such an impetus to the movement that it will continue to go on and increase in magnitude until there shall be such a cry for space that the borders thereof will have to be enlarged.

Wishing you all a "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year," I am,

Yours for improvement,

EDITOR.

The two articles, "Self-Improvement" and "The Progress of Knowledge," though not written for this department, we thought it well to use them for such, since they were written by those of the required age and touch upon the province of the department. A careful reading of them may suggest matter to your mind for your letter. The latter was written by a young man, reared on a farm, with very limited opportunities for education, but it displays depth of thought and striking analogies, beautifully expressed. Try what you can do. EDITOR.

THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY AORIUL.

THERE is something in the inner nature of man that impels him to acquire knowledge; an inner craving, a hungering and thirsting after self-improvement. It is the will of the allwise Creator that it should be so. This is the way which he chose to lift fallen man out of ignorance and barbarism. Not by giving him immediate possession of all knowledge, but by implanting within him the desire to obtain it, and then placing it within the reach of persistent effort. And who shall deny the wisdom of such a plan? for surely man prizes most that which is the hardest to obtain. It was this desire that led Columbus across the Atlantic, and Greeley, Hayes and Kane into the frozen Arctic.

But although the general tendency of mankind has been to move forward in the acquirement of knowledge, whenever some great genius has advanced some new principle or made some great discovery, the masses have invariably opposed it. We see this exemplified in the case of Galileo, of Columbus, and scores of others; and formerly, foremost among the ranks of the opposers, was the church; and the unlucky man who advanced something new must run the gauntlet of priestly venom and calumny, supplemented by the stake and the rack of torture.

But the world has lived to learn that the Church of Christ has nothing to fear from investigation and research; that when the geologist plunged his bar into the rocky foundations of the earth, he but gave the very rocks a tongue to bear their testimony that they were created by a living God, and found written there in undying and undeniable letters of stone the very record contained in the Bible. But while this is true of Christianity, all the thousand and one other forms of religion, of idolatry and superstition, have melted away before the light of education like dew before the morning sun.

And why should we be surprised at this? Why should man expect to find God's works contradicting God's words? The same Being who created the heavens and the earth, who placed the planets in the firmament, where they have rolled and circled for unnumbered ages without a clash or jar, who ordained the sun to give light by day and the moon to give light by night, has established his word among the children of men; and not all the researches of the geologist, of the chemist, or of the astronomer can discover a single instance in which the one contradicts the other, or point out a fault in their matchless organization.

The past century especially has been an era of wonderful progress, both in education and invention. Who, one hundred years ago, would have believed that to-day England could converse with America across the Atlantic? or that the steam which sang in their kettles would become the motive power of the world, or even have dreamed of the wonderful electrical inventions of to-day?

The little log school-house in the backwoods gave little promise of the wonderful advancement in America of the schools and colleges which are fast placing her in the front rank of educated nations. But in all this we see only the fulfillment of the prophecy that in the last days many should run to and fro and knowledge should increase.

And who shall predict what will be accomplished in the years to come?

Surely, the progress of knowledge will not cease until the trump sounds which shall call the chemist from his laboratory, the astronomer from his observatory, and all men to a reward for the deeds done in the flesh; for "when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away. Now we see as through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know as also I am known."

MARATHON, Iowa, Nov. 9th, 1889.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

BY RALPH G. SMITH.

PAUL'S advice to young Timothy, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," and the admonition, "to be ready always to give a reason for the hope within you," are commands that are most applicable to us.

There is in them that which should have a tendency to urge us on in that part of the work of self-improvement which relates to our being able to properly defend and present our faith to those who oppose us or inquire of us concerning our religion.

From the fact that our Heavenly Father has again restored his gospel in all its purity, with its ordinances and blessings, there rests upon us a great responsibility. It is through us he designs that this gospel should be spread. How can we do this, unless we are able to logically show to those whom we hold converse with, that we have something better than they, that we have indeed the same gospel preached by Christ and his apostles?

We must be able not only to make an argument, but should be able to quote and locate the passages upon which we base our argument. This can only be done by an intelligent, faithful study of the written word of God, given to us in the form of the Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants, besides a careful reading of the church periodicals and publications. Are we doing this, is a question we should not try to avoid. Do we read and study the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants as much as we ought to? Would each one care to say how long it has been since he has read in these two books? If we have been negligent in this matter, is it not our duty from this time forward to make greater efforts in this direction? Let this be one of the tests that we can carry out a good resolution, that we have sufficient principle and desire to do right, that in this matter we will not only desire but do.

Too much stress can not be laid upon *systematic study*. Whatever time we decide to set apart for this matter, let us religiously adhere to it. If it is only a small portion of each day, or every other day, or whatever time we can devote, let us go about it in a systematic way. If we must lose at one time let us try to make up at another. Perhaps we may not always feel like taking up our study, or we may say it is not convenient. Should we not do this at a sacrifice? If it can be accomplished in no other way, should we not give up some pleasure or stay at home some evening when we are asked to go out? Are we willing to make the sacrifice? Has the question of doing our duty by sacrifice had the consideration from us that it ought to have had?

One of the greatest helps to self-improvement is close attention to what we hear. How often have grand truths and beautiful thoughts been lost to us by reason of our mind wandering, whereas, had we tried to receive and digest the matter presented to us, our understanding would have been increased just that much! Let us hear from each other occasionally as to what we are reading and studying, what we are doing in this line, and thus create a livelier interest in this too much neglected matter.

Our young sisters may think it is not so necessary for them to study, as they will never be called to the ministry. Is the preaching of this gospel confined to the pulpit? Are not the fireside and Sunday School two great ways by which truth can be spread? Surely in this, woman has ample opportunity to do much. How do you know but what some of you girls will some day be the wife of

a traveling elder, and as such it is of the utmost importance that you should be "ready always to give a reason for the hope within you." Right here let me say, I hope we shall never see on the face of any young sister here to-night that almost look of scorn when mention is made of being an elder's wife. She who would act so is unworthy such a calling.

Some of you young sisters have been blessed in having part of your future foretold through prophecy, and it was clearly shown that the Lord intended that you should take an active part in the great latter day work, therefore a work of preparation should be constantly going on.

I think our improvement in overcoming our faults and bettering our spiritual condition has been very decided, (Of course I am not speaking of myself but of those whom it has been my good fortune to associate with.) I can well remember when our condition was not nearly so good as now. I can remember when some could scarcely get up in a meeting, who now give utterance to most beautiful thoughts and advice that should not be lost. If we gave still more attention to self-improvement, would our usefulness not be correspondingly increased? Is it the great burning desire of our heart to do good? If it is, will we not take advantage of every means to put ourselves in position to do so? Should we not try to develop our talents? Some may think they have no talents. This I think is a great mistake. I think it is a trick of the adversary to make us believe we can not do much—that we have no talents, and from this reasoning we allow to lie in a dormant condition talents, which, were they properly exercised, would do much good to both the owner and those whom he associates with. Then let us bring out these talents from the dark corners of negligence, and let the light of the gospel shine on and develop them. We owe a duty to each other, a duty to society, a duty to *ourselves*. Shakespeare makes one of his characters to say: "To thine own self be true, and it must follow as night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." If we are true to ourselves, with all which this implies, we will look after our self-improvement and leave nothing undone that will make us better instruments for good.

Careful and conscientious attention to self-improvement means advancement and increased usefulness. To be truly good is not so much to abstain from evil and wrong doing, but to couple with that doing good to others—making others better and happier by reason of our association. What a degree of peace and satisfaction in the thought that we have done somebody some good! If we are continually advancing and improving our condition, our number of good deeds will increase at the same ratio. Even in this life we can realize it is blessed to do good, but in the life to come—who can measure—who can imagine the great reward that awaits the faithful, active worker and doer of good works. If therefore such great future reward depends on *how* we improve ourselves in the living present, let not one of us be inactive, but be up and doing.

GOD WANTS THEM ALL.

God wants the boys—the merry, merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys;
God wants the boys with all their joys,
That he as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure.
His heroes brave
He'll have them be,
Fighting for truth
And purity.
God wants the boys.

God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls;
God wants to make the girls his pearls,
And so reflect his holy face,
And bring to mind his wondrous grace,
That beautiful
The world may be,
And filled with love
And purity.
God wants the girls.—*Sel.*

Editor's Corner.

DEAR FRIENDS AND PATRONS:—For two years we have regularly made our monthly calls at your fireside, feeling sure, upon each occasion, of a welcome. And now as the Christmas-tide draws near, and the old year is waning to its close, we come upon our first visit for the last decade of the century.

Upon the year 1890 we are now entering as upon a closed volume whose yet unopen pages may contain for us many passages of joy or pain. But while with the poet we can say:

"I know not what the future hath,
Of wonder or surprise,"

with him every true child of God can add,

"I only know that life or death
His mercy underlies."

Oh, the depth and tenderness of that mercy! Can any doubt it? Can any lose faith in it, when they remember the wonderful gift which woke the song of the heavenly multitude eighteen hundred and ninety years ago? "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son!" Let us think of the question of Paul and strive to realize its force. Will he, after having given Him, withhold from us any good thing?

We close the record of the past with many a wish that we had been more faithful to our trust. We can not recall the vanished hours, but hope to make of the mistakes of the past way-marks for the future and press on to the end of our race. Oh, to finish our course with gladness! To overcome, that we may enter into rest! May the peace and joy of the sweet Christmas-tide fill each of your hearts. May the rich remember to impart of the substance God has entrusted to their care, that when the Master comes he may have his own with usury; and the poor rejoice that to them a Savior was born who knows every hardship, every bitterness of the trial of poverty, and is able to succor in every hour of need if we will trust his love.

We wish especially to call the attention of our young friends to the new department opened up in this number for their exclusive occupancy. The name of its editor, is to those who know him, a sufficient pledge of the zeal and earnestness with which he will enter upon the discharge of his duties. Fresh from the halls of learning, where he has received a thorough training for his work, he is above all in possession of that zeal and earnestness in the service of the Master which is obtained only by endowment of the Holy Spirit, leading the heart to bring every good gift of God and consecrate it upon the altar of his service as a free-will offering to his cause. We trust our young brothers and sisters will occupy, and that this department of the LEAVES will be one of the most useful and interesting embraced in its list. Address all letters intended for it to Prof. J. A. Gunsolley, Box 5, Lamoni, Iowa.

With our next issue will be commenced a Domestic Department. This will be in charge of "Sr. Martha," who is in every way qualified to be of great help to those whose inexperience leads them to feel the need of help when just starting upon the journey of life in new and untried relationships. To the sisters who have so nobly aided the departments heretofore opened for their use, we look for help in sustaining this. That which has helped you in your domestic labors, which has enabled you to economize either in labor, time or money, will surely be of benefit to others, and we ask you to "pass it on," for it may be the very cup of cold water needed by some perplexed and overburdened one who, being refreshed by the cooling draught, will take up her burden anew and go on her way with a song of praise in her heart to God, and of thanksgiving to you. Letters addressed to "Sr. Martha," in care of M. Walker, Lamoni, Iowa, will reach this department.

A mistake occurred in our last in numbering the article by Elder Bond. It should have been No. 3 instead of No. 4. The next installment will be correctly numbered, and subscribers can change the number of the last, in their magazine.

Don't let any one who is working for the magazine fail to keep a list of the names sent in by them, as they will be called upon for this list before premiums are awarded.

In our last issue we called the attention of our readers to the call in the "Lamoni Patriot," for new subscribers, and we advised all who wanted a pure, first class family newspaper to subscribe for it. Remember this was done purely in *your own interest*, and below we give you an editorial from the last issue, (December 5th,) which will, we think, prove to you that any Latter Day Saint who is striving to rise to a higher plane will find in the columns of the "Independent Patriot" such help as he can not well afford to do without. There is the ring of pure gold and the clash of well tempered steel

in this editorial which will encourage the weak and down-trodden of the earth and make the slimy hypocrite, the overbearing priestling tremble, if he will but stop long enough to read, or his brain prove large enough to grasp its sublime truth. Let us commend it to our readers as the choicest article we have been able to cull for them at this Christmas-tide, and let us entreat our young men and young women who are just in the early stage of character forming, that they remember now and ever that "their life structures" will surely be viewed by the all-searching eye of a just God—a God who can not look upon sin with the least degree of allowance, and who will plead the cause of his weak and helpless children who here upon earth have seemed to be the sport of cruel destiny and overbearing men. Let us say to our patrons that if you love mercy, justice and truth, and wish to train up your children to hate that which is low, false, overbearing and cowardly (even when robed in colors to deceive the elect), you need to put into their hands just such a paper as the "Lamoni Patriot" to bring them in contact with just such a mind as D. F. Lambert's. The reign of truth and righteousness is near. Let the honest hearted, the single minded—those whose hands are clean—lift up their heads and rejoice, for the hour of their redemption is near.

"Perchance mid conflict thou may'st fall,
What matter? To thy rest,
God's voice thy faithful soul doth call,
Thou art his welcome guest."

"And from thy peaceful home on high,
Thou'll see the cause march on.
The cause of right can never die,
While God and truth are one."

THE ONENESS OF TRUTH.

One of the most deceptive, generally misleading, sinister and corrupt attacks upon right doing, consists in separating truth into various departments, and applying a different rule of interpretation and observance to each. Thus: The minister deems it essential that while behind the sacred desk, or officiating in any of the duties of his sacred calling, he should strictly observe the holy principles his religion enjoins; but when these duties are ended, he is not averse to taking a hand in a "sharp bargain" or "driving" an advantageous trade. He sees no harm in slightly overreaching his neighbor, because that is "business." He considers it entirely proper to lie a little, cheat a little, deceive a little, so that he is always mindful to keep the domain of religion and business separated, and is careful to be an angel in one though he may be a devil in the other. Between the picture thus presented, and the entirely correct position —regarding truth as a unit, and acting accordingly—there is an almost infinite variety of shades and colors; and it is alarming to learn by observation, how thoroughly mankind is deceived and corrupted by the thought that they may vary from the strict rule of right without loss either here or hereafter.

A theory of mercy and forgiveness has been promulgated in the world, by which a murderer may send his victim to hell and afterwards make sure for himself of one of the "uppermost seats" in the synagogue of heaven. Startled as many good people will be at this cruel, and earth and heaven degrading theory, they will perhaps be still more startled at the announcement, though equally true, that he who supposes that mercy can rob justice to the extent of permitting one single misdeed to go unpunished is laying the foundation for the revolting theory which we have stated.

This separating of the domains of mercy and justice, and permitting the former to exalt the murderer to heaven and the latter to send the murdered to hell, is of a piece with the widely prevalent theory that in politics a little "wire pulling" will do no harm, it will be mercifully forgiven, just as the red hand of the murderer is to be made white by repentance and priestly ministration in a felon's cell, just before the hangman sends him on his upward flight to the courts of glory. In the light of the oneness of truth, and the complete accountability of all men, there is no such thing as a man being honest in one domain of life and dishonest in another. If he is a rogue in politics he can not be an honest man in religion. If he will cheat in business he would sell the souls of men for money if he had the opportunity and courage. If he will either by jesture, inuendo or knowing silence, lie about his neighbors in private, he is a liar everywhere, whether on the rostrum or in the pulpit. This oneness of life, is a direct and inevitable consequence of oneness of truth. The criticism we are aware is severe, but we mean to apply it with all the severity it possesses. He who is a rebel to a just earthly government, will be a rebel to a heavenly government. He who would take a penny in business that he knows does not belong to him, would steal if nothing but his honesty stood in the way.

If a structure is to be erected, however grand its proportions, or however unique and beautiful its ornamentation, one principle must be observed from the laying of the foundation stone to pointing the tower that is to grace its

lower walls—it must be upright throughout. If it should be so constructed that the hand of gravity might pick the stones from the walls, or the tower from its roof, how soon the gorgeous structure would become a shapeless mass of ruins.

So also with the temples of our lives. They must be true throughout. One wall erected with the utmost care, will not preserve the structure from ruin if the others are not faithful to the universe of truth. That single wall may stand for a season, but it will serve no better purpose than to mark and emphasize the folly of him who erected it.

If these life structures are some day to be viewed by an all-searching eye, what think you will be the judgment rendered, if the builders, though professing guidance divine, have adopted the perverse methods and crooked, dishonest ways suggested by their surroundings, and have accordingly bent, twisted and marred those lives which should have been upright throughout?

—D. F. Lambert in "Independent Patriot."

DR. LASSERRE AT TRAFALGAR.

THE readers of The Sunday School Times were interested, a few months ago, in reading the marvelous story of Henri Lasserre, who has given to the people of France a fascinating version of the four Gospels. The following incident in his father's life (now made public for the first time) will shed new luster on the name Lasserre.

On the 21st of October, 1805, the English fleet encountered the United French and Spanish squadrons in the battle of Trafalgar. During the progress of that battle, a furious storm arose, and continued to rage when the cannon had ceased to roar.

The Berwick, a French frigate, on which Dr. Lasserre was surgeon-major, had been seriously damaged in the combat. The captain and second in command had been killed. The frigate had been pierced through and through like a sponge, and at the close of the engagement the cry arose from the survivors, "The ship is sinking!"

Dr. Lasserre had been busy for many hours in cutting off shattered arms and legs, and in dressing the wounds of the victims that lay around him, when suddenly he heard, above the groans of the wounded and the sound of the storm, the wild cry, "The ship is sinking! Every man to the pumps!"

The united efforts of the diminished crew were unavailing, and the vessel began gradually to settle down. A great ship, however, does not go to the bottom suddenly, like a scallop-shell. The water increased in spite of the pumping, but increased slowly. The storm raged tempestuously, though as yet it had not reached its greatest force.

The defeat of the united French and Spanish squadrons was complete, and the Berwick, whose masts were broken, could no longer manœuvre, and stood almost alone in front of the British fleet. The condition of the shattered, sinking ship became desperate. Suddenly the cry rose again above the sound of the hurricane, "Launch all the boats!"

Of the frigate's boats there were scarcely two that remained seaworthy. These were launched, but it was painfully evident that they could not accommodate the entire crew. It was necessary to make a selection, and those who were able, forced their way into the boats. They called on Dr. Lasserre to accompany them. He replied:

"I am captain of the wounded, and I wish either to be saved with them, or to perish with them."

"How absurd! how mad!" they cried impatiently.

"Either take my wounded, whom I can not leave and will not leave, or go without me," he responded.

The wounded men were crowded between decks, and it would have been absolutely impossible to have had them embarked under the circumstances.

Dr. Lasserre, having voluntarily made the sacrifice of his life, remained on the sinking ship. The two boats departed without him; but they were suddenly swamped by the tempest, and the entire effective crew of the Berwick perished.

About an hour after the crew had abandoned the Berwick, Dr. Lasserre was

standing on the deck, looking out on the wild, sweltering sea, when suddenly he saw an English pinnace, manned by five English sailors, bounding over the waves towards him. The commander of the pinnace called for the doctor.

"I am the doctor," replied Lasserre.

"Very good," said the English captain. "We offer you your safety if you will come aboard our ship.

"I accept your offer gratefully," said Lasserre, "but upon one condition,—that all my wounded shall be removed to your ship before me."

"Impossible!" said the English captain. "You see we are caught in a hurricane, and we have no time to make a number of trans-shipments. It is impossible."

The English sailors prepared to take Lasserre by force, but he cried, "I shall throw myself into the sea if you attempt to seize me."

The doctor in the English ship had been killed by a shell, and the wounded were lying without surgical aid.

"I wish to go with you," cried Lasserre, as he prepared to plunge, "but you must first take my wounded."

When threats proved of no avail, the captain accepted Lasserre's conditions. The English sailors boarded the sinking vessel, and by the help of the doctor proceeded to remove the wounded. But the little pinnace was too small to take all on board, and it had to make four voyages before the wounded Frenchmen were safely conveyed aboard the English ship.

As the removal proceeded, the storm increased in violence, and the difficulty of getting the men from the one ship to the other increased. It was a work requiring great patience, courage, and endurance. At last Lasserre saw every one of his men safely removed, and himself alone on the foundering ship. When narrating the story in after years, he always spoke of the overwhelming desire to live that possessed him as he saw the last boat-load of his men move off from him, and found himself alone on the foundering ship. He stood on the deck over which the waves surged and swept. He watched the last cargo deposited in the English vessel, and the little pinnace coming towards him, now on the crest of some mountain wave, now in the trough of the sea, and, fearing lest it might be dashed against the sinking Berwick, he flung himself into the sea, and swam with all his might toward the returning boat. A strong English hand seized him, and drew him into the boat, which sped like an arrow to the English vessel.

The story of Lasserre's devotion to his wounded had preceded him, and the English received him with a ringing cheer. The captain pressed his hand in silence. The officers placed dry clothes at his service, several pressing upon him their own top-coats, as they vied with each other in acts of kindness. While receiving the hearty English welcome, Dr. Lasserre noticed a sudden sensation among the officers. He turned his eyes in the direction in which they were looking. The broken masts of the Berwick were disappearing beneath the waves.

Dr. Lasserre attended to the wounded English sailors with as much skill and tenderness as he had shown to his own countrymen. The English in return loaded him with presents, and set him free at Gibraltar, with one companion, who was liberated for his sake. Lasserre and his companion marched on foot through the length of Spain, and reached France and home long after they had been given up as lost.

—Sunday School Times.

GOOD ADVICE.

In reading Authors, when you find
Bright passages, that strike your mind,
And which, perhaps, you may have reason
To think of at another season,
Be not contented with the sight,
But take them down in black and white:
Such a respect is wisely shown
To make another's sense one's own.

In conversation, when you meet
With persons cheerful and discreet,
That speak or quote in prose or rhyme
Things facetious or sublime,
Observe what passes, and anon,
When you come home, think thereupon:
Write what occurs, forget it not—
A good thing saved is a good thing got.

—Selected.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

DECORATIONS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

In decorating, festoons of evergreen can be made to bring about very satisfactory results if judiciously arranged. These are usually made by laying small pieces of evergreen about a stout rope, and fastened in place by winding twine or fine wire about them as fast as the evergreen is put in position. Care should be taken to wrap the twine firm, if you would have a substantial evergreen wreath. An occasional cluster of bright berries or fruit may be worked in the festooning in such a manner as to produce very pleasing effects, but unless you have plenty of them I would advise using them sparingly, or perhaps a better way would be to wait until you have the festoons in place, and then add the little clusters of berries or everlasting flowers where they will stand out in bold relief.

In most communities there are persons that can make very pretty paper flowers, and where real flowers are not obtainable, vases of these paper flowers mingled with dried grasses, grains or everlasting flowers can be displayed in a very satisfactory manner.

Two very pretty designs for festive decorations are a star and a cross. The star can be made quite easily out of laths or similar pieces of wood, nailed together so as to form a triangle. Make another triangle of exactly the same size and shape, and nail both triangles together in such a manner as to bring the point of each opposite the center of each lath that form the triangles. This will form a six point star that will be strong and durable. This may be covered with evergreens in the same manner as the festooning, and a small cluster of something bright may be fastened to the intersections of the triangles. A small bouquet can be suspended in the center of the star by two fine wires crossing each other like an X, thus giving it the appearance of being finished.

A good cross is about as difficult to make as any of the festive designs, but I will endeavor to outline one, so that with a little patience, and some knowledge of the use of the saw and hammer, you may construct a very respectable cross. The frame-work, of course, does not require a display of fine wood or workmanship, inasmuch as it is to be hidden from view, so you need not be discouraged if your work is not as smooth as that which a skilled workman would produce. Now, for an illustration, suppose we take four laths and nail them together in the form of a flat cross; that is, have two laths perpendicular and two horizontal, leaving a space between them of say two inches. Take another frame the same size and shape, and then fasten small blocks or squares of wood between the two frames at the top, bottom and arms. You will next want a base. This can be made out of two boxes, one being a little larger than the other. Nail the small box to the upper side of the larger one, leaving an equal space on each side. To the center of the small box fasten the frame, and the cross is ready to be decorated. Some strips of cloth can be wrapped about the frame work and tacked, to which small branches of evergreen may be firmly and smoothly sewed. This part of the work should be neatly and carefully done, so as not to appear rough or uneven, and if necessary it may afterward be trimmed a little with the scissors. Add here and there a bit of something bright to give an expression, and, if obtainable, an ivy draped about it, with the pot concealed, will produce very pleasing results. For the base, nothing is better than moss and ferns. As a usual thing, these can be found quite near to where the evergreens grow, and whoever is elected to go for the evergreens can at the same time procure the ferns and moss. The ferns should be kept in a cool cellar till wanted. Where live ferns can not be obtained, pressed ones could be used instead, but not with quite as good results.

SMALL CONVENIENCES.

A shoe-finding bag is one of the ever-welcome minor necessities. A long strip of double ribbon with a bag on the end for the buttons, another for the thread, and some buttonhole-edged leaves for the needles, is a good style, and a loop at the top serves to hang it up above the shoe-bag.

A small convenience for the dressing table is made of three little round Japanese bamboo cup-like baskets, sewed tightly together. They are then prettily trimmed with short lengths of satin ribbon with one end pointed and finished with a tiny silver bell. The other end of the ribbon is fastened to the opening of the basket. There are three or four of these on the outer side of each basket, forming a sort of fringe to the tri-form convenience. One basket can be stuffed with hair, covered with black net, and used for hair-pins, another can be filled with a cushion on which to stick shawl-pins, and the third left empty to drop articles of jewelry in. The baskets are only five cents each, the ribbon and bells cost but a trifle, so this little Christmas gift will not be expensive, and yet will serve to show a kindly thought on the donor's part.

"SADDLE BACK SACHETS

Are nice for the backs of rocking chairs. Make two pads of cheese cloth about fourteen inches wide at the bottom, nine at the top and nine deep. This will give a somewhat half-open fan shape; fill with soft cotton or wadding and sprinkle with sachet powder. Make the cover of China, Persia, or Smyrna silk. In fact they may be covered with anything as inexpensive or costly as you please. Sew together at the narrowest end after being covered. Crochet around some small brass rings with silk, sew

them on the small end of bags looping ribbon backward and forward to join the two. Finish the ends with rings so covered and if desired a little tassel on each one."

"A TOOTH-PICK HOLDER

Is a pretty and useful ornament for a gentleman's room. Take a stiff piece of box cover, eight by twelve inches: cover neatly with golden brown plush or velvet, and blind-stitch a piece of yellow silesia over the back. With a ball of rather fine gold tinsel fashion a spider web a little to one side and nearly covering it in width; catch the tinsel to the velvet with yellow silk so that the stitches do not show. Thrust three or four quill tooth-picks through the web and daub them irregularly with gilt. In the upper right hand corner fasten a small bunch of tooth-picks tied with narrow ribbon. Two yards of orange or old gold satin ribbon will be sufficient to hang this by: fasten to both upper corners with a bow and ends at the left hand. A large toy spider may be tacked in the lower left hand corner just at the verge of the web."

"COVER FOR DRESSING CASE.

Take wide ribbon of any shade with picot edge. Make a sort of lattice work of this, leaving open spaces the same size as a square of the ribbon. Fill these in with rings about the diameter of your finger crocheted with silk of a higher shade. Finish off the ends with tassels."

A cheap sofa pillow may be made of common blue denim, with a border of the same cut out and sewed on the wrong side up, and smaller designs scattered over the center; the edges with Bargarren Art thread couched on.

Scrim makes a neat covering for the bureau, commode, etc., in a sleeping room. Finish by a narrow hem above which are threads drawn out and narrow ribbon run through. Three rows and three shades of ribbon finish prettier than when only one is used.

A NICE SKATE RECEPTACLE

Is of soft red felt made into a bag. The top is pinked out, a red cord put in a casing to hang up by, and the initial of the person for whom it is intended outlined on one side in yellow silk.

PRETTY COVERS FOR COLOGNE BOTTLES

Are made by cutting two pieces of chamois to fit around the bottle, paint a bunch of flowers on each side then lace together with silk cord through holes punched in each side. Finish the neck with a wide band of ribbon tied in a bow.

QUILTS

Are very pretty made of alternate squares of satin and blocks crocheted or knit of white thread.

"A TOWEL HOLDER

Requires three large wooden rings, five inches in diameter, two colors of ribbon that harmonize well, one and a half yards of one shade and two yards of another. Pass the ribbon through two rings and fasten tightly into the other one which is to hang it up by. Make a large bow where ribbon is sewed on to upper ring."

THE NEWEST KIND OF A HANDKERCHIEF CASE

Is crocheted of knitting silk in a loose diamond chain stitch fashioned over satin of the same shade. The satin is cut in a book form and lined with thin silk of a contrasting shade and the edge finished with lace.

GAME OF CHARACTERS.

This is a game for readers. One of the party is sent out of the room; some well known hero, or equally well known character from a book, like Dickens' novels, or Shakespeare's plays, is selected, and, when the absentee returns to the assembly, he or she is greeted as the person fixed upon, and he must reply in such a manner as to elicit more information as to the character he has unconsciously assumed.

Suppose the game has commenced, and, when the player enters the room, he is thus accosted:

"Your military ardor must have been very great, and you had a very adventurous spirit, when you left your home in England, and set out with a determination to fight the Turks."

"Yes, I was always very fond of adventure."

"Well, you had plenty of them; and, when you were taken prisoner and sold to the Bashaw, your mistress to whom he presented you, felt so much sympathy and affection for you, that you were sent to her brother: but he, not being so well pleased with you, treated you cruelly,"

"He did; and, although I suffered much from his treatment, I suffered more in the idea of being a slave."

"The thought must have been terrible to you," remarks another of the players, "or you would not have killed your master, hid his body, clothed yourself in his attire, mounted his horse, and galloped to the desert, where you wandered about for many days, until at last you reached the Russian garrison, where you were safe."

"And well pleased was I to reach there in safety; but was I then content with my travels?"

"For a while; but the spirit of enterprise, so great within you, caused you to set sail for the English colony of Virginia, when you were taken a prisoner again, by the Indians, and your head placed upon a large stone, in order to have you brains beaten out with clubs."

"What a dreadful situation I was in, with only enemies around me."

"But there was one who proved a friend; the young and beautiful princess, finding that her entreaties for your life were useless, rushed forward, laid her head upon yours, and thus resolved to share your fate, or save your life."

"I am deeply grateful to Pocahontas for her noble act, and I am also glad to find myself so renowned a person as Captain John Smith."

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

FATHER JOHN LANDERS,

Minister of the Gospel.

(See page 66.)

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. III. LAMONI, IOWA, FEBRUARY, 1890. No. 2.

THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST.—No. IV.

BY ELDER M. H. BOND.

"AND of Eternal Judgment."—Heb. 6: 2.

It is written Eternal Judgment, because it is the judgment of God, and God is Eternal. It is written "endless punishment," because God is endless. Endless and eternal, because God is endless and eternal. Endless and eternal punishments and rewards constitute the judgment which is eternal, fixed, unalterable, unchangeable, because God himself is so, and reveals his righteousness in contradistinction to the unrighteous, shifting, changing opinions or decrees of men.

The terrors of a conscience, stricken with a sense of sin and guilt, no matter how well or ill defined, has transformed itself in the mind of man, unilluminated by the presence of the gospel and doctrine of Christ, into the horrid literalisms the crudest and most barbarous constructions of a law of punishment, devised by man-made priests, and modified only in the later creeds by the sense of practicability and justice which experience gave. A system, or revelation, not of God's righteousness, but of the unrighteousness of men, the result of the great apostacy foretold by the Savior and Paul, and prophetically announced by the prophet Jeremiah as a heritage to the Gentiles of "lies and vanity and things wherein there is no profit." (Jer. 16: 19.)

It has been proclaimed as the decree of God that he with prescience and deliberate foreknowledge created, foredoomed, or permitted the possibility of the great majority of men, women and angels, and, to use the words of Herbert Spencer, "For a small crime which they never committed" "and for the praise of His glorious justice," to suffer endlessly and without reprieve or hope, "unspeakable torments of both soul and body in hell." Prattling, blue-eyed babes, according to Edwards, Calvin and Dr. Watts, being forced without choice or chance into the awful lottery of existence under these munificent provisions of grace.

This popular and so-called Christian notion of God's eternal decrees could only give satisfaction to a fiend and surpasses the worst dream of human wickedness, folly, stupidity, or revenge, a blasphemy to which no Voltaire or Ingersoll has ever yet descended.

This manner of teaching the "fear of God" has been discovered and is now very largely acknowledged to be "the precepts of men" instead of a reflection of the eternal judgment and unalterable decree of the Sovereign Power of the universe. The result and damage as a logical sequence and reaction is seen in the universal, widespread and growing skepticism, or atheism of our day. "Gods that are no gods" made to be mocked and jeered at by the children of the victims of an unauthorized, unproved, undemonstrated and unprofitable gospel.

Are there punishments as well as rewards hereafter—as surely as there is a hereafter? Why not? As long as we retain our conscious identity will we not be subject as now to law? can we get beyond its domain? and where law is not? "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? Whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, behold thou art there. If I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there."

"For there is no space in the which

there is no kingdom, and there is no kingdom in which there is no space," space and kingdom, the complement and necessity of each other, the ponderable and, to man, the imponderable substance, essence and necessity.

This earth, "once without form and void," created for the glory of God, answering to the touch of man, the materialized creature made in his own image, "rolls upon her wings" of attraction and repulsion; the sun, the moon and the stars giving their benign and sovereign aid, diffused and tempered in their passage through space, supporting by reflection and complement each other, "as they roll upon their wings in the midst of the glory of God" (D. & C. 85: 12) are subject to law, likewise, every created thing upon it, animate or inanimate, worm or man, its want the everlasting subject of his care and responsibility, to provide in justice, for, "Behold all these are kingdoms, and any man who hath seen any or the least of these, hath seen God moving in his majesty and power."

In paragraphs 13, 14 and 15 this earth is likened unto one kingdom in the midst of space, visited in its time and hour by its Lord and the light of his countenance, etc., but it is stated also in paragraph 12 that, "Nevertheless he who came unto his own was not comprehended." His gospel, his message of "glad tidings," which the angels were sent to announce to all people, was not understood, because the only terms by which it can be understood were rejected, setting themselves by their own will outside the gracious provisions of a law by which they might know their Creator's will and eternal decree and judgment toward them.

The highest and most benign form of these governments or kingdoms in space is called the kingdom of God; its law adapted to the every created want, material, mental or spiritual, of the creatures that dwell upon any planet which with itself and inhabitants is privileged to become the beneficiaries of that planet that abides the highest or "celestial" law. Such a planet is this earth on which we dwell.

Of this law and its manner of revealment by adoption and enforcement we briefly speak.

Law is the production of an anterior intelligent force, and neither creates nor executes itself. That force and power is independent of everything else in the universe and is called God. Its highest manifestation and possible comprehension as yet to the mind of man was and is in Jesus Christ. He was not a false allegory, but God made manifest in the flesh, "in the form of God," "the express image of his person."

It is stated by the Apostle Paul in Romans 8: 7, that the carnal, natural mind of man, is not subject to the law of God, that is, the celestial law, the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, (vs. 2); for be it understood that man, in whatever state of mind or body, must be and is subject to some law. "Neither indeed can be:" Consequently the mind of man must be transformed by some process not known to the "common" or natural mind in order to become acquainted with and obedient to the higher law.

By these patent analogies the wisdom of this world has never in the past, neither can it in the present or future, unfold the mysteries of this law.

It is a subject of revelation. Jesus Christ promised John, his disciple, on Patmos, a restoration of that law answering in time of fulfillment to a well authenticated chronology of notable events in the history of men and nations of this world by the flight of an angel. (Rev. 14: 6.) The angel's descent and restoration of the law and authority was not only to promulgate, but to test and to *enforce* it, for, be it observed, without test and enforcement then is there no law revealed or vindicated.

The restoration of the kingdom and law, (Dan. 2; Micah 4: 1; Rev. 14: 6; Matt. 24: 14), officered under the rules provided, shadowed by the ancient Scriptures and brought out in the complete order of its government again to the Palmyra Seer, gives us first a law or doctrine of repentance from dead, unprofitable works, faith in the living God, conceived and nourished by the Spirit and the word and proclamation of the legal representatives of this celestial law and kingdom. Abiding in this law we grow in grace and power to draw from the inexhaustible fountain of living truth and blessing. Rebellious, the strength of sin is made patent, not by the dead presence of the letter of the law that can no more enforce itself than any other, but by demonstration of the practical and eternal

judgment of God as executed by the faithful officers of his law, his kingdom, his government. Hence it is written, "That which is governed by law is also preserved by law and *perfected* and *sanctified by the same.* That which breaketh a law and abideth not by law, but seeketh to become a law unto itself and *willeth* to abide in sin, can not be sanctified by law, neither *mercy* [note this word] justice or judgment; therefore they must remain filthy still."—D. & C. 85:8. What should we do with that which is thus demonstrated to be filthy? "He that receiveth my law and doeth it, the same is my disciple, and he that sayeth he receiveth it and doeth it not, the same is not my disciple, *and shall be cast out*, for it is not meet," etc. (Sec. 41:2.) How? "Behold I the Lord have made my church in these last days like unto a judge sitting on a hill or in a high place to judge the nations, for it shall come to pass that the inhabitants of Zion shall judge all things pertaining unto Zion, and liars and hypocrites shall be *proved by them*, and they who are not apostles and prophets shall be known."

And even the Bishop, who is judge, and his counselors, if they are not faithful, shall be condemned, etc., (Sec. 64:7). Where shall they be cast out to? into the world? Yes—no. It depends upon the offense.

"If a man or woman shall rob," "steal," or even "lie," "he or she shall be delivered up to the law of the land." Why? If he or she do any manner of iniquity he or she shall be delivered up unto the law, even the law of God. (Sec. 42:22). The law of the land, inasmuch as it becomes a part of the law of God, is not only to be noticed sometime ere Zion is fully redeemed, *but executed.* We have no jails or places of confinement in the church or controlled by the church, but the kingdoms of this world have, and people coming into the church unfortunate enough to be so weak as to break the laws of both kingdoms, are by the doctrine of eternal judgment of God relegated by execution of the law to the punishments and reformitory of the "prison house," either here or escaping the just penalty in the flesh through hypocrisy, or fear, or ignorance of the officers of the law, they, still more unfortunate, are relegated at death of the body to the place and company indicated in Doctrine and Covenants 46:7: "These are they who are liars, and sorcerers, and adulterers, and whoremongers, and whosoever loves and makes a lie," who reject the gospel of Christ and his servants; (See Matt. 25:41; 45:46): "These are they who suffer the vengeance of eternal fire, who are cast down to hell and suffer the wrath of Almighty God until," etc. To this agrees other quotations from the Bible which time will not permit us to present. This is God's eternal judgment against the rebellious citizen of the celestial government, except the fate of him who blasphemes against the Spirit of knowledge and truth, the Holy Ghost after having received it, save which a worse fate still awaits this hardened soul. (See Matt. 12:31,32; Mark 3:28,30). "And again we saw the terrestrial world, and behold and lo! these are they who are of the terrestrial, whose glory differs from that of the church of the first born, even as the moon differs from the sun in the firmament. Behold these are they who died *without law*, and also they are the spirits of men kept in prison" (though of a higher grade, and more privileges and I apprehend, than the inheritors of the telestial kingdom), "whom the Son visited and preached the gospel unto them that they might be *judged according to men in the flesh.*" We have just seen what that judgment is or ought to be by the laws of the land, its prisons, reformatories, etc., "who received not the testimony of Jesus," the Holy Ghost "through the craftiness of false teachers, honorable men of the earth," etc., they obtain not the crown over the kingdom of our God. (Par. 6). The judgment of men that revealed to Paul that God "hath abounded toward us in all wisdom and prudence," (Eph 1:8), could never have been known by Calvin or his successors in reform if Paul stated the truth when he said:

"For therefore we both labor and suffer reproach, because we trust in the living God who is the Savior of all men, specially of those that believe."—1 Tim. 4:10.

It seems strange that men could have ever been persuaded to have believed differently than that in the completion of God's work with men they will be forced to say with their completed intelligence, "He hath done all things well," not only wisdom and justice, but mercy and love

are his divine attributes and nature, and if mistakes there are, and consequent pain and sorrow, man alone is responsible, or if permitted of God, a minister for eternal good.

If He "is the Savior of all men," one of two things must be true, possibly both may be true. There are different degrees of "salvation," or some may or will be saved here, some hereafter and perhaps beyond—*ad-finitum*. And if the word "lost" with regard to man is or has been used in conveying God's will and judgments to man, the words "found" and "saved" will be found last in the testimony of God. Albeit there is a fate and punishment for some whose end we may not know, yet is it not written that this punishment shall have no end, save that it is written that it is endless punishment only and because it is God's punishment, whose name, person and power are endless, therefore endless, unchangeable, unalterable punishments, rewards and judgments?

"For the Son of Man is come to save that which was lost. How think ye? if a man have an hundred sheep and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine and seeketh that which is gone astray. Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish." These you will perceive, were not heathen or those who had never had opportunity to know or sin against truth, but "brethren," see Matthew 18: 15; "Sheep," verses 12 and 13.

Not even the Devil will be permitted to stand in the final way of salvation, for "even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish," and we are not called upon to believe that the power and will of Satan will be shown to be greater than that of God.

That there are different degrees of "salvation," or glory, or heaven, or heavens, must, or ought to go without the saying with those who believe even the letter of the word we hold and the world hold as authoritative every succeeding revelation as will only confirm this word; for "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars [plural]. So also is the resurrection of the dead."—1 Cor. 15: 41, 42.

Of the estate of men immediately succeeding death there is nothing clearly defined to material consciousness. We are told, however, by Paul, that he was caught up to the third heavens, "to Paradise, and heard things unlawful to utter." We are told also in the Book of Mormon that the spirits of the righteous dead are conscious and resting in this place which is a place of happiness to them. But I do not propose to draw pictures of imagination or belief as demonstrated by analogy or by vision. The certainties of my experience this side of the tomb, and the most rational theories and promises of the word the other side of the tomb, secure to me a confidence, a hope which is as an anchor to my soul, that the estate between the now or death, and the intermediate state, before the restoration of my spirit to the perfected machinery of a perfect body, *i. e.*, like unto the body of Jesus Christ, will be a state of comparative at least satisfaction of conscious happiness, of rest. (See Revelation 14: 13.) "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth, yea saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." The chronology of this time you will perceive is in our day, or since the flight of the angel with the gospel message, sixth verse.

My works being profitable in the ministry of God, not because of my worthiness, but because of his calling and instruction of his Spirit and his word; if faithful until my work is done and my discipline accomplished, I expect—God knows, I want to rest with the pure and the good somewhere. I believe that I shall. The certainty of the restoration of the gospel as predicted in the sixth verse guarantees, with other experiences, that the promise made in the thirteenth verse will become a certainty as soon as my eyes close upon this world, and that I "shall not taste death." Doctrine and Covenants. "Whosoever liveth [in] and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?" Yes, oh yes. Gladly, intelligently, understandingly, demonstrably, I believe this testimony of God's judgment and will toward the faithful in Christ.

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were

opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of the things which were written in the books according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them; and they were judged every man according to his works."—Rev. 20: 12, 13.

Popular theology, that settles the fate of all men at death is here denied, so far as finality or eternal judgment is concerned, as no modern theologian has ever had a view of what these books do or will contain; so is the folly apparent of any who undertake to say what the fate of the dead in this place or places called hell and death will be, after they are thus judged.

"And from Jesus Christ, who is the faithful witness and the first begotten of the dead, and the prince of the kings of the earth. Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his father, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen. Behold he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds shall wail because of him. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty."—Rev. 1: 5–8.

"Which is"—note the chronology—about eighteen hundred years ago, the place, "in the isle that is called Patmos," the messenger, a heavenly angel, the sender and author Jesus Christ. "Which is," was patent to John by his former experiences with him while in the flesh, and the angel message from his Master was to him worthy of belief and record, that he still lived, although he had seen the clouds close over him bodily. "Which was." "Before Abraham was, I am," was his own testimony. "This is he," said Stephen, "that was in the church in the wilderness with the angel which spake to him in the Mount Sinai [Moses] and with our fathers who received the lively oracles to give unto us."—Acts 7: 38.

Seven hundred years before John and Stephen's day, Isaiah, a servant of God, was inspired to say: "Behold my servant, whom I uphold; mine elect in whom my soul delighteth; I have put my Spirit upon him; he shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles; he shall bring forth judgment unto truth; he shall not fail nor be discouraged till he have set judgment in the earth, and the isles shall wait for his law. I the Lord will keep thee and give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles." What for? And how is the light to be made manifest? "To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house."—Isa. 42: 1–7.

"I am he that was dead; and behold I am alive forevermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."—Rev. 1: 19.

"And I say unto thee, thou art Peter; and I give unto thee the keys of the kingdom; whatsoever thou shalt bind," etc.

Forty days before Jesus departed from earth he was with his chosen apostles, instructing them of all things concerning himself that were written in the prophets and the Psalms. Some of his instruction, in accordance with that which was thus written, is given to us of Peter in his first letter, chapter three, eighteenth to twentieth verses, "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit. By which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison; which sometime were disobedient when once the long suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was preparing," etc. "For for this cause." What cause? That he "is ready to judge the quick and the dead. Was the gospel preached unto them that are dead." Why? "That they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the Spirit." When? When he was put to death in the flesh. And standing near Joseph's tomb to meet the stricken Mary in the early morning of the third day after, he said: "Touch me not, for I have not yet ascended to my Father and to your Father," etc. Where had he been? Just where Isaiah said he would go, "to open the prison doors, to bring the prisoners out of the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house." "Marvel not," said he shortly before this; "the hour is coming *and now is*, when the dead *that*

are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God and they that hear shall live." They that refuse shall not see life, the more abundant life he came to bring. Just where Peter said he did go, and just where in reason he must go, else can there be no explanation of Paul's statement in Ephesians 4: 9: "Now that he ascended, what is it but that he also descended, *first into the lower parts of the earth.*" Why? That he might fill all things with his presence and his power, if indeed he be the Savior of all men and the judge of all, both quick and dead. "And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, wherefore God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things *under the earth;* and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord," etc.—Philip 2: 8–11.

"Go preach the gospel to every creature," said he to his apostles, "he that believeth shall be saved," etc. Who is it that is to be saved? Those to whom the gospel is preached, and believe it and obey it. Who is it that is to be damned, or condemned? Those to whom it is preached, who hear, who reject.

What is to become of the countless millions who in the days of earth never were born to hear even of his name? Men-made gospels say they are to be condemned just the same. In other words, the gospel saves those who hear it, and those alone, but condemns everybody else with or without a hearing or an opportunity to obey. A God and Savior who for the praise of his glorious justice condemns with a gospel law those to whom he has permitted no opportunity to ever hear it!

Is the "prison house," hell, or the "pit" under the earth? The Bible so informs us, and neither reason nor facts deny it.

The internal heat of the earth theory is not sustained by sound logic, the common view that the world was once a great ball of fire, and that the central portions of it are still in this condition, with the exception of a crust a few miles in thickness, and that the globe on which we dwell is nothing but a great molten mass of liquid metal and rocks at an inconceivably high temperature. All the strata of the earth so far examined prove to the contrary, and that they could never have been in a highly igneous condition. All substances have a capacity for conducting heat. Taking the earth's crust at forty or fifty miles, and the distance to the center four thousand, and we would have a mass, all of which but a small fractional part, at a temperature high enough to melt any metal, and the other fraction cold enough for man to live upon. If this theory were true, the earth's crust would be melted in a day. In other words, it is absurd to suppose that you can have 99-100 of anything at a white heat without the other part being almost the same. Volcanoes, hot springs, etc., may be caused by combustible material existing in their immediate neighborhood. Earthquakes may be of electrical origin, like thunder-storms, etc.

We know, of course, more of the earth's surface than the Greeks did in the time of Homer, but not all; there are vast domains at the poles. The "Hollow Globe" theory has not been disproved. A place of "inner" and "outer" darkness may be discovered not only by spirits but evidence of its location multiplied by discoveries by men in the flesh. The return of the north tribes will bring astounding information. I do not wish to theorize, however, neither do I wish to spiritualize away or apologize for the plain statements made in the revelations of God to us.

We have dwelt longer than we intended upon the physical, or local condition of the condemned, or "lost" in the prison-house, pit or hell, the meaning of which, attached to the original Greek or Hebrew, was the "unseen" or the "hidden place," but the "torment," "everlasting" or "unquenchable fire," etc., referred to, could not possibly refer to physical torture of resurrected souls, (to whom only it could apply), as that would be a quenchable fire by application of water, exclusion of air, or the failure of the material fuel supply of Satan in the home, place and occupation assigned by our Calvinistic friends.

The "fire" and "pains of hell" "pains of eternal torment" with which the soul of Alma, as referred to in the Book of Mormon, "was racked," the "hell" from which David in Peter's day had "not yet ascended" because of his wilful murder of Uriah; the "unquenchable fire" referred

to by the Savior must of necessity and reason be very largely, if not altogether, a most serious disturbance of the normal faculties of the soul, in its higher states of moral, mental or spiritual consciousness.

Said the dying French wit and sensualist, the gifted, generous atheist Altamonte to his friend at his death bedside: "If thou couldst but feel one half the misery that I do at this time, thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for the stake and bless heaven for the flame." "That is not an eternal torment! that is not an unquenchable flame!"

"He shall baptize you with fire." For every sacrifice "shall be seasoned (saved) with salt." "Saved so as by fire." This kind of "saving" process will be avoided by him who is wise.

As the human soul moves up toward, and in the face of God under the tutorage of the Spirit of Truth in the baptism of purgation and fire of cleansing discerned only by those to whom the Holy Ghost reveals the eternal judgment of God, the horrid awakening of consciousness to sin as transgression of law hitherto unknown and unrevealed makes that quality of the soul called conscience to expand like the brightening shield to gather the reflected rays of God's intelligence and measure of sin and its cost in pain, sorrow, anguish and remorse to the human soul.

Sad, sad and ignorant indeed! Low unappreciative of the truth that makes men free must that man or woman be that can or does submit to the tampering of the scales with which Omnipotence has furnished every creature made in his own image by which now, as well as hereafter, the weight of their responsibility toward God and man, as well as the measure of their judgment after the just and eternal order of God is to be proclaimed and punishment or reward assigned.

Turn we in conclusion to a brief contemplation of the pleasing theme of that "rest that remaineth for the people of God."

Unlike Edward Bellamy, we are not "looking backward" just now, yet like him, though not altogether with him, but rather like one of old, whose education was not of the "wisdom of this world" in regard to the ideal government which in the good time coming was to bless mankind and justify not only the ways of God to man, but of man to man. We are looking forward with Saul of Tarsus, who said, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ" who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings, in heavenly places.

Where is that? Not in heaven, but in a place like unto it; for how can anything be that which it is said to be like? Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ.

"Wherein he hath abounded toward us in all wisdom and prudence." He has looked and is still looking after our welfare, present and future. How? "That in the dispensation of the fulness of times he might gather *in one* all things in Christ." (Eph. 1-3: 5; 8: 10). When? "We beseech you, brethren, therefore, *by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ* and our gathering unto him." Where will this gathering take place. Wherever the carcase is there will the eagles be gathered. (Matt. 24: 28. See I. T).

"And to you who are troubled, rest with us, when [or until] the Lord Jesus Christ shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God and that obey not the [only] gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." Who shall be punished? How? With everlasting destruction. What does that mean? "From the presence of the Lord and the glory of his power. When he shall come to be glorified in his Saints, and to be admired in all them that believe in that day."—2 Thes. 1: 7-10.

"But ye are come unto Mount Zion, the city of the living God, the heavenly [not earthly] Jerusalem, to an innumerable company of angels, to the spirits of just men made perfect [by trial] like Job, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant."—Heb. 12: 22, 24.

Our companionship will be the choicest, rarest, most heroic, intelligent association of spirits of all ages and of all climes. "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations." "And they shall come from the east and the west and shall sit down in the kingdom of God with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob."

Then the gift of the Holy Ghost, through obedience to the gospel, signifies to those who not only have obeyed the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, but by reason of faithfulness and develop-

ment by "reason of the use of their senses," something more than "signs" by gifts of prophecy, tongues, etc. It is "the earnest of our inheritance."

"Wherefore thou art no more a servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ." And if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed and heirs according to the promise. That promise was an everlasting title to the land of Palestine; but that was to the Jews, however. But "that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ," he has sent, according to his promise, an angel with this gospel to the Gentiles so that not only he might become the justifier of those who had wisdom enough to believe and courage to obey among Gentile as well as Jew, but that God, his father's covenant made with Abraham might be fulfilled, which he spoke thousands of years ago, when he "preached before the gospel unto Abraham, saying, In thee shall *all* the nations of the earth be blessed." So they which be of faith like Abram's are blessed with him alone through the provisions revealed in this latter day work and gospel restored.

But upon Palestine, a land about eighty by one hundred and forty miles only in territory, this promise can not in the nature of things be redeemed. And as the kingdom and dominion under the whole heaven is to be given, etc., and as America, Joseph's choice land, the greater blessing promised by Jacob, greater than his parents were promised, is under the whole heaven, we show "Mount Zion," the "heavenly Jerusalem," to be upon this part of the globe. "A country" sought by faith by those worthies referred to by Paul in Hebrews, 11th chapter, but unknown by earthly vision, for "now they desire a better country, even a heavenly, wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for he hath prepared for them a city."

"There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of our God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. God is in the midst of her. The heathen raged, the kingdoms moved. God shall help her. The Lord of Hosts is with us. Come behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth [in the hour of his judgment]. He maketh wars to cease. Be still, and know that I am God. I will be exalted among the heathen, (Gentiles), I will be exalted in the earth."—Ps. 46: 4, etc.

"In the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be thrown down, and the stone which smote the image became a great mountain," etc.—Dan 2.

What kind of a mountain? "But it shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of the Lord's house." What is that? The Church of the living God (1 Tim. 3: 15) shall be established, "for the law of the Lord" which "is perfect" shall go forth out of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. "Now also many nations are gathered against thee, that say, Let her be defiled and let our eyes look upon Zion." "But they know not the thoughts of the Lord, neither understand they his counsel." Who does? "Surely the Lord God will do nothing save he revealeth his secrets unto his servants the prophets." Well would it have been for Latter Day Saints, well will it be for us to believe this and act consistently. "For he shall gather them as sheaves into the floor." (Micah 4th chapter; Amos 3: 7). Where? To the place that he has revealed to his servant, the prophet and seer of the nineteenth century; for through him, "The mighty God, even the Lord hath spoken," and is now calling to the earth from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof," for out of Zion—"the perfection of beauty," God will shine.

Let not Henry George or Dr. McGlynn or Edward Bellamy look either backward or forward directed by their own wisdom and counsel for the ideal government. Let them listen to the voice of the mighty God who is now calling unto the earth from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof through his servants, to repent and believe the gospel, the glad tidings of the kingdom which is now restored, no more to be overcome.

Let Saints secure their "rest" and "inheritance" "incorruptible," as God counsels them. "Gather my Saints together unto me; those that have made covenant with me by sacrifice," obedience to gospel principles—a godly life—last, though not least, tithing, offering. (See Rev. 1832, to W. W. Phelps).

"What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Though you be an heir to Rothschild's wealth, or Vanderbilt's millions, still is it more reasonable and a better heritage to "become an heir of God through Christ."

I have looked upon models of the excavated ruins of Pompei, and I have seen the evidences of the glory of ancient Egypt. I have seen pictured the exposed evidences of the luxury, refinement and earthly satisfaction in the once beautiful city of Hierapolis, where, as to-day in many a city a handful of despised Saints with hopes unknown, and unrecognized dwelt." —Col. 4: 13.

Where to-day are the title deeds to those costly homes, luxurious baths, surroundings, accumulated wealth, and vast possessions? Where their owners? Who claims them? These desolated wastes rise up to mock the aspirations of the genius of men as we contemplate the impossibilities of men and the possibilities, nay certainties, of God restored by revelation to his people.

"For behold, I create a new heavens and a new earth. Be ye glad and rejoice forever in that which I create, and I will rejoice in Jerusalem and joy in my people. There shall no more be an infant of days nor an old man that hath not filled his days, for the child shall die *an hundred years old.* And they shall build houses and inhabit them, and they shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them." It is not so now. They shall not build and another inhabit. How few Saints own homes or vineyards. They shall not plant and another eat? for as the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands.

"They shall not labor in vain, nor bring forth for trouble." Blessed assurance for parents who care for wayward children, "for they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord and their offspring with them." —Isa. 65: 19–23.

Hearken, my beloved brethren! Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him? (Jas. 2: 5). I look around upon my brethren and sisters, Saints of God, faithful men and women, and I say yes, God is the same to-day, yesterday, forever. There is a worse fate than to be born poor, or better than to be heirs to wealth of gold, which moth and rust may "corrupt and thieves break through and steal." Where are our treasure, and our lives, in the world, or hid with Christ in God?

"Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, in heaven, so in earth." Are we prepared for his coming? Are we among the wise who shall meet him by reason of our faithfulness and appreciation of his wondrous call to us with joy, and not with grief? "So that when Christ who is our life shall appear" we shall be vindicated, the reproach of his people be taken away. "We shall appear with him in glory." God grant it may be so. Even so come, Lord Jesus! Amen.

EAST DENNIS, Mass., Nov. 4th, 1889.

NOT AS I WILL.

Blindfolded and alone I stand,
With unknown threshholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid
By some great law unseen and still
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long!
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go.
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will!" The sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat;
"Not as I will," the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness,
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfill—
"Not as we will!"

—Selected.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN LANDERS.

(See Frontispiece.)

I WAS born on the 20th day of August, 1794, in the county of Leeds, Upper Canada. My father was a Methodist minister, but until I had reached the twenty-fourth year of my age, I made no profession of religion.

When the war of 1812 broke out, I enlisted in the Newfoundland Fensible Infantry, and sailed from Quebec for New Foundland. I passed one winter there and then went to Halifax, the metropolis of Nova Scotia, where I received my discharge. Not being contented there, I started for Canada, but, in my ignorance, I began my journey in the fall of the year, and, finding it would be dangerous to cross the Bay of Fundy at that season of the year, I hired out to a farmer to work until milder weather came. One of my duties was to care for the cattle, and it was my custom to rise early in the morning, feed the cattle and then drive them for water to a creek that ran through the farm. I was pursuing my work one morning, and walking along the path behind the cattle, when unexpectedly, I heard a voice saying, "You have broken all the commands of God and of a good father, and are just ready to go to hell."

Astonished, I looked about me, but saw no living creature save the cattle going on before me. The snow lay all about, five feet deep, and no one could have been abroad unless he were in the path. I had proceeded but a short distance when I heard the voice again, repeating the same words. I went on, however, and had reached the ice and cut open two holes, and was in the act of cutting a third, when the voice spoke over my head, saying the same words the third time.

I then realized what I never had realized before, that God was all that was good, while I was all that was vile. I saw no reason why he should spare me in my wickedness, and expected a speedy punishment. I knelt down on the ice and tried to pray; but I thought my heart was as hard and cold as the ice itself.

I resolved then to cease from evil, and in the future to refrain from everything of a sinful character, and to strive in all my doings to please God.

That which I have related happened in the month of February, and when the spring opened, I had a great desire to be alone. Accordingly, I took a contract to clear a piece of land on the top of a mountain. There was an old log house in which I lived by myself.

One man being incapable of handling the logs alone, the owner of the land sent a young man to help me, and it chanced that he sent one who had been one of my companions in former days.

The first night he spent with me, after our work was finished, he drew from his pocket a pack of cards and proposed that we have a game.

"No," said I, "I have played cards too long already, and am now determined to begin to do all the good I can and to do no harmful or wicked thing."

He, thereupon, threw his cards in the fire, and thinking he might be angry, I gave him my reasons for feeling as I did and told him what I had experienced. It was my habit to rise early in the morning and, leaving the house, to engage in secret prayer. One morning I awoke to find my companion gone, and on going to my accustomed place of prayer, I found him there before me, and heard the low tones of his voice in supplication to God. We afterward found great pleasure in each others society and in our new found happiness.

When we had finished the work we had undertaken, I went to work for the man who had employed me, on his farm. Seeking for a place where I might pass my Sabbaths in seclusion, I found a hollow place which had once been the cavity of a well. In the course of time the turf had formed over it, and when I descended into the hollow, the grassy sides were above my head. I carried a block of wood to my retreat, and there I would spend the Sabbath, reading and praying.

One day I was thus engaged, when looking up, I saw a young man of my acquaintance, looking down upon me.

"I am glad to see you so well employed," said he.

"If you could see your condition as I now see what mine was, you would be employed in a like manner," said I.

As we talked on, his face was bathed

in tears. From that time he became a praying man, and soon after we both joined the Baptist Church.

I soon became impressed with the thought that it was not well for me to spend my Sabbaths alone, so I determined to give up that practice and to spend my time instead in trying to lead others to God. I accordingly went to call on a young man, and after greeting him, I began to read to him from the Scriptures. As I read, a new feeling came over me—a feeling of great love to God and man, and I felt to shout aloud for joy. Restraining myself, I arose and left the room, which was in a basement kitchen. As I ascended the stairs, I suddenly became insensible to my real condition, and I seemed to stand on Mount Calvary. I looked and saw the Cross, and on it the Redeemer of the world. I saw the blood, streaming from his temples, where the crown of thorns had pressed them. I saw the wounds in his hands and in his feet; and where the soldier had pierced his side, I saw the stream of blood and water gush forth, and as I looked and saw the pool it formed upon the ground, I felt that "it is the blood of Christ that cleanseth from all sin." It seemed to me a man could be no happier than I was then; for I felt that my sins were forgiven and that there was peace between God and me. I now felt a great desire that others about me might come into the enjoyment of this same great blessing, and improved every opportunity to talk with my friends and neighbors on the subject of religion; and the Baptist people noting my zeal and the active part I endeavored to take in all religious meetings, granted me a license to preach, and so I became a Baptist minister. But the possession of a license did not fully satisfy me. I wanted to know from the Lord that he had called me to preach to men, and in my petitions to God, I daily asked for this knowledge from him.

The place where I attended meeting was four miles from the place where I was at work. One evening after returning from meeting, I took two water-pails and went to a spring a quarter of a mile away. The sun was setting as I reached the spot. Feeling a desire to pray, I knelt down, and resting my arms on a pile of lime rocks, I laid my head upon my folded arms. Something moved me to turn my head and look back in the direction of the house, and as I looked I saw the figure of a man approaching me. Gazing upon him, I knew him to be my Lord. I felt an intense desire to go to him, but had not power to move a muscle. At last by a great effort I stood upon my feet, but though I fain would have run to him I had not power to move a step.

He continued to approach me, and when there was left but one step between us, power was given me and I took that one step and clasped my arms about him, and when I did so, I found that while I myself was a tall man, his arms rested upon my shoulders. Laying his hands upon me, while the greatest peace and joy filled my soul, he said to me, "You are called to preach repentance to men all the days of your life."

When the vision faded from me, I found myself just as I had knelt to pray, and the stars were shining above me. Picking up my pails, I went back to the house, and found the inmates all in bed and asleep. For the three weeks that followed, I was perfectly happy, and no cloud marred my peace, though I went about my usual employment with my fellow laborers. I never afterward doubted my call to preach.

Being called and authorized according to the order of the Baptist Church, from that time I went about preaching and baptizing. At the request of my parents, who were advanced in years, I returned to my boyhood's home. In the years that had elapsed since my leaving it, I had passed through many and varied experiences. I had for a few brief years known the happiness of a home and wife and children; but death had taken from me my companion, my little home circle was broken, and my two little children were left in the care of their grand parents.

I continued to labor and preach as a Baptist minister, and seven years after the loss of my wife, I was married again. My companion, however, was of the Methodist persuasion, and clung as tenaciously to her religious ideas as I did to mine. I used to pray daily that we might see alike in matters of religion, and on one occasion the Lord answered me that I need trouble no more over it, for he had decreed that it should be so.

Being satisfied that it would be fulfill-

ed, I ceased to pray over it, and waited the Lord's own time; and my wife, noticing the omission in my prayers, inquired the cause, saying: "John, what is the reason you do not pray that we may see alike in matters of religion?"

I answered, "Because the Lord has assured me that we shall, and so I need not continue to ask for it." Upon hearing this, she said very emphatically: "Well, then you'll have to be a Methodist, for I'll never be a Baptist."

How little either of us dreamed of the "marvelous work and a wonder" with which we were to be made acquainted. Little we knew of the "stone" that had just begun to roll forth; for it was just at this period of my life that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints was organized in New York.

We heard the first sound of the restored gospel through my wife's brother, John Cairns, who had been baptized by Father Blakeslee. John preached one sermon to us, and I believed what he preached to be the truth, and told him so. Some time after, a traveling elder came that way, and I went to hear him preach. At the close of his sermon he bore a strong testimony to the truth of the work, and holding up the three books,—Bible, Book of Mormon, and Doctrine and Covenants,—he testified that he knew them to be all sacred, and that they all agreed in teaching the same doctrine.

After the service I invited the man home with me, and he went. One of my first questons was, "How can you say you know these books are true?"

He answered by relating to me how he had seen a vision, concerning the plates, and when he had finished, I said, "Well, that may be satisfactory to you, but your knowledge will not suffice for me. If I had such a vision, I should know."

He rose and advanced to me, saying, "I want to prophesy upon your head," and laying his hands upon my head, he prophesied that I should have as great, as certain a knowledge as he had.

I heard him preach four discourses, and while listening to the fourth, the Spirit of the Lord bore witness that he was the servant of God and that it was my duty to obey. I was baptized on the seventh day of October, 1836.

A conference was called in November and I was ordained an elder. I immediately formed a circuit and began to travel, preaching every night. My nephew, a young man, traveled and labored with me. One night we had appointed a meeting at a private house. After the meeting was closed a man came to me and asked me how this doctrine that I was preaching came into the world, and I told him in response all that I had been told concerning it and the origin of the Book of Mormon. The man sat down beside me, and just then my brother's son arose and began speaking in tongues, and immediately I was carried away in vision and stood on the hill of Cumorah.

I looked and saw the box containing the plates. I stood at the south-east of the box, and the cover was removed from the south-east to the north-west corner, so that I was enabled to look into the box. The box was made of six stones, a bottom stone, a top one and four side stones; at the corners and edges they were joined by a black cement. The bottom of the box was covered by the breastplate; in the center of the box and resting on the breastplate, were three pillars of the same black substance that was used to cement the stones.

Upon the pillars rested the plates which shone like bright gold. I saw also lying in the box a round body, wrapped in a white substance, and this I knew to be the ball of directors which so many years ago guided Lehi and his family to this land. The top stone of the box was smooth on the inner surface as were the others, but on the top it was rounded.

All this was described by the young man speaking in tongues, and as he talked I understood all he said, for I saw it in the vision. Thus was fulfilled the prophecy that had been pronounced upon my head, and the Spirit of the Lord said to me that this had been granted me that I might speak with certain knowledge when questioned concerning the origin of the Book of Mormon and the latter day work.

I pass by the recital of my labors in the time immediately succeeding this. Suffice it to say the promise had been fulfilled that my wife and I "should see alike in matters of religion," for she had joined the church soon after I had, and desiring to be with the church, we decided to go to Missouri.

We had reached Quincy, when we

met the people on their way from Far West, from whence we learned they had been driven.

We were then at a loss to know what to do or where to settle. We talked and thought and prayed much over the subject, and one night I left the house and went to a corn-field to pray. I had begun my petitions, when something caused me to look up, and I saw a light of intense brightness, descending upon me. When it surrounded me, I was immediately carried away to the city then called Commerce, and saw that the Saints would gather there, and would begin to erect a temple. I saw three men come out of the temple and one, by the brightness of his clothing, I knew to be Bro. Joseph.

When the vision had closed I entered the house and told the inmates where the Saints would settle, and some said that if Bro. Joseph said so they would not doubt, but they were afraid to trust what to them was an uncertainty.

After the death of Bro. Joseph there was great confusion among the Saints, and many would-be leaders of the people arose. Some believed one thing and some another; some believed one part of the work as established by Joseph Smith, some had faith in another part; some believed he had authority up to a certain time, some to a different date. I believed him and his work entirely.

One evening I was at a meeting where there was much discussion of the subject, and while meditating upon it, about ten o'clock, I was carried away in a vision which lasted all night, and until nine o'clock the next morning.

In the vision I was surrounded by myriads of glorified spirits. They commenced to organize the Church or Kingdom of God. They called four quorums of the greater priesthood and three of the lesser. These they called grand quorums, because they comprised the whole church. Out of these seven quorums there were formed five more, which made the number twelve. When they had completed the organization of the church they began again and organized another after the same order and exactly the same pattern. When the second was completed they organized a third and thus continued until there were seven such similar organizations. I was informed that the first was the church in the days of Adam; the second in the days of Noah; the third in the days of Abraham; the fourth in the days of Moses, at the foot of Mount Horeb, called the Horeb Covenant; the fifth on the plains of Moab, over against Jericho; the sixth by Jesus Christ; the seventh and last by Joseph the Seer. I noticed throughout all that all these organizations of the church and kingdom were exactly alike. I said to the Lord, "I wonder greatly at the exactness of your works." He said, "That exactness exists through all the workmanship of God."

Many things that transpired then I might relate, but I shall only say I could be no happier than I was then in the contemplation of the things God had revealed to me. I had no desire to leave that place where the countenances of all shone with love and happiness. I asked the Lord if I might stay, but he said I must return to earth and finish my work.

The order and harmony I saw in the church or kingdom of God I did not find in any of the factions that arose after the death of Bro. Joseph, neither did I ever find it again until the Lord called his servants to re-organize his church.

My "days have been many;" I have had "many years of probation," according to the word of the Lord, and through all I have endeavored to serve God and keep his commandments, and to bear a faithful testimony to the truth of the latter day work.

THE coming wife, in her intercourse with those of her own sex, will be sure to converse of things, and not of people. Scandal and gossip will not be her daily bread. She will select her friends from among high-minded and intelligent women, thus she will keep her body and mind healthy, and her heart forever young. And a lovely old age will creep on almost imperceptibly, and she will be a comfort to her children, and her children's children, and "they shall rise up and call her blessed." And when the summons shall come to go up higher, she will hear His voice say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost who stays till all commend.

THE STATE OF TULAIT.

In spite of mamma's reproachful eyes
She was always, always late to rise:
And late at breakfast and dinner and tea,
And late at school and at church was she:
Till at last after going too late to bed
A wonderful dream came into her head,
With stories weird
And with warnings great,
Of a place to be feared;
'Twas the State of Tulait.
O dear!
How crazy and queer
Was the careless State of Tulait.

She thought she had strangely and suddenly come
To King Bizzibee in the land of Hum,
Who eyed her gravely, and said, "Alas!
She rose too late to look in the glass.
Her buttons are wrong, and her collar is gone,
And, worst of all, there's her night-cap on!
By this I know
Of her horrible fate;
She is bound to go
To the State of Tulait.
Ah me!
'Tis sad to see
Fair maids in the State of Tulait.

"Would you like to know what the farmers do
In the State of Tulait? I'll tell you true:
They dally and dream in the spring-time sweet,
They plant their crops in the harvest heat,
They hoe their corn in the frosty fall,
And winter finds them with nothing at all.
You'll hunger and thirst,
And want and wait,
And that isn't the worst
In the State of Tulait.
Oh, no!
And yet you'll go
To the desolate State of Tulait.

"Would you like to know what will happen to you
In the State of Tulait? I'll tell you true:
You'll go to the show at the end of the fun;
To the concert hall when the music is done;
You'll come to the table too late for the pie;
And you'll see the parade when it's just gone by.
You'll never be wise
Nor rich nor great;
No fortune lies
In the State of Tulait.
Oh, why
Did you choose to try
The sorrowful State of Tulait?

"Would you like to know what your fate will be
In the State of Tulait? Ah, listen to me:
You will long in vain for your native land;
Your speedy return will oft be planned;
You'll hurry and strive with might and main,
But you'll NEVER be able to catch the train!
So you'll sob and cry,
And worry and wait,
And you'll live and die
In the State of Tulait.
For nevermore
Can you leave the shore
Of the terrible state of Tulait."

At this she woke, so great was her fright,
And she saw the gleam of the morning light:
'Twas the first pale gleam, but she bravely rose,
And quickly and carefully donned her clothes;
"For oh," she said, "I could never endure
To live in that horrible place, I'm sure!
No longer I'm bound
For the State of Tulait;
And I'll never be found
In the State of Tulait.
No! No!
I *never* will go
One step to the State of Tulait."

—Selected.

TESTIMONIES OF BRO. JAMES WHITEHEAD.

Given in the Social Meeting, Nov. 10. (Reported by Bro. E. Stafford.)

SPEAKING of the many evidences given by God to his people of the truth of the work in which they are engaged, and encouraging those present, having received such testimonies to bear them in humility to the glory of God and to the edification and strengthening of each other in their most holy faith, he said:

"I will tell you of an incident that transpired under my observation: There was a large concourse of people—something like a thousand—both in and out of the church, assembled at a conference in Manchester, England, in 1841.

"On Sunday morning they had preaching service and in the afternoon the Saints began to bear testimony to the truth of the work in which they were engaged. In the course of the meeting a young sister arose and began to speak in tongues; then a brother rose up and gave the interpretation in English, which proved to be a prophecy. After that prophecy there was a young gentleman arose and said: 'My friends, I am not one of you. This is the first time that I was ever in a meeting of the Latter Day Saints, but I have heard much about them. I have heard

that they had the ancient gifts and blessings, but I could not believe it. I concluded to come and hear for myself.'

"He pointed to the young sister who had spoken in tongues and said: 'That lady did not know what she said. I am satisfied that she did not understand the language that she spoke in, and the gentleman that gave the interpretation to what the lady said did not understand the language she spoke. I tell you what the language was; it was Hebrew. I am what you would call a converted Jew, and I am well acquainted with the Hebrew language. I never heard anything so beautiful and true as that which I heard this afternoon; I am satisfied that the gentleman did not understand the language, but he interpreted it as correctly as I could have done myself. I am convinced that the Lord is with this people and that they have the ancient gifts of the gospel. I am ready to join this people.'

"He was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and went to Nauvoo. I was acquainted with him there and he was strong in the faith.

"Oh, my brethren, let us arise and shine, for the light has come and the glory of the Lord shall rise upon Israel. When we were coming over the mighty deep (we started on the 5th day of February, 1842) we had a very stormy time. After we had started from Liverpool and had sailed two weeks we had not gained five hundred miles. The captain said: 'If the wind does not change I shall have to change my course and put into some place for food, for the provisions will not last to the end of our voyage.' There was a prayer-meeting called in the ship, and we had as glorious a meeting as I was ever in in my life. There was a sister arose and spoke in tongues and it was interpreted directly as follows: 'This night before midnight there will be a storm such as will make this vessel shake in all its timbers, but there will not a soul be lost; and from that time the wind will change and be fair until we come to our destination.' When the half-hour bell rang at half-past eleven the storm began and lasted until half-past four in the morning. I have never, neither before nor since that time, witnessed such a terrible scene; it seemed as though the windows of heaven were opened and let the rain down in torrents. The wind was fierce and howling, and was dead against us. The captain ordered all the hatches down and everything made tight. He said to me in the morning: 'My friend, I expected to go down to the bottom. I expected that all my men were washed overboard, for they had to wade in water up to their knees; but in the morning at the call of the roll there was not a single soul lost.' From that hour the wind changed to fair. We went on with all the speed the ship could make until we came to the island of Cuba, and then there was a calm and we went on softly to our destination.

"My brethren and sisters who would be cast down, God is at the helm and Jesus is chief mate, and all things will be accomplished in spite of all opposing power. We may have trouble, we may have tribulation and persecution, but that matters nothing. Don't you see that glorious crown of eternal glory, ready, waiting for the faithful in Christ Jesus the Lord. It will recompense you for all that you have passed through in your probationary life. My brethren and sisters, let us then be encouraged. Who would be discouraged? for the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to all them that believe and obey. Remember what the Lord says through his servant the prophet: 'They that are not valiant in the testimony of Jesus can never have the celestial crown.' Let us stand firm for the truth and push on until the victory is won. May God bless and save us all.

"I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any sad soul while the stars revolve,
If he will but stand firm on the grave of his errors,
And instead of regretting, resolve, resolve!
It is never too late to begin rebuilding,
Though all into ruins your life seems hurled,
For look! how the light of the new year is gilding
The worn, wan face of the bruised old world!"

WHAT IS IT GOOD FOR.

BY SR. EMMA GAMET.

"WHAT is it good for?" Lowell says, "is a question that would abolish the rose and be answered triumphantly by the cabbage." That each, the rose and the cabbage, render their respective benefits to mankind we all are aware. Some of the roses, however, are thickly beset with thorns, and the cabbages subject to the rot.

During the time of probation among the evils of this earth the curriculum of frail humanity is subject to a multiplicity of variations. With some, and not a few of the human race, the first few years of the course lead them through bright fields and along paths bestrewn with many flowers. The work is light, easy, suited to the minds being instructed; the studies a pleasure to pursue. Years advance. The work becomes more complex. We have made our grades in the studies of pleasure, hope and prosperity, and now take up subjects of sorrow, trials and adversity. Now comes the cry of why this? why that? Oh, that we might be spared this part of the curriculum! And why not? Ah, this is the question that weighs on every student of life, and can not be answered by the most erudite scholars. It is a mystery.

Had we an eye to pierce the dark and puzzling depths of mystery, would we be benefitted? would we be happier? If we could only see afflictions in the light they are meant for us, many of them would not prove afflictions. We hear great complaint of poverty, but even poverty has its good results. The old adage, "Necessity is the mother of invention," is exemplified in the lives of many of our greatest men. Experience teaches us that which we have to work for is sweetest to us, that opportunities are better appreciated by us when we make them for ourselves. Yet the very thought of trial or sorrow will throw a passing cloud over the brightest hours of gayety and pleasure. Our bitter experiences are the refiners of the pure gold. By these we are tried as with fire. For every trial we are caused to pass through, our hearts will one day be the lighter, our souls purer. For every failure we make, success will be the sweeter, and the effort put forth to secure that success will be the greater. Though the lowering clouds be of inky blackness, the sun is still shining behind, hidden from our view, and will pierce the surrounding darkness, shedding a more brilliant and glorious light than our eyes ever before beheld. God in his infinite wisdom has ordered nothing in vain. Each thing has its mission. Nothing is so small but it has a value, a place in the world's great round of work. It is letter by letter, word by word, sentence by sentence, thought by thought and principle by principle that we advance in knowledge. It is by employing the flying minutes that we perform the day's labor.

As variety in composition, a light and shade in discourse, make it elegant and please the reader or the listener; so our lives are made better, purer, happier by the shadows of the clouds which o'erhang us. We must have darkness that we may better appreciate the light. If there were no bitter there would be no sweet. Emerson tells us that, "An inevitable dualism besets nature so that each thing is a half and suggests another half to make it whole, as spirit, matter; odd, even; subjective, objective." As the ear of corn is made up of small kernels, and the carload of ears; so our life's happiness is made up of little pleasures. As atoms of matter make up the volume of the earth, so little deeds and actions make up our lives; and that which seems but as a straw may at some future time prove a pillar upon which rests a nation's destiny.

To do good is, or should be, the life work, the mission of all God's creatures. How many of us are doing that which will fit us to lead useful lives? Nelson Sizer tells, "That which is useful adds to human intelligence, the comfort, the virtue, or the legitimate wealth of the world." By the all-powerful hand of our Creator, universal laws have been established by which all his creatures may enjoy life. Those of the lower order are led by instinct to obey these laws; man, the crowning excellence of God's handiwork, endowed with intelligence, possesses innate powers and a multiplicity of capabilities, all of which contribute to his

comfort and dignity, by a compliance to nature's laws lives and improves upon the talents given him. The faculties of his mind are being cultivated and the whole man is becoming cultured and educated.

Through a long felt need for a more systematic development of the intellect our present and excellent system of schools has been established. By the careful culture of each faculty not one of heaven's choicest gifts may be laid away and returned without increase. Education is necessary to human happiness. It fits and prepares us for the duties of life; makes us strong mentally and physically, teaches us to think, to observe, to investigate, to draw true conclusions and to judge wisely; it develops the powers of thought by which man lifts himself into a higher civilization, enables him to utilize the elements for the promotion of comfort and happiness, places him at the head of all created beings crowned with the triumphs of reason and experiment. Some will tell us that those engaged in the humbler pursuits of life do not need an education, or at least not more than can be obtained in our common country schools. But observation reveals a marked difference between the educated and the uneducated laborer. One does all his work with his hands. He is unable to appreciate and grasp truth in its proper light and is slower to take the advantages presented him upon which much of the success of the business man depends. The other, with a calm and well balanced mind labors with his mind as well as his hands, and is able to take advantage of every wind that blows, executing his work with skill in a manner that every stroke counts. This man, other things being equal, will succeed where the other will fail. Many a man sends his son to school to solve the problem of the three "R's—readin', 'ritin', 'rithmetic." He does not wish him to study the sciences nor the languages. He is going to make a business man of him and he will not need these things. Should we discard and do without all that is not absolutely necessary to our existence and not seek that which adds to our comfort and ameliorates the rugged path of life? Should we because we would live just as long and be just as healthy dwell in houses destitute of the little adornments that make home beautiful and attractive? The adornments of home are often termed nonsense, and what are they good for? They make home pleasant and congenial to the pure child-heart that is now in its innocence and needs surroundings that will implant happy thoughts and sweet pictures on the mind, that will develop a loving disposition, a pure character and a noble heart. To the business man reading, writing and arithmetic are the necessities, the arts and sciences the adornments that develop and polish mankind. It is through education that the character of man is made full and round; the mind elevated to that sphere where man is capable of leading his fellowmen and worthy to become a leader. As a result of study, experiment and invention we have the application of steam and electricity which is adding much to the intrinsic value of the wealth of the world and has increased the power and force that has moved the world in the grand advancement and progress it has made in the last quarter of a century. H. A. Taine tells us that, "Education draws out and disciplines the man; prevents him from sinking into monomania, or being excited by transport; gives him determinate thoughts instead of eccentric fancies; pliable opinions for fixed convictions; replaces impetuous images by calm reasoning; sudden resolve by result of reflection; furnishes the mind with wisdom and ideas of others; gives us a conscience and self-command."

This education the state gives us. But there is another that exerts an influence that is really a part and an important part of our education. This is the element that figures so beautifully in the building of our characters. It is that upon which the foundation is laid and we call it Christian Instruction. Of all the links in the great chain of life Christianity is the one that binds man to his Maker. It is the garden in which we walk with God and receive the light of his eternal home. From it we obtain the highest beauties of the soul, the sweetest charms of nature. By living the life of a true Christian we give the finishing touches to our character, the beam of intelligence to the countenance, the ring of earnestness to the voice, and firmness and determination to the step. By its sway we are made stronger. Under its soothing influence we are more cheerful, ex-

perience more real pleasure; the heart is enlarged and we become possessors of the "King-becoming graces—as virtue, verity, temperance, and stableness;" we are more patient and resigned to the divine will of Providence in times of adversity than it is possible for man to be who relies on the arm of flesh for his sustaining power. We have had great men who were not religious, but they would have been much greater had they been working in adoration of a Supreme Being with the hope of a life beyond. If we have just enough of that principle to keep the Golden Rule, how much better will our lives be, how much more agreeable to our friends, our neighbors and our fellow-men! What an immense sum of good has been done, and what a vast amount of evil has been avoided by the keeping of this one little rule! How many pennies have found their way into the hand of the poor little beggar through the existence of this principle! Think of the poor of to-day without the aid of the Christian world! How much more deplorable would it be than it now is. Think of the schools and hospitals that have been established for the education and care of the poor children, and consider the benefit derived from the Christian world. Think of what it is doing for society; of the advancements it is making to bring about reforms. Some one says "It has been termed a social religion," and that "society is as properly the sphere of its duties, privileges and enjoyments as the ecliptic is the course of the earth. We can not attain to that sweetness of disposition, charitableness toward all by whom we are surrounded, that interest in the welfare of all humanity manifested in the daily walk of the noble Christian man or woman without the discipline of religious thought and feeling. It so lightens the heart and raises the thoughts from the bitter and unpleasant things of the world, that the soul seems to soar as on the wings of a dove to the happiness not found among the earthy, and carries us beyond to dwell upon the things of God, where we enjoy the holy rays of his love and bask in his strength-giving light. Oh, what is grander than a noble Christian heart! one who has faith in a Supreme Being, love for God and all mankind, and a will in complete subordination to that of the Divine. It is by keeping in harmony with the three elements of religious culture, Faith, Love and Obedience, that we reach the keystone of the spiritual arch. How much happier would this world be did each one realize the beauty and dignity that Christianity teaches in common life. No one has enjoyed the full measure of his privilege until he has felt his heart swell within him, until it seems too large for that bosom, with adoration and love for his omnipotent Creator. Christianity does not create within us a desire to achieve dazzling things, but to make our experience divine by striving to attain perfection.

My dear friends, let us make the best of life by laying the foundation of our characters on the solid rock. Seek God in our youth that we may go on to perfection as we advance in years, and when the bloom of the almond tree shall have adorned our brows, may we be ripe in the service of the Master. Be diligent at all times. Pick up the pearls and pass the ugly shells unnoticed. Get that which will make you esteemed in the sight of your fellow men and righteous in the sight of God. Do not be afraid to face trouble and hardship. Think of the beautiful sunset made glorious by scattering, fleecy, floating clouds upon which the departing King sheds his last lingering ray. Your life may have just as glorious a sunset, made so by the storms of life, the clouds of which may even now be hanging heavily overhead. Learn to love and appreciate all things, and remember

"Nothing useless is, or low,
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show,
Strengthens and supports the rest."

LITTLE SIOUX, Iowa.

Good night, my soul, for I can not know,
While my body sleeps, where thou wilt go,
All space and reason scorning.
But thee may all good angels keep,
And fill with holy dreams my sleep,
Until we say Good morning.

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new.
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you;
A hope for me, and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and tears are shed.
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days, which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their bl ght,
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go since we can not retrieve them,
Can not undo and can not atone;
God in his mercy receive and forgive them!
Only the new days are yet our own,
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all reborn,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and share with the morn
In the prism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forcasted, and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again!

—Selected.

THE STORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

BY ELDER H. A. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER XXII.

BOOK OF NEPHI THE THIRD.

The majority of both Nephites and Lamanites accept the gospel—The Holy Spirit and the gifts of God enjoyed—United prosperity for about two hundred years—Cities built and the land thickly settled far to the north—Agriculture, mining operations and manufactures flourish among them—Subsequent breaking up into classes and religious bodies—Order of Gadianton revived—Secret oaths and wicked deeds—Ammoron hides the records for Mormon to take—Mormon's history of the two peoples again—Open war ensues, and one of extermination—Nephites arrive at Cumorah—The lakes and rivers of Ohio and New York—Last great stand of the Nephites—Mormon closes his record and gives it to Moroni to finish the history of their people—The Gentiles and Jews to have it in the latter days.

FROM the time of Christ's visit to the Nephites the son of the disciple, whose name also was Nephi, takes up the history of his people. He writes that many of them repented of their sins and turned from their unbelief and were baptized. Furthermore, that in time nearly all, both Nephites and Lamanites, united with Christ's church, as he established it upon this continent. Therefore the contentions of the past ceased, and peace and brotherly love prevailed, as well as the blessings of heaven in spiritual things were freely given them of God. Their sick were healed, the ears of the deaf were unstopped, the eyes of the blind were made to see, and all this was done by the power of the Father and in the name of Jesus Christ his Son.

And the united nations rebuilt many of the former cities, those which had been thrown down by the earthquakes and tempests, as related in chapter nineteen. And these people again became contented and happy in the ways of righteousness and truth, as well as prosperous in every good thing of the earth's productiveness. In their devotions they fasted often to obtain blessings from the Lord, and they met together to praise him and to enjoy the communion and fellowship of the Holy Spirit and its gifts. Therefore were they a glad people in their uprightness of life and conduct, because they manifested the fruits of the Spirit, and its graces adorned their lives.

Thus after the year thirty-four from the birth of Christ until the year two hundred the people of Nephi and Laman continued to grow and to prosper in all the land. During this long period they had great opportunity to spread over the continent; and, as they were at peace with each other, and also had great favors from the Lord, they devoted their time to

agriculture, to manufacturing, to mining operations, and to building cities throughout Central America, Mexico and North America, as well as keeping up their civilization in the northern part of South America. Not only from the Book of Mormon history but also from the studies of scientists and antiquarians do we gather the pleasing knowledge that the ancients of America did indeed fill the habitable parts of the regions named, as shown by the ruins, the earth-works, the mine openings, and the other evidences of settlement, extending far and wide in all the regions named.

But, after the year two hundred, a change took place in the character and ways of these inhabitants of Joseph's land. (See Deut. 33: 13–16; Gen. 49: 22–26; 48: 15–19). For they began to take pride in their riches, in their prosperity and great possessions. In consequence the wealthier portion of them became high minded, and in their thoughts were lifted above their fellows, to despise those who were poor, or weak, or who had severe trials to endure. The great and strong did not so much lift up the feeble and comfort the bowed down as they did before. After awhile this resulted in the origin of classes; and, furthermore, in their worship they began to separate into different bodies, each having its own peculiar views. And each society had a certain social standing according to the wealth or poverty of its adherents or members. In this manner many churches were started, and according to the corrupt ideas and perverse doctrines of men were they established among the people in those days, just as they have been also in modern times upon this and all other lands.

Therefore by the year two hundred and thirty after Christ's birth there were sects of Nephites, Josephites, Jacobites and Zoramites, all of whom were nearer the true order than the others. For the Lamanites, Lemuelites, Ishmaelites, etc., were more evil in their ways, and by this time they were in opposition to faith in Christ, the Redeemer. From this period pride in dress and in their greatness, arrogance in their manners, wickedness in their conduct, increased social corruption, and various divisions in spiritual and governmental affairs, brought in such great changes among them all that by the year three hundred the order of Gadianton was revived again. Many entered into it for the sake of getting power and gain; and after taking the secret and sinful oaths they committed all manner of evil, oppressing, robbing, murdering, and doing kindred wrongs towards those not of them, or in defense of each other, as their oaths required them.

By the year three hundred and twenty the wickedness and corruption among the great mass of the people became so increased, and therefore the danger to the sacred records so serious, that Ammaron, who had them in charge at that time, was commanded of the Lord to hide them in a place of safety. This was done in order that they might be preserved to come to the knowledge of the world in the latter times, as had been promised to the leaders and prophets of the Nephites in former days.

BOOK OF MORMON.

We now come to that portion of the Book of Mormon that was written by the prophet Mormon. Although he was the author of but a small portion of the whole book, yet he made an abridged record of the originals in his possession, and this abridgment of the whole is called after his name, The Book of Mormon. He survived the main body of his people, and he was commanded to write and to seal up for security what he wrote that the purposes of God might be accomplished in later generations.

Mormon was ten years old when Ammaron hid the plates; and at that time Ammaron told him that when he should arrive at the age of twenty-four years he should go to a certain place in the land of Antum, and that there he would find them. However, when Mormon was eleven years old his father and family removed from the north land (now known as either Mexico or Central America), into the south land, to Zarahemla.

At this time the people were still very numerous throughout all the countries both north and south; but they were again divided into two nations, as it were, but including all the others, the general titles being that of Nephites and Lamanites. The Nepites were understood to include all parties, or, bands who held more or less to the church and doctrine of Christ, in name at least, and the Lamanites included all who were fully in oppo-

sition to these ideas. But among both peoples sin had so increased that God had caused that the three beloved disciples should cease ministering to them, and he had also withdrawn the Holy Spirit and its gifts, even from those who professed to be his people, because they had gone so far into pride and iniquity and hardness of heart that they were unfitted and unworthy to receive his Spirit.

As a conseqnence of this the earth became far less productive than it had hitherto been, as the Lord had said to their fathers that it should be whenever their children turned unto sin; and thus drouths and other curses came upon them in all parts of the land, and they were sorely afflicted and distressed. After a time the divisions and strifes so increased that the two rival people became engaged in open war. Then, as the Nephites needed an able leader, and as Mormon was a man of both valor and wisdom, as well as being large of stature and very strong physically, they chose him as their chief commander. Yet the Lamanites were more numerous and they finally drove the Nephites out of the south land into the north, defeating them in battle again and again. God permitted this that they might be humbled and turn to righteousness; but, for all that, they repented not.

As they became more hardened Mormon said that he perceived that they had passed by the day of grace; that in their wrath aud bitterness they were no longer willing to give place in their hearts to the Holy Spirit; that therefore the Lord was no longer with them. Nevertheless Mormon did all that he could for them, as their leader, and seeing their sufferings and the dire destruction that was coming upon them. And they drove back the Lamanites to the south land, and on doing so they obtained a treaty of peace for ten years, one that lasted until the year three hundred and sixty after Christ. During this truce tbe Lord commanded Mormon to cry repentance unto the Nephites; and he did so, but it was in vain; for they turned not from their evil ways.

And in these years they fortified their land strongly at the south, in the narrow parts of the isthmus, and when the Lamanites came they were able to defeat them during two years combat and to drive them back with great slaughter. This caused them to boast of their power and to sware by the heavens, and by God's throne, that they would yet sweep their enemies off the face of the land without mercy, and that they would spare none. When they did this Moroni refused to be their leader any longer, saying to them that it was no more a war of self-defense, or to maintain their rights, but that they were making it one of vengeance. For the Lord had instructed Moroni, and had said that to Him belonged the giving of recompense to those who did evil to His people; and that they erred in seeking it by violence instead of appealing their cause to Him.

And after that time, from the year three hundred and sixty-three, when the Nephites went south to carry out their designs, they suffered almost continual defeat, which the Lord would not have permitted had they staid in their own land and defended it, as they had a right to do. And there resulted great bloodshed upon both sides, and such scenes of carnage and woe as caused Mormon to say that nothing equal to it had ever occurred anywhere before. The Lamanites offered many Nephite prisoners, especially the women and children, as bloody sacrifices before their idol gods, in token of victory, and to please the supposed deities whom these idols represented. (Note 40.)

This caused terror and great anger among the Nephites, and in their rage they drove them back for a season; yet the Nephites repented not and sought not after the Lord. Therefore when the Lamanites came in greater force, and with fierce determination, the Nephites were swept before their resistless onslaught, were driven out of their populous communities in Central America and Mexico further to the north, where others of them had previously settled great provinces.

The Lamanites burned villages, towns and cities, putting their inhabitants to the sword; and they gradually drove the Nephites until their main body came to a region that by the historian was called a land of many rivers and great waters, the same country being now occupied by the states of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, western New York and western Pennsylvania. Especially was the valley of the Ohio, and about lakes Erie and Ontario settled by that people, according both to the Book of Mormon and the conclusions of

scientific men. The Nephites called this region the Land of Cumorah, and here their army, driven by the Lamanites, arrived in the year three hundred and eighty-four, and here they made their last stand in battle.

It is necessary to state here that Mormon had taken the plates containing the records from the depository in the land of Antum, as he had been instructed by Ammaron, and that now he came with his people to Cumorah, and that in a hill known by the same name he placed in hiding all the records except a few plates that he gave to his son Moroni to write upon whatever might be necessary of the remainder of the Nephite history before or at the time they should perish as a nation.

Then Mormon gives his testimony of knowing by the revelation of God that the history would some time come to the knowledge of future generations, both of his people and of the Gentiles who should come upon the land and succeed in driving and afflicting the posterity of Nephi and Laman for the last time. For their posterity by their own choice of darkness, idolatry, and wickedness should continue as a filthy, degraded and loathsome people upon the land, and should be despised and looked upon by the Gentiles as being worthless. Nevertheless some of the Gentiles would feel pity and sorrow over their oppression and destruction. And he said that their record should yet be known to the Jews and that it would help to convince them that Jesus whom their fathers crucified was indeed the Son of God, and that part of their brethren came to this land in ancient times, being led and instructed by the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, that same God who guided their fathers out of Egypt.

Mormon relates the story of the last great battle, telling of the hundreds of thousands who were slain, until the earth was covered with the dead. And thus but few remained, besides those who joined the Lamanites, or who escaped and went into the south land. Here at the end of the third chapter of his book his writing ends, and his son Moroni takes up the history of what remained to tell, as we shall narrate in the next chapter. (Note 41.)

(Note 40). That the people of ancient Central America were given to the worship of idols is attested by all the explorers of that part of America, and, bearing out the record of the Book of Mormon, idol worship appears to have been confined exclusively to those regions. For neither the book nor the discoveries of antiquarians disclose that veritable idols were held in veneration anywhere else upon American soil, whatever may have been their fetish worship or love for grotesque figures, carved or painted, in different parts of the land. Catherwood and Stephens, Charney, Le Plongeon, John T. Short and other explorers describe in detail the immense stone idols, with altars in front of them, that have been found throughout Central America. Of the ruins of one city (Tikal) in Guatemala Charney says:

"In the open space or court which stands between the temples, are several stones. . . Some have their front occupied by a human profile and hieroglyphics on the sides. On others both profiles and hieroglyphics were of very hard cement. . . . In this court are likewise several circular altars like those at Copan . . . but here we have a new feature in the altars which stand in the open air. . . . In our drawing is represented a beautifully sculptured figure, in high relief, with the usual dress of priests, grandees, and idols. . . . Unlike similar reliefs at Palenque, where the idol formed the central subject, here it is replaced by a standing human figure, having an elaborate head-dress. . . . To the right, below the inscription, are symbolic ornaments, and towards the lower extremity are two superb human profiles. . . . We follow Stephens in the description and illustration of these monuments, and find that the most remarkable are monolith idols . . . and that the inscriptions, bas-reliefs, and idols are like those of the places we have already described. . . . At Kabah, which we think coeval with Copan, we noticed the exaggerated ornamentation which marks two different epochs. . . . The idol personifies several deities, shown in the first we reproduce, where the great central figure having a woman's head, emerges from a dragon's jaws."—Ancient Cities, pp. 468, 470, 474, 475.

John L. Stephens gives many engravings of the idols he found in Copan and elsewhere. Of the first one described in his account of Copan, Stephens says:

"At the point marked D stands one of the columns or idols which give the peculiar character to the ruins of Copan. . . . It stands with its face to the east. . . . It is thirteen feet in height, four feet wide and three deep, sculptured on all four of its sides from the base to the top and is one of the richest and most elaborate specimens in the whole extent of the ruins. . . Before it, at a distance of about eight feet, is a large block of sculptured stone. . . . Following the wall at the place marked C is another monument or idol of the same size, and in many respects similar. The character of this image is grand, and it would be difficult to exceed the richness of the ornament and clearness of the sculpture. . . . On one side, at the foot of the pyramidal wall, is the monument or idol marked B, of which the engraving represents the front. . . . Near this, at the point marked A, is a remarkable altar, which perhaps presents

as curious a subject of speculation as any monument in Copan. The altars, like the idols, are each of a single block of stone. In general they are not so richly ornamented, and are more faded and worn. . . . Some are completely buried. . . . All differed in fashion, and doubtless had some distinct reference to the idols before which they stand."—Central America and Yucatan, vol. 1, pp. 136–140.

He describes and gives illustrations of other idols, and of one in particular he says:

"It is one of the most beautiful in Copan, and in workmanship is equal to the finest Egyptian sculpture. Indeed it would be impossible with the best instruments of modern times to cut stones more perfectly."—Central America, vol. 1, page 151.

Many further evidences might be produced, such as that Cortez found the Mexicans under Montezuma offering up human sacrifices upon altars, but with the confession that it was contrary to the ways of their predecessors, who offered no human beings but abhorred it. All of which goes to show how the people of God degenerated and became loathsome and wicked in their darkness, as the Book of Mormon describes.

The following from Mr. Stephens, as to the past greatness and glory of that people is worth repeating here:

"The day after our survey was finished, as a relief we set out for a walk to the old stone quarries of Copan. . . . The range lies about two miles north from the river, and runs east and west. The side of the mountain was overgrown with bushes and trees. . . . The city was buried in the forest and entirely hidden from sight. Imagination peopled the quarry with workmen, and laid bare the city to their view. Here, as the sculptor worked, he turned to the theater of his glory and dreamed of immortal fame. Little did he imagine that the time would come when his works would perish, his race be extinct, his city a desolation, an abode for reptiles, and for strangers to gaze at and wonder by what race it had once been inhabited. . . . How the huge masses were transported over the irregular and broken surface, and particularly how one of them was set on the top of a mountain two thousand feet high, it was impossible to conjecture In many places were blocks which had been quarried out and rejected for some defect."—Central America and Yucatan, vol. 1, page 146.

(Note 41). Many other important quotations might be given from the writings of antiquarian students and scientific explorers, and as space may permit, some more will be presented. Of the antiquity of the ruins found where the Nephites flourished greatly and where the Jaredites lived before their day, Mr. Baldwin says:

"The Mexican and Central American ruins make it certain that in ancient times an important civilization existed in that part of the continent, which must have begun at a remote period in the past. . . . A large portion of them had been forgotten in the forests, or become mythical and mysterious long before the arrival of the Spaniards. Three hundred and fifty years ago the forest which so largely covers Yucatan, Guatemala, and Chiapas, was growing as it grows now. . . . How many additional centuries it had existed no one can tell. . . . In the ages previous to the beginning of this immense forest the region it covers was the seat of a civilization which grew up to a high degree of development, flourished a long time, and finally declined until its cities were deserted and its cultivated fields left to the wild influences of nature. . . . Copan, first discovered and described three hundred years ago, was then as strange to the natives dwelling near it as are the old Chaldean ruins to the Arabs who wander over the wasted plains of Lower Mesopotamia. Manifestly it was forgotten, left in the forest long before Montezuma's people rose to power. It is easily understood that this old city had an important history before that unknown time in the past when war, revolution, or some other agency of destruction, put an end to its career, and left it to become what it is now."—Ancient America, pages 151, 152.

"Moreover, these old ruins in all cases show us only the cities last occupied in the periods to which they belonged. . . . It can be seen that some of the ruined cities were several times renewed by reconstructions. We must consider also that many ages must have been required to develop such admirable skill in masonry and ornamentation. Therefore the time between the beginning of this mysterious development and the period when the builders first used cut stone laid in mortar and cement, and when they covered their work with beautiful sculptured ornaments and inscriptions, must have been very long."—Ancient America, pp. 152, 153.

Of the ruins of Tula, M. Desire Charney writes as follows:

"These remains are priceless in every respect, because of their analogy and intimate connection with all those we shall subsequently discover, forming the first links in the chain of evidence respecting our theory of the unity of American civilization. . . . On looking at them I seem to myself to be carried back a thousand years amidst that grand old race whose ruins I am here to study."—Ancient Cities, pp. 98, 103.

On page 105 he describes his excavations down to the floors of "houses and palaces," and how he found "frescoed walls, columns and pilasters," also "cisterns, gardens, water pipes, filters, vases, and enameled terra-cotta cups." Of his discoveries he enthusiastically remarks:

"On examining the monument of Tula we are filled with admiration for the marvelous building ingenuity of the people who erected them. For, unlike most primitive nations, they used every material at once. They coated their inner walls with mortar, faced their outer walls with cut stone and baked brick, and had brick and stone staircases and wooden roofs. They were acquainted with pilasters, with caryatides, and with square and round columns. Indeed they seem to have been familiar with every architectural device. That they were painters and decorators we have ample evidences in the house that we unearthed there, where the walls are covered with rosettes and geometrical figures."—Ancient Cities, p. 107.

In the same place he excavated and found what he calls a palace, whose apartments and inner courtyard covered twenty-five hundred square yards of ground. Like Baldwin and others he says the ruins give evidence of their

having been occupied, and either destroyed to some extent afterwards, or else been vacated for a long time and then rebuilt. He writes as follows:

"Here and there closed-up passages, walls rebuilt with materials other than those employed in the old construction, seem to indicate that the palace was occupied at two different periods."—Ancient Cities, p. 110.

With the next chapter will be given further testimony from Charney and others upon the ancient civilizations of America.

Domestic Department.

EDITED BY SR. MARTHA.

"Home is the grandest of all Institutions."

SALUTATORY.

A GOOD housekeeper is a blessing in the world, and every girl should aspire to be one, whatever else in life she may desire to do or to become.

It has been thought by some that the Savior's words to Martha were not in praise of Mary that she had chosen the good part, but in sympathy with Martha that her sister had left her to serve alone.

Be that as it may, certain it is that work such as Martha had done is necessary and good. Even the Savior partook of food and sought places of rest and refreshment.

At one time in a family of father and mother and three young lady daughters, all except the eldest sister were eagerly listening to the word of the gospel as it was being explained to them by latter day elders who brought it to them in their home. So absorbed were they in listening to the glad tidings that the work of preparing meals and keeping the house in order might have been neglected but for the one sister who said: "It is well there are some Marthas." True enough, it is well. For, however far exalted are the things that pertain to our spiritual welfare above those of our physical welfare, the latter can not be ignored; indeed, in many ways the two are inseparably connected.

It seems sad that so much of our time should be occupied in labor for the "bread that perisheth," in caring for these bodies of ours that they may be fed and clothed and warmed and kept in health and comfort, but it seems to have been so ordained. And in a wise way it has been planned for us that our duty to God includes our every duty in life.

Homes can not be kept without wearisome toil, patient and persistent endeavor, and often that which seems like drudgery. But when we consider the home, that center for each family band toward which they turn for rest and comfort and, in hospitality, extend blessings to their fellow men; that sacred place where those abide together who, to each other are dearest of all on earth. When we realize how greatly all people are affected in health, morals and general character for good or evil by the influences at home, then this round of common-place duties is exalted into a labor of love, a work for God, and for mankind worthy of our best efforts. Therefore whatever of this work in the household falls to our lot to perform, let us do it "heartily, as unto the Lord." Our Savior taught his disciples in the parable, "he that is faithful over few things, I will make him ruler over many."

We find Martha, at other times than the one above mentioned, full of faith and love for the Master, and if aught of reproof was intended for her it was in that she was "cumbered," and in this we may need to take heed to ourselves, lest we, too, be cumbered with many cares and sacrifice other things which are good to the accomplishment of that which oppresses us. There are times when looking ahead at the many tasks to be performed the work looms up before us until we fail to see beyond. We concentrate the whole burden of the day or week and bear it all at once, whereas that which each moment brings is alone required of us. Our nerves are strained and our strength lessened, when if we could free ourselves from this anxiety,

calmly and contentedly taking each task as it comes, (not that we should not plan our work, for that is essential to good housekeeping) just as much would be accomplished, perhaps more, and our health and spirits would suffer less. And not only would we be better off, but those around us; for how easily we are betrayed into impatience or forgetfulness of others' feelings when thus burdened. Are there any who feel that it is an impossibility to throw this off? It can be done by seeking the help of the Lord in prayer. Some writer has said: "Short views of our work are most cheering. A long look ahead is not good for any of us;" and we may add, unless we look far ahead to the prize which is at the end of the race. Then, viewed in the light of eternity, these cares which weigh us down will seem to grow lighter, our minds be filled with good thoughts, and with hope and cheer in our hearts we can work on.

The homes of the people of God should be homes of order and of cleanliness; homes of comfort, peace and love; homes where the Spirit of the Lord may abide. For our help and instruction, and with the desire to aid, if only in a slight degree, in the work of making them such, this space in our magazine has been allotted. We desire to cull the best from that which is written and said on these subjects, and we request our readers to contribute either selections or that which in their experience has proven good, in the way of cooking receipts, helpful hints and suggestions regarding the care of the household in any way, articles on the care and training of children, rules for the preservation or restoration of health—anything which will benefit us in our home life.

THE LOVE OF HOME.

Of old, when from the garden beautiful,
Our parents had been exiled for their sin,
Our Lord, who e'en in wrath is merciful,
Upon their darkness let his light shine in.

He said, "Lest in their pain that they have earned,
They curse their Maker and provoke worse doom;
Lest they, grief-stricken, be inhuman turned,
I grant them in their hearts the love of home."

And so, to-day, wherever man is found,
The love of home lies deep within his breast,
To ease the pain of every bruise and wound,
To lighten toil, and bring him peace and rest.

—Selected.

HOUSEHOLD SCRAPS.

Hard coal ashes, sifted, is the best scouring material for steel knives or iron pans and kettles.

Old newspapers, dipped in water, wrung almost dry, then torn to pieces and scattered over the carpet before sweeping, will be found an acceptable help. The paper collects the dust but does not soil the carpet.

Unless very dirty do not wash zincs, but rub with a cloth dipped in coal oil. If washing be necessary, use the oil afterward. By some, this treatment is used for oilcloths also.

If a cellar has a damp smell and can not be thoroughly ventilated, a few trays of charcoal set around on floor and shelves will make the air pure and sweet.

A pan of sliced raw onions placed in a room where there is diphtheria will absorb the poison and prevent the disease from spreading. The onions should be buried and fresh ones supplied each morning.

"The most affectionate, dutiful and home-loving of daughters are those who have something to do to make home pleasant."

THE GIFT OF TEARS.

The legend says, In Paradise
God gave the world to man. Ah me!
The woman lifted up her eyes;
"Woman, I have but tears for thee."
But tears? and she began to shed,
Thereat, the tears that comforted.

"Tears to a bride?" "Yea, therefore, tears,"
"In Eden?" "Yea, and tears therefor."
Ah, bride in Eden, there were fears
In that first blush your young cheeks wore
Lest the first kiss had been too sweet,
Lest Eden withered from your feet.

Mother of women! Did you see
How brief your beauty, and how brief,
Therefore, the love of it must be
In that first garden, that first grief?
Did those first drops of sorrow fall
To move God's pity for us all?

O, sobbing mourner by the dead,
O watcher at the grave grass-grown;
O sleepless for some darling head,
Cold pillowed on the prison stone,
Or wet with drowning seas. He knew
Who gave the gift of tears to you!—*Sel.*

DEATH.

DEATH is seldom a welcome visitor. All mankind shrink from his approach as from an enemy. In the departure of my youngest brother lately, I have been furnished with thoughts for reflection and meditation upon the subject of death, the cause for the same reigning universally and supremely among our race, and causing the untold heartaches of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, brothers, sisters and children. These constant and painful separations, when the loved ones leave us, and in the language of Israel's wise, philosophical king: "Because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

I am willing to concede that the separations are often very severe, and to our dull comprehension, inexplicable; and, personally, were it not for the light reflected in the *restored* gospel, I could not believe in a future life, or that God was just, in permitting the greater part of the human family to depart in childhood, or long ere their days of usefulness and pleasures were ended. But to me the gospel tells the gladsome tidings, we are the offspring of God, fellow-brethren with the Christ, and the logical deduction, by the rule of analogical comparison is this: God is an eternal being! Jesus Christ is like his Father, "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." We are therefore like our Heavenly Father, and elder brother.

CAUSE OF DEATH.

Transgression on the part of Adam brought to him the change we call death; but without that violation of the commandment of God, so far as we are informed, no sons and daughters would have been born unto Adam. All men will say in their sober sense, and careful consideration, Blessed be the act of Adam that has permitted us to be sufferers upon this earth. As one grain of sand is to the volume of the earth, so is our sojourn here to eternity. Death is the dark antipode of the light and glory of eternal life which we shall obtain in and through the resurrection of our Redeemer, for all that was lost in Adam is more than recovered in Christ, for he not only restores us to primeval purity and acceptance with God, in our spirit condition, but preserves unto us our knowledge, experiences, and understanding gained by suffering in this earth life, but has also made it practicable for us to re-occupy our bodies, made and fashioned like unto his glorious body, endowed with immortality and life eternal. Aye! even more, He will exalt us in power, glory, wisdom, and divine knowledge, that we shall be present and take part in the crowning act of the scenic drama of earth, when "the Saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom and possess the kingdom forever, even for ever and ever."

Well may we endure the pain of death, and extol the name of Him who hath prepared such great possibilities for weak and short-sighted mortals.

Herewith I include these

EXTRACTS:

"Well, Bro. R——, eight weeks ago you were here, and we were all feeling very sad, and we do not feel any different yet. If it were only possible for me to look into the great beyond and see Walter, and know he is happy, I would be content, or try to be.

R——, do you think the spirit, when it leaves this would, retains a knowledge of this world? If they don't, how can they be judged for their actions here? And if they do remember earth and earthly friends, how unhappy Walter must be. O, I do wish I could know, for it all seems so dark to me. It seems I could never take pleasure in anything again."

THE RESPONSE.

"Dear sister, your thoughts and your questions are too grave and important to be passed over lightly. I therefore, will try in my feeble way to explain as best I can, in relation to the state of the dead, and the future condition. Departure by death, to me, is as a journey to a far country, and where we soon expect to follow, and that there our responsibility, opportunities, and activity will be greater than ever they were here. It is well that we

can not see and know the exact condition of those who have gone on before, for could we see them in suffering, it would make us much more unhappy, and could we behold them in rest and peace, it would make us unhappy with our own condition. It is therefore both just and right, for the reason that our salvation with the reward promised is to be granted for our individual efforts, and our loss of peace and glory in the kingdom of God will be on account of our individual neglect or sin. However, be it understood, that all of Adam's race will be saved, except the 'Sons of Perdition,' but not in the same glory, else they could not be rewarded according as their works merited. See Heb. 6: 4–6; 10: 26–27; Matt. 12: 26, 27, 38; 2 Pet. 2: 20, 21; Alma 19: 1; D. & C., 26: 4; Matt. 16: 30; 25: 33; Rev. 20: 12–14.

"Yes! I do believe that the spirit retains a knowledge of earthly affairs. To me the revelation in Luke 16: 19–31, is a reality, and there both parties were aware of their earthly life, and their existing condition. No less direct is the statement by Alma in his nineteenth chapter. I can not doubt but what the spirit has a vivid and comprehensive recollection of all earthly conflicts, trials, mistakes, pleasures and acts of duty. But do not make the usual mistake, that death ends all, and that our eternal condition is fixed in the hour and article of death. Were that so, there would be no place for the judgment of God.

"There will be a lapse of time, between death and the resurrection, and after the resurrection will take place the judgment.

"And I know of no good reason or law prohibiting progression of the individual after the judgment. May God bless unto thee the promises made, and give peace and comfort to your soul."

To the foregoing I only add. Many people muse as to whether the spirits of our dead friends can see us, know what we are doing and thinking. Upon this I offer the following opinion. Without revelation from God, there can be no knowledge of the immediate state of each individual who has gone to that life beyond; nevertheless, in and through the grace and power of God, the veil has been put aside, so that mortality has had opened to their vision scenes and conditions in the spirit world. What transpires around us here we have no knowledge of, only as the same is communicated or revealed to us, and for the same reason, while the spirit retains a complete knowledge as gained in earth life, its environments are such that outside of its own sphere or condition it has no knowledge of the friends or affairs of earth save it be through the divine grace and mercy of the Allwise, granting to them by vision or revelation a view of our condition and thoughts. We need not be troubled for those who have made the journey home, and when we greet on that beautiful shore all eternity will be ours to relate the experiences, trials and pleasures that have fallen to our portion as pilgrims in this vale of tears, but for our own good, that we be permitted the full fruition that awaits the pure and good, and in this we should not be selfish, but ever on the alert, seeking to aid others, that they may prepare to live here and live hereafter.

Death comes unbidden and without our preparing for its advent. All of revelation and reason prompts us to be hopeful and submissive, that we may find rest and peace where troubles never come, and the weary are at rest. I do believe the power of death shall be overcome, and life will be the rule and not the exception upon this earth, the future abode of man and God. Between now and that blessed time there is toil for one and all.

The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

How sweet 'twill be at evening
If you and I can say,
Good Shepherd, we've been seeking
The lambs that went astray;
Heart sore, and faint with hunger,
We heard them making moan,
And lo! we come at nightfall,
Bearing them safely home!

R——.

WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY.

BY "FRANCES."

CHAPTER XX.

THE shadows lengthened, the sun went down, and one by one the stars came out, but Daniel did not return. The family were too busy to note the passing hours, and just as the clock struck eight, the sound of horses' feet was heard, and soon Daniel and his brother came in. Going to Margery, he said: "I have seen your father and it is all arranged that you are to follow me in a few days. In one hour the brethren who are going with us will be here, and if we are pursued this early start will put us considerably in advance and we shall, with God's blessing, be able to escape. Pack your household goods and the boys will bring them up here, but do not delay your starting a day longer than possible, as I shall count the hours until I know you are in a place of safety. Your mother with the two boys will go with you, and your father will provide everything in his power for your comfort. We will aim to reach Quincy, Illinois, but you will probably be there before us, as we shall have to travel in a circuitous route in order to avoid our pursuers."

"I will carry out all your instructions carefully," said Margery, "and now come, you must not start until you have eaten your supper. The others are waiting for us."

Many things were spoken of as the savory meal was eaten, and many words intended to cheer and comfort each other came from the heart to the lips of each. When the meal was finished, all knelt around the table and Daniel offered a brief, earnest prayer, commending the friends he was leaving to the care of God and asking His presence to go with those who were going. They had scarcely arisen from their knees when the low call of a bugle announced that the others were in waiting, and hastily the good-byes were exchanged and Margery and her friends were again alone.

Mr. Clark was comparatively comfortable and, worn and wearied, his wife slept by his side, while Margery and Mary retired to another room and soon sought rest in sleep.

And now, kind reader, we wish before going on with our narrative to glance briefly at the condition of affairs at this time, and note the action taken by the state authorities.

Captain Bogart, while commanding a company of Ray county patrols, was driving the Saints from their homes wherever he encountered any. He sent word to Far West that he would be there the next day. A detachment of his men captured four of the brethren and took them into his camp the same day. When this news reached Far West (which was after dark), Judge Higbee ordered Col. Hinkle to send men to disperse the mob and liberate the prisoners. When these men came upon Bogart's company and were fired upon by them, they then attacked and dispersed them, they themselves suffering as heavy a loss in killed and wounded as the others.

Now the question arises, if blame was to be attached to those who were acting in self-defense, what of the aggressors? There is not a school-boy of ordinary intelligence in the land who would not be able to answer this question and present the matter in a light to show the injustice of the action which was taken.

Messengers were sent out in every direction, calling the people to arms; reports without one particle of foundation in truth poured into the executive, who without hesitation issued his orders upon the strength thereof, and in less than a week after the band of outlaws had been scattered by David Patten's men, near three thousand well armed men under the command of Gen. Lucas surrounded the town of Far West. These troops were sent there by the command of Governor Boggs with the following instructions:

"The Mormons must be treated as enemies and must be exterminated or driven from the state, if necessary, for the public good. Their outrages are beyond description."

Over against this latter assertion, kind reader, we ask you to place the following

from the lips of Gen. Doniphan, as stated to the Kansas City *Journal* in 1881:

"It is true, however, that in an order to me and other officers, Governor Boggs used the expression, 'that the Mormons leave the state or be exterminated,' whereas this order was entirely illegal. I paid no attention to it. In my report to Governor Boggs I stated to him that I had disregarded that part of his order, as the age of extermination was over. . . . While the Mormons resided in Clay county they were a peaceable, sober, industrious and law abiding people; and during their stay with us not one was ever accused of a crime of any kind."

This is the calm, dispassionate statement of one who had far better opportunities of knowing the Saints than any man not of their faith connected with the troubles through which they passed. He was an intimate friend of Daniel Clark's, and stood by him on more than one occasion when the outlaws of Missouri would have trampled upon his rights.

You have looked upon this picture—have seen a band of men, under the direction of officers of the regular state militia move out from their homes to intercept and disperse a mob who were moving upon them, not only threatening them with destruction, but arresting all whom they could reach and threatening them with instant death; and we beg you to bear in mind that this action was prëeminently one of self-defense. You have seen the result of this—that in but a brief space of time thousands of armed men have been marched to the rescue of this scattered, frightened band of outlaws, and these people, for this crime, have been surrounded and threatened with extermination: now come with us while we lift the curtain from another scene and let us see whose voice will be raised to cry, "to the rescue!" whose arm uplifted in defense.

OCTOBER:

"The month of carnival of all the year
When nature lets the wild earth go its way,
And spends whole seasons on a single day."

The 30th of October, 1838, is a day never to be effaced from the memory of the harrassed and persecuted Saints of Caldwell county, Missouri. Most of those who have recounted its horrors in the listening ears of their children have been gathered to their fathers and sleep in peace, but their children who survive them are many, and never while life remains can time obliterate from their memory the picture stamped upon its walls while they listened and wept.

The morning was fair, and the sun came up in golden splendor from behind a veil of mist which hung low upon the horizon like a fringe to the curtain of clouds bending above it. From among the tall prairie grass the partridge called to his mate, and the answer came back in notes of shrill gladness from a distant clump of hazel. A murmuring stream, skirted by tall trees and bordered with an underbrush of hazel and other low growing shrubs, wound its way through the quiet scene. Here a clump of sumac robed in flaming scarlet, brighter than the burning bush the prophet turned aside to see, nestled closely up to the towering oak robed in crimson, brown and green, which in its turn threw out its branches to embrace the maple, standing one vast pyramid of waving gold. Scarcely a breeze rustled the leaves or whispered among the ripened fields of corn, which in rank luxuriance dotting the prairie here and there, witnessed the fact that man had invaded the far reaching solitude and was an actor in the scene, while the smoke, curling up through the overhanging branches, gave evidence that his dwelling was near.

In this quiet spot a brother by the name of Jacob Haun, had erected a mill on the north bank of the stream known as Shoal Creek, early in the year 1836; and here from time to time families of the Saints had settled, entered land, erected rude but comfortable dwellings, and planted fields of corn and other grain.

This, with the exception of believing in a God who changes not and of asking the privilege to worship him after the manner the world calls "heresy," was their only crime.

As troubles thickened, they had thought of removing to Far West for greater safety, and indeed had been advised to do so, but in case of doing this they would be compelled to leave their crops (their only supply of provision for the winter) unharvested, and their homes and all they had at the mercy of the mob. The prospect was not inviting, and beside this they could not believe that without any provocation upon their part men

enough could be found so cruel, so lost to every sense of shame, as to attack a hamlet of peaceful families who had never done them any harm. Alas! through what a scene of blood and carnage were they that day to learn "Man's inhumanity to man!"

Here we quote from Burr Joyce, the special correspondent of the *Globe-Democrat*, lest the account in its unvarnished horrors, should, otherwise, seem overdrawn:

"BRECKENRIDGE, Mo., Sept. 27th, 1887.

"In the afternoon of Tuesday, October 30th, 1838, there occurred in Caldwell county a dreadful incident, generally termed 'The Haun's Mill Massacre.' From official documents and other records, from affidavits of witnesses, and from statements made by actual participants, I have prepared the following account. . . .

"At Jacob Haun's mill, on Shoal Creek, in the eastern part of Caldwell county, about eight miles south of Breckinridge, there had collected about twenty Mormon families. Haun himself was a Mormon and had come to the site from Wisconsin a few years before. He had a very good mill, and clustered around it were a blacksmith shop and half a dozen small houses. The alarm that the troops were moving against them had driven nearly all the Mormon families in the county to Far West for safety. A dozen or more living in the vicinity repaired to Haun's mill, which was twenty miles to the eastward of Far West. As there were not enough houses to accommodate all of the fugitives, a number were living in tents and temporary shelters. A few families, perhaps four, had come in on the evening of the 29th, from Ohio, and were occupying their emigrant wagons. Not one member of the little community had ever been in arms against the 'Gentiles,' or taken any part whatever in the preceding disturbances.

"Word that the militia of the State had been ordered to expel them from the country had reached the Mormons of the Haun's mill settlement, and following this intelligence came a report that a considerable number of men in Livingston county, together with some from Daviess, had organized in the Forks of Grand River, near Spring Hill, in Livingston, and were preparing to attack them. Whereupon a company of about twenty-five men and boys, indifferently armed with shotguns and squirrel rifles, was organized at the mill, and David Evans was chosen captain. It was resolved to defend the place against the threatened assault. . . .

"North of the mill was a body of timber half a mile in width, skirting Shoal Creek; beyond was a stretch of prairie. For a day or two Capt. Evans kept a picket post in the northern border of the timber, but on the 28th he entered into a sort of truce with Capt. Nehemiah Comstock, commanding a company of Livingston 'Gentiles' from the settlements near Mooresville and Utica, and the post was withdrawn. By the terms of this truce, which was effected by a messenger who rode between Evans and Comstock, the Gentiles were to let the Mormons alone as long as the latter were peaceable, and *vice versa*. Each party, too, was to disband its military organization. But on the morning of the 29th the Mormons learned that a company of Livingston militia, a few miles to the eastward, were menacing them, and so they maintained their organization and that night set watches. The latter company was commanded by Capt. William Mann, and for some days had been operating at and in the vicinity of Whitney's mill, on Lower Shoal Creek (where the village of Dawn now stands), stopping Mormon emigrants on their way from the East to Caldwell county, turning them back in some instances, taking their arms from them in others, etc.

"On the 29th, at Woolsey's, northeast of Breckenridge, an agreement was reached by the Gentiles for an attack upon Haun's mill. Three companies, numbering in the aggregate about two hundred men, were organized. They were commanded by Capts. Nehemiah Comstock, William O. Jennings, and William Gee. The command of the battalion was given to Col. Thomas Jennings, an old militia officer, then living in the Forks. . . .

"Setting out from Woolsey's after noon on the 30th, Col. Jennings marched swiftly out of the timber northwest of the present village of Mooresville, and out on the prairie stretching down southwards towards the doomed hamlet at Haun's mill. The word was passed along the

column, 'Shoot at everything wearing breeches, and shoot to kill.'

"All of the Gentiles were mounted, and they had with them a wagon and two Mormon prisoners. Within two miles of the mill the wagon and prisoners were left, in charge of a squad, and the remainder of the force pressed rapidly on. Entering the timber north of the mill, Col. Jennings passed through it, unobserved, right up to the borders of the settlement, and speedily formed his line for the attack. Capt. W. O. Jennings' company had the center, Capt. Comstock's the left, and Capt. Gee's the right.

"The Mormon leader had somehow become apprehensive of trouble. He communicated his fears to some of the men, and was about sending out scouts and pickets. It had been previously agreed that in case of attack the men should repair to the blacksmith shop and occupy it as a fort or block-house. This structure was built of logs, with wide cracks between them, was about eighteen feet square, and had a large wide door. The greater portion of the Mormons were, however, unsuspicious of any imminent peril. Children were playing on the banks of the creek, women were engaged in their ordinary domestic duties, the newly arrived imigrants were resting under the trees, which were clad in the scarlet, crimson and golden leaves of autumn. The scene was peaceful and Acadian. It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun hung low and red in a beautiful Indian summer sky.

"Suddenly, from out of the timber north and west of the mill the Gentiles burst upon the hamlet. The air was filled with shouts and shots, and the fight was on. It can not fairly be called a fight. Taken wholly by surprise, the Mormons were thrown into extreme confusion. The women and children cried and screamed in excitement and terror, and the greater number, directed by some of the men, ran across the mill-dam to the south bank of the creek and sought shelter in the woods. Perhaps twenty men, Capt. Evans among them, ran with their guns to the blacksmith shop and began to return the fire. Some were shot down in their attempts to reach the shop.

"The fire of the Mormons was wild and ineffective; that of the militia was accurate and deadly. The cracks between the logs of the shop were so large that it was easy to shoot through them, and so thickly were the Mormons huddled together on the inside that nearly every bullet which entered the shop killed or wounded a man. Firing was kept up all the while on the fleeing fugitives, and many were shot down as they ran.

"Realizing very soon that he was placed at a decided disadvantage, Capt. Evans gave orders to retreat, directing every man to take care of himself. The door of the shop was thrown open, and all of the able-bodied survivors ran out, endeavoring to reach the woods. Some were shot before reaching shelter. . . . The Gentiles advanced, and began to use their rough, home-made swords, or corn-knives, with which some of them were armed. The fugitives were fired on until they were out of range, but not pursued, as the few who escaped scattered in almost every direction.

"Coming upon the field after it had been abandoned, the Gentiles perpetrated some terrible deeds. At least three of the wounded were hacked to death with the 'corn-knives' or finished with a rifle bullet. Wm. Reynolds, a Livingston county man, entered the blacksmith shop, and found a little boy, only ten years of age, named Sardius Smith, hiding under the bellows. Without even demanding his surrender, the cruel wretch drew up his rifle and shot the little fellow as he lay cowering and trembling. Reynolds afterward boasted of his exploit to persons yet living. He described with fiendish glee how the poor child 'kicked and squealed' in his dying agonies. . . . Charley Merrick, another little boy only nine years old, had hid under the bellows. He ran out, but did not get far until he received a load of buck-shot and a rifle ball, in all three wounds. He did not die, however, for nearly five weeks. Esquire Thos. McBride was seventy-eight years of age, and had been a soldier under Gates and Washington in the Revolution. He had started for the blacksmith shop, but was shot down on the way, and lay wounded and helpless, but still alive. A Daviess county man named Rogers, who kept a ferry across Grand River, near Gallatin, came upon him and demanded his gun. 'Take it,'

said McBride. Rogers picked up the weapon and finding that it was loaded deliberately discharged it into the old veteran's breast. He then cut and hacked the body with his 'corn-knife' until it was frightfully gashed and mangled.

"After the Mormons had all been either killed, wounded or driven away, the Gentiles began to loot the place. Considerable property was taken, much of the spoil consisting of household articles and personal effects. At least three wagons and perhaps ten horses were taken. Two emigrant wagons were driven off with all their contents. The Mormons claim that there was a general pillage, and that even the bodies of the slain were robbed. The Gentiles deny this, and say that the wagons were needed to haul off their three wounded men, and the bedding was taken to make them comfortable, while the other articles taken did not amount to much. Two of the survivors have stated to me that the place was 'pretty well cleaned out.'

"Col. Jennings did not remain at the mill more than two hours. Twilight approaching, he set out on his return to his former encampment. He feared a rally and return of the Mormons with a large re-enforcement, and doubtless he desired to reflect leisurely on his course of future operations. Reaching Woolsey's, he halted his battalion, and prepared to pass the night. But a few hours later he imagined he heard cannon and a great tumult in the direction of Haun's mill, betokening, as he thought, the advance of a large Mormon force upon him. Rousing his men from their sweet dreams of the victory, he broke camp, moved rapidly eastward, and never halted until he had put the West Fork of Grand River between him and his imaginary pursuers. He and his men had won glory enough for one day, anyhow! They had not lost a man killed and only three wounded. John Renfrow had his thumb shot off, Allen England was shot in the thigh, and —— Hart in the arm.

"The Mormon killed and mortally wounded numbered seventeen. Here are the names:

"Thomas McBride, Levi N. Merrick, Elias Benner, Josiah Fuller, Benj. Lewis, Alex. Campbell, Geo. S. Richards, Wm. Napier, Augustine Harmer, Simon Cox, Hiram Abbott, John York, John Lee, John Byers, Warren Smith, Chas. Merrick, aged nine, Sardius Smith, aged ten.

"The severely wounded numbered eleven men, one boy (Alma Smith, aged seven), and one woman, a Miss Mary Stedwell. The latter was shot through the hand and arm as she was running to the woods.

"*Dies iræ!* Bloody work and woeful. What a scene did Col. Jennings and his men turn their backs upon as they rode away in the gloaming from the little valley once all green and peaceful! The wounded men had been given no attention, and the bodies of the slain had been left to fester and putrify in the Indian summer temperature, warm and mellowing. A large red moon rose, and a fog came up from the stream and lay like a face-cloth upon the pallid countenances of the dead. Timidly and warily came forth the widows and orphans from their hiding places, and as they recognized one a husband, one a father, another a son, and another a brother among the slain, the wailings of grief and terror were most pitiful. All that night were they alone with their dead and wounded. There were no physicians, but if there had been, many of the wounded were past all surgery. Dreadful sights in the moonlight, and dreadful sounds on the night winds. In the hamlet the groans of the wounded, the moans and sobs of the grief-stricken, the bellowing of cattle, and the howling of dogs, and from the black woods the dismal hooting of owls.

"By and by, when the wounded had been made as comfortable as possible, the few men who had returned gathered the women and children together, and all sought consolation in prayer. Then they sang from the Mormon hymn book a selection entitled "Moroni's Lamentation," a dirge-like composition, lacking in poesy and deficient in rythm, but giving something of comfort, let us hope, to the choristers. And so in prayer and song and ministration the remainder of the night was passed.

"The next morning the corpses had changed, and were changing fast. They must be buried. There were not enough men left to make coffins or even dig graves. It could not be determined when relief would come or when the Gentiles would return. There was a large unfinished well near the mill, which it was decided should be used as a

common sepulcher. Four men gathered up the bodies, the women assisting, and bore them, one at a time, on a large plank to the well, and slid them in. Some hay was strewn upon the ghastly pile and then a thin layer of dirt thrown upon the hay.

"The next day Capt. Comstock's company returned to the mill, as they said, to bury the dead. Finding that duty had been attended to, they expressed considerable satisfaction at having been relieved of the job, and, after notifying the people that they must leave the state, or they would all be killed, they rode away. The pit was subsequently filled by Mr. C. R. Ross, now a resident of Black Oak, Caldwell county.

"A day or two after the massacre, Col. Jennings started with his battalion to join the State forces at Far West.

BURR JOYCE.

Globe-Democrat, Oct. 6th.

"*Dies ira!*"—Let us put back the curtain and, "Let the dead bury their dead." Let the wife sit by the still, cold form of her husband, by whose side lies the mutilated body of her murdered boy; let the bride of but a few short months bury her head upon the gory bosom of him whose heart will throb no more when it lies resting there! Let them sleep in peace until the Master shall descend with a shout: for "The dead in Christ shall rise first."

Put back the curtain, and if in coming time the question should perchance arise, "Did the state government of Missouri justify this horror? Was it done by order of Governor Boggs or any subordinate officer under him?" we shall be able to answer the question only by asking, "Do the archives of Missouri contain any order for a suppression of such outrages? Has any act ever been passed condemnatory of it? Was not Col. W. O. Jennings sent back to Haun's mill with his command to hold the women and children in subjection and to see to it that they should not be allowed to call upon their God!"

Put back the curtain; but before you let it fall, though you should never know the reason why, upon this picture write Approval; but upon that other, Extermination. Let them hang side by side until the day God has appointed in which to judge the world in righteousness, and hath given us assurance of its coming, in that Christ is risen from the dead! "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear Him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."

To be continued.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER GLAUD RODGER.—No. X.

COMPILED FROM HIS JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

IN this place it seems well to introduce a vision which Bro. Rodger had before reaching Tahiti, followed by a letter from himself and Bro. Wandell descriptive of their journey from San Francisco to that island, incidents of their stay there and also their journey to Sydney. These letters were originally published in the *Saints' Herald* in 1874.

REMARKABLE FULFILLMENT OF DREAMS.

Dear Herald:—It is just three years to-day, November 6th, since I bade farewell to my family and the church in San Francisco to carry the glad tiding of this latter day work to the sunny shores of Australia, in company with Bro. C. W. Wandell, who now sleeps in death. Many incidents, interesting to me, have taken place since then, and some before, that show the wonder-working power and goodness of God to his creatures, and the future often read in visions and dreams.

Years before appointed on this mission I dreamed of being sent to prison for three years; but it was not for crimes I had done, but because of another. Many of my friends came around me weeping and bade me good-by. I told them not to weep, it was all through another that I was doomed to go. I did not feel cast down, but felt quite reconciled to my fate. This dream never left me. I felt that it meant something.

When the Australian Mission was pro-

posed, and Elder Wandell appointed to preside over the mission, and the news reached Father Green, the good old man who has now passed away, then president of California, turned to me and said, "You are the man for that mission." I replied, "It is too far off, Father Green." In a few nights afterwards the Lord showed me in vision, (for I was neither asleep nor awake), the future, and my lot in the mission. I saw the old vessel, her bulwarks painted black and white, our parting with several in tears, our long and tedious journey, and at last our entering Sydney harbor, and then towing up to the wharf along side of a great stone wall and between two great stone warehouses we made fast, while a voice as from the heavens said, "Sydney at last."

In a short time after this we met in conference, and there was no small debate, both in conference and council, about the mission and who should be sent. In the midst of it all, I felt assured how it would end. I was appointed to accompany Elder Wandell. We then were on the lookout for a vessel (no steamer then running to Sydney). At last we found one, a bark bound for Sydney to be sold. She was not one desirable to take such a long passage in, but we secured a passage, and, after witnessing the scene of parting, I had beheld in vision, on the afternoon of the 6th of November, 1873, we hoisted sail and cut our way on the waters of the great deep. As we bore on and the land faded in the distance, where all that was dear on earth we had left behind, brought feelings that can not be here described.

Nothing of great importance transpired as we swept along through wind and storm and calm for weeks, until one night our vessel sprung a leak in the bows. On examination she was found to be very rotten in parts. The seamen grew alarmed, the sea was running high; pumps were kept at work night and day; all was done with packing that was possible to stop the leak, but to no avail. One morning, very early, all looked very blue. After conversing with the seamen, and giving a hand at the pump, I went to Bro. Wandell and said, "She is leaking very badly." He arose in his bunk and said, "She'll go down." I said nothing, but thought in myself, "it can not be; this is the ship that took me to Sydney harbor." In a short time the wind ceased, and the sea became more calm and we shipped less water. The captain feeling his danger concluded to steer for the nearest port. Charts and maps were had, and we found that the nearest port was the island of Tahiti. We were then about ten hundred and twenty miles off by calculation. We changed our course, had find weather and all went on well. About this time, in the slumbering hours of midnight, I dreamed that I had fallen among a strange, dark people. One of them was very courteous and took me to his house and said, "There, here you can stay, there is your bed in the corner." I thanked him and said I did not wish to disturb his family. But he urged me to be at home. He introduced me to a dark man, black mustache, and a book in his hand. I said, "Let me see your book." He replied, "You can see it, but can not read it." I saw groups of people together, and considerable stir. I thought at first they were jealous of me, but I went to bed, and found no bed but a mat and blanket. I asked their names, and Brown and Smith were given me. And thus I awoke. I lay thinking on the singularity of the dream, and when daylight came I arose, took my pocket-book and wrote my dream. In a few days I told Bro. Wandell that I had a dream, and it was impressed on my mind firmly that we would find friends if we reached Tahiti, and one would be of the name of Smith and the other would be Brown. Brown's name was not so clear to me as Smith.

In course of time we reached the island and anchored in the harbor at Papeete. Next morning we went ashore and made inquiry at several places if there was any of the name of Smith about the island. No such name could we find. We walked around and viewed the town and fortifications, and in the evening returned to the ship. Next morning we renewed our search; passing by a house on the outskirts of the town, two natives, large, fine looking men, came down and grabbed me by the hand and shook me heartily, saying, "You missionary! you missionary!" I made signs that I was. Bro. Wandell says, "Let us move on." He kept walking along as they still held on to me.* At last I got away from

* The two natives who hung on to me so were Elders in the Church, good men.

them, and as I reached Bro. W., he says, "You had better beware of spies; you know the Elders were banished from here by the French government. We went on and met an intelligent native, who could speak French and English well. We fell into conversation upon things in general. We then asked if there were any Mormons. He said they were located about five miles from there, and we had better go and see David Brown, their leader. I then felt assured that this was the man Brown I dreamed of. We returned, and passing the same place, the same two men came and grabbed me again. Bro. W. went on, and I had a job to get away from them. I had no fear of them, but we could not converse, not understanding the language. We hurried on our way and found David Brown and the church. He took us into his dwelling and says, "You can stop here," and pointing to the corner, he said, "there is your bed." I replied, "We do not wish to put your family about." "Not so," says he, "we can live at my wife's father's." Here was, sure enough, the place and the bed shown me on the sea. The bed also was a mat, like Chinese matting (no bed) and a pillow and blanket.

Rui pie, a noble man with black mustache was introduced, who seemed so fond of us he would be with us late and early. We held several meetings, and as several desired baptism, one who had attended the meetings came to me and said he was fully convinced upon the truth of our mission and desired to be baptized. He was an Englishman by birth, and was trying to raise a school to teach the English language. After conversing with him some time I asked his name and he told me his name was John Smith. I then took out my pocket-book and read my dream, showing him his name was given to me while on the sea. He was very humble and was baptized with fifty others. After the baptism we all went to the meeting-house, a bamboo building thatched with leaves, beautifully plaited and the long ends hanging down to carry off the water. While Bro. Wandell was taking the names of those baptized, Rui pie entered, carrying the very book I had seen in my dream. I asked for it and he gave it to me and laughed. It was the church record, but I could not read it. Thus all things were fulfilled, exactly as shown to me in the visions of the night, hundreds of miles away and weeks before.

After our vessel had been repaired we raised our anchor and set sail for Sydney. In four weeks we hove in sight of the iron-bound coast of New South Wales. A pilot came aboard, and next day we entered port Jackson. A tug towed us up the harbor. The scenery on either side was delightful. I believe no prettier harbor can be found in the world. Near a circular quay we dropped our anchor. With the spy-glass I viewed the town and harbor, but could not see anything like I had beheld in vision of my landing in Sydney. The captain, Bro. Wandell and others went ashore in a small boat. Bro. Wandell did not return that night. Before nightfall the captain returned with a tug; we raised anchor and the steamer towed us gently round, passing many vessels to Miller's Point, and there we tied up along side of the great stone wall about twenty feet high, back from the wharf about fifty yards. There also was the two large stone warehouses, about a hundred yards apart, our vessel lying between. I stood upon the quarter-deck and gazed with astonishment. Here was the old ship with her black and white bulwarks; here were the warehouses, and the wall; here was I, in Sydney at last. When all was fast, I stepped ashore and could but give vent to my feelings in tears of gratitude to the God of revelation who had marked my path and guided me through the dangers of the great deep. I was now a stranger in a strange land, far separated from the Church and a loving family, for the gospel's sake. I little thought that ere long my traveling companion would fall by my side, and I should be left alone for a time to bear the banner of truth through this howling wilderness of sin; but such has been my lot.

This land was long a penal settlement, a prison to many, a prison to me; far, far from home and hearts most dear; but as the three years in this colony is nearly up, I expect soon to be released, feeling assured that the hand that has guided me thus far will guide me to the end if I am true and faithful. I have found many kind and loving hearts in New South Wales; many not yet in the Church, but who will be at a future day.

In looking over the past I am led to exclaim, What is poor mortal man but a worm of the dust! And yet thy great condescension, O God, makes known to him the hidden mysteries of the future at thine own time and in thine own way. Well might the Psalmist exclaim. "What is man that thou art mindful of him."

With kind regards to all; hoping all things will be overruled for the best in regard to the office and gathering, I remain your brother in faith and love,

G. RODGER.

On the 6th of November, 1873, Elder Glaud Rodger and myself sailed from San Francisco on a mission to Australia. Our vessel was the barque Domingo; our business—to preach the gospel. We cast off from the pier at Stuart street wharf at three p. m., and at sunset were outside the Golden Gate and upon the bosom of the broad Pacific. After dark, and when the coast became shut out from our view, we still kept watch on deck until the Government light on North Point disappeared below the horizon, when we bid our final good bye to America, and all that it held dear to us, and went below for the night. On the next morning nothing was to be seen from the deck of our vessel but the vast expanse of troubled waters beneath, and the sky above, limited only by an uninterrupted horizon; but the light blue of the water showed that we were still "on soundings;" and the great number of sea birds reminded us that land was at no great distance.

Bro. Rodger was suffering from sea-sickness; but in a couple of weeks he got his "sea-legs" on, and then he was all right. To explain, I will say, that it is natural for some persons at first going to sea to resist the unceasing motion of the vessel; this produces sea-sickness. After awhile they learn to accomodate themselves to this motion, that is, they walk with limber legs and supple joints, and sit with a limber back bone. This is having their "sea-legs" on.

On the second morning the deep ultramarine blue of the water showed that we were "off soundings;" that we were fully upon the bosom of the Great Deep. Here was the time for a multitude of thoughts to unbidden come, compelling us to a rigid examination of ourselves; showing the sacredness of the trust confided to us, of carrying to a remote portion of the earth the pure gospel of the Son of God, and the message of love that we bear to the misled sons and daughters of the covenant. We can only pray for strength and opportunity; for wisdom, integrity and industry in the pursuit of our calling, leaving results in the hands of him who hath called us.

On the fifth day out we were called to witness a burial at sea. One of our passengers had suddenly died. He was taken on deck; sewed up in canvas, with a part of a pig of lead at his feet; laid upon a plank which projected somewhat over the ship's side; then, after the bell had tolled its funeral notes and the vessel had been hove to, we offered up a solemn prayer, not for the dead but for the living, and the plank was tipped up, and the corpse went with a plunge into the sea. The body would probably descend a half mile during the first twenty-four hours; an eighth of a mile during the next day; and continue decreasing in its rate of descent in inverse ratio to the increasing density of the ocean, until it will finally reach the bottom, there to rest secure from sharks and from decay until, at the command of Him who sitteth upon the throne, the sea shall give up its dead.

As soon as the corpse had disappeared in the water the order was given to "fill away," and soon our ship was coursing her way for Australia. The weather continuing fine, and the wind fair, we made on the average about one hundred and sixty miles per day. We watched the North Star in its continual change of altitude, until in latitude 12° north, we lost sight of it altogether. I spent a great deal of time in a critical examination of the "Lute of Zion;" "Fresh Laurels;" and the "Sabbath School (double) Bell;" making selections of the choicest gems for use in Australia. It was a pleasant occupation, and I found myself well repaid for my trouble.

On the 19th of November, in latitude 19° 25′ north, longitude 135° 50′ west, at about nine o'clock a. m., I saw a novel sight; it was nothing less than a sperm whale in the air! He leaped from the water directly across my line of vision; and during the five or six seconds he was in the upper elements, he must have gone his entire length, (about sixty feet). As he struck the water, the ocean all around

him was lashed into foam. It was grand! Besides him we had seen a large finback, who crossed our bow at a quarter of a mile distant; and a grayback, who played around the ship for perhaps a quarter of an hour. Besides these and a sperm whale, feeding near the Australian coast, we saw no whales upon our passage. We saw an occasional shoal of porpoises, and many flying fish.

We are now (December 26th) within the tropics where the sun, nearly vertical at meridian, has a terrible power. And such magnificent sunrises and sunsets! Sometimes the heavens all aglow with mimic fire and gold, too bright for the naked eye to gaze at steadfastly, (we have a piece of stained window glass which we can use when necessary), while a lower range of clouds, black with moisture, stands in bold and oftentimes fantastic relief, in the foreground. One evening the view was particularly grand. The sun was setting; a dark, ponderous rain-cloud, in the western horizon, represented a huge mountain. From the south side of the lofty apex an enormous column of fire shot upward for more than a mile, with its top canted southward by the force of an upper air-current. It was a mimic volcano! Upon the side directly toward us, about half way down the mountain the lava had burst forth and was running down to the sea. Farther up on the northern side and near the top, two additional streams of lava were coursing their way down, running first northerly, then striking a mimic canyon, their course turned toward us, and down the canyon to the sea. The scene was grand, and as seen through our stained glass the illusion was perfect.

Early in the morning of the 3d of December we crossed the Equator in longitude 145° west from Greenwich. The wind was steady and fresh from the southeast. This was an exciting day. We parted the port after-fore shroud; and also a leak in the ship's bows, which had been growing worse for several days, became so bad that we had to shorten sail to keep the ship from plunging. The captain went below to examine. He found the apron split, and a stream of water coming through. The starboard nighthead was also fractured, and it leaked badly when the ship plunged the hawse pipes under. He stuffed a lot of oakum in the apron, and nailed a piece of board over it to keep it there. This lessened the leak, but the captain and ship's officers determined that it was unsafe to attempt to conclude the passage in her present condition; so we bore up for Tahiti, one of the Society Islands, a little over one thousand miles distant.

THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

From the *Pacific Directory* we find that the Island of Tahiti was first discovered by Pedro Fernandez de Quiros, in 1606. Like many other early Spanish discoveries in the Pacific, this was unknown or unnoticed by the rest of the world, so that when captain Wallis in the *Dolphin* discovered it June 19th, 1767, it was supposed to be an original discovery. He took possession of it in the name of George III, by hoisting the British flag. In 1769 Lieutenant James Cook, of the British navy arrived here for the purpose of observing a transit of Venus across the sun's disk; and while here he surveyed the coast of Tahiti, and discovered several of the north-western group, to which he gave the name of Society Islands.

In 1774 Don Domingo Bonecheo was, with two Franciscan missionaries, sent by the Spanish government to establish a settlement. Captain Bonecheo died, and the scheme of settlement failed. Several years now elapsed without any intercourse between Europe and Tahiti, but finally, in 1788, the British ship *Bounty*, Lieutenant Bligh, arrived at Matavia Bay, (Tahiti), for the purpose of transporting bread-fruit trees to the West Indies. She remained here five months, during which time many of the crew formed connections with the native women. After the *Bounty* had set sail for the West Indies the crew mutined, and sending the officers of the ship adrift, they returned to Tahiti. Fourteen mutineers remained at Tahiti. The others took their wives in the ship and sailed for Pitcairn Island, (at that time unknown to Europeans), where they remained undiscovered for many years.

It was in February, 1808, that Capt. Folger touched at Pitcairn Island, supposing it to be uninhabited. Imagine his surprise on seeing a canoe come from the shore containing two fine-looking, half-caste natives who spoke the English language as though it was their native tongue. These were the offspring of the

mutineers and their Tahitian wives. It appears that the *Bounty* was well supplied with Bibles and other books, and that the mutineers had determined to bring up their children virtuously and religiously. They succeeded in creating a community, and it attracted a great deal of attention in Europe. "The happiness, simplicity and excellence of this little isolated community were almost unequaled."

When discovered, three of the mutineers were still living. The British government did not arrest them, but, rather, proceeded to take especial care of their offspring. They were now getting too numerous for the capabilities of the island to support them, and the governmen in its generosity gave them, as a present, Norfolk Island. This island is situated midway between New Caledonia and New Zealand, and forms a part of the British colony of New South Wales. It is a beautiful island, and early visitors speak strongly in its praise. Says an officer on the spot, in 1847: "It is by nature a paradise, endowed with the choicest gifts of climate, scenery and vegetable productions."

In 1798 the government established a civil colony upon this island. Subsequently it established a penal colony for doubly-convicted, and the more important felons from Sydney. This convict establishment was broken up on May 7th, 1855, and on the 8th of June, 1856, the offspring of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, amounting to one hundred and ninety-four persons, were landed here without accident.

"Everything belonging to the *Bounty* was brought with them, and the island, with its buildings, two thousand sheep, three hundred horses, besides pigs, poultry, etc., were given them as a free and handsome gift from the British government. The island was brought into a high state of cultivation by the convict labor, and its roads, buildings and gardens were in admirable order." Such is the history of these English-speaking half-castes who are now located within the bounds of the Australasian mission, and who may yet be visited by us.

Returning from this digression we will state upon the authority already referred to, that the voyages made to Tahiti by the order of George III, excited wonderful attention in England, and one result of them was the formation of a missionary society in London, which in 1796 fitted out a ship to bring missionaries and the Bible into these newly discovered lands.

"Perhaps the very success of these missions led to their downfall, for such was their harsh and intolerant policy, that two Catholic priests, with a third person, a carpenter, were forcibly deported from Tahiti."

This aggression drew down the vengeance of the French government, and in 1842, (about six months before Bro. Addison Pratt sailed from New Bedford for the South Seas), Admiral Thonars arrived and obliged Queen Po-ma-re to sign a treaty which allowed liberty to all French subjects. After various controversies, backed by the presence of a powerful fleet, Capt. Brouat, early in January, 1844, landed a strong force, hauled down Queen Po-ma-re's standard, and hoisted the French flag. Since that time the Society group have been nominally under the French Protectorate.

"In the abstract, however, French protection is but a *name*, for their power is absolute, and in a few years there will be no evidence of the years of labor and expense bestowed in rendering this beautiful island and its people civilized in an English sense."

"The protectors, with their military system have proven to be bad colonizers; they have neither developed the few resources of the islands, nor greatly changed the character of the natives."

"It may be reckoned that by far the larger number of the inhabitants of Tahiti and Eimeo profess Protestantism, whereas the number of native Catholics does not exceed one hundred in both islands."

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appear, and your contempt for dishonest duplicity by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes covet it.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new.

PATTIE; OR, LEAVES FROM A LIFE.

BY ELEANOR.

CHAPTER XIV.

EARNING A LIVING.

"And never brow has borne the ray
Of kinglier light in life's domain,
Than his whose noble will each day
Rules pain and grief and they obey."

"There was a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."—1 Sam. 14:4.

FROM a sermon by Dr. Talmage on the above text which is entitled "Trouble on both sides," I take the following extract:

"May God put into my hand the cold, bitter cup of privation, and give me nothing but a windowless hut for shelter for many years, rather than that after I am dead there should go out from my home into the pitiless world a woman's arm to fight the Gettysburg, the Austerlitz, the Waterloo of life, for bread. And yet how many women there are seated between the rock of bereavement on the one side, and the rock of destitution on the other."

The Bible account informs us that one of the rocks mentioned in the text was named Bozez, and the name of the other Seneh.

By consulting a dictionary of Hebrew names I find Bozez signifies "teeth of the cliff;" and Seneh "thorn."

Between these two great overshadowing rocks—the gnawing teeth of poverty and the thorns of affliction—lay the dark pathway on which Pattie's feet had now entered and over which for long weary years she must travel, but not alone; ministering angels attended her, though for a time the shadows from those overhanging cliffs were too dense for her to discern the halo of their garments. But there will come the day ere long when the light promised shall lighten the gloom and bid the shadows flee.

Pattie had secured a room in a building known as the "Academy," where a school was maintained under the patronage and control of the Presbyterian denomination. They also held preaching and Sabbath-school services in the large recitation room.

The first Lord's day after Pattie's arrival, the Presbyterian minister called and asked permission to take her little boy into his Sabbath-school, which she readily granted, and the little fellow—now four years old—entered upon his first Sunday-school experience. Pattie knew that this proceeding was hardly in harmony with her own church tenets, but it was better than street education, she thought. Her first great creed was that God, through the Scriptures, demanded of her as a parent to train her child in the faith and fear of him. If church creeds, or teaching, came in conflict with this duty, then clearly they were in conflict with the word of God. On the other hand, whatever would aid her in such instruction, it was both her duty and privilege to avail herself of. She was destined to find church tenets and teaching in conflict many times with her endeavors to direct the young mind in the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom.

The child returned to his mother in charge of a lady who had been his teacher, who called to make the acquaintance of Pattie. She enquired into her circumstances and promised to aid her in obtaining employment. This she did, and soon Pattie's little room overflowed with sewing. Then all day long there was the ceaseless whirr of the sewing machine, continued far into the night, long after the great bell of the Academy had rung for lights out in the students' dormitories. The belfry was directly over Pattie's room, and when the iron-tongued monitor clanged again at half-past four in the morning it found Pattie preparing her frugal breakfast; and long before the sun appeared, the machine was again in motion.

She had undertaken a great deal. Besides the payment for her sewing-machine there was the rent of her room, fuel, provisions, and clothing. They were not wanting who assured her that she was very foolish to attempt so much.

As men are sometimes seen standing around with their hands in their pockets watching the attempts of others to accomplish some difficult feat, like that of drawing a loaded wagon through the ruts where it has stuck, walk about, shake

their heads and confidently affirm, "You can't do it;" so it was in Pattie's experience; but she knew where her strength lay, and she went on with her task unheeding, uttering no complaint, asking neither sympathy nor aid, but doing everything that came to her hand to do. The fear of again losing her machine prompted her to the closest economy which she could practice, and live; many things that had been considered as necessities, such as milk, butter and sugar, were dispensed with as luxuries not to be afforded, except for the child.

Promptly as the time came round she forwarded the amount due on the machine, and also for the rent of the room. It was after meeting one of those monthly installments she found herself without money enough left to purchase flour, (there being no bakery she was obliged to make her own bread). There was but enough on hand to make one small loaf, which would be gone before she could finish work and procure the means to get more. She was a stranger, but I have no doubt that she could have obtained what she needed, had she gone to any of the stores and stated her case. But this was against the promise and covenant she had made; she must trust the Lord. So in prayer she took the case to him, stated her need, and rested the matter in his hands.

Ours is the blessed privilege to record how signally she was preserved, and her trust and faith rewarded, as much so as any like incident that is narrated in scripture.

The following morning she proceeded to make the loaf of bread, and while so employed the door opened and a farmer presented himself. Pattie recognized him as a brother in the church to which she belonged, but the church was some miles from the village, and she had, as yet, made the acquaintance of but few of its members, and this man she had never spoken to. He stated that being on his way to the mill, and passing her place, the thought had occurred to him to stop and enquire if she needed flour; if so, he could leave some at the mill to be sent to her. Pattie thanked him, and pointing to the little loaf, told him that was all she had.

"Well!" said he, "the good Lord sent me just in time, then, but I advise you not to get so near to starvation again without letting me know of it."

Pattie felt really grateful for the man's kindness and bluff sympathy, but felt that he had been but the instrument of the Lord's own beneficence, as truly as were the ravens which he sent to feed Elijah. It was better to trust to the Lord than to the kindness of one who might weary in well doing. If her Heavenly Father meant to prove her faithfulness she also would prove his to the utmost; and indeed, she did not lack for opportunities to do so; day by day she felt her life drawn nearer Him, and each new instance of his watchcare over her emboldened her trust.

She never talked of these trials, and few, even of those who saw most of her, could more than guess how things might be with her. But He whom she served never forsook her; but at this time we have room to narrate but one more instance of His providential care.

There had been some unusually cold weather during the first winter of her residence there, and Pattie found that in spite of her utmost efforts at economy her fuel was diminishing too rapidly. The snow was falling thick and fast, when she brought in the last few sticks. As at all other times she communicated her trouble only to Him who had said, "Let the widows trust in me;" and now she was but waiting for him to fulfill the trust. As before, it was a farmer who was sent to her relief, but not a church member.

Pattie opened the door in response to a few knocks from the handle of a wagon whip. The man explained that in passing through his clearing on his way to town the thought struck him that he could just as well fill the wagon-bed with wood as not, and now that he had got it here, he did not know what to do with it, unless she had room for it. Pattie smilingly assured him that she had plenty of room, but she could not pay for it just then.

"Oh, never mind the pay," he answered, "show me where to put it, and I'll consider it as lent to the Lord."

Sitting alone that night before the warm fire, for a few moments of quiet thought before retiring, it seemed to her that no other way of life could be so good as close dependence on Him who preserveth the stranger and relieveth the widow and the fatherless. How near it

brought him to her! As she expressed it, "it seemed like reaching out in the dark and touching his hand." Her heart was full of thanksgiving, even for the trials that brought so sweet an experience. Truly, "He giveth songs in the night."

She tried to teach her little boy to understand their entire dependence upon God, realizing the blessedness of those lessons to him in after years, when trials would come to him as they come to all. The child was of a practical turn of mind, disposed more to reason than to faith; indeed, where the latter was concerned he had frequently shown decided skeptical tendencies; to meet which it was Pattie's custom to appeal to the Bible. That book, she told him, must be true, not only because its author was the fountain of all truth, but also of all knowledge. She never refused to answer the child's questions, but in trying to do so she strove to impress his mind with the fact that the Scriptures were the rule and guide of his life. To all his "Whys?" and "Wherefores?" she had but one answer: "We will see what God says about it." And no work was so important that she did not lay it down long enough to satisfy the little enquirer by taking the Bible and reading there the answer to his question. She remembered so well her own childish stumbling over conflicting, man-made interpretations that she dared not place the same stumbling-blocks before the little feet given her to lead. Thus that refuge of his—the spiritualizing system—was pushed aside. When she could not show him a plain, "Thus and thus saith the Lord," she admitted to the child that she could not answer him.

A little incident that occurred will illustrate both her mode of teaching and the lessons that she herself was learning at the same time. The child was sitting by his mother's side listening to the chapter that she was reading from the New Testament, and at that portion of the narrative where Jesus is represented as curing a deaf man by a touch and a word, the little fellow sprang eagerly to his feet, his face full of eager excitement; "Can Jesus do that now?" he asked.

"Yes, certainly he can," answered Pattie.

"Then, mamma, why don't he cure you?"

What answer should she make? Should she tell him that the day of miracles was past, and that though all power is his, Jesus no longer heals our earthly afflictions? Such an answer would be in accord with the teaching of the churches, but she knew it to be false; had she not proved again and again that he does still hear the cry and relieves the wants of the destitute and afflicted. She looked down into the earnest, questioning eyes still uplifted to hers; and breathed a prayer for guidance.

"You know, my darling, that sometimes you ask me for things that I think are not good for you to have, and I do not give them to you for fear they will hurt you?"

"Yes, ma."

"And you know that when I refuse you it is because I love my little son so much that I do not wish to give him anything that will do him harm, but only that which will do him good?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Well, dear, that is the way our Heavenly Father does with his children. He gives them only that which will do them good. He could cure me now with a word just as easily as Jesus cured this deaf man, and he will do so if it becomes best for me to hear; and if not, then he will not give it to me, because he only wishes me to have that which will do me good."

"Why, mamma; it is best to hear, and if Jesus can cure you it is not good for him to let you be deaf," exclaimed the child, a look of grieved disappointment taking the place of eager expectancy, and tears springing to the sweet blue eyes still searching her face, where he could only see serene trust and faith.

He hid his face in her lap while sobs shook the poor little frame. Never before, as in that hour had her affliction seemed to her so hard to bear; and yet she recognized more clearly than ever before the refining process, and she must not shrink; but out of the pain faith reached up to grasp more firmly the hand of the crucified.

Not only must she bear her cross, but she must also enter into his crucifixion; and in the language of another, she could exclaim: "I die daily."

Lifting up the little head, she kissed away the tears, bidding him climb back on the sofa and listen to a story. Then she told him of the man who was afflicted

with an infirmity, supposed by some to have been an impediment in his speech, and who wanted the Lord to cure him; finding the place she read to him what the great apostle tells us about it: "And I besought the Lord thrice, that it might be taken away; and he said, my grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

This she explained in simple language that he could comprehend.

Told how that notwithstanding Jesus had called and sent Paul to preach, yet because of his imperfect speech he was compelled to do much of his preaching in writing; that this was why Paul wished to be cured. He thought he could do so much more good, if only he could talk well, and tell the people the great mysteries of the gospel in the glowing language that he knew so well how to use. But the Lord knew that pride and vain glory would rob his servant of more influence than he would gain, were he able to speak with the ease and eloquence with which he could write. And God could see—what human foresight could not—the millions of lives in the ages yet to be, who would be blessed and comforted by the wise instruction and Christian experience from those wonderful letters that Paul was compelled to write; which have come down to us, and will continue their mission while the world shall stand.

But Paul could not have understood it even if he had foreseen, for how could he comprehend the art of printing that in these days would perpetuate those letters and multiply copies until every human being might possess one instead of only a few scattered churches.

If all this had been revealed to Paul, perhaps his poor weak heart would have become as puffed up, as he says would have been the case, had his prayer to be enabled to talk fluently, been granted. But all this was hidden from him; and hidden from his view also was the appreciation of his fellows for which his humanity sighed, and that forever more was his; and he was only informed that the strength given him to bear his affliction was enough for him.

But, as is always the case, he found by patient endurance the exceeding blessedness that he was gathering into his own soul; so that he could say: "Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities," and to thank God, in every ill that came to him, that he was counted worthy to suffer for His name's sake.

And as Pattie talked on telling the story in the plain, simple language suited to the capacity of the little listener, she felt how truly the apostle spoke from the depths of his Christian experience; and not, as has been attributed, to fanatical enthusiasm. Step by step could be traced his growth in grace and knowledge from the hour when he besought the Lord with many tears to take it away; to that in which he could triumphantly exclaim: "I can endure all things through him that strengthens me."

"My darling," she said, "we must not fret because of those things that are denied us. We may never be called to do a great work like Paul, but if we can learn more about God through the things which we suffer, then it is best so."

Seeing that she had finished speaking, the child climbed down from his seat and walked slowly out of the room with a prematurely thoughtful look on his little face that pierced the heart of Pattie—one of the thorns from the jagged cliff that hedged her way, she thought; but with it came also like a gentle reproof the remembrance of one who for our sake was crowned with thorns, and she was still.

She had found the pathway that was appointed her to be as dark and troublous as in her dream, and now it seemed to her that she had caught the first gleam of the angel garments in the light from this sweet lesson—the pleasure of pain.

Could it be that the teaching and training of this child was the work appointed; oh, for wisdom to do it well! but even as she spoke came also the reply, "before they call I will answer." And like a revelation it came to her that the wisdom she asked was to be gained through the faithful accomplishment of the work.

It is but one of the daily lessons taught and learned in the same hard school where the child and the woman were fellow pupils, lessons learned through many a pang and heart-ache that yielded afterward the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

Meanwhile the labor of earning a living went steadily on, if that may be called a living, where most of her earnings went to pay for her sewing machine, on which she had paid about half the debt, when a lady in the Presbyterian Church raised for her

by subscription the sum of eighteen dollars, to which the Baptists added ten dollars, leaving but ten more for Pattie to pay, which she finally succeeded in doing; but before that was quite consummated, she was thrown on a bed of sickness, whence for a time it was feared she would not arise. "Over-work and insufficient nourishment," pronounced the doctor.

The people around her began now to manifest more interest and sympathy than they had before seemed to do; and were untiring in their kindly care of her.

She slowly recovered, but the doctor forbade her immediate return to work, and she decided to visit Mrs. Thurston, and other friends in the neighborhood of her girlhood's home.

(To be continued).

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S PILGRIMS.

BY ELDER E. STAFFORD.

WE found quite a number of ships in the harbor, the flags of which represented almost every nationality on the globe. Some of these were left without a hand to watch them, and others with one or two solitary ship-keepers, their mates having gone to the mines, promising to share with them when they got back. Many of the ships were deserted entirely, for the gold fever was a raging epidemic.

We lay there about two months, the Commodore, in that time using the money that the crew ought to have had, according to the navy regulations, to go on shore with.

These regulations, which were read to us once a week, and therefore ought to have been well understood by officers and men, required that the officer in command should allow the men to go on shore once in six months, and as much oftener as the officer thought necessary; but we had been about twelve months without that privilege, the Commodore using the money to buy up gold dust, paying eight dollars an ounce for it. When he had got sufficient for his purpose, he sent the ship down to San Blas, in Mexico, and exchanged it for twenty-one dollars an ounce in current coin. This was done three times, and on her third trip the ship called on her way back at Mazatlan. Here there came near being a mutiny. The case stood thus: The crew had been about a year without going on shore; the scurvy, from the constant use of salt provisions, was getting tolerably well seated among them, so as to place many of them on the sick list, and we had been sailing up and down the coast to sell the Commodore's gold, which he had bought with the money we should have had to go on shore, at least twice during this time, as we had that guaranteed privilege. The crew after having agitated the matter—as they thought sufficiently—concluded to ask the Captain to let us have a run on shore in this place. Three men were appointed to wait on him to make known the men's request. These three would go to the captain on the condition that the crew would go on deck and support them by their presence. They went to the fife rail, and stood there, the crew, en-masse, standing behind them completely filling up all the spare room on the upper deck, forward of the fife rail, while many could not get on that deck. The officer in charge of the deck enquired of them what was wanted.

He was made acquainted with our desire to ask the captain for liberty to go on shore, the men stating clearly our reasons for so desiring. He acquainted the captain with our desire, who came out of his cabin, strutting like a turkey gobbler across the decks and in a fury, pitching his voice on a high key, commanded us to go to our duty. No one stirred, when one of the three told him that the men desired liberty to go on shore. He said he could not grant our request, that the Commodore's orders were to get back as soon as we could, and he commanded us again in a shrill voice to go to our duty, and gave orders to up anchor and make sail. Of course we had to move or be charged with mutiny.

But the moving was very slow, a very

297032A

few inches at a step, the reefers, or midshipmen, trying to crowd the men forward, sometimes catching them by the back of the neck and shoving them, their aim being to make the men talk back so that they could single some out for punishment, to be an example to the rest; but the men understood what was meant, and would only look up in their face in mute rebuke, not changing their snail pace.

To cut the matter short, it was eight o'clock in the morning when the word to get up anchor was given, and it was nine o'clock at night before the anchor was cat-headed.

It would not have been raised then if hunger had not tamed the spirits of the crew. The captain declared we should have nothing to eat till fairly under sail, and we had had nothing since breakfast.

The men passed the word noiselessly among themselves, to let the captain see how quickly they could get the anchor up when they had a mind to do so. That anchor never came up quicker before, nor after that time, at least while the writer was on board. It was very near ten o'clock that night before we broke our fast.

Arriving at San Francisco we did not stay long in port before we received orders from the Commodore to sail for the Sandwich Islands. The voyage occupied two weeks.

On the evening before sighting land we were greeted with a most delicious odor, and I well remember that the words which I had many times helped to sing came into my mind:

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle."

Indeed, I realized by the language of the men that they had smelled a "sweet savor," for you could hear occasionally, "We are nearing the islands; don't you smell the spice? And the exhilarating effect upon their spirits was plainly manifest.

But there was another thing that most conduced to that end. It had leaked out that we had come there to have liberty to go on shore.

We dropped anchor the next day about ten o'clock a. m. I remember it was Sunday, and on that day it is customary on board government ships for the chaplain to go through some form of worship; sometimes only reading a prayer; sometimes going through a preaching tour, (it was very prosy to the writer), and so after all was made snug, we were summoned by the boatswain, and his mates, to prayers. While the chaplain was reading the prayer, the natives flocked around the ship with their boats loaded with the different fruits of the Island, as well as pigs, poultry, etc., to traffic with officers and men; and they kept up such a jabbering noise that it sounded like a flock of geese squealing or hens cackling, and I wondered why some of the officers did not try to stop such a jargon, at such a time. Possibly the task would have proved an arduous one.

Their vernacular seemed to be made up of monosyllables; at least what we learned of it was, for instance: "Mi Ti" was "very good," "Ouri Mi Ti," "not very good." "Kou" meant to eat, etc.

We told them sometimes that they "Koued" Captain Cook, the English navigator, who, I believe, had the honor of first discovering these islands.

They killed him on the other side of this (Owhyhee) Island. I have seen the place where it is reputed to have been done.

At the time that Cook was killed they practiced cutting the heart out of captives taken in war, cooking and eating it, and it is said that Cook was no exception; (for the truth) of which we can not vouch but the natives are more civilized now, and do not like to have the sailors tell them of what their fathers did, but Jack Tar accuses to torment them.

In a few days after anchoring we were allowed forty-eight hours' run on shore. We had to pull four or five miles from the anchorage to shore, our ship drawing too much water to approach nearer, and landed on a flat stretch or gentle incline of shore several hundred yards before coming to a collection of native huts called the town, the name of which, if I ever heard, I have forgotten. Upon landing we entered a grove of cocoa-nut trees three rows deep, which seemed to extend some distance along the shore. It was nearly ten o'clock when we arrived at the village. There was a Chinaman who kept a lodging and eating house near the shore, and to this place a large number of the men swarmed on the hunt for liquor; but the Chinaman happened to be out of all kinds of liquor, and none was to be found

on the island. I left them and went further into the village and secured boarding and lodging with two men, Englishmen, who kept a very decent kind of boarding house. Several of my shipmates of the more temperate kind stopped there also.

Those of my shipmates who stopped at the Chinaman's found out that he had some cologne-water, upon which they teased him until he let them have some. I was told by an eye witness that there never was a more crazy set of men anywhere than were those men after indulging in that vile stuff. At dinner we were eating with a relish, and among other things what seemed to the writer like flour cake, or bread dough baked on a griddle, when a shipmate on our right enquired if we knew what we were eating?

"Flour cake, of course," was the answer. He replied, "You are eating tarkee, or bread cake." This vegetable is peculiar to these islands, and is manipulated into a dough and baked like muffins. We never saw it made into loaves. After dinner some three or four of us went out to take a stroll around the village. It seemed to have some claim to regularity in its few streets, and the huts of the natives were placed at intervals on each side of them. Each hut had a piece of ground appropriated to it, as though owned by the inmates. There were two principal streets, crossing each other at right angles, which were wider than the rest, upon one of which was situated their meeting-house, about equi-distant from each end. The house, as well as the huts of the natives, was built of bamboo frame, I believe, and thatched with some kind of a wide leaf peculiar to the country. We did not go inside, therefore can not speak of its inside arrangements. The reader must not expect me to give a description of the trees and shrubs and plants peculiar to the country. I was not on a botanical expedition, but I, with my shipmates was ready for amusement of any kind, even to act silly at times, and the ludicrous engaged our attention the most readily. To a great extent it was gratified in seeing the different styles of dress worn by the natives. The females all dressed alike, in what to the writer looked to be the *fac simile* of a mother hubbard worn by their more pretentious sisters in a civilized country, but no head or foot gear. The men were more diverse in their dress, but the height of their ambition seemed to be to obtain a beaver or a plug hat, no matter about its age or battered state, or if it should be the cast off "tile" of a sea captain, they would wear it with all the pompousness and conceit of an enlightened (?) fop. There was no want of variety in their costumes, but we forbear undertaking a description. More anon.

(To be continued).

Editor's Corner.

Thanks to the untiring and active interest of friends, our magazine enters upon the new year with promise of increased circulation and extended usefulness. To God and to them our thanks are due, and we render them with a grateful heart. We are also thankful for many words of cheering, encouragement, of assurance that the work we have undertaken promises to be productive of good; and last, but by no means least, we are thankful to those who have contributed to our pages, and we solicit a continuation thereof.

Among the pleasant surprises of the Christmas-tide we can not forbear mentioning one—a bound volume of the magazine which was sent us by Bro. Sheehy. The surprise was complete, and the gift the more acceptable from the fact that it was the first bound volume we had seen, although very many, both here and elsewhere, are having it bound. We are pleased to see what a nice volume it makes.

With this issue we present our readers a brief sketch from the life of our aged brother, Father Landers, now in his ninety-fifth year, but who, notwithstanding his great age, still retains his mental faculties to a remarkable degree, and bears the same strong testimony which he has borne with unflagging zeal and faithfulness for over fifty years. Hundreds of the Saints, we

feel sure, will thank us for giving them this likeness of a dearly loved friend, and a faithful advocate and standard-bearer of the restored gospel. We also furnish the illustration which should have accompanied our Christmas number. Many have been pleased with the *Little Boy*, but he came there entirely by mistake, as he had no part in the Christmas vision. The mistake was not discovered until it was too late to remedy it.

We trust our friends who are working for us will not fail to retain a list of the names they have sent in until called for by us. One sister in Canada who sent a goodly list of names, used her commission to purchase tracts and publications she had long wanted for distribution, while another in California, turned hers over to the Missionary Fund. If not a sparrow falls to the ground unnoticed, will the Master of the harvest forget such labors?

Parties who by any mistake may have received more than one copy of the January number of the "Leaves," or who having received this number are not intending to subscribe this year, will confer a favor upon us by returning the same.

We were much pleased to find in "The Pen and Platform," an ably edited paper published at St. Mary's, Ontario, the following compliment to Bro. Bond, as well as reference to the Leaves. We hope Bro. Bond will appreciate the compliment for himself as highly as we appreciated it for him, and we thank the editor for his kindly reference to our magazine.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

Some of the possibilities of a handful of earth are already demonstrated in the vegetable and animal worlds, in grain and fruit, in bud and flower.

Can the analyst see in this handful of earth, or behold in water or air the form of the grain and fruit in all its forms or colors? Does his sense and power of taste, touch, or vision discern in earth, or air, or moisture, separate or combined, the luscious peach, the fragrance and odor that greets his organ and sense of smell in the tea rose, the lily or geranium, or the thousand other delights and entertainments that superior wisdom and love have furnished to ungrateful man? And yet God, for it must be he, gathers with unseen fingers from earth, from air, materializes and hands them over every spring for the life and the delight of man, the perfected fruitage of that seed which was sown in dishonor in the grave and planted in the dust.—Elder M. H. Bond, in Autumn Leaves for November.

Again let us remind our readers that this monthly is sparkling with gems of thought. Its price is but $1.50 per annum and the address is Lamoni, Iowa.

Department of Correspondence.

PROF. J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR.

BOX 5, LAMONI, IOWA.

TO YOU.

WE are thankful for the assistance received,and for the interest manifested upon the part of the few who have contributed; and we hope that others will feel an active interest, and that our table may be loaded down with interesting letters for the next number. Of course many of you have decided to give us your aid, then remember that *now* is when we need your help, and don't delay your action in so important a matter.

Don't stop to inquire whether you can write as well as some one else, but consider whether the Department is needed and whether your influence might not be beneficial to others, as their influence is to you. Remember the Department is open to the discussion of all topics of interest which are elevating in their tendency.

Editor.

RETROSPECTIVE.

BY JAZIZ.

FEELING an interest in, and wishing the Department of Correspondence success, I contribute a few lines, trusting they will be of interest to some. I was born in 1855. My early religious training was in the M. E. Church, my parents being proselyted to that faith when I was very young; and while they were mem-

bers of that society, they sought, with a degree of strictness peculiar to that people, to instruct me, with the rest of the children, in the way that we should go; and so successful were they that many of the impressions made at that early date remain until now, and I trust always will remain.

One of the means used was the Sunday School. Although too young to imbibe any doctrine, I there learned to *believe* the Bible. Prior to my tenth year my parents severed their connection with the church, and from then until my twentieth year, I received no religious training from them. About that time I began to hear of this latter day work. Having in the meantime moved into Harrison county, Iowa, opportunities were now offered to attend the preaching of the Saints in different parts of the country. Curiosity, coupled with a desire to go somewhere on Sunday, was the main incentive that brought me to these gatherings, and, not having imbibed any of the creedology of the day, and believing the Bible to be of divine origin, I was prepared to receive the truth. But not until permitted to attend a public discussion between a Latter Day Saint elder and a Christian, did I receive any impression of the truth of "Mormonism," but there I was convinced that Mormonism was Bibleism, and good enough for me. About one year after I united with the church, being then in my twenty-fourth year, and the first of a large family to accept the latter day work. I have many times regretted that I did not become acquainted with this work sooner, because now I might have had a greater knowledge of things that will exalt us in the world to come.

After uniting with the church, I wished to see the rest of the family come in and receive of the joys of which I had been permitted to partake, but being slow of speech, I did not attempt to persuade them to believe as I did, so I subscribed for the church publications and laid them on their table. They read them, and in about eighteen months my father and mother followed. In the course of four or five years the last of a large family came into the church; and the best of it is, mother says it was through my influence, but I claim no honor. I rejoice if any through my effort have been brought into the fold.

Since my connection with the church I have, like others, not always done right, but having a desire to serve God, have been trying to overcome weakness and error by learning to do right. And when I look back and see that I have made some progress, although it may not be much, it is a source of encouragement to continue on "striving for the mastery," for it is "at the end of the race where lieth the reward."

Now let me exhort the young of the church, to give heed to the advice given in the *Autumn Leaves* for self-improvement. Attend, and enter into the Sunday School work. The calls are many for workers of this kind, and there is room for all to work, as well as a need, for the world is without the true gospel, and it is our duty to warn our neighbors. This can be done by precept and example; neither should be neglected. Never were the people of God more favored than now. Permitted to dwell in peace, and respected by all men, we ought to evidence our appreciation of these blessings by serving him with our "might, mind and strength."

HIGHLAND, Kansas, Dec. 24th, 1889.

PROHIBITION.

THE Department of Correspondence is something for which I have been inwardly longing for some time. I am one who is always willing and anxious to exchange ideas, and therefore heartily endorse this new department.

I hope the young Saints, one and all, will willingly respond to the call to duty; for if we wish to keep pace with the world, we must keep ourselves posted on all topics of interest. Therefore, as prohibition is one of the leading questions of to-day, I think it would not be out of place to exchange a few ideas on this subject.

I will present one argument against the prohibition of alcoholic drinks. You all know that most of the intoxicants are manufactured from corn, barley and rye; now if the sale of liquors is stopped, there is necessarily a decrease in the demand for the farmer's products; consequently the price goes down.

VICTOR W. GUNSOLLEY.

DEFIANCE, Iowa, Jan. 2d, 1890.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

SOFA PILLOWS.

These "ever old, ever new" adjuncts of a lounge, and "wooers of sleep," are always in demand. In addition to the regular pillow (of down, nowadays, not of feathers), there should also be one of pine needles, or of rose leaves. The drowsy god Morpheus is supposed to be especially attracted by the former. Make a bag of the desired size, about ten by fifteen inches, of soft unbleached muslin, and stuff it full of the pine needles. The cover should be like a pillow slip, slightly larger, and long enough to tie at one end with a satin ribbon. This end is then fringed for an inch. Soft India silk, either plain or flowered, is an appropriate covering. If plain, work some appropriate motto on it in etching stitch, such as "Give me of thy balm, O fir." Rose leaf bags are made in the same manner.

Square sofa pillows, covered with satin or silk, with a strip of white linen over them, are new and serviceable. Only the part exposed by the linen need be of satin or silk, the rest may be of muslin of any color. The strip of linen should have a hem an inch wide, which may be hemstitched or not, according to the time you have to spend in fancy work. It must have eyelet holes worked in to admit of its being laced over the pillow with a heavy silk cord, white or of any contrasting color. Upon one end outline in wash embroidery silk, or in French red marking cotton, "Folded eyes see brighter colors than the open ever do." These covers can be removed and laundered, which is a great advantage where a pillow is wanted for use.

A pretty scrim tidy is made by carefully sewing on to one end of the scrim a spray of leaves cut from cretonne. The raw edges should be turned in and outlined with tinsel cord. One ball will be sufficient. The other end may be finished with lace or drawn work.

A toothpick case is very easily made, and is one of the few things that may serve as a gift to a gentleman. Take a piece of cardboard seven inches long and five inches wide and cover one side with olive green plush and the other with rose silk for a lining. In the center of the plush embroider the monogram of the intended recipient in rose colored embroidery silk, and in the lower left hand corner fasten the center of a piece of rose colored satin ribbon an inch wide and about nine inches long. Tie the ends tightly around a bunch of quill toothpicks, finishing with a pretty bow. As the toothpicks are removed the ribbon may be drawn tighter. Finish the edges of the case with silk cord to match lining. It may be placed on an easel or suspended from a loop of cord fastened at the back.

DUST BROOMS.

All careful housewives raising their own turkeys, lay by a store of "tail and wing feathers" for dusting purposes throughout the year, and not a few have doubtless felt the inconvenience and vexation arising from the slipping strings which bind them into bunches of convenient size. Now with very little trouble and ingenuity a dust broom can be made that will do away with troublesome strings and rival any that you can buy.

Nearly every household has its share of old parasol handles—useless relics of bygone finery. Cut one of these off to a convenient length for your dust broom handle. Procure a round block of wood an inch in thickness, and one inch and a half in diameter. Bore an auger hole in the center of the block, on one side half way through. On the other side bore smaller gimlet holes in circular rows, completely covering the surface of the block.

Insert the parasol handle in the auger hole, trimming it down to fit the aperture and glue it firmly in.

Now, select your feathers, taking as many in your hand at a time as will take to fill one gimlet hole in the top of the block. Dip the ends of the feathers in the glue, place them in the first gimlet hole and so on until all the holes are full, and the top of the block one mass of feathers.

Now it remains but to cover the rough wooden block, so that it will be more in keeping with the polished parasol handle, and your "broom" is finished.

Take a strip of patent leather, wide enough to cover the thickness of the block, and draw in a frill about the handle below, cutting it long enough to go completely around the block, to the side of which it is to be tacked with brass headed tacks. The leather can be drawn around the top of the handle with any colored ribbon you may desire.

For common purposes an old broom handle may be used instead of the parasol handle, and left uncovered.

Here is a description of a dust broom designed as a present to a young housekeeper by an aunt who lived in the country, and who raised her own turkeys:

The softest, fleeciest feathers from the "white flock" were selected, their rich cream color making a delightful contrast to the black patent leather covering of the "holder." An ivory tipped umbrella handle, wide cream colored ribbon, confining the leather at the top, and white headed tacks (same as are used in picture frames) completed the "cream and black" effect, which delighted the heart of the young housekeeper, who hung her "dust broom" upon a most conspicuous knob of her dresser.

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. III. LAMONI, IOWA, MARCH, 1890. No. 3.

PEACE.

BY ELDER HEMAN C. SMITH.

PEACE, complete and unalloyed Peace, who can define it? It would need an angel pen or angel tongue to so express it that man could obtain but a faint idea of the extent of its influence; and surely not until man has developed into a being grander, wiser, and purer can he fathom the depth, or soar to the height of that ocean of beatific influence proceeding from a perfect Peace.

Man from the beginning has ever sought it, and sometimes has fancied it almost within his grasp; but "'tis dashed by fate relentless down, ere once the envied sweets he sips." Sometimes through the rifts of clouds there shines for a moment its hallowed, benign and holy light; but anon the darkening cloud intervenes, and the heart is with anguish wrung. It is best, while in this undeveloped condition that it should so be. There are depths in the human heart which can never be touched by peals of merry laughter, or the countenance beaming with joy; and there are latent forces in all, which can never be developed without coming in contact with that which tries men's souls. We must not only be brought into the valley of humility by things which preclude the possibility of an undisturbed Peace; but the depths of our sympathy, our love, and our tenderness must be stirred by hearing the sighs, witnessing the sorrow, and hearkening to the moans of our distressed and heart broken fellow creatures, like ourselves struggling for the Peace which sometimes seems near, and again far from our anxious grasp. He who is not moved by these things can never be fully developed; nor can he find perfect or unsullied Peace; or, if finding it, can never appreciate nor understand its boundless good. Consequently, in the language of a modern revelation, "he must abide a kingdom which is not a kingdom of glory."

In this connection let me remind my readers that the agony of the cross touches a chord in the human heart which can be touched by nothing else; and he who steels his heart against the effects of that sad but softening scene, deprives himself of one of the means of perfection, and, unwittingly, takes a step fatal to the realization of his fondest hope—Peace. Paul the apostle said, "All things work together for good to them that love God." Not *every thing*, separately considered, but "*all things*"—the joy of yesterday, the sorrow of to-day, the anguish of the present, the peace of the future—all combined,—forming one grand whole, "work *together* for good to them that love God." Ah, let us not then complain if all is not sunshine; "'Twill only make the gems the brighter to shine, when we all have a crown to wear." If but faithful to the lessons provided, we shall anchor in the bright haven of Peace, though between here and there there rolls an angry sea. "The ship must be proven when tempests are howling, when mountain waves close on her press."

Jesus our Lord gives us to understand that all will not be pleasant and serene. He says, these things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have *peace*.

This declaration that in Christ Peace is possible fills the trusting soul with hope, which nerves him for conflicts, and enables him to bear what otherwise would crush his soul with grief. Yet he who receives it with joy, pausing not to consider the certainty of that other saying: "In the world ye *shall have tribulation*,"

is doomed to disappointment, and loss of faith in God. He is well likened to "seed sown in stony places, for he heareth the word and anon with joy receiveth it;" "but when *tribulation*, or persecution, ariseth . . . he is offended." But he who has consolation in the promise of Peace, and yet is keenly sensible that he "shall have tribulation," is likely to endure, strengthened by the precious announcement: "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." In this, my friends, lies the secret of success. If we can overcome the world, and though meeting the opposition of contending forces, coming in contact with these many influences, we can gain strength instead of weakness from our experiences; we shall rise high above evil and its consequences, preparing ourselves for the unsullied Peace for which we hope.

But how shall we overcome the world? This is an important question, one which has been practically incorrectly answered, and as a consequence the world has and does mourn. Men have always differed in their opinions of what constituted right, and zealous in their desire to propagate truth have often resorted to force.

From the time they began to divide upon the face of the earth, they have adopted the policy of coercion; leaders, rulers, governors have marshaled and disciplined their followers for war. Men, ambitious for place or power, thought of no other way to extend their dominions except by force of arms. To succeed in this, they must harden their hearts against the cries of the distressed—look with scorn upon widows' wails and orphans' moans.

To spread death and carnage around them, and drench our fair earth in blood, heedless of the pain, agony and suffering of their victims, was considered fair and honorable, if done to attain the end of their ambition. This aroused a feeling of antagonism and resentment on the part of those they sought to control. Men's better natures were stifled, and instead of bringing about a reign of Peace, for which they all no doubt sighed, the world was hurried on to a condition of hard heartedness, barbarism and cruelty.

The chosen people of God, in this respect, were no exception. They dreamed only of conquest by force of arms. Did they pray God for help? It was only that he would help them to wreak vengeance upon, and kill their enemies. Sometimes they had reason to believe that God overruled and fought their battles, but the general results of this war policy was unsatisfactory, and most forcibly was the principle, "He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword" demonstrated in experience.

A promise was made to them that a Deliverer should come out of Zion, but so thoroughly imbued were they in the spirit of war that they expected when he did come he would come in great pomp and power—a military character, with ability to marshal and command. Under his banner they expected to enlist and go forth to conquer.

Finally, brought under tribute to Cæsar, they patiently waited and prayed for the Deliverer to come and break off the Roman yoke. This was the condition of things when, as lonely shepherds watched their flocks on Bethlehem's plains by night, an heavenly messenger appeared to them: "The glory of the Lord shone round about them;" and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, "Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." "Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

This, coming at the time it did, was an important announcement. We can not properly appreciate it, unless we take into consideration the condition of things, and consider the circumstances of the actors.

Doubtless these angels had grieved at the tendency to evil among men, and consequently theirs was not an undisturbed Peace, hence those bursts of ecstatic joy and praise which attended their announcement of the birth of the Prince of Peace, whose policy was to inaugurate a reign of Peace on earth.

The shepherds doubtless had discussed the situation during their lonely night watches, and looked forward with anxious hope for the Deliverer, when no more their flocks and herds would be taxed to pay tribute to Cæsar. How, then, must both angels and shepherds have rejoiced, one to bear, the other to hear the welcome and cheering news that the Prince was born. When, however, this same person

whose appearance was heralded by angelic hosts presented himself unto his people, he was rejected with scorn. Was this rejection an honest one? Certainly so. They would not have knowingly rejected the one for whose appearance they had prayed so much.

Their rejection of the Christ was the result of a false education. Thoroughly trained in the system of war, they looked upon the invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," as the production of a diseased brain. When he added, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls," their indignation knew no bounds. "See those Roman Legions," they might have said; "Have not Israel's hosts gone out to battle against them, has not the consecrated blood of God's chosen stained an hundred battle fields, and have we not trusted our lives in the hands of mighty leaders—all in vain to lift the heavy burden of oppression off our necks? Now do you, unarmed and alone, without munitions of war, no armies at your command, unskilled in the art of war, propose to give us rest? Preposterous! Absurd! Who could entertain the thought? Away! you shall not teach in our synagogues; you only incite the Romans to take away our place and nation. This spirit of opposition continued to grow until it culminated in the vociferous cry of "Crucify him, crucify him." That many who thus reasoned and acted were sincere and devoted, we are inclined to believe; nor are we surprised at their mistake. Where, then, was the wrong? *In their education.* Having never learned that sublime and holy principle that evil can only be effectually overcome by good, they could not see the beauty of the pure and holy teachings of our Lord.

Strong they may have been in some respects, but unbalanced in judgment, imperfectly developed, and consequently unfit to comprehend a system at Peace with all men, and which provides that one's enemies should be loved. Well was it said of them: "Having eyes ye see not, and ears ye hear not." Kind reader, do these things seem a practicable impossibility to you? Then there liveth in you some of the old leaven which has rendered this world so sad and sorrowful. Could they have learned this lesson, that to conquer an enemy you must make him your friend, they would have accepted the precept which provides for returning good for evil; and how beautifully would the mission of our Divine Master have unfolded to their wondering and enraptured view.

Reader, have you learned this great lesson? Is there in your heart *now* a feeling of hatred toward any of God's creatures? Has any one failed to do as you think they ought, and do you feel as though you would compel them if you could? Do you feel a reputation of your enemy? If so, you are in possession of the spirit of war—the spirit which crucified the Christ, and has deluged the world in blood; causing mourning, devastation and misery everywhere to abound. You may be unable to injure the object of your hate; but you are able to injure yourself; you are stilling the better feelings of your nature, refusing the means of your own development, like the Jews, placing yourself in a condition to not see when good cometh, and raising a leavener between you and the perfect Peace for which you have so earnestly longed. Oh, then, be careful to cultivate the pure, the good and true while you suppress the evil, "Envy, jealousy, suspicion." Be above such groveling things. "In each others' joys delighted, all your hates be joys of war." Then when nations no more shall rush to war; when there shall be no struggling for high places, when the "knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea," then shall your victory be complete; and, elevated to the presence of Christ your elder brother, you shall feel and know the truth of the promise: "In me you shall have Peace." Then shall you join with the angelic host in the triumphant shout of "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

"'Hear ye Him,' is the salutation which, in respect to Jesus of Nazareth, God addressed to this world on the Mount of Transfiguration. This Jesus was the living, walking and talking Oracle of God. God speaks to mankind through Him."

REST.

BY M. H. BOND.

The light I can not see without the shade,
The rose without the thorn I never knew;
The fairest blossoms always soonest fade,
All sweetest joys are soonest lost to view.

Upon the tenderest heart the deepest shadows fall,
The sweetest harp most easily unstrung;
The soul most sensitive to sorrow's call,
Hastens to answer with its saddest song.

But by the light of God beyond the tomb I see
A day of light—whereon no shadows fall;
Fields of sweet flowers which forever bloom,
Joys that these fickle senses never pall.

O, Jesus, my Divine Redeemer, Thou
The hard and thorny road didst tread alone;
By suffering perfected, help me ever thus to bow,
And always say: "Thy will, not mine, be done."

Then when thy perfect rest I shall obtain,
When in thy likeness pure, "I shall be satisfied."
Then shall I fully understand my earthly loss was gain,
That thou wert trying me as gold in fire is tried.

For only dross were these hard tests designed,
And shadows, thorns, and sorrows were thy tests
To purge, to purify, and to refine,
And fit us for the Saints' Eternal Rest.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., August 21st.

GLEANINGS FROM THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH MISSION.

BY ELDER JOSEPH DEWSNUP.

ON THE morning of July 20th, 1837, there anchored in the Mersey, opposite Liverpool, a weather-beaten and travel-stained merchant ship, having just completed her journey across the Atlantic, from New York to Liverpool, in the then comparatively short period of twenty-two days. Among her passengers were seven men, forming the vanguard of that noble army of missionary laborers, who have since then gone forth among the nations, carrying the "tidings of great joy" unto all people, sacrificing the comforts of home, the association of friends, and sometimes life itself, in their zeal to make known unto others the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, restored unto men by God, through the instrumentality of his servant, the prophet Joseph Smith in these the latter days.

A few years before the opening of our story the Church of Christ had been organized according to divine command, and had, though suffering much persecution, spread rapidly among the agricultural population of the then Western States and Canada, especially so in and around the neighborhood of Kirtland, Ohio, though there had not been until the opening of June, 1837, any attempt to carry the message of life and salvation to the Islands beyond the Sea.

On or about the first of the month named, Heber C. Kimball, one of the twelve apostles, had been set apart "by the spirit of prophecy and revelation, prayer and the laying on of hands" of the First Presidency of the church, and authorized to take charge of a mission to England. Elders Orson Hyde, Willard Richards, and Priest Joseph Fielding, being subsequently associated with him in the undertaking. These brethren, after bidding farewell to home and kindred, left what has since become the historic ground of Kirtland on the 13th of June, 1837, proceeding by way of Fairport, Lake Erie, Buffalo and New York, arriving at the latter place on the 22d of the same month.

Shortly after their arrival they were joined by Elder John Goodson (of the Seventies), Elder Isaac Russell, and Priest John Snider, from Canada.

The brethren thus brought together remained in New York until the 29th of the month, lodging part of the time in an unfurnished room, subsisting chiefly upon bread and water, and otherwise enduring and sacrificing for the gospel's sake, ultimately obtaining passage on the ship *Garrick*, in which they left the East River on the first day of July, 1837.

Seven days afterwards they crossed the "Banks of Newfoundland," and after a quick and pleasant run, arrived at their destination on the 20th of July. They soon after began their mission in England as the divinely accredited servants of the great Master, sent forth with divine authority. These humble ambassadors of the Lord stepped upon English soil, charged with a heavenly message fraught with issues the importance of which could not be overestimated. The message was to the queen and the lord, as well as the peasant and the hind. In trumpet tones the pentecostal cry must now go forth,—"Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins",—must be heard through the towns and villages of England, re-echoing alike through the palaces and halls of the rich, the cottages and hovels of the poor, as it had once resounded through the streets and palaces of historic Jerusalem, on that pentecostal morning eighteen hundred years before, proclaiming the fact, "that God is no respecter of persons," for "he hath made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth." This message now, as then, was proclaimed by comparatively ignorant and unlearned men, but men, nevertheless, who were clothed with the authority of God, and called to minister in the divine ordinances of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

For many years before the events herein related transpired, a way had been preparing whereby the work now about to be begun on the British Islands might be established. It had taken centuries to loosen the iron bands of superstition and priestcraft which the dominant church of the Middle Ages had forged around the consciences and liberties of the people of the British Islands and the continent of Europe. Wycliffe and his followers in the fourteenth century; Huss, the Bohemian reformer, and his followers in the fifteen century sufficiently attest the presence of a leaven of righteousness then at work amongst men, moulding and preparing the way for the declaration of the fulness of truth, alone represented by the gospel of Jesus Christ.

During the sixteenth century the religious reformation in Germany was begun under the auspices of Martin Luther and his colleagues who were indefatigable in their attacks upon the heresies and abuses of the then apostate Roman Church. Zuinglius, the Swiss reformer, also resisted the claims made by the Romish Church, and co-operated more or less with Luther, although differing in his presentation of what each no doubt honestly held to be of the utmost importance in the salvation of souls, Luther advocating the doctrine of the "Real Presence," Zuinglius dissenting strenuously therefrom. These opposite views they continued to hold; but though thus divided, they continued more or less successfully to contend against the common enemy.

The work of the continental reformers had hardly began before its contagious influence spread to the home and cradle of the English speaking races. Henry the VIII, then king of England, at first resisted the tenets of the reformation, and actively contended against them, supporting the prerogatives and claims of the self-styled successors of St. Peter, and thus earning the gratitude of the then occupant of the papal chair, Pope Leo

X, who conferred upon him the distinguished title of "Defender of the faith," a title ever since adopted by the kings and queens of England. Henry, however, became estranged from the "mother church" and cast off his allegiance to the See of Rome. The cause of disagreement seems to have been the refusal of the Pope to sanction the nullification of the king's marriage with his queen, Catharine of Arragon. Henry retaliated by proclaiming himself the sole human arbiter of the religious destinies of his subjects. The convents and monasteries that remained royal to Rome were visited by commissioners appointed by the king and his parliament. Grave scandals and abuses were discovered in connection with these institutions, culminating in the suppression of many of them by order of the king.

After the death of Henry, his son, under the title of Edward VI, reigned for a short period, and was succeeded by his sister Mary, daughter of Henry by Catharine of Arragon. Mary was by nature and instinct blindly devoted to the interests of the papacy; and almost coincident with her enthronement there began a system of persecution directed against the adherents of the reformed religion, almost without parallel in the religious annals of England. The faggot fires of Smithfield and Oxford were soon ablaze, and human flesh became the sacrifice. Ridley, a former bishop of London, and Latimer, once bishop of Worcester, were numbered among her victims and consigned to the flames. The words of Latimer upon that memorable and historic occasion are well worthy of reproduction here, as a stimulus to the young and old of the church: "Be of good courage, Bro. Ridley," said that noble martyr for conscience sake, "we shall this day kindle such a torch in England as I trust in God shall never be extinguished." The courage and integrity of such men bore noble fruit, for Phœnix like, the indomitable spirit of these and other no less illustrious martyrs of the English reformation leaped forth from the fires that consumed their ashes, inspiring with their example thousands of England's noblest sons and daughters to the sacrificing of their liberties, and even their lives, rather than deny the gospel truths, dimly though they perceived them. Death at last put an end to the relentless and persecuting fury of this most sanguinary and bloodthirsty of British queens.

After her decease, the cause of religious freedom began to make headway. Her successor to the throne, in the person of her step-sister Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII by his queen, Anne Boleyn, espoused the reformed faith; and, although history records many excesses, perpetrated during her reign, owing to the blind bigotry and intolerance of the age, yet there was a decided advance made during her lifetime in the direction of religious toleration and freedom; thus preparing the way for Whitfield and the Wesley's of an after generation, whose names stand out in bold relief upon the religious horizon of the nation, as men who nobly battled for that religious liberty and freedom of conscience which is the God given heritage of every man and woman, until at the period when our history opens, it had become possible for men to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences without any fear of the horrors of the inquisition being held in terror over them.

In the providences of God the way had thus been prepared for the introduction of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ into the cradle land of the Anglo Saxon race, to a people who had nobly cast off the spiritual and temporal supremacy of the once acknowledged "kings of Christendom," thus ridding themselves of that incubus of priestly nightmare which had so long and banefully overshadowed and strangled the earnest yearnings and aspirations after truth of the best and noblest of the sons and daughters of England.

After landing in Liverpool and obtaining needed refreshments, Elder Kimball and his associates took their places in the mail coach *en route* for Preston, a manufacturing town, situated upon the banks of the river Ribble. Nothing of moment seems to have transpired during the journey, but upon arrival at their destination it is recorded that a large flag bearing the motto, "Truth will prevail," was suddenly unfurled above their heads. The sentiment thus expressed was fully appreciated and considered a happy omen by those humble servants of the Lord Jesus Christ. Lodgings were soon obtained, after which an interview was had with

the Rev. James Fielding, brother to one of their number. They were kindly received and invited to occupy his pulpit upon the following day,—an invitation which they gratefully accepted,—Elders Kimball and Hyde addressing the congregation in the afternoon and Brn. Goodsen and Fielding in the evening. Thus was for the first time in England, in this last dispensation, broken the true bread of life to many who afterwards took upon themselves the name of Christ, and made faithful covenant with God in passing through the waters of baptism. From this time followed the Pentecostal cry, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" was heard, and met with the same response that it met with when the Jews so interrogated Peter. Many were convicted of sin and openly expressed their love for the work of God then being established amongst them.

The Rev. Mr. Fielding did not long remain in sympathy with the labors of the brethren, for he, perceiving that his craft was endangered, closed his pulpit against them and became one of their most violent opponents. This defection did not, however, hinder the success of the Lord's work.

On Sunday, the 30th of July, in the presence of a large concourse of people, nine humble souls openly put on Christ by baptism in the Ribble near Preston, One of them, G. D. Watt, who afterwards became an able advocate and expounder of the faith—being the first of those thus received into the Church of Christ in England.

Three days afterwards Elders Goodsen and Richards arrived at Bedford, in the county of Bedfordshire, one of the South Midland counties, whither they had been sent to preach the gospel of the kingdom. Upon their arrival they called upon the Rev. Timothy R. Matthews, brother-in-law of Bro. Joseph Fielding, to whom they had letters of introduction. The Rev. gentleman received the brethren kindly and invited them to preach in his chapel the same evening. Leaving the brethren for a time with Mr. Matthews and his flock, we now turn to the ministry laboring in the vicinity of Preston.

On Friday, August 4th, 1837, Elder Kimball baptized, at Preston, Miss Jeannett Richards, daughter of the Rev. John Richards, of Walkerfold, Chaidzley—a small village about fifteen miles from Preston. Returning to her home on the following day, she persuaded her father to invite the brethren over, which he did, and offered them the use of his pulpit, which was in due course occupied by Elder Kimball, who baptized six persons within the week.

On the 6th of August, having returned to Preston, Elders Kimball, Hyde, and Priest Joseph Felding, addressed a "great multitude" in the market place, meeting with much opposition. On the evening of the same day they held meeting at the house of a sister Ann Dawson, and there confirmed from forty to fifty persons who had been previously inducted by baptism. Most of these converts had been members of the church of which the Rev. Fielding was the pastor. This wholesale defection of his flock angered the Rev. gentleman against the elders, whom he spoke of as "thieves, sheep stealers," etc., and left nothing undone to arouse the prejudice and bigotry of the people against the missionaries. "He will cause the wrath of man to praise him, and the residue he will restrain," was herein verified to the letter. The more the Rev. gentleman ranted and fumed against the work, the more he aroused and prompted the curiosity of the people, promoting inquiry which resulted in the addition of many to the church. While the gospel was thus winning its victories in the town of Preston, Elders Goodsen and Richards were not less successful in Bedford and its immediate neighborhood; although they had, like the brethren at Preston, lost the favor and countenance of their clerical friend. The Rev. Matthews had gone so far as to acknowledge the truth of the doctrine publicly, and afterwards, without seeming cause, denounced the brethren as "false teachers," and the teachings as "coming from hell;" but this outburst of clerical spleen only made manifest his own inconsistency and his impotency as an opponent of the truth.

In addition to the success recorded at Preston and Bedford, brethren Russell and Snider had introduced the work into Alston, a small village near Carlisle, in Cumberland, and had there succeeded in establishing a small branch of the church. Thus in spite of persecution—which grew apace as the work prospered — the word spoken in humility and backed with

power had found resting place in the hearts of the honest.

In a short time branches were established at Eccleston, Wrightington, Chorley, Whittle, Leylandmoss, Ribchester, Hexkin, Euxton, Dauber's Lane, Thornley, Clitheroe, Waddington, Downham and other places.

On the 25th of December, 1837, a conference was held in the "cock pit" at Preston, about three hundred Saints being present. Several were ordained to the lesser priesthood; fourteen were confirmed who had been baptized, and about one hundred children were blessed by the elders. From this time forward the work took root and spread in a marvelous manner; branches were organized at Bedford, Bessingbourne, and Peter's Green, in addition to those at the places already named. A second conferenc was held in Preston on Sunday, April 1st, 1838. Joseph Fielding, who had been previously ordained an elder, was at this meeting appointed "president" over the whole church in England. Eight elders and several priests, teachers and deacons were ordained, forty members were confirmed, twenty baptized and sixty children blessed. The services continued without intermission from nine a. m. until five p.m.

The immediate results of these services were soon manifest in the increased vigor and development of the aggressive character of the work. Those who had been present at the conference went forth with increased spiritual power, spreading broadcast the tidings of salvation with a zeal and energy born of the Holy Ghost, that like an unquenchable fire, burned brightly within their bosoms. The precious tidings were proclaimed in Manchester by Elder Wm. Clayton, about the 19th of October, 1838. A branch was soon after organized, and the gospel was carried from there to many of the towns and villages in the surrounding country.

On or about the 20th of May, 1840, the ministerial forces then at work in England were reinforced by the arrival of Elders Brigham Young, Parley P. Pratt, Orson Pratt, George A. Smith, Reuben Hedlock and Heber C. Kimball, who had been spending a short season at home with his family. Upon the arrival of these brethren, Manchester became the headquarters of the church; a collection of hymns for the use of the church was published, and the "Latter Day Saints' Millennial Star" was launched forth as the representative and accredited paper of the church in England. Subsequently other missionary assistance arrived from America, thus creating a working staff that gave prestige and importance to the work so auspiciously begun.

The following extracts copied from a letter written at this period, will give some idea of the success attending the preaching of the word of God, in its purity and with faithfulness.

The writer says:

"I continued laboring in Staffordshire until the 1st of March, 1840, when I felt it to be the will of the Lord that I should go more to the south part of England. I left the care of the Staffordshire church in the hands of Elder Turley and traveled eighty miles south into a region where the word had not been preached. I commenced preaching near Ledbury, Herefordshire; this is about forty miles off Bristol, forty off Birmingham, fourteen off Worcester and one hundred and twenty off London. As soon as I began to teach many received my testimony.

"I there preached one month and five days, and baptized the superintendent of the Church of the United Brethren, a branch of the Methodist Church, and with him forty-five preachers, mostly of the same order, and one hundred and fourteen members, making one hundred and sixty in all. This put in my hands or under my care, more than forty established places of preaching, licensed according to law, including one or two chapels. This opened a large field for the spread of the work in this country. Among the number baptized are some of most all churches and classes, as well as preachers. . . . I have now more than two hundred names on my list, and scores are now waiting for an opportunity to receive the ordinance of baptism, and the work is progressing in all parts of this country where it is faithfully proclaimed."

About three months later the same writer reports as follows:

"The different branches in this region (Herefordshire) are so scattered that it has not been possible to ascertain the number of members connected with each church; but connected with the Bran Green and Gadfield, Elm, and Frome's

Hill conferences, together with a small branch of little Garway of twelve members, one priest and one teacher, are thirty-three churches, five hundred and thirty-four members, seventy-five officers, viz, ten elders, fifty-two priests and thirteen teachers. And for the comforting of the Saints, and with heartfelt gratitude to our Heavenly Father, we would say that it is less than four months since the fulness of the gospel was first preached in this region, which is a proof that God is beginning to make a short work in these last days."

The foregoing extracts are taken from letters written by Elder Wilford Woodruff, published in the *Millennial Star*, and relate to results that were the outcome of the faithful preaching and teaching of God's word, before the blighting influence of polygamy and its attendant heresies had corrupted and to some extent defiled the lives of those who had been called to labor in the ministry,

(To be continued).

NOTHING GOOD AND BEAUTIFUL DIES AND IS FORGOTTEN.

Read by Sister Ida Ross, of Tabor, Iowa, one of the number chosen by the Normal Class of 1889, to represent the class at the annual commencement exercises Western Normal College, Shenandoah, Iowa, July, 1889.

WHEN we stop and look at ourselves in the light of thought, we discover that we are surrounded with beauty and goodness. We can heartily say with Emerson that "Beauty is the mark that God sets upon virtue." When it is high and divine, it is that which can be loved without effeminacy. It is about us everywhere and must of necessity be a teacher we can not fail to obey.

Our lovely homes and the noble influences about us there,—our schools, churches, and Sabbath-schools commemorating great events in history, the kindness of our friends, the works of great men,—are all types of beauty that can not die and be forgotten.

Anything good must possess some of the virtue of God's excellence, kindness and benevolence, along with other attributes which are in themselves a song of joy and beauty for the poet and philosopher. Franklin has said, "If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading or do things worth writing." We have many good examples in which mankind have availed themselves of the opportunity offered during their lifetime for doing some great good.

In this very busy world we suppose everything was made for some good purpose, and that before it ceases to exist it will have accomplished it. We find the flowers busily growing and filling the land with perfume and beauty, the birds making the air ring with the music of their happy songs, the fields waving the golden harvests, the seas bearing on their waves the treasures of all the lands, the mountains yielding up the wealth they have so long hidden, the sun flooding every day with light; and for man to be idle would be out of harmony with God and nature.

But we do not find it so. Each one is equally as busy as nature. We find the mother moulding the character of the boy which is to be the character of the man. And if she succeeds in implanting the right principle at its first forming, they will be impressed indelibly upon his memory. Then we can realize that the boy, going from his home where he has been tenderly cared for, out into the world, can not forget these early teachings. Though he be separated by great distance, or perhaps death, from the personal influence of the mother, he will still remember. When the cares of the day are over and the sun sinks below the horizon, leaving the soft shades of twilight to steal quietly over all as a soft mantle that hides the busy world from sight, the mind turns back to the happy hours spent in childhood, when he had his little sorrows as well as his joys: he sees his old home, the like of which he has never

been able to find in all his wanderings; he sees the brother, the sister, the father, but most clearly of all the mother, with her tender smile of approval or gentle look of reproach, the loving touch of her hand upon his brow, when at night he knelt, and she taught him to lisp a tiny prayer, "That God would protect him from sorrow and care;" and with the touch of her soft lips still burning on his brow and the words "God bless my boy" still ringing in his ears, it is impossible for him to forget; for it is as Moore has said,

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Second only to the work of the mother is that done in our Sabbath-schools. From the primary teacher the child receives its first instructions from other than the mother, whom she may aid greatly.

It is here we have an opportunity to plant good seed that will bear beautiful flowers and wholesome fruit, and to instill within the young minds principles of right. Here we find the boy or girl who does not have moral instruction at home. Now we have an opportunity to lay the foundation of a moral character that may never crumble. We may teach the simplicity of the Bible until children no longer think it too large for them to read and comprehend. The quotations committed will serve as landmarks in the tempestuous ocean of life. The songs learned are ever afterwards an echo in the heart. There is beauty in the whole assemblage; rich and poor are equals, both having met for one purpose.

One of the beautiful and good times the Sabbath-school looks forward to from year to year is the dear old Christmas, which we all, both young and old, hail with "Peace on earth, good will to men." It not only brings before us the scene of the birth of Christ and the surrounding circumstances, his beautiful, beautiful life, his teachings, his noble examples of charity and goodness, but the joys anticipated in once more meeting around the fireside of the grandsire where great preparations are made each year preparatory to the coming of the loved ones.

There is something in the very season of the year that lends a charm to Christmas. At other times we derive a great deal of pleasure from the mere beauties of nature, but in the depth of winter when she lies despoiled of every charm, and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn from the gratification of the senses to moral resources. What is there in our life that can be remembered with greater pleasure or with nobler thoughts and feelings than the times thus spent?

We should be careful that this custom which brings so much happiness does not degenerate into a mere holiday, but that each Christmas we try to do some good that will make that day a bright star in the broad horizon of the year.

To my classmates of '89 of whom so many expect to be teachers, we would say, let your work as a teacher be a star that will shine throughout eternity. You have within your power the moulding of character, the refining of the mind, the guiding of little feet. Remember that the eyes of your pupils are upon you, receiving impressions from your manner of moving, your tones of voice, the disposition and temper you exhibit before them; your kindness or want of it, your earnestness of purpose, your justice and firmness, your efforts to make the schoolroom pleasant. These impressions, according to their nature, will help or hinder your moral instructions or discipline. The main object of these teachings is to give a right direction to the moral powers, to encourage virtuous inclinations, sentiments and passions, and to repress those that are evil. It is to cultivate habits of truthfulness, obedience, industry, temperance, prudence, and respect for the rights of others, with the view to the formation of a good character.

The great object in moral training, like that of the physical and intellectual, is to develop force. This will enable pupils to be self-active, and unless this point is gained, our efforts will have been of little value. The pupil's character is not to be one for mere holiday show, but for the daily duties of life; a character which will not be the daily sport of every wind of doctrine, but one in which that moral strength which we call virtue is firmly embodied. Such a character can only be formed by making the child himself a co-operator in the work.

Then if you would be a guide, if you

would strew beautiful and good influences around you to be remembered by those with whom you associate daily, if on the boisterous ocean of life you can steer a small bark freighted with noble influences, whose weight will increase as you near the shore, then you will have done a work for which you will always be blest. You may perhaps think at the time that the compensation received is small, but if you have sacrificed in one way you have gained in another. You may not see the fruits of your own labor soon, as all activity must await its results. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

As with the teacher so it is with the inventor; he does not soon learn, and perhaps may never live to see the full results of his work. He always finds a place in the discussions around our fireside, and we remember him directly as the amount of good received from the fruits of his labor.

The word invention brings to our mind's eye the patent office at Washington, where there is a record kept of each one of any consequence. We think of the many hours the inventor has spent in his closed room, constructing some wheel, spring or lever, and experimenting to see if his idea works out correctly, modeling and re-modeling, thinking, thinking, and, perhaps, not until after many years does he finish his task. We imagine we have a small taste of his joy when we have solved a hard problem, Q. E. D. or translated a difficult sentence. But no! His is a joy, a triumph which will ring down the corridors of time, echoing and re-echoing; meanwhile men are reaping the product of both brain and muscle. To him then the honor due which he merits. But we would not be partial toward him. His work has been good and will not be forgotten, but considering well the results and importance of his labor, we think we may class him with the scientists, poets and philosophers who have worked equally hard with him.

For the pleasure derived and the benefits received from the works of those who have occupied the literary field, will posterity ever be grateful. Blessed be the man or woman who has been endowed with those powers of mind, which have enabled them to give and to leave to the world that kind of literature which can go forth in the highways and thoroughfares of life, plant bowers by the wayside for the refreshment of the pilgrim and sojourner, open pure fountains to which the laboring man may turn aside from the dust and heat of the day and drink of the living streams of knowledge that flow from their noble productions. It makes a daily beauty of life in which mankind may meditate and grow better. By this means we become acquainted with the thoughts of men in ages past, and in books live over again apparent centuries, whereof, if we had them not, we could only know the progress and improvement of our own day and age. By this means, also, we gain rich food for thought in leisure moments and a friend in times of solitude that we can not afford to do without.

The poet, by a few strokes of his pen, delineates to us as on air, the sun, the mountains, the camp, the city, the hero, the heroine, not different from what we know them, but lifted from the ground and afloat before our eyes. He looses the land and sea, makes them revolve around the axis of his primary thought and makes them anew. Being possessed by a heroic passion, he uses matter as symbols of it. A sensual man conforms thought to the things he sees, but the poet conforms things to his thought. The one considers nature as rooted and fast, the other as liquid, and impresses his being upon it. He invests stones and dust with humanity and makes them words of reason. Shakespeare, of all poets, possessed the greatest power of substituting nature for the purpose of expression. His imperial muse tossed creation from side to side and used it to embody any caprice that might be suggested to him. He visits the remotest parts of nature, and the farthest sundered things are brought together by a subtile, spiritual connection. What greater proof need we than this to illustrate that the good and beautiful can never be effaced from the earth?

While the poet animates nature with his own thoughts, he differs from the philosopher only herein, that the one proposes beauty as his main object, the other truth. But the philosopher not less than the poet postpones the apparent order and relation of things to the empire of thought. The problem of philosophy, according to Plato, is, "for all that exists

conditionally to find a ground unconditioned and absolute." It proceeds on the faith that a law determines all phenomena, which law being known, the phenomena can be predicted. That law when in the mind is an idea. Its beauty is infinite. The true philosopher and the true poet are one, and the beauty which is a truth and the truth which is a beauty is the aim of each. Then if you would not die and be forgotten, let your life here be an aim for truth, for beauty and for goodness. Cultivate each talent God has given you and make it ten. Hide it not away in the earth where rust will consume, but let it stand out in some direction where it will be of some good to your fellow-beings, for through it only will you be able to fill the position God has assigned you.

The success with which we begin is only a multiplicand which we may multiply with ability and earnestness and obtain a product that will not be abstract, but may be labeled—Much good accomplished and much satisfaction gained. We must be able to take up into ourselves the ability of the times, the contributions of the past, all the hopes of the future, and do in the world that which is given us to do, that the walls of memory may be hung with beautiful pictures in solid frames of good work well done. For nothing divine dies, and all good is eternally productive. Truth, beauty and goodness are but different faces of the same All. Then

"May your life be like a snow-flake
Which leaves a mark and not a stain."

CHILDHOOD.

BY J. F. MINTUN.

WE are born into the world without knowledge. Our minds are blank, except, possibly, what God may have indelibly stamped there, called instinct. We are capable of receiving instruction of all kinds, and these instructions received leave their impressions for good or ill, according to their character.

The part of life that might properly be called babyhood, is under the watchcare and training of the parents or friends who ought, by looking back upon their own childhood and comparing it with what might have been, and noting wherein failures were made by them and others, to be the better prepared to prevent wrong impressions being made upon the minds of their children and to give proper instruction in reference to life.

But all may not have had loving parents or friends to care for their babyhood, or if they did, may not they have made mistakes through a failure on their part to comprehend your needs, or the importance of proper care over you?

For wrong impressions thus received you are, or will be, the sufferer in after life, and your labor is or will be increased. These impressions made upon your mind while so young and tender, are deeply made, and will necessitate a stronger effort to remove than if made later in life. But by beginning early in childhood, you will be sure to entirely remove them and replace them with right impressions.

It is a peculiarity of human nature to ever examine to see if this or that will pay before engaging in it or accepting of it, if there is any labor to be done, or sacrifice of any already attained ease or pleasure to be made. Hence we see the necessity of properly instructing childhood as to their duties, and associate with it the fact that those duties performed will result in the greatest good and increase their enjoyment.

The mind is a wonder, seldom, if ever, understood by finite intelligence, but yet can be understood if a proper study is made, aided by infinite intelligence, which aid all can obtain who will properly seek for it. This we should early learn, that without God we are nothing, for he gave us life, and by Him are our lives preserved. The study of the mind should be begun as soon as one is capable, and that is as soon as we are accountable to God for what we say or do, which time might be termed the beginning of childhood. And the first study to be made is

as to what condition the mind is in by virtue of previous training. Has there been anything sown there that ought not to have been? Others who have had this mind-field may have left much rubbish upon it, that must be removed before it is in proper condition. The child having nothing of this kind to do is happy indeed, and its life-work so much easier. Like a field which has always been properly cultivated makes the future labor upon it easier.

But the mind, at the beginning of childhood, is much like a field as we generally find it. When a man rents a field he finds much work to be done before it is in proper condition to sow the grain, and the better this preparatory work is done, of removing the rubbish and burning up the weed seeds, and destroying everything damaging to the ground, or that would hinder the work of cultivation, the easier is the after-work to insure a large harvest.

God lets this mind-field to us at the age of accountability. We are to enjoy the result of all our efforts, for "as we sow, so shall we reap," say the scriptures. All we find upon this mind-field of ours when committed to us of an objectionable nature, must be removed sooner or later if we would enjoy an excellent harvest. Unless we begin at once at this work the rubbish of error will trouble us, and the seeds of sin grow, and be harder to destroy than would have been the seeds themselves, and besides in the destruction of them we are liable to affect the growth of the good more than if the evil had never had such growth.

Childhood is of necessity the time of preparing the mind and sowing the seed of righteousness, if we expect our old age, or our last days in connection with the eternity, to be wholly a time of joyful harvest.

The one who in childhood has done the work that should be done, and followed that work up during adult years properly, has in old age the satisfied mind, and the consoling hope we find the Apostle Paul to have been in possession of after his wonderful conflict, such as but few could have endured. He says of himself, "I have finished the work, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is a crown laid up for me."

Paul's mind had been planted with seeds of error, and he had cultivated them until they had made considerable growth, so much so that he was strongly impressed to destroy the truth and those who believed in it rather than to destroy the corrupt plants that had grown up in his otherwise pure mind. He had allowed these plants to make such a growth that it was no less a personage than the glorified Redeemer who was sent to aid him in removing them. And those who have read the history of Paul's conversion well know what a struggle it was, and through what suffering he passed to be prepared for the implanting of truth in the mind, and to properly prepare the heart to receive proper impressions. And how many the sorrows and trials he endured to cultivate properly the trend of his life to receive an entire purification of his soul to fit him for the condition and never ending association of the pure and the good.

In contrast with Paul we see the loving John, one of the twelve, whom Jesus loved so dearly. His mind from birth was under proper training. We learn that his mother and father were engaged in the service of God after the law, without the admixture of such errors as were prevalent among the elders of the Jews; and when John the Baptist came preaching they gladly received his instruction, and when Jesus came they accepted the light he brought, and John, while quite young, received of the teachings of Jesus, so that the whole tenor of his mind was after the ways of righteousness.

Contrast the lives of Paul and John and see the great difference and learn a lesson. One had brought his mind subject to the spirit of love in childhood, the other had brought his mind subject to "hate your enemies." John accepted the work of Christ with joy and peace; Paul opposed the work of Christ, and sought to destroy it, until he was forced to do otherwise through suffering. John's life in Christ was one of peace and joy; Paul's one of trials, persecutions, sorrows and temptations.

John when thrown into a caldron of boiling oil was not harmed, when banished upon the Isle of Patmos was in the Spirit and received continuous peace and joy through the ministration of angels and the things shown him of God, while Paul, after being imprisoned and scourged, and

suffering much, was finally crucified for the truth's sake.

While Paul and John will receive of the same reward in the celestial kingdom, yet how different the life and labors of each to obtain it.

Now, my dear reader, choose you what your childhood's work shall be. This right of choice is yours, but how much better to choose the life of peace, sowing seeds of kindness and truth, rather than "wild oats;" destroying the seeds of sin and removing the rubbish of error, and thus prepare yourself for every good, rather than let the seeds of sin grow and bring forth the fruit of sorrow, or let the rubbish of error remain by which the pathway through life is made unpleasant, because it is that which will cause us to stumble and fall many times, and thus hinder a peaceful progress.

The way of peace I would advise
This day for all to follow;
For if in childhood we are wise,
In mire we need not wallow.

When man's estate we enter on,
If we're at peace with God,
Then with a mind which says, "Well done,"
We're laid beneath the sod.

SERMON BY ELDER JAMES WHITEHEAD.

In the Saints' Chapel, Lamoni, November 17th.

I HAVE one request to make of you this morning, and that is that you will lift up your hearts to God, and ask him in the name of his beloved Son, that his weak, feeble servant may have His Spirit to strengthen and enable him to proclaim the truth of the gospel of Jesus, which is the power of God unto salvation to them that believe and obey it.

There is a declaration made by the inspired writer, who says: "Woe unto the wicked, for they shall receive their portion of the cup. But say ye unto the righteous, It shall be well with them, for they shall receive the reward of their doings."

It seems there that the human family is classed off into two distinct classes, the one to be righteous, or pure in heart, and try to worship God according to that Spirit that searcheth all things pertaining to God's kingdom; the other are the wicked. My object this morning is to try if we can find out what the portion of the cup of the wicked is, and what the saints, the children of God, may expect from their divine Father's hand. For, "Say ye to the righteous, It shall be well with them, for they shall receive the reward of their doings." I want to impress upon your minds, before I enter into this subject, that every individual, that every man, every woman, and every child who has come to the years of accountability before God, must render an account of their own doings. If they are righteous, and pure, and holy, they will receive a reward; and the wicked will have to come to the judgment of the great day, and will have to answer for their deeds, and for their wickedness and profanity. They must receive their portion of the cup. Let us see what that cup is.

I shall take the wicked first, for I had not thought to dwell long on their condition. It is a theme of joy and gladness and thanksgiving to dwell upon the state of the righteous, for great and eternal shall be their reward, and no power will be able to wrest it out of their hands. I will commence at the fourth paragraph of the vision that was shown unto Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon, and will there find what the consequences of the acts of the wicked are, and what the cup will be:

"Thus saith the Lord, concerning all those who know my power, and have been made partakers thereof, and suffered themselves, through the power of the devil, to be overcome, and to deny the truth, and defy my power, they are they who are sons of perdition, of whom I say it had been better for them never to have been born; for they are vessels of wrath, doomed to suffer the wrath of God, with the devil and his angels, in eternity, concerning whom I have said there is no forgiveness in this world nor in the world to come; having denied the Holy Spirit, after having received it, and having

denied the Only Begotten Son of the Father; having crucified him unto themselves, and put him to an open shame; these are they who shall go away into the lake of fire and brimstone, with the devil and his angels."

Now mark the next language, and then you will begin to discern by their acts, those who are heirs of salvation, and those who are not. All who have by their own wicked conduct; by their own giving up to Satan, been overcome by him; all who have tasted the good word of God, and the power of the world to come, and have turned away, are the only ones upon whom the second death hath any power. Well might the apostle say, "They can not be renewed unto repentance, seeing that they have crucified the King of life and glory afresh, and put him to an open shame." Oh, my brethren, what responsibilities rest upon the children of God! No man or woman ever committed that sin except they received and tasted of the good word of God, and the power of the world to come, and have suffered themselves to be overcome of Satan. They go down to where their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched; and the only ones—now mark that language—upon whom the second death shall have any power.

Brethren and sisters, what a glorious declaration of truth, and it is a joy to the children of God; they who are fighting the battles of life; they who are determined that by faith in God, and in Christ Jesus our Lord, they will never yield to the powers of the enemy, but they will stand like the munition of rocks that can not be moved. Martyrdom is nothing to them; it is only a momentary pang, an entrance for them into the glories of eternity, to dwell with the Father, and with the Son, in the midst of the glories of God's glorious, grand, and dignified kingdom, where he dwells in the midst of them, and the Lamb sitteth at his right hand as a Prince and a Savior.

Now we find that the rest of mankind are heirs unto salvation; but not heirs of celestial glory. We will see this as we proceed further. "And the only ones upon whom the second death shall have any power; yea, verily, the only ones who shall not be redeemed in the due time of the Lord, after the suffering of his wrath; for all the rest shall be brought forth by the resurrection of the dead, through the triumph and glory of the Lamb, who was slain, who was in the bosom of the Father before the worlds were made. And this is the gospel, the glad tidings which the voice out of the heavens bore record unto us, that he came into the world, even Jesus, to be crucified for the world, and to bear the sins of the world, and to sanctify the world, and to cleanse it from all unrighteousness, that through him all might be saved, whom the Father hath put into his power, and made by him."

And what is it that Jesus declares about his brethren before he leaves them? He says, "Father, I will that these thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory. They were thine, but thou hast given them to me, and I have lost none save the son of perdition, that the scripture might be fulfilled."

All will be saved in that glory which God has appointed for them, but those sons of perdition. And I will ask the question of every reasonable person, Why are they not redeemed? They have been made alive in Christ; they have tasted the good word of God, and the power of the world to come; they have had the Son revealed to them by the Father; and after having all those privileges, all those glorious ministrations from God, they have suffered themselves to be overcome by the power of Satan; they deny the Son after the Father hath revealed him; they count the blood of the new and everlasting covenant an unholy thing; they will go down to perdition, where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. And God has not revealed unto man whether they will ever be redeemed or not. No man can make known unto his fellow-men the misery, the torment, the height, the length, the depth of their misery. It is not in the power of man to reveal it; but God hath shown it in vision to many, but straightway shut it up again, and no man can reveal it except those who are ordained to that condemnation. Oh, my brethren, I think some of you are ready to say, "How is that, that those precious mortals are ordained to that condemnation?" They brought about that condemnation themselves; they did not stand firm for the truths of the gospel, to the power of God, that had been made manifest unto them.

They had tasted the good word of God; they had been made alive in Christ; they knew that the gospel was the truth revealed from heaven; after receiving all these benefits of the gospel, all these marvelous ministrations, they finally suffered themselves to be overcome by the power of Satan. It was all voluntary on their part. God never pushes any man down to destruction, but he has provided means that all men may be saved. They were made alive in Christ; they had seen the glories of eternity; the Father had revealed the Son unto them and they were made partakers of the glorious Spirit of life and salvation, but they forfeited it through their own free will; they went over to Satan just as Cain did. What did Cain want? Don't you recollect, brethren and sisters, what Cain wanted? He was a bad man. He would not keep the commandments of God, but he was after riches, and he saw that his brother prospered; that his brother had flocks and herds. God had blessed him, and Cain thirsted after his brother's wealth. Abel walked in obedience to his God, and was faithful, true and energetic in the glorious work in which he was engaged. When they offered up their sacrifices why was it that Cain's was not accepted? Because he was a wicked man, and the only ambition he had at that time was to lay hold of his brother's wealth. He formed a league with the devil. And what did the devil say to him? He made a contract with him. Now, he says, If thou wilt do so and so I will deliver thy brother into thy hands. And it pleased Cain, and he made a league with hell, and slew his brother, for he shed his brother's blood, and he said, "All my brother's wealth is mine." Oh, my brethren and sisters, do not let us lust after wealth, but let us strive to be the children of God in very deed; standing for the truth, never swerving therefrom, never giving way to the evil one, but standing firm to the gospel of Jesus, and it will prove to be our salvation. Well, Cain goes to his brother and converses with him, and becomes angry and slays his brother, whose blood fell to the ground, and it called for vengeance upon Cain. When the Lord appeared unto Cain, what did he say to him? "Where is thy brother?" He answers, "I know not, am I my brother's keeper?" But the Lord said, "His blood cries from the ground for vengeance." He had proved to be a murderer, and the scripture informs us that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.

You know there is a passage that says: "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." The sons of perdition were made alive; they had the Son revealed to them; they tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, and they counted the blood of the covenant an unholy thing; they were alive, and became dead through transgression and sin. Now we will leave them for a moment and you will find that we can prove that every man, all that were born of the seed of Adam, will have salvation, except those sons of perdition. It is a bold assertion, but I can prove it from this vision. Now, you know, Jesus said, He had not lost any but one, the son of perdition, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled. "And this is the gospel, the glad tidings which the voice out of heaven bore record unto us, that he came into the world, even Jesus, to be crucified for the world, to bear the sins of the world, to sanctify the world, and to cleanse it from all unrighteousness; that through him all might be saved whom the Father had put into his power and made by him; who glorifies the Father and saves all the works of his hands, except those sons of perdition, who deny the Son after the Father hath revealed him." You see that they have a knowledge of the Son. And what is it to know the Son? "This is life eternal to know thee, the only living and true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." That is eternal life, and they had been made partakers of it; but they forfeited it all through their wicked abominations. Wherefore he saves all but them, and these shall go away into everlasting punishment. Why is it called everlasting punishment? God is without beginning of days, or end of time; he has no beginning nor end; he is from eternity to eternity, as they move with perpetual succession, eternity after eternity, as long as eternity endures. God is the same then and the same now. Therefore, God's punishment is everlasting punishment. Now you see the condition of those sons of perdition; they go where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. Now mark the language: "And

the end thereof, neither the place thereof, nor their torment, no man knows; neither was it revealed, neither is, neither will be revealed unto man, except to them who are made partakers thereof; nevertheless I, the Lord, show it by vision unto many, but straightway shut it up again; wherefore the end, the width, the height, the depth and the misery thereof, they understand not, neither any man except them who are ordained unto this condemnation. And we heard the voice saying, Write the vision, for lo, this is the end of the vision of the sufferings of the ungodly." How are they ordained unto this condemnation? Brethren and sisters, don't you know that whenever the ordinances of the house of God are administered unto man they will either prove a savor of life unto life or of death unto death? Well may it be said it would have been better for them never to have been born. If they had remained in their Father's house, and never taken upon them the human form, so that they might have obtained an eternal existence in the kingdom of God, they never could have committed sin, better it would have been had they never been born. "And again, we bear record for we saw and heard, and this is the testimony of the gospel of Christ concerning them who come forth in the resurrection of the just." Now, brethren and sisters, take deep interest in these words; let them be engraven on your hearts. May God grant that they may be indelibly, and that we may all ponder them well, and so order our lives that we do not make shipwreck of our faith. "They are they who received the testimony of Jesus and believed on his name and were baptized after the manner of his burial, being buried in the water in his name, and this according to the commandment which he has given that, by keeping the commandments, they might be washed and cleansed from all their sins, and receive the Holy Spirit by the laying on of the hands of him who is ordained and sealed unto this power."

Now, brethren and sisters, this is for you to contemplate. They that have submitted themselves to the ordinances of the house of God, that have been baptized, buried with Christ by baptism, and raised up to a newness of life; they that are baptized into Christ have put on Christ; therefore they are the seed of Abraham and heirs according to the promise. Did you ever think of that? Oh, the height and depth and length and breadth of the wisdom and goodness of God! If we could only see the great exalted position of the saints of God who were faithful in this life, who were energetic in the work of God, how it would nerve us for the conflict in which we are engaged! There must be no dullards; there must be no idlers; there must be no standing still. Every man, every son and daughter of God, must work while it is day, for the time cometh—the night—when no man or woman can work. Blessed are they that see and hear and know the things of God. Let that glorious inheritance ever be present with you, that you may stand firm, that you falter not, that you may put on the whole armor of God, stand for the truth, and never depart from the faith; stand like the munition of rocks that can not be moved. We will see by and by a little more of those who overcame by faith and are sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise, which the Father sheds forth upon all those who are just and true. What did Jesus say to his disciples before he left them? They were full of sorrow because their Divine Master was going to depart from them; but he says: "I will not leave you Comfortless. I will pray the Father and he shall send you another Comforter, which the world can not receive," and this Comforter is the promise of eternal life. You will find it in this book (D. C.) eighty-fifth section, that the people of God had the promise of eternal life, and their names are written in the Lamb's book of life, and if they are faithful, will never be blotted out. It is to you that I am talking now; you are the very ones that this vision is speaking about; that have taken upon you the name of Jesus Christ; that have been buried with Christ by baptism and have risen to newness of life; and if you are faithful and true in the service of your God, your names which are written in the Lamb's book of life shall never be blotted out. This is the second Comforter, brethren and sisters. The promise of eternal life, is it not a comforter? When a man or woman is traveling upon the path that leads to the haven of rest; when they are persecuted, troubled and perplexed on every side, and their pathway beset by

trials of the deepest kind, and when they realize that if they endure faithful to the end they have the promise of eternal life, is it not a comforter? When their names are written in the Lamb's book of life, and they have received an assurance of the same and have borne testimony thereof; when they have had it made known to them that they are heirs of salvation, is not this comforting? But I must hasten. "And who overcome by faith, and are sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise, which the Father sheds forth upon all those who are just and true; they are they who are the church of the First born." Brethren and sisters, did you ever think of that? that you are heirs to that salvation by faith, and perseverance in righteousness? You are on the path that leads to God; you have laid hold on the rod of iron, (which is the word of God), and it will lead you to the tree of life if you are faithful and true. If you are faithful to your calling and to the gospel of Jesus, you are they who belong to the church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven. "They are they into whose hands the Father has given all things." Oh, my brethren, do you appreciate what God hath laid up for you? Why should there be any concern about office, or power? why should there be any unpleasant feelings, evil surmisings, or anything of the kind? All things are yours, whether it be life or death, or things present, or things to come, heights or depths, principalities or powers, kingdoms or glory, or dominions; all are yours, and you are Christ's and Christ is God's. Brethren, this word tells us that if we are faithful and true we will receive a celestial crown. Your glory will be one, your happiness will be one, your power will be one. Why should we have any heart-burnings? Let us cast them to the four winds and stand firm for the truth. What does it say afterward? Then all will receive of His fulness. That is the design of our Father through the gospel of Jesus, to raise all his children up until they emerge forth into His glorious presence, and they will see him as Jesus saw him, and know him and understand the great and glorious principles of God, he who moves in his majesty, governing and controlling all things. And how does he govern them? By the word of his power, (which is the word of faith), and they move in harmony, there is no collision, there is no trouble, for God's word can not fail; it never returns to him void; it accomplishes that for which it has been sent. "They are they who are the church of the first-born, into whose hands the Father hath given all things. They are they who are kings and priests unto God, have received of his fulness and of his glory and are priests of the Most High after the order of Melchisedek, which was after the order of Enoch, which was after the order of the Only Begotten Son." Which is after the order of the Eternal Father. Well might Jesus say: "Father, I will that those thou hast given me be one with me, as thou and I are one; you in me and I in them, and that we may all be one." This is the final destiny of all the saints of God, if they stand firm and immovable for the truth, holding fast to the rod of iron. Wherefore it is written: "They are the sons of God and they will be like him, for they will see him as he is." May God Almighty open the eyes of your understanding, that you may see and know those things which the Father hath established for your salvation and glory through faithful perseverance in righteousness and an humble walk with God. What are they? What does it say they are? Brethren, shall I read it to you? It is a marvelous thing. "They are God's, even the sons of God; wherefore all things are theirs, whether life or death, or things present, or things to come, all are their's, and they are Christ's, and Christ is God's, and they shall overcome all things, wherefore let no man glory in man, but rather let him glory in God, who shall subdue all enemies under his feet; these shall dwell in the presence of God and his Christ for ever and ever; these are they whom he shall bring with him when he shall come in the clouds of heaven to reign on the earth over his people." These are they who shall come with the Lamb when the bursting heavens reveal the Son of God; when all the vast multitudes of the children of God will be with him. I believe that Jude says: "He will come with ten thousand of his saints," to swell the triumph of his train.

My brethren and sisters, when Jesus hung upon the cross, and cried out, "Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani?" which being interpreted means, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? God withdrew

from him for a small moment, that he might gather him with everlasting kindness. Jesus took upon him a body, he did not take upon him the nature of angels, he took upon him the seed of Abraham, that he might condemn sin in the flesh, and having given himself a ransom for all, he ascended up to the right hand of the Father. Have we any testimony about it? We have. You recollect that before the Jews stoned Stephen to death, they allowed him to speak. And what did Stephen say? Among the rest that he said was this: "I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God," exalted there as a prince and a Savior. God exalted him with his own right arm, and he placed him by his right hand; he placed him there as the Savior of the world.

I do not wish to go any further than that; it is far enough under that head for us now.

Brethren and sisters, you are among that number who are preparing to meet Jesus at his coming. And don't you know that when that time comes, that there may be some of the children of God abroad in the earth. There may be two in one bed, one may be a Saint of God and the other not. The one will be taken and the other left. There may be two in the field, one may be taken and the other left. There may be two at the mill grinding, one shall be taken and the other left. The children of God shall come forth out of every part of the world, who are preparing to meet Jesus when he comes in the clouds of heaven, in power and great glory.

I want to say a little more about something else. There are other classes of people that have not come up to that perfection necessary to be prepared, to emerge into the presence of God and his angels. "Again we saw the terrestrial world, and behold and lo, these are they who are of the terrestrial, whose glory differs from that of the church of the first born, who have received the fulness of the Father, even as that of the moon differs from the sun in the firmament. Behold, these are they who died without law, and also they who are spirits of men kept in prison, whom the Son visited and preached the gospel to them, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, who received not the testimony of Jesus in the flesh, but afterward received it; these are they who are the honorable men of the earth, who are blinded by the craftiness of men; these are they who receive of his glory but not of his fulness; these are they who receive of the presence of the Son but not of the fulness of the Father; wherefore they are bodies terrestrial, and not bodies celestial, and differ in glory as the moon differs from the sun; these are they who are not valiant in the testimony of Jesus."

What is the testimony of Jesus? It is the spirit of prophecy. We who have that testimony must be valiant in it if we expect to receive the celestial crown. "Wherefore they obtained not the crown over the kingdom of our God. And now behold this is the end of the vision which we saw of the terrestrial, that the Lord commanded us to write while we were yet in the Spirit."

But there is another class I must read to you about: "And again we saw the glory of the telestial, which glory is that of the lesser, even as the glory of the stars differs from that of the glory of the moon in the firmament. These are they [mark this language and you can class that people and can know who they are] who receive not the gospel of Christ, neither the testimony of Jesus."

Brethren and sisters, I do not care what church they belong to, if they do not obey the gospel they can not come into the celestial kingdom that is provided for them that are honest and true, who obey the gospel and are faithful to its precepts to the end—"these are they who deny not the Holy Spirit; these are they who are thrust down to hell; [My brethren, are all going to be thrust down to hell that do not obey the gospel, that have not the testimony of Jesus? Why, that is what it says] these are they who shall not be redeemed from the devil, until the last resurrection, until the Lord, even Christ the Lamb, shall have finished his work; these are they who receive not of his fulness in the eternal world, but of the Holy Spirit through the ministration of the terrestial; and the terrestrial through the ministration of the celestial; [Now you see you have got a work to do there]; but they can not come into the presence of God through the ministrations of the terrestrial, neither can the terrestrial through the ministrations of the celestial, and also

the telestial receive it of the administering of angels, who are appointed to be ministering spirits for them, for they shall be heirs of salvation." What a glorious plan has been devised by our God, and given into the hands of his beloved Son to administer.

Brethren and sisters, that plan is worthy of the Father in heaven; it is worthy of the Redeemer that came to die, and bleed for you and me. "And thus we saw in the heavenly vision, the glory of the telestial, which surpasses all understanding, and no man knows it, except him to whom God has revealed it. And thus we saw the glory of the terrestrial which excels in all things the glory of the telestial, even in glory and in power, and in might and in dominion. And thus we saw the glory of the celestial which excels in all things; where God, even the Father reigns upon his throne forever and ever, before whose throne all things bow in humble reverence, and give him glory for ever and ever. They who dwell in his presence are the church of the firstborn; and they see as they are seen, and know as they are known, having received of his fulness, and of his grace."

Now, brethren of the priesthood, I call upon you to hearken unto these words. Could ever more be given to men, that we may know the truth. Brethren, you that hold the priesthood, hearken unto these words, They are one—"having received of his fulness, and of his grace; and he makes them equal in power, in might, and in dominion." Can we have more? Is there a possibility that any one can have more than that? Right in the very presence of the Father and the Son, to dwell with them evermore, destined to enjoy the fulness of the works of God's hands. O! brethren and sisters, God would reveal all these things to you and me, in our present condition were we living in obedience to all his commandments, and sought him for a knowledge of them. What did the Lord say unto Moses when he was making known unto him a part of his works? But Moses kept inquiring, and what said the Lord? Moses, my servant, I have a work for thee to do, if I show thee all my works thou would behold all my glory, and if thou beheld all my glory, thou couldst not remain on the earth in the flesh. And so the Lord is willing to do by us if we live to him like Enoch and his band, or like Elijah, and if we obeyed the Lord in all things we could become like the brother of Jared that had such mighty faith that God could not withhold him from looking within the veil; and God would make bare his arm, and receive us into his bosom as he did Enoch and his band. Let us remember our power shall be one, our glory shall be one, our dominion shall be one and shall be in the presence of God and the Lamb. "And the glory of the celestial is one, even as the glory of the sun is one. And the glory of the terrestrial is one, even as the glory of the moon is one. And the glory of the telestial is one, even as the glory of the stars are one."

In the terrestrial we are told they will come into the presence of the Son, but not into the fulness of the Father. We are told in this book, in this vision (If I had further time I would show you) that we must be one in Christ Jesus. As we have seen, our glory will be one in all things, and it is expressed by the apostle as "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory that shall be revealed." When Jesus comes it will be with the sound of the archangel and with the trump of God.

Brethren and sisters, you will excuse me for my weakness in not being able to lay these glorious principles before you in such force and clearness as I could have wished, but God bless every soul here, and my prayer to God is that we may all be saved, that we may meet in that better condition of life. May heaven grant it for Jesus' sake. Amen.

—Reported by E. Stafford.

"To-day is, for all we can know, the opportunity and the occasion of our lives. On what we say or do to-day may depend the success and completeness of our entire life struggle. There is to us, in fact, no other time than to-day. The past is irrevocable. The future is unavailable. Only the present is ours. It is for us, therefore, to use every moment of to-day as if our very eternity were dependent on its words and deeds."

Indolent and unfaithful mothers will make indolent and unfaithful children.

THE SCHOLAR AND THE DONKEY.

A certain learned scholar somewhat late in life began
To investigate the subject of the Origin of Man.
And he grew so interested that he sat up day and night,
Reading books on evolution, till his health was ruined quite.
Said the doctor, when they called him, "This will never do, 'tis clear,
You must go out driving every day instead of sitting here."
"But I can not leave my books, sir," cried the scholar in dismay:
"Then you'll have to take them with you," and the doctor rode away.
So, yielding to necessity, the scholar started out
In search of some conveyance in which to ride about.
As he had a dread of horses he was gratified to find
A sturdy little donkey with a little cart behind,
Which he very quickly purchased: "For," said he, "it is indeed
(Since I've got to ride about all day) exactly what I need;
The little cart is just the thing to hold my books, you know,
While I can ride the donkey, and read them as I go."
Thus he sallied forth next morning, himself astride the beast,
His books piled high upon the cart, full fifty at the least,
And he looked extremely funny as he rode about the place,
His spectacles upon his nose, his book before his face.
The people when they saw him all laughed until they cried:
"What are we coming to?" they asked. He absently replied,
"We are coming, friends, to this conclusion (and there's no escape);
Man either *is* or he is *not* descended from an ape."

—Wide Awake.

EDUCATION AND RELIGION.

BY GEORGE H. GATES.

IN this "dispensation of the fullness of times," when God has again manifested his infinite wisdom and power in choosing the "weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty," and "the foolish things to confound the wise;" when men untutored and unlettered have been enabled, by the power of the Holy Spirit resting upon them, to "withstand the wisdom of the wise" and "bring to nought the understanding of the prudent;" with those who have been witnesses of these manifestations of divine power there is, perhaps, danger of underestimating the value of education, unless we are careful to consider the real connection which the culture of the mind has with the development of our spiritual understanding. In order that we may arrive at the actual relations between the two, it may be well for us to consider for a moment what is real education? and what is true religion? For it is possible that when we have fully analyzed the nature and results of each, we may find them, if not identical, at least so similar in many of their features, and so interwoven in their developments, as to make them almost inseparable; so that it would be impossible for us to pursue the course of one without often crossing the pathway of the other. Education, in its limited sense, is simply the training and developing of the mental powers, and the forming and regulating of character; and in its broader sense includes also instructing and enlightening the mind; while true religion consists of an understanding and acknowledgment of our relations and obligations to God and his creatures. The acknowledgment of our duties being simply an act of volition, an assent of the will to the view of the understanding, naturally grows out of a perfect comprehension of the condition

of our existence, as relative to our creator and his creation; consequently anything which developes the strength of our mental grasp, that informs us of things as they exist, that adds to our knowledge of the principles of everlasting truth, that enlarges our conceptions of our own possibilities of attainment must necessarily aid us on toward the accomplishment of the divine purpose of our creation. "But as many as received Him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." As these things are added to us, we begin more fully to realize the meaning of the words of the creator, "Behold the man is become as one of us to know (or having power to know) good and evil." If now we have already chosen the good, we go on in pursuit of truth and its application to our lives, until we come to the full measure of the stature of Christ. It would seem, then, that starting with an honest heart and pure desire, all that goes to make up our religious life, that gives us spiritual development, is more or less dependent on that which is comprehended in the term education.

Moses, being under the direct instruction of God, who has been the great teacher of mankind from the beginning, clearly recognized this intimate connection of education with religion; hence his strict commandments to the children of Israel concerning teaching their children and children's children the law which they had received at his hand; by which they were to be preserved, if they lived by every word.

In accordance with this command to teach, the schools of the prophets were instituted; and as an outgrowth from these (after they had been partially corrupted) the rabbinical schools. So necessary were these schools considered for the retaining of the favor of God and their perpetuity as a nation, that it came to be a proverb among them, "If it is desired to destroy the Jewish nation, it is only necessary to destroy their schools." By this means the law was handed down from generation to generation, so that the "scepter did not depart from Judah" or "a law giver from between his feet" until the "Shiloh" came. That the instruction, the education of his people was the great central thought in the mission of our Lord is so evident as hardly to necessitate a comment. His wooing voice has echoed down through the shadowy ages, since his feet pressed the hills of Judah, and e'en now is ringing in the ears of the sons of men, "Come, take my yoke upon you and learn of me;" while to those who heed its pleading, his spirit witnesses, "I am the way, the truth and the life." From the day when his parents, returning in search of him, found him disputing with the elders, until in the pains of death he cried, "It is finished," we find his life one grand unparalelled course of instruction. We hear the rulers of the Jews saying to him, "Master, we know thou art a teacher sent from God." And at Jacob's well, on the mount, by the wayside, in the synagogues we find him fulfilling his mission, of teaching his disciples and the assembling multitudes; commanding to "search the Scriptures;" and lest in after years some of these precious truths should slip from their minds, unto his disciples he left the legacy of his spirit to bring all things to their remembrance, whatsoever he had told them.

Passing over the long and dreary night of the world's history, "when darkness covered the earth and gross darkness the minds of the people," because the power of priestcraft had so forged upon them the fetters of ignorance that, thus imprisoned the light of God's truth was shut out from their vision; looking on to the time when the world was ripe for the preparation of the gospel message, "in the fulness of time," we see the world has been prepared for its reception, by the diffusion of liberty and enlightenment through the masses of the people; and, listening again to the voice of the One Spirit, we hear the same exhortation to progress in knowledge and understanding; "Behold, this is your work to keep my commandments; . . . study my word which has gone forth to the children of of men; . . . yea, until you have obtained all which I grant unto this generation;" again, "Seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom, seek learning even by study . . . organize yourselves and establish a house, even a house of prayer, . . . a house of learning, . . . a house of glory, a house of God."

How inseparable then is this added to our talents, this development and culture of the mind, and so bring into use all the

higher powers of our being, for the true and acceptable worship of the living God.

It may be urged that the study here referred to is entirely that of the law, the word of God, and can not be applied to anything embraced in what is termed a "liberal education;" but let us not be too hasty in coming to such conclusion.

True it is that the knowledge of the laws of God is of supreme importance; and if we examine these laws for a moment we find them of three classes; those directing the spirit in its intercourse with God, those governing our relations with our fellow men, and those concerning the development and care of our bodies, the temples of God's holy Spirit. This first class from its very nature must ever belong to the realm of direct revelation; for "man by wisdom knew not God." And no matter to what heights a man may attain in material things, if he would look beyond the vail which hides from his view the Infinite One, and behold him as he is, he must be lifted out of his own sphere, as a child is lifted in the arms of its parent that it may look over the rail that forms its own little crib out upon the great world around it. But of our duties to each other, and concerning the wonderful structure which is the crowning work of creation, "the image of God" much may be learned from the experience of the ages and the research of men, which will supplement the letter of the law, and add greatly to our powers for the accomplishment of good; hence the command, "Seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom." Let us consider for a moment the untold advantage accruing from a command of the first study to which we are introduced in life, that of language or expression; we can only begin to realize its value by considering those who are limited in their expression because of loss of hearing or speech, and trying to conceive the utter loneliness and isolation in which we would walk the crowded thoroughfares, if left without this God-given medium for the communication of thought.

Glancing at the races of mankind we see that the nations that have developed the most perfect language are those who have the highest conceptions and realization of human happiness, and have thereby moved in the largest spheres of usefulness to the world; even the most perfect language is often inadequate to express the impressions on the mind. Who has not felt welling up in the heart the inspiration of a divine conception? and struggle as they might with the God-given medium of birth of thought to the world, they either fail entirely of giving it a lively expression, or, if indeed it escapes the portals of the lips, it falls on the waiting ear shorn of more than half its beauty and power. While by gaining a command of the art of expression we may secure to our service a handmaiden, who shall wait on all our mental and spiritual powers. There is great, if not equal advantage to be derived from other branches of the tree of knowledge. The study of mathematics gives us an appreciation of the fixedness of principles of action; with what certainty the following in a given course will lead to its just conclusion; in tracing each rule in its application to the desired result, we learn the necessity and authority of law.

By a knowledge of countries and nations we are enabled to draw comparisons, and so form conclusions as to the causes of the success or failure, of the victory or defeat, thus learning from the experience of others and escape the evil which overtook them, by avoiding its cause; and through all the varying scenes of history may be traced the directing hand of God moving on the nations. Of the importance of an acquaintance with the science of physiology, what volumes could be written; of the terrible sufferings of those, who early in life have become physical wrecks, of the numberless hosts who have welcomed an early grave, all because of an ignorance of the structure, the conditions and laws governing this body, "so fearfully and wonderfully made," which has been committed to our care for development and use.

As the outer and topmost branches go to make up the beauty and symmetry of the tree, so the mastery of the higher studies broaden the mind; rounding out our views of our life and its author.

Is there a star which has been revealed to the wondering gaze of the astronomers, in all that boundless expanse filled with countless millions of worlds, that has not been set there by the hand of God, and is now being governed by his immutible law? Is not this view of the starry hosts a revelation to the conscious soul of

the omnipotence of the great I Am, who is from everlasting to everlasting? Do they not proclaim in mighty tones the words of the prophet, "I am the Lord, I change not?"

Is there an animalcule discovered by the microscopic eye of the naturalist, that was not endowed with life from the source of all life? that is not a witness of his searching eye, a wonderful expression of the tender care and solicitude of him who said: "Not a sparrow falleth without my Father's notice, and ye are of more value than many sparrows?" Are we not called to become the sons of God? Shall we not also reign with him if we have so prepared our hearts as to be counted worthy? "For if we have suffered with him, then we shall also reign with him." If so, why should we not be anxious to learn of the extent and detail of that domain over which we shall be given authority?

What should hinder those who are his willing subjects, who shall share his glory when he shall reign in righteousness upon the earth, from walking abroad in the sunlight of his truth, from ascending the heights of knowledge to overlook his handiwork; drinking in of its beauty, and having our minds invigorated by breathing in the free air of his great creative thought? There can be nothing in the way of such progress save the weakness of humanity and the chains of error and sin.

I hold that it is God's will that we should strive to become more like him in intelligence, while we ever bear in mind and emulate the example of humility given by the Master, by whom were all things "made that are made," but who came into the world not to be "ministered unto but to minister." Can we for a moment suppose that he has chosen for the accomplishment of his purposes, "the weak things" because he has pleasure in our weakness, or the "foolish things" because he abhors wisdom in his children?

The skilled workman, when he desires to make a finely finished piece of workmanship, does not willingly choose a tool with a blunt or ragged edge, but if, on testing one that has a keen clear cut he finds that it is so tempered that it easily breaks with the using, then perforce he takes again the blunt edged tool even though it is not so effectual in his hand. So I apprehend in God's choice of men to perform his work on the earth, knowing the hearts of men that they are prone to be puffed up in the spirit of Lucifer, seeking their own glory, he must needs choose such as shall ever be sensible of their dependence on the leadings of his Spirit, that they may work in harmony with his law, not seeking to become a law unto themselves, even though in the beginning of their service they are not fully developed.

But there comes to us in a Moses, in a Paul, and in many around us to-day, examples of the power for the accomplishment of good in a well developed, disciplined and cultured mind, which in the spirit of meekness is made subservient to the will of God.

Is there no danger accompanying the pursuit of knowledge?

The very fact that man is thus elevated in all his being, pre-supposes the possibility of a fall, and the greater the height attained the more disastrous the consequence; but this does not necessarily follow; it rather arises from the man's inability to bear a greater height than he has hitherto known.

The young mariner who for the first time essays to reach the topmast climbs lustily for a time, until he is far above his fellows, then, pausing, he looks down upon them and shouts exultantly; but soon his shout ceases; look! his face is white; a dizzy faintness has seized him, and he clings desperately to the rope; he seems about to fall, when some old marine shouts to him, "Look up!" He turns his eyes upward, and just above him is the goal where he may rest in safety; his eye brightens and his grasp is firmer on the rope; a few more efforts and he is there.

So many young men have started in the ascent of the heights of wisdom, and having reached positions which gave them bright prospects and promise of future usefulness, they pause to look down the steep which they have ascended, upon the throng below; and they become elated at their success, puffed up in mind, thinking by their own prowess they have accomplished this; forgetting that they have nothing save that they have received; this like the dizzy faintness of the mariner, causes their steps to waver and falter;

and except they heed the warning voice of one, who perhaps has preceded them in the way, and turn from these things to consider the heights yet above them, they become bewildered through their own weakness, and approaching too near the verge of the precipice of self-gratification, they lose their footing and are soon lost in the abyss of oblivion.

There is another danger which threatens those who are seeking wisdom's way, and this is even more disastrous, because it confronts us in the very outset of life.

We see before us many paths; over the entrance to each we read, "This is the path of knowledge;" these lead through pleasant fields blossoming with flowers, and are shaded by trees of beautiful foliage; there are many merry groups of young and old strolling along these paths, and anon loitering in the shade to listen to the singing of the birds, whose warbling notes entrance the listener; soon they seem to become infatuated with the beauty of their surroundings, and as they pass along do not see that here and there in the shade are muddy pools; and, passing through them, their garments are soiled; they go on apparently unconscious of their filthiness, or of the fact that the rays of sunlight pierce less and less frequently the shadows that now overhang the way; but their eyes are now becoming accustomed to the dusk, and still they go on, on through gloomy ravines, on, down, down into the dark and loathsome abyss where hardly a ray of the sunlight of God's truth ever reaches them.

There are the paths of the knowledge of sin and evil, which lead to death; much more attractive is their beginning, to the careless eyes, than the narrow, often rugged path which leads up to the temple of wisdom, from which springs the fountain of life; and many, oh! how many of our loved ones, the bright, the beautiful, are allured in the morn of their lives by their promise of momentary pleasure.

Fathers and mothers in Israel, you who now have care over those that should one day be builders of Zion, fail not to warn them of the evils lurking in many of the pleasures of the present day; some of which have been misnamed accomplishments, and have perverted the true idea of education; for examples, the modern schools for reading; and that class of literature, the perusal of which is now popularly considered a necessity that one may be well read, which appeals to and develops none of the higher qualities of the mind, or attributes of the soul but panders to the baser human passion, cultivates a love of idleness and gossip, gives us an entirely fictitious view of life, its purposes and ends.

These to the mind are like alcoholic poisons to the body, not only wasting its energy, but destroying the desire for that which is wholesome and good; finally destroying its very life.

"The wish to know, that burning thirst,
That e'en by quenching is awaked,
And which becomes or blessed or cursed,
As is the fountain whereat 'tis slaked."

How necessary then that the young mind should be warned and fortified against these allurements. When? Ah! when will the heirs of Zion become as wise as the children of this world? A noted Catholic has said, "Give us a child until it is fifteen years of age and then it may go where it will."

Look at the nurseries for the young minds in what goes to make up "Mystery Babylon," and the power by this means exercised in forging the fetters of bigotry and intolerance on the public mind.

Think of the spirit of consecration, which impelled the founders of these institutions, men and women of fortune and refinement, to offer not only all their substance, but all the interests and labors of their whole lives on the altar of a church; and have we a cause less worthy, a hope less reasonable?

"How long, oh Lord! how long" ere there shall be raised in Zion a standard for liberty of conscience and culture of the mind?

Unto all to whom God has given power to obtain the riches of this world, who have received a portion of his treasure in trust, unto you comes the cry of Zion's children to open up unto them a pure fountain of knowledge; that through them it may flow out to all the world, bringing hope of deliverance to all the captives of ignorance and bigotry.

"COME UP HIGHER."

The following lines were suggested to my mind while meditating upon the Revelation given by the Spirit, to the Saints at Lamoni, as seen by us in the "Herald" last summer, and it bore upon my mind until I wrote.

High and holy is our calling,
O! ye Saints of latter days,
"Come up higher, Come up higher,"
As the Holy Spirit says.

Help us, Lord, to heed the teaching,
To us by thy mercy given;
"Come up higher, Come up higher,"
Is the only way to heaven.

May the unity of Spirit
In us prove that all are one;
"Come up higher, Come up higher,"
Saith the Father and the Son.

Ill reports of all ignoring,
Gospel law let all obey.
"Come up higher, Come up higher,"
Even to the perfect day.

All our selfishness despising,
All be noble, true, and free;
"Come up higher, Come up higher,"
And the King of glory see.

To thy cross, oh, bring us nigher,
By thy Spirit make us wise,
"Come up higher, Come up higher,"
Mine elect, by sacrifice.

May the glorious angel message
Ever be our light and guide.
"Come up higher, Come up higher,"
Saith the Spirit to the Bride.

I. S. BROWNE, in his 68th year.

Providence, R. I., Sept 12th.

WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY.

BY "FRANCES."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE morning after Daniel's departure broke bright and clear. Long before the dawn of light Margery and Mary were moving quietly about their household duties. Mr. Clark had rested through the night, and, as it is not our intention to follow the events of his life further at this time, we will here say that after a lingering illness caused by his wound, together with anxiety in regard to his family and the condition of affairs in general, anxiety which his physical condition rendered him less able to resist, he finally recovered so as to be able to ride on horseback, and went to Illinois, leaving the family to follow him. This was done at their earnest persuasion, as his life had been threatened, and the family knew that spies were watching him, and he would not be safe until out of their reach.

The sun had not long been risen when friends from Far West began to drop in, and of course the theme of conversation was the events of the last few days, and speculations in regard to the future. Many and wild were the rumors afloat, but, wild as they were, they fell short of the reality.

In the afternoon the funeral procession of David Patten and Patterson O'Banion wound slowly out of town towards the burying ground just opposite Mr. Clark's, and there amid the sobs and tears of bereaved ones, the discharge of musketry, and the hastily wiped tears of strong men, these loved companions of their earthly pilgrimage were laid to rest.

Brave men of God, what more could they do than to seal the testimony they had borne with their blood? What more than to lay down their lives in defense of the brethren they loved? This, dear reader, is what they did. Loyal to God and their country, they went at the behest of duty—in obedience to the laws of that country—to defend her citizens from unlawful attack. That these citizens whom they were called upon to defend happened to be of like faith as themselves, constituted the crime. If they had been of

other faith, all would have been well. The facts in the case are so obvious that comment seems unnecessary. The State authorities of Missouri were in full sympathy with the mob. They hated the gospel of Christ. Then, as now and ever, it denounced their sins and warned them of judgment to come. They were not willing to acknowledge its claims—they could not reason them away, and hence as a last resort, brute force was used.

What more, we have asked, could they do? Nothing; for they stood in the lot and place ordained of heaven; faithful to the last. Could men do more? Aye, men have, since those days, done more. Nay, they are doing more to-day. It was not a difficult task for Peter to smite with the sword in the heat of passion—even the sword the Lord had commanded him to buy; but how long, weary and tedious had been those hours of watching with this same Master he was now so brave to defend. It would have been no hard matter to have called fire from heaven upon his enemies, but ah, it was past the strength of Peter's endurance, to acknowledge himself the disciple of that friendless, bruised and bleeding man, arrested as a criminal, and soon to be tried before the highest court of the Jewish nation! Even before a maid servant he quailed and denied all knowledge of him. Be not, however, hasty in condemnation of him whose courage failed not when the free breezes of heaven were around him, and as yet in every test of a mental, moral or physical nature, he had seen the lowly Nazarene triumph over his enemies; if in this greater trial his courage failed. Poor and humble, Jesus was, but what of this? Had he not healed the sick with a word, or a touch of his divine hand; had not the wise and the learned been confounded and utterly routed every time they had sought to ensnare him; had not the devils obeyed him, and the very elements been stilled at the word of his command? Poor, did we say? Had he not power to create and to multiply the fruitage of the earth, to give sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and life to the dead?

But here was a new phase of his life revealing itself to Peter. This was the hour of his humiliation and suffering, and yet the supreme hour for which the others were but made—the hour when he took upon himself the sin of the world that he might redeem the sinner and reconcile the world to God. It was one thing to follow this man, when all things were made subservient to his will, and while there fell from his lips divine wisdom, each sentence of which attested the truth of his divinity, but another, and a very different one, to follow him in the hour of his humiliation, when his judgment was taken away, and when as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.

What had he to plead? Think of it calmly for a few moments. For himself, everything; but bear in mind he was not there for himself. Hitherto the works which he had done were the works of divine compassion. "He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised,"—but this work, this that from henceforth even to the end was to be done, was to bear the sin of another. He took upon him the sin which set the world at liberty—he bore the stripes by which we are healed, and because of this he had nothing to plead.

We said the brethren of those early days bore much, and they did; but we think we are justified in saying that those who in after years embraced the faith, because of their conviction of its truth, and who fearlessly defended it despite all opposition, have borne more; for we honestly believe that the Reorganized Church, even to-day, has to defend the truth from the suspicion, and many times the direct charge of the greatest moral obloquy and odium, which ever rested upon the gospel of Christ from the creation of the world unto the present day. Men who would not shrink from marching up to the cannon's mouth in defense of truth have shrunk from the name of Mormon as from the contagion of leprosy—have even said, "If I knew you had the truth, I could not purchase it at such a fearful price." If it be a comfort to the champion of the truth to-day to know that this moral sawing asunder is far harder to bear, then surely they are entitled to the full measure of that comfort, for any one who has the moral conviction to stand by the truth when resting under the shadow of this great latter day apostasy, has in them the stuff of which martyrs are made.

Jesus said to those of old, "You shall

indeed drink of the cup that I drink of; and with the baptism that I am baptized withal shall ye be baptized." Rejoice then if it be this baptism, *that we suffer because of the wrong doing of others.* Better, aye ten thousand times better, than to suffer as an evil doer.

Two days after the funeral before referred to, Margery started according to previous arrangement to travel overland to Quincy, where she expected to be joined by Daniel, if she did not find him already there. Many inconveniences attended a journey at that late season of the year, but it was undertaken none too soon, in order to escape detention and trouble upon the road.

On the morning of October 30th it was reported in Far West that large bodies of armed men were approaching the town. The reports proved to be correct, and before night the town was surrounded by more than 2,000 armed men. When a flag of truce was sent out to inquire respecting their intentions, the answer returned was:

"We want three persons out of the city before we massacre the rest."

The persons specified, who were Adam Lightner, John Clemenson and wife, refused to go, saying:

"If the people must be destroyed, we will die with them."

The day wore on and the sun disappeared behind the western horizon, but still the attack was delayed. By this time news had reached Far West of the terrible tragedy at Haun's Mill, and as the night settled down upon the besieged town, many felt that before another day their fate might be told by others, even as now their own lips grew pale and voices trembled while repeating the dreadful details of that other massacre. But despite all this mental agony, despite the unknown fate awaiting them, not a murmur of complaint, not a wish that they had never forsaken their comfortable and peaceful homes to cast in their lot with God's people was expressed; but from many a family altar, from many a private circle of prayer, the voice of melody was heard as they praised God in psalms and spiritual song and committed themselves into his hands.

The condition of Mr. Clark forbade his removal, and all the family who were now left remained with him outside the town. Their fences were thrown down, stock driven off, and their fields of grain destroyed or taken to supply the needs of the mob.

Mrs. Clark, with the bravery of a loving wife and mother, kept all this, as much as was possible, from the knowledge of her husband. After family prayer, she put the younger children in bed, and securing the doors, extinguished the light, when she and Mary took their position by the front window, that in case of a night attack they might be in some measure prepared. They could not talk lest the sound of their voices should disturb Mr Clark, who slept but lightly; and thus in watching and prayer the long night wore away.

The first grey dawn found them still at their post, like loving guardians of the sleeping household.

With various emotions of hope and fear the people in Far West greeted the coming of the day. There was as yet no clue to their fate, and they had little to hope for from the men who were drawn up in largely outnumbering forces against them.

We have no positive facts in relation to the events of the two days following. It is claimed by some, that George M. Hinkle betrayed the brethren into signing a treaty after he had by stratagem delivered the leading men, among whom were Joseph and Hyrum Smith, as prisoners. This charge we have heard denied. Be this as it may, the ultimate result was that the Saints were forced to submit to the following conditions, embraced in an address of Gen. Clark which he delivered to them on the 6th of November, and which we give below:

"Gentlemen, you whose names are not attached to this list of names, will now have the privilege of going to your fields and providing corn, wood, etc., for your families. Those who are now taken will go from this to prison, be tried and receive the due demerit of their crimes. But you (except such as charges may hereafter be preferred against) are now at liberty, as soon as the troops are removed that now guard the place, which I shall cause to be done immediately. It now devolves upon you to fulfil the treaty that you have entered into, the leading items of which I shall now lay before you.

"The first requires that your leading men be given up to be tried according to

law; this you have already complied with.

"The second is, that you deliver up your arms; this has been attended to.

"The third stipulation is, that you sign over your properties to defray the expenses of the war; this you have also done.

"Another article yet remains for you to comply with, and that is that you leave the state forthwith; and whatever may be your feelings concerning this, or whatever your innocence, it is nothing to me; Gen. Lucas, who is equal in authority with me, has made this treaty with you—I approve of it—I should have done the same had I been here—I am therefore determined to see it fulfilled. The character of this state has suffered almost beyond redemption, from the character, conduct and influence that you have exerted, and we deem it an act of justice to restore her character to its former standing among the states, by every proper means.

"The orders of the governor to me were that you should be exterminated and not allowed to remain in the state, and had your leaders not been given up, and the terms of the treaty complied with before this, you and your families would have been destroyed and your houses in ashes.

"There is a discretionary power vested in my hands, which I shall exercise in your favor for a season; for this lenity you are indebted to my clemency. I do not say that you must go now, but you must not think of staying here another season, or of putting in crops, for the moment you do this the citizens will be upon you. If I am called here again, in case of a non-compliance of a treaty made, do not think that I shall act any more as I have done—you need not expect any mercy, but extermination, for I am determined the governor's order shall be executed. As for your leaders, do not once think—do not imagine for a moment—do not let it enter your mind that they will be delivered, or that you will see their faces again, for their *fate is fixed* — THEIR DIE IS CAST — THEIR DOOM IS SEALED.

"I am am sorry, gentlemen, to see so great a number of apparently intelligent men found in the situation that you are; and oh! that I could invoke that *Great Spirit*, THE UNKNOWN GOD, to rest upon you, and make you sufficiently intelligent to break that chain of superstition, and liberate you from those fetters of fanaticism, with which you are bound —that you no longer worship a man.

"I would advise you to scatter abroad and never again organize yourselves with bishops, presidents, etc., lest you excite the jealousies of the people, and subject yourselves to the same calamities that have now come upon you.

"You have always been the aggressors —you have brought upon yourselves these difficulties by being disaffected and not being subject to rule—and my advice is that you become as other citizens, lest by a recurrence of these events you bring upon yourselves irretrievable ruin."

The above will give our readers a fair sample of the truth, justice and clemency to be expected from men such as those who drove the Saints from their homes in Missouri. Well might they invoke the spirit of the "unknown God," for He was indeed unknown to them, though many of their companies were led by men professing to be His ministers. Were not the events which we are here recording matters of history, it would be deemed beyond all bounds of reason or probability. Nor could we wonder at this, for despite the record it almost exceeds the bounds of belief.

(To be continued).

"He who would do a special work, has need of special fitness for that work. If his special work be distinctively in God's field, his fitness for it must come directly from God. And the special fitness which God gives for special work in his field, he gives for the asking. When, therefore, a child of God would teach another, or counsel another, or warn another, or seek to win another, it is his duty to ask from God in advance that special wisdom, and that special grace, which shall enable him to do his special work for God as it should be done. He who ventures to write a letter of sympathy, or of counsel, or to speak loving words of admonition or entreaty, to one who is still out of Christ, without praying for God's guidance in his feelings, and his thoughts, and his words, attempts without assured fitness a work for which he needs assured fitness, and for which assured fitness can be had by its asking. He who does not ask God's special grace in doing a special work for God, has no right to expect that blessing, nor to succeed without it."

PUSH ON.

"Awake and listen, everywhere,
From upland, grove and lawn,
Outbreaks the universal prayer,
The orison of morn.
Arise and don thy working garb,
All nature is astir;
Let honest motives be thy barb,
And usefulness thy spur.

"Stop not to list the boisterous jeers;
They should be what thou art;
They should not e'en offend thine ears,
Much less disturb thine heart.
What tho' you have no shining hoard,
Inheritance of stealth,
To purchase at the broker's board,
At the expense of health.

"Push on, you're rusting while you stand,
Inaction will not do
Take life's small bundle in your hand,
And trudge it briskly through.
Don't blush because you have a patch
In honest labor won; [thatch,
There's many a small cot roofed with
That's happier than a throne.

"Push on. The world is large enough
For you, and me, and all;
You must expect your share of rough,
And, now and then, a fall;
But up again, act well your part,
Bear well your load;
There's nothing like a cheery heart
To mend a stony road.

"Jump over all the ifs and buts;
There's always some kind hand
To lift life's wagon from the ruts,
Or poke away the sand.
Remember, when your sky of blue
O'er shadowed is by cloud,
The sun will shine as soon for you
As for a monarch proud.

"It is but written on the moon
That toil alone endures.
The king would dance a rigadoon
With that blithe soul of yours.
Push on, you're rusting while you stand,
Inaction will not do.
Take life's small bundle in your hand,
And trudge life's pathway through."

—Author Unknown.

THE STORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

BY ELDER H. A. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BOOK OF MORMON.

Sketch of previous events—Mormon and his people all perish about four hundred years after Christ's birth—Moroni left to close the History and to hide it up in safety.—The Nephites and Lamanites contrasted—The posterity of Nephi still in existence—The Plates, and how and when they will come to light—The condition of the world at the time—The Churches of men—The Secret Combinations—The Wickedness—The Destructions—Moroni argues that the true God is unchangeable—His Revelations, his Power, and his Blessings are ever the same—The Reformed Egyptian and the Hebrew language of the Nephites.

AFTER the taking place of the great events that were recorded in the previous chapter, as gathered from the writings of Mormon, we now come to Moroni's continuation of the history of those times, from the point where his father left it with him to finish. First, the son relates that after the battle of Cumorah, which was the last great struggle of a perishing people, the Lamanites went about to destroy the remainder of the Nephites, hunting out those of that faith, or party, and slaying them all, whether they were in the north land or in the south land, or so Moroni understood and recorded it, his father also perishing as he relates, probably among the first. Consequently in time Moroni alone remained; and he only that the record of his people might be completed unto their ending; and that the plates upon which it was written might be hidden in safety, as the Lord had both commanded and provided that they should be. And it was at this time exactly four hundred years since the birth and coming of Christ into the world.

Now it might be supposed by some that in speaking of the entire destruction of this last body of people who were

called Nephites that it means that all the posterity of Nephi were cut off from the earth, not one being left anywhere. But, instead of this being the case, we find that the promise had been made that some of the posterity of Nephi and his righteous brethren should be preserved from destruction, even in the days of their greatest calamities. For Jacob himself said like this: "He (the Lord) has promised unto us that our seed shall not be utterly destroyed according to the flesh, but that he would preserve them; and that in future generations they shall become a righteous branch unto the house of Israel." (Second Nephi, chapter 6, verse 16.)

It should be noticed that when the two original nations became (after the Savior's appearance) united in righteous ways and in Christ's Church, that they were practically and in fact one people in his service, there being "neither Lamanites nor any manner of ites," and that when they were again divided, namely about two hundred years after Christ, it was not a division of race, but a civil and religious separation, brought about at the first by the going away from the established order of things of a limited number who, in their pride and love of sin, rebelled against the government of the church and left its jurisdiction. And these dissenters took upon themselves the name of Lamanites, to distinguish themselves from those who held by the church, who were thenceforth called Nephites, like the original body of the true followers of Christ.

In this manner were the original names brought into use again, and thus were two parties once more established upon the land. And when the people that were called Nephites became themselves so wicked as to be cut off from the earth it was the perishing of those who held to that party, of those who at the start were right and who professed to have, and for a long time did have, the truth, but who afterwards departed entirely from it. Throughout the history it is very plain that many of Nephite lineage became Lamanites, by adopting the degrading habits and wicked ways of the latter people. And without a doubt, from these opposite originals, the dark Lamanite and the fair Nephite, have come the marked contrasts in the color of different American tribes, as found by the European discoverers in both North and South America. Of these facts a brief account was given in the notes with chapter twelve of this story, and more might be given upon the subject if it were necessary.

Moroni wrote concerning the records that he was to hide for safe keeping, that the Lord would permit no one to obtain them for the purpose of gain; because they were precious and sacred as containing the history of God's people; and that no one could bring this history from its place of hiding and to the knowledge of the world except it be by the will of God, and according to his direct commandment. And when it is brought forth it will be for the benefit and welfare of the oppressed inhabitants of this land, the children of the ancients, who are still the covenant people of God. All this will in time be made plain; and Moroni declared that it would also be for the glory and honor of the Lord's name among the nations of the earth, when they shall see his work of redemption and peace.

He said, moreover, that no one would be justified in saying that these things were not to come, or should not come, to the knowledge of mankind; for indeed it was according to the purpose of God that they should come to light, and by his power would the work be done. Also they will be revealed in a time when it will be said that miracles are done away; and in a day when secret societies shall be numerous; and in a period when the hidden works of sin shall abound, when out of the darkness of secret combinations will spring forth deeds of violence and death, even so much so that the just and the upright, and some of the saints themselves also, shall perish by reason of the secret and wicked acts of men; even for their righteousness will men be slain.

Yes, they shall come, he declared, in a time when the power of God as anciently known among His people will be denied and set at naught. Yet churches that are called after the name of the Lord will abound; and they will be great in their worldly glory and in the pride of their wealth. Also in that day will great wickedness abound, with all manner of abominations and pollutions, when men will oppress, deceive, defraud, and destroy their fellows without conscience or remorse. The spirit of war shall be among the nations too, and there will be terrible

devastation by this means, as well as great calamities by whirlwinds, tempests, earthquakes, and destructive fires throughout the earth.

Upon the churches, and upon the professors that claim to be Christ's and are not, he pronounced desolation and woe, wherein they glory in wealth and display and yet permit the poor to suffer hunger and want, without relieving them, and indeed add to their sorrows by injustice and oppression. He writes also to those who profess no hope in Christ, no faith in him as their Savior, inviting them to listen to his testimony, and to turn unto the Lord and unto the Father, that they may find the true way, be made clean of heart, and be filled with heavenly wisdom, and with great joy and peace.

To those who deny the continuation of the gifts, powers, and revelations of the Lord, such as were written of by God's apostles and prophets, Moroni appeals, saying that he who denies them either has not read the Scriptures, or else he fails to understand them. For if he did indeed understand them he would see that God is the unchangeable Being, whose course continues to be the same in all ages; whose designs and purposes do not vary; whose system for the salvation of man and for his progress in that system continues ever alike, because he is no respecter of persons. Moroni states that if anyone has imagined a changeable Being as God, then they have framed one in their imaginations who is not the same God as the one written of by the patriarchs and prophets.

Moroni argues that if God is the unchangeable Being that he is called in the Scriptures, and if miracles were indeed wrought in times past by his will, how then can men say that he has ceased to be a God of miraculous power and still be the same God that he was of old. He answers his own question by saying that if God has ceased to so work it has been because mankind has gone out of the way, and departed from the true faith. But he says that it still abides good, that whosoever shall believe in Christ shall have his prayers answered. For Christ has so promised; and who can deny Christ's word, and who can withstand his sayings? Or who is able to set them at naught or to say that they are no longer of any value unto men? Moroni urges all such to be wise in the day of their probation, and to seek the Lord as he has himself told how. He advises all who obey the gospel to see that they are worthy and fitted when they are baptized; and that when they partake of the sacrament of the Lord's supper that they do so worthily.

Moroni wrote briefly upon the creation of Adam and of the fall of man; of the redemption made by Christ, the Son of God, and of the resurrection of the dead, when all men shall stand to be judged and rewarded at the bar of equity and justice before the Lord.

Then he closes the epistle of Mormon, his father, by saying that they had made their abridgement of the plates of Nephi, and all their other writing, in the characters or language that was known among their nation as the "Reformed Egyptian;" and that they had so written because it was a shorter method than to write in the Hebrew, although it had more imperfections of language than the Hebrew had. But he added that the Hebrew as spoken and written by their fathers had also been changed some in later times, and therefore was not altogether like the original that was used by Lehi and Nephi. (Notes 42 and 43).

(Note 42). The narrative having reached that part of the subject that relates to the language which was engraven upon the plates, therefore it is well here to consider the objection which has been urged, that so large a volume as the Book of Mormon could not have been written from matter engraved upon so small a bundle of plates as a pile only six inches high. Therefore the claim that the book is divine and that it was divinely translated is declared to be very plainly a humbug, a transparent fraud. But the jump to this conclusion appears to be a very hurried one, and to have been made in all cases without any investigation whatever. For the facts also on this point are like the others, much stronger than even the friends of the book would suppose, unless they shall give the subject proper thought and investigation.

Having looked into the matter, the writer learns from a tinner that about eighty sheets of common tin will measure an inch in thickness, or sixty sheets of heavy tin. As common tin was spoken of by the eye-witnesses of the plates, and as it is said that the sheets were "not quite as thick" as that, it is safe to say that eighty if not one hundred of the metal plates found by Joseph Smith would not any more than fill an inch in thickness. If we say eighty, and take five inches of the six as the portion translated, (the remainder being sealed), we would have four hundred sheets that were eight by seven inches in length and breadth, or, being written on both sides, eight hundred pages of charac-

ters to make five hundred and fifty pages of the present Book of Mormon.

Again, there are some languages of which, in a given space, much more can be written than there can be of other languages, as for instance, the hieroglyphics of Egypt. Hincks, Rawlinson, Ebers, Bunsen, and other Egyptologists, tell us that among the ancients of that land three kinds of writing was used, there being besides the original hieroglyphical the hieratic, used more by the Egyptian priesthood, and the demotic, which became in time the common language. From one of Prof. George Rawlinson's works I quote the following:

"The hieroglyphic is that of almost all monuments, and is also found occasionally in manuscripts. The hieratic and demotic occur with extreme rarity upon monuments, but are employed far more commonly than the hieroglyphic in the papyrus rolls, or books, of the Egyptians. Both of them are cursive (running) forms of the hieroglyphic writing, invented to save time, and suited for rapid writing with the pen, but in no way suited for carving upon stone. . . They occupy more space than the corresponding hieroglyphics."—Ancient Egypt, vol. 1, page 58.

He says that the hieratic was in use earlier than the "demotic, having been employed as far back as the time of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties," that is about fifteen hundred, and perhaps sixteen hundred, years before Christ was born. By it the hieroglyphic forms were to a certain extent preserved, but they are nearly lost in the demotic, "which appears to have been introduced about the seventh century B. C., and which rapidly superseded the hieratic, being simpler and consequently easier to write."

The first of the three (the hieroglyphic) was divided into two great classes, the first class of characters being called *Ideographs*, meaning those which represent ideas; the second class being called *Phonetics* because they expressed sound. Chambers says:

"The earliest known monuments which ascend to the third dynasty, (above 2,000 years before Christ), are filled with phonetic hieroglyphics, showing that at that early period the principle of writing sounds had been completely developed."—Article Hieroglyphics.

Inasmuch as Mormon and Moroni wrote in what they called the "Reformed," that is the improved, Egyptian, doubtless they wrote in that language which was best adapted to their purpose of putting a great deal in the smallest space, although, as Moroni says, it might not have been as pure a language, or one in which they could tell as clearly what they wished to write as if they had written in the Hebrew.

Now, according to Bunson, there were about one thousand signs in the hieroglyphical language of Egypt, and many of these, as such signs, represented whole words. For instance we find that a circle, O, signified "the sun," and also "a day," and that a curved line, or, ⌒, represented "the moon" and also "a month." An oval meant "an egg," or "a child," and a vulture symbolized "mother." Two water plants of different kinds meant "The Upper and the Lower Egypt." The forepart of a lion meant "the beginning" of anything, and the hindquarter "the ending." So of numerals, a certain small sign stood for "ten," another for "hundred," another for "thousand," while tens of thousands was represented by a perpendicular line that was bent angling at the top towards the left. Other signs represented "above," "about," "upon," "towards," "throughout," "as far as," "by means of," "in the act of," etc. These are found in Rawlinson's Ancient Egypt, vol. 1, p. 59–66.

As the Israelites sojourned in Egypt for centuries, and as Moses is said to have been learned in all the language and science of that country, so doubtless all the tribes, and the Jews especially, continued in possession of a great degree of their original knowledge concerning Egyptian art and language down to a late date, and it is not strange that Lehi and Nephi carried this knowledge along with them; and, as being a shorter method, it is not wonderful that they sometimes kept records in that way, especially the ones that were so precious that they were engraved upon metals.

Certain quotations from John Delafield's work may come in of value here, and are given as follows:—

"One of the most interesting sources of comparison between Mexico, Peru, and Egypt, is to be found in an investigation of their hieroglyphic system. Each of these countries had a peculiar method of recording events by means of hieroglyphic signs, sculpturing them on monuments and buildings, and portraying them on papyrus and maguey. . . . It is impossible at present to enter fully into an analysis of Mexican and Egyptian hieroglyphics. This is a task reserved for some future Champollion, whose talent and ingenuity will find a rich field open to him in the vast monuments of Copan, Palenque, Tenochtitlan and Cuzco. They are yet an enigma to the world. . . . Baron Humboldt considers the Mexican paintings as rather corresponding with the hieratic than the hieroglyphic writings of the Egyptians, as found on the rolls of papyrus in the swathings of the mummies. . . . It is the opinion of the author that further investigations and discoveries in deciphering Mexican hieroglyphic paintings will exhibit a close analogy to the Egyptian, in the use of two systems, one for monumental inscription, the other for ordinary purposes of record and the sending of information. We find the three species of hieroglyphics common to Mexico and Egypt."—American Antiquities, pp. 42, 46.

Further, upon the differences between languages in regard to space, the following is added: On page 530 of the work of the late Hon. E. M. Haines, called, "The American Indian," is given the Indian original of a certain writing, together with the English interpretation of the same. It shows that while the Indian syllables make but four lines the translation into English makes eleven lines of the same length, or nearly three times as much reading in English. That is, the space taken to write the Indian meaning is but little over one-third that which is taken to write the English meaning of the same thing.

Hence, with all these things put together there seems to be abundant reason why the contents of the Book of Mormon might have been written on eight hundred pages of metal

plates that were seven by eight inches broad, probably with space to spare.

(Note 43.) As being appropriately associated with the matter already introduced concerning the similarity and probable intimate connection between the languages engraved in Egypt and in America, comes in an account of an essay that was presented and read before the "Nebraska Academy of Sciences," as published in the Omaha *Republican* of January 15th, 1881. There were present Professor Wilber and other geologists and scientific men. Among the papers read was one by the Rev. W. E. Copeland upon the ancient dwellers in America. Among other things he said as follows:

"Not a few facts point to a similarity of race between the pre-historic peoples of America and of Africa. They were both builders; and, if anything distinguished the Egyptians from all other nations of antiquity, it was the number and magnificence of the buildings which they erected. Other races built, but only to a slight extent compared with the pre-historic races of America. The ruined cities of Central America are unequalled in extent, and in the solid grandeur of the buildings, by anything in what has been called the Old World, except by the cities of Egypt, such as Memphis, Heliopolis, Thebes, Karnak and Luxor. And the method of building is similar in both Egypt and America. Temples and palaces are constructed of immense blocks of stone, that are so nicely joined that in instances a knife blade can not be inserted between them. And the style of architecture, grand, massive and solemn, is also quite similar; while carving and figures in relief are found in both. And though the grace and beauty of Grecian architecture is wanting yet (in the other two) it is replaced by a massive grandeur.

"Among all the remains of the pre-historic Americans, whether we examine the mounds, the ruins of Central America, or the cities of Mexico that still flourished in the time of Cortez, we find the pyramids. It is true that this form is found elsewhere, but not as a prevailing type, save in America and Egypt. When one examines the temple mound at Cahokia (Illinois), the pyramidal structures of Central America and Mexico, and the pyramids of Egypt, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that kindred races built them all. Both within the pyramids of Egypt and the pyramidal mounds of America we find burial vaults. . . . Perhaps neither were built purposely for tombs, yet both have been put to the same use.

"On all these massive buildings, both in Egypt and America, we find hieroglyphics, whether identical in their meaning, or not, we can not yet tell. But the similarity is striking; and no other nations of antiquity (besides these two) made so common use of these inscriptions. On the buildings of other nations can be found hieroglyphics, but their use is rare compared with those found in Egypt and America. . . . Finding two nations making use of the same style of writing, and that not in use among other nations, we are induced to suppose a similar origin. And we are almost compelled to conclude that there was a similar social condition, which conclusion is enforced because of the vast extent of the buildings that were erected by the ancient Americans, and, as in Egypt, mainly for temples; although works for the benefit of the people were also undertaken on a very extensive scale.

"Besides the hieroglyphics found in Central America, we have also in the carvings other resemblances to Egyptian art. In Copan we find representations of colossal apes and baboons, strongly resembling in outline and appearance the Cynocephale that was worshiped at Thebes, and once attached to the base of the obelisk at Luxor, now in Paris. The Tau, surrounded by a circle, which was the sacred cross of Egypt, appears on the ruins of Palenque. The emblem of the cross is of frequent occurrence in the pre-historic remains of America.

"We also find much in the civilization of ancient Mexico and Peru which resembles the civilization of Egypt. Their knowledge of mechanics was about equal. Both moved huge blocks of stone over long distances, and elevated them to a great height; and in it all they used most accurate measurements. Both arranged systems of irrigation. Both excelled in astronomy, the Mexicans having made great improvements in this science. Both had made great advances in architecture, and had elaborated a similar style, unlike that prevailing elsewhere in the civilized world. And, while I would not claim that the style of architecture is identical, yet the resemblances are very many, and the impression made upon the observer is the same both in Egypt and in America.

"Both of the races were skilled agriculturalists, overpowering all obstacles, in one place building canals and in another aqueducts; and by irrigation making out of the desert a beautiful garden.

"In several of the arts we find a close resemblance, for both were skilled jewelers, and used cutting implements that were harder than our best steel. And we find evidences that several of the so-called lost arts of Egypt were known to the Toltecs; in short, that the wonderful civilization of Egypt had a counterpart in America.

"Their religion was the same, both being sun-worshipers, in honor of whom they erected like edifices. The ruling monarch of Egypt was regarded as the living vicegerent of Ra, the sun-god; and the kings who built the pyramids, and those after them, were called, "Son of Ra." So the Inca of Peru was by his subjects believed to be the visible representation of the divine sun. And he combined in his person the royal dignity of the divine Inca, and the office of high priest, the religious head over the people, which was exactly the case with the Egyptian ruler, too. We find the belief among both that there was one God superior to all others, a pure Spirit that was invisible, omnipotent and omniscient."

Mr. Copeland also mentions an important incident in Mexican railway building in the ancient land of the Toltecs, where the grading work passed along a line that seemed for twenty-five miles to be but one vast graveyard. He says that the tombs were eleven or twelve feet below the surface, and that the walls of the tombs were of masonry, securely plastered, with heavy flagstones laid across the top. In

them were mummies, wrapped in cloths, also some specimens of gold and silver work. He mentions, too, the fact that at the Conquest of Peru the mummies of the Incas were found, or, as Prescott shows, the dead Incas were sitting up in royal state in halls used for the mummies of these notable men of that empire. Copeland concludes upon this point by saying:

"How striking the similarity to the contents of an Egyptian tomb!! And we can find no other nation which mumified their dead and built tombs which would for centuries endure the wear and tear of time, preserving uninjured their contents for the wonder of later generations."

(Concluded next number.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER GLAUD RODGER.—No. XI.

COMPILED FROM HIS JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

IN the spring of 1843, Joseph the martyr appointed Elders Noah Rogers, Addison Pratt, Benjamin F. Grouard, and K. Hanks on a mission to the South Sea Islands. These brethren left Nauvoo on the first of June of that year, and embarked at New Bedford on the 9th of the ensuing October. Bro. Hanks was buried at sea on the 3d of November. On the 30th of April, 1844, they made the island of Touboni, (the principal one of the Austral group), and there left Bro. Pratt. They then sailed for Matavia Bay, Tahiti, arriving there on the 14th of the next month. Bro. Pratt had great success at Touboni; and Elders Rogers and Grouard succeeded in building up a branch of the church at Pa-pe-e-te, the capital town of Tahiti.

On the 3d of July, 1845, Elder Rogers sailed for America, and some time after that, Bro. Grouard left the Pa-pe-e-te branch of the church in charge of Bro. Seth Lincoln, and went to A-na-a, (pronounced Ah-na-ah), or Chain Islands. He was there joined by Bro. Pratt. In a short time they baptized nearly all the inhabitants on the island.

The "Pacific Directory" unwittingly pays these brethren a very handsome compliment, which we here insert:—"A great change has been brought about in the character of these islanders within the last forty years, during which which the Tahitian Protestant missionaries have been established at A-na-a. . . . They have imbibed better tastes, and the Christian influence has made them more peaceful. . . . Since the establishment of the French Protectorate over these (Chain) islands, a Catholic mission was established on A-na-a, at the village of Tu-u-ho-za, where there are some stone chapels; but notwithstanding the zeal of these propagandists, they have not made much progress till *recently*."

Brethren Pratt and Grouard labored here and at Tahiti and Touboni for eight years; during which time they carefully and fully taught their converts the doctrine and the order of the church, and impressed upon them a very high and pure code of morals, which they have not forgotten to this day. Finally, the Papists, finding that they could make no headway so long as the American Elders stood between their flocks and them, influenced the government to order them away.

At this time there were between fifteen hundred and two thousand Saints distributed over some twenty islands. A persecution now commenced, a few particulars of which we here give. First: the Protectorate compelled the white Elders to sign a paper in which they obligated themselves to receive no support whatever from the natives, and in which they were otherwise oppressed. Next, a charge of sedition was preferred. Then their meetings were inhibited. Then all religious exercises, even to the family altar. Of course obedience to such orders had to be enforced.

At the time that Bro. Pratt left (May 15th, 1852,) there were a great many of the An-a-a brethren in prison at Tahiti, and thirty-eight confined at An-a-a. Their crime was for holding meetings after they had been forbidden by the authorities. They were diligently watched, and were forbidden to read, sing or pray. Those at Tahiti were then compelled to work on Queen Pomare's road, and some of them were whipped so severely that they were sent to the hospital. Such was the wretched condition of the Saints at the time that their spiritual adviser, the man to

whom they were attached beyond degree, was compelled by force to leave them to their fate. After he left, their persecutions became even more severe. They were forced to the Catholic Church by the bayonet. In resisting this, six lost their lives! The Protectorate soon found that the Papal church had given them a very troublesome job, and one that promised to last a good while, and finally, after due consideration, they released the brethren and sent them home.

At the time when this mission was established there was no foreign market for the products of the islands, and their only market was at Papeete, where a part of the whaling fleet occasionally recruited. Now all this is changed. The settlement of California by the Americans, and the opening of the port of San Francisco, together with the wonderful impetus given to trade in Australasia, have created an active trade with Polynesia.

The products for export of Toubonia are cocoa nut oil, fungus, and ship-timber. Of the Tomotou group, Chain Islands: pearls, mother-of-pearl, cocoa nut oil, fungus, beach-le-mar, marine shells, and coral specimens. Of Tahiti: oranges, bananas, pearls, tamarinds, cocoa nuts, oil, coffee, sugar, and cotton. The cotton plant is perennial, and needs replanting only once in five years, and then only to keep it from becoming a tree. Beach-le-mar is a moss, growing on the rocks near the sea-shore; it is a food plant with the Chinese, and finds its way to their country via San Francisco. Fungus is a stinted plant that flourishes upon otherwise barren ground, and is valuable for its coloring properties. All these find a ready market in San Francisco.

There are two lines of schooners running constantly between Pa-pe-e-te and San Francisco, via the Marquesas Islands, carrying a monthly mail; and there are quite a number of small schooners and cutters trading between the neighboring groups of Tahiti. There is really no French commerce here, and Papeete is valuable to France only as a port of call, and as a coaling station for its war vessels and transports going and coming from New Caledonia, its great penal colony, to which so many of the Paris communists have lately been banished.

We have no data from which to give the amount of exports, except that last year Anaa alone exported two hundred tons of cocoa nut oil. The natives furnish this oil to the merchants at about ten cents per gallon, taking payment in goods at really high figures, so that they are the veriest slaves to capital.

But to return to our ship. We are now south of the Equator; and past the region of Equa orial calms, (the Doldrums), and are standing due south for Tahiti. The air of the Tropics is delicious; respiration is fuller and deeper than in a cold climate, and one becomes sensible of the pleasure of breathing.

On the 13th of December we made the island. The formation is volcanic, and the main peak rises nearly eight thousand feet in the air. The island is surrounded by a coral reef, with an occasional opening through which vessels can pass. The ever restless ocean dashes the great waves against this reef with a fearful roar that can be heard five miles off; but the inside channel is as smooth as a mill-pond. A miniature steam tug comes outside the reef and takes us in tow, and we head for the western entrance of Matavia bay.

The French have erected two bastioned earthworks to protect this entrance, one of which mounts six and the other ten guns. We afterward visited the latter, and found the armament to be eight 32-pounders and two 10-inch shell guns. They were very formidable to look at, but when we looked into their muzzles and saw how rough they were inside, we concluded that the United States Military Department would condemn all such guns. We dropped our anchor close in to a quay at Tahiti.

Here is the seat of the French Protectorate for this and other of their Polynesian possessions. The American and British governments have each a consul; and Queen Pomare (the native sovereign) here holds her court, and exercises a certain authority, but apparently in harmony with the Protectorate. Tahiti is a town of perhaps two thousand inhabitants. Its mercantile business is mainly in the hands of Americans. The streets are narrow, and in many places the trees on each side join branches overhead, forming a perfect shade. The streets are macadamized and kept surprisingly clean. The French Protestants, and also the English, have well established missions.

The Catholics have a cathedral building partly finished; it is built of coral rock, with door and window facings of basalt. The walls of their monastery are also up; the outside walls of the half-basement are fully five feet thick; and the little square window holes are protected by iron gratings to keep out intruders! We examined this building with a strange interest. Its cloisters, which have their dark history yet to make, are neither more nor less than prison cells; the partition walls of which are fully two feet thick—thick enough to prevent a scream in one cell from being heard in the next! This Christian institution is to be a voluntary prison where Popish fanaticism, directed by Jesuit cunning, is to immure itself in the fearful solitude of such a living grave, that in the end it will prove too terrible for expression, or for endurance; and yet from which there will be no escape except in death! Alas! must this beautiful island, which has neither snake nor poisonous insect upon it, be cursed with such an institution?

We turn from such unhappy thoughts, and from such a building, worthy of all execration, and mingle with the population. We remark that the natives are a great strapping, well-made set of men; and the women are not lacking in good looks or in splendid physical development. Situated in this delightful climate (Latitude 17° south), entirely within the Tropic of Capricorn, clothing ceases to be necessary for either the health or comfort of the body. It is only used for purposes of ornamentation and out of regard for the conventionalities of civilization.

The natives are not clothed, they are draped. For instance, the men wear a breech-cloth (a cloth about two yards long by one wide), wrapped around the loins. It covers the body from the waist to the knees, and over this they wear a shirt. These, with a hat, constitute the male dress. The breech cloth is a very tasty affair. It is of a very showy pattern with large white figures on a blue ground, and looks exceedingly well. The natives, high and low, rich and poor, male and female, go barefoot. We saw the Catholic priest parading with his school, and excepting his professional robe, he was barefooted, barelegged and in his breech-cloth! The women's dress consists of, first, the inevitable breech-cloth; second, a handsomely made loose gown fastened at the neck, falling well to the feet and trailing behind (but it is never allowed to trail in the mud). If this gown is of a very gauzy texture it is worn over a chemise. These, with a stylish bonnet, complete the toilet of the Tahitian lady.

We visited the native houses, and were surprised to find so much cleanliness and neatness displayed and so little of slovenliness and dirt. They all read and write the Tahitian language, and once in a while we found one who could make himself known in English. We found books in every house—sometimes quite a library. By an examination of their grammar we find that their language is nearly all vowel, and but few consonant sounds; that is, it is spoken mainly by the throat, tongue and teeth, and the lips are seldom used.

Apropos of this, how is it that language adapts itself to the climate in which it originated? In Russia, with the aid of consonants, the people are enabled to speak mainly through the lips and teeth, thus shielding the throat and lungs from direct contact with the frozen air. As we proceed towards the Tropics the consonants disappear, the vowels predominate; and in conversation the organs of articulation are thrown open. It sounds oddly enough to us to hear whole sentences uttered without a single movement of the lips. Upon the whole, we prefer the English tongue, notwithstanding that odious hiss sound of the aspirated S, which so incessantly occurs to mar its euphony. It is said that when Cæsar returned from the conquest of Britain he reported that he had conquered a people who spoke the language of serpents! But we are again digressing.

Here is the home of the Bread-fruit tree. We see it all around us; it is the commonest tree in Papeete. It is a good bearer and grows to be a very large tree. We saw specimens of the fruit on the tree fully two-thirds the size of a person's head. When boiled or fried it tastes like the potato.

Queen Pomare has opened, macadamized and embowered a public road, which, following the sea-shore, extends all around the island, making a most delightful drive of one hundred miles in extent. It is kept in repair by convict labor. We did ourselves the honor of visiting the

queen. She received us very kindly, conversed with us in English through her niece, the heiress-apparent to the throne, and when we arose to leave bade us a friendly adieu. She is now quite old—perhaps seventy-five years — but still straight as an arrow and retaining all her faculties in perfection.

There was an easy, dignified grace about both her and the princess that was becoming. Pomare must well remember the time when her people were nude savages, without the redeeming features of their present civilization. Report speaks of great licentiousness in the rude old times; and what marvel, when, on Tahiti, free-love was, and to a certain extent still is, the established order of things, and climatic influences compel all nature to run riot in sheer voluptuousness. But the race is still robust, the blood uncontaminated, as a rule, and the power of transmission is still vigorous and unimpaired.

(To be continued).

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S PILGRIMS.

BY ELDER E. STAFFORD.

A SHIPMATE and myself took a stroll on the outskirts of the town, and found native huts at distant intervals which appeared to be the homes of the peasantry, and had patches of tarke, yams, pineapples, etc. growing. We were told by the boarding-house keepers, that potatoes were being raised by the natives, and they yielded abundantly. These found ready sale to the vessels that called to recruit the health of their crews, after being at sea a long time and living on salt provisions.

These vessels were chiefly whalers. We can not call to mind at present seeing any fences, although there may have been such.

I remember going through a patch of about two acres of what appeared to be weeds, or young bushes, about four feet high, upon which was quite a large bulb growing, which I was indulging in kicking off, now and then.

My shipmate inquired if I knew what I was kicking, and of course, never haveing seen any before, I answered, "No."

He replied, "Those are pineapples."

They were not ripe so we did not indulge in tasting them.

Returning to our stopping place, we partook of an early supper, and sauntered forth for a stroll, to see what was to be seen, and after passing several huts, saw a young native standing at the door of one, who, in excellent English, invited us in. Accepting the invitation, we entered and found the family—consisting of the parents and three daughters—at their meal. They were seated on the ground floor, surrounding a large calabash — of the gourd nature—filled with what they called "poi," but what appeared to the writer something whitish, and of the consistency of batter, preparatory to being baked on the griddle.

By the side of the calabash was a smaller vessel, filled with a green slimy substance, which they had gathered off the rocks by the sea-shore; the sailors said it was fish spawn. They would dip their two forefingers in the poi, swing them round—like a boy who had dipped his fingers in molasses and was afraid a portion of it would drop off—then pop them suddenly in their mouths. Every now and then they would take a small portion of the slimy substance, which appeared to be a kind of seasoning to the main article. The only variation in the dish served was that for a change they would make the batter thicker, and then they only dipped one finger in; this was called "one finger poi," the other "two finger poi." We were politely invited to partake with them of this savory dish; but we thanked them kindly and declined on the plea of having just partaken of our supper.

The only article of furniture we remember seeing was a fragment of a chair which the young gentleman politely offered to the writer.

After the ceremony just described, and

the writer was fairly seated, the young native began to ply him with questions that seemed to be in advance of his apparent condition. We answered as well as we could. He next inquired if we were posted in mathematics, and receiving an answer to the effect that we had some knowledge of the science of numbers, we had no rest till the time we left from trying to make plain a few problems that seemed to have puzzled him.

Upon inquiry, I found that there was quite a school established there under the management of one of the missionaries on the island that was attended by a large number of native children who, if as intelligent and ready to learn as this one, aged about fifteen, must eventually rise in the scale of intelligence above their present condition.

Bidding our inquisitive native adieu, we went to our lodgings and retired to rest.

While at breakfast the next morning, a party of four, including the writer, agreed to go upthe coast about seven or eight miles to where a Frenchman resided, who, we were informed, would pilot us inland some two or three miles, for a consideration, to a wonderful waterfall, whose height was said to be very little inferior to the highest in the world, the volume of water passing over it was not claimed to be large, but about three feet in diameter. We hired a native to take us in his canoe to the Frenchman's dwelling.

These canoes are constructed out of a tree after the American Indian fashion; are therefore very narrow, about fourteen feet long, and sharp at both ends; have two arms, or what the sailors style outriggers, about eight feet long and four or five inches in thickness, laid across the canoe, and fastened to it about three feet from each end. To the other ends of the out riggers is fastened a heavy pole, or stick of timber eight inches in diameter, which runs in the water parallel with the canoe, and its entire length; they serve the purpose of keeping the canoe from capsizing in a heavy sea. They rig a mast and carry sail, depending upon the log at the end of the outriggers to keep them on an even keel, or rather, in the position of a ship with the wind on the quarter. Sometimes the natives get out to the end of the arms, and sit across the log to keep it down; their limbs under water, and when going through a wave they are entirely submerged.

The four of us contrived to get on board, two of us having just room to sit on the ends of the arms where they crossed the canoe, the other two had to kneel down, or sit on the edge of the canoe; one native forward to manage the sail, the other one steering.

We launched out, had a favorable breeze and smooth sea. After coasting along the shore for a mile or so, the land began to rise higher from the water, to about eight or ten feet, and from the edge of the shore was somewhat level for a few rods, then took a gradual rise a short distance, and then abruptly, until it asumed a mountainous aspect, and retained that appearance until nearing our destination. It then began to decline with a gentle slope toward the level country around the Frenchman's dwelling.

The beauty of the scenery, the verdure of the vegetation peculiar to the tropics, and the delicious, spicy order that saluted us were truly exhilarating to the spirits of men, who had been confined so long to the monotony of a life on board ship. We landed in time to partake of dinner with our Gallic host, and to make him acquainted with our desire to proceed as soon as possible to the wonder of the island.

Our desire being acceded to, he furnised us with two native guides, who packed between them on a pole two coils of rope about an inch thick and about sixty feet long. When about a mile from our destination a drizzling rain set in, which made our apparel somewhat damp and made it very uncomfortable walking in our light pumps.

The country we passed through seemed to be a level stretch, which reminded one of some portions of Illinois that I had seen, where there were small patches of prairie, interspersed with clumps of brush and jack-oaks. Immediately around the water-fall appeared (or at least the part through which the stream ran before taking its fearful leap) to be level, until the eye caught a mountain range a few miles distant.

The precipice down which the water fell, seemed from the top to be perpendicular on three of its sides; the other side slanted from the top, for a distance of about forty or fifty feet, so that we

could for that distance get down by the aid of saplings and underbrush which grew there; from there the ropes had to be used. The natives went down first with the ropes, for the distance named; then tied the end of one of the ropes around a sapling about six inches in diameter, and let the balance fall down its length; then, letting the other coil down, one of the natives went down the first rope, holding the end of the other in his hand, till arriving at the extremity of the first; then he fastened that rope to a sapling and went down to the bottom. The rest of us soon followed. The ground over which the first rope went was a trifle slanting with here and there a small sapling growing out; but the last part of the journey was almost perpendicular, at least two-thirds of the way. Arriving at the bottom, on a knoll of gravel, we began to look around, as well as we could, to discover our surroundings; objects were not distinctly visible at first, for it appeared to us like the last stage of twilight; but as our eyes became accustomed to the dim light, they began to take in the situation. The cavity at the bottom, where we stood, assumed the shape of a pear, in its general outlines; the water falling at the stem end, where it had formed a deep basin from the continuous fall from such a height, and then ran off on the other side in the form of a small creek around the graveled knoll on which we stood, and disappeared in a subterraneous cavern that conducted it to the sea. The upper center of the arch appeared to be about three feet from the water; the orifice had a gloomy, forbidding appearance.

We landed at the bottom in a nook, protected from the immediate splashing of the falling water, but not secure from the spray occasioned by the passage of the water in its downward course. The bottom of the cavity in its longest part, was about sixty feet, and in its shortest about forty feet in diameter; the diameter of the orifice might have been about ninety feet in its longest, and sixty or seventy in its shortest part; but looking from the bottom upwards it seemed to be about fifteen or twenty feet in diameter, indeed a very small circle of light appeared to our view. The water in its descent assumed all kinds of shapes, according to the obstructions met with.

That which attracted the writer's attention the most, was the number of miniature rainbows, with their rich variegated colors, of every hue and tint imaginable, beyond our power to delineate. Our stay in this cavern was not a very lengthy one, owing to the gloomy aspect, and the discomfort experienced from the dampness occasioned by the falling spray and drizzling rain. The natives and two of my shipmates went up several minutes before the other shipmate and myself; I was the last to leave the dungeon-like place. From the falling rain, added to that of the spray, the ground became very wet and slippery; the ropes also were more or less muddy, which made the grasp of the hand less secure than if they had been dry; and had there not been knots on the ropes at intervals, the ascent would have been a more difficult one than it was, accompanied with more or less risk to the climber.

The ground being so slippery and so steep, frequently when placing my feet upon it as a help they would slip off and cause me to go down, sometimes with a jerk, to the knot in the rope; one hand would slip a few inches while endeavoring to reach the other over it. I do not recollect of ever having so hard a climb as upon that occasion. Arriving at the top we were evidently not in a situation to enter a drawing-room. Our broadcloth round-abouts were in a very moistened condition and having splashes of mud on them here and there; our wide blue shirt-collars hung limp over our shoulders; our black silk neckerchiefs a little awry; our shoes, or pumps, not in walking order, and our Panama white hats letting the rain form a channel down our backs. But we were as happy as ducks in a thunderstorm, and kept up our spirits as we journeyed back to the Frenchman's, with whom we stopped over night, and next day after breakfast, returned by the same mode that we came, to where the remainder of our shipmates were. We loitered around to kill time, until the ship's boats came for us, when we embarked for our Ocean home.

To be continued.

Department of Correspondence.

PROF. J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR.

BOX 5, LAMONI, IOWA.

AS we close the work for the March issue our heart is made glad by the hearty response which we have received to our call for help. Many of the young brethren and a few of the sisters have contributed their offering to assist in building up the well begun work. This is what we like to see, and we feel sure that if others will examine the matter carefully, ask themselves the question, "Am I willing to receive from others that for which I try to give nothing in return?" and, having answered it, if they will but act under the inspiration of the moment and make an effort to cast in their mite, good will certainly result from it.

We are pleased to see how all seem so much interested in the department, and we should like to see more of the young ladies taking part. Those who have done so have done nobly, and why should not you do as well? There are several subjects suggested in this number which are of interest to all the young of both sexes, such as Reading for the Young, Young Peoples' Prayer-meetings, etc. If none of these subjects suit you, remember it is your privilege to select your own theme.

So do not be afraid of sending enough to overburden the editor, but think of the good you might do, though it may seem ever so little to you. None of us know the extent of our influence, nor what word may find lodgment in the heart of another.

Allow me a suggestion or two about your manuscript, as many of you have never written for publication before. Remember that matter for publication must be written on one side of the paper only. Be sure you know what you want to say, then say it in the plainest manner you are capable. Try to be brief in your expression. When you have written your letter, review it carefully to see whether you have said just what you intended, and in the best way you could; whether you can improve the capitalization, punctuation, etc.

EDITOR.

"SOME THAT WILL NOT HEAR."

HOW many of our young brethren have tried their best to show to others of a different faith the pure gospel once delivered to the saints? I know there are not many, if any at all, judging from my own experience, who have not had that longing desire to make all people realize that which has filled their souls with joy; and it has been their every thought to get some one interested enough to talk of those things that seemed to them so simple and easily understood. And if we could get some one to lend a listening ear a few moments, how strangely they have answered us! They have seemed to turn and twist every way, as if they were afraid of being caught in something which was not right, and it has completely outdone us for the moment. And perhaps they would tell to others the things we have said, and we have been laughed at for believing what we know to be true.

The question seems to arise, why is it? What is the reason that God's truth should be put to open shame? It would seem that error would overcome the good, but it never will, for I think these people have let Satan have power over them in this thing.

Paul, writing his second epistle to the Thessalonians, says: "Yea, the Lord, even Jesus, whose coming is not until after there cometh a falling away, by the working of Satan with all power, and signs and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved."—2 Thess. 2:9–10 So it seems to me, we can see that the reason is not because they can not see, but that they let Satan have power over them, that they will not receive the love of the truth. They do not love truth as we do, but rather darkness. Many can see the light in a small degree, but instead of embracing it they shrink from it. But we find all classes of people. Some can see the light and will talk and read, and you will think they

are about to embrace it, but you find you are mistaken, and when you ask them the reason, they will say, "You have a bad name, and you are looked down upon; you are poor," etc., "that is the reason." Isn't it strange? But so it is.

I remember when I first came into the church and began to learn "line upon line," it seemed so good and simple; I thought every one of my fellow creatures would be as glad to hear as myself. And so I began to tell, in my simple way, what I knew. But no one can tell how disappointed I was when they would laugh at me and put other interpretations upon this and that which I thought was so simple. It is a great lesson to learn, but it does not hinder us from telling it, no matter how we are blamed for it. I think it helps to build us up, instead of hindering us, and causes us to study harder and go deeper into the doctrine of Christ; and we have this assurance, that God will bless all our little efforts and although weak, perhaps some good will come from it. I often ask God never to take this desire from me, but rather to make it stronger.

S. ALMA WHITEHOUSE,
KEWANEE, Ill., Jan. 1st, 1890.

READING FICTION.

HAVING just finished reading "Looking Backward," by Edward Bellamy, I am constrained to offer a few thoughts relative thereto.

Whether we regard the ideas of the author as merely visionary, or whether we consider them as within the range of possibilities, the fact is clearly set forth that a social revolution seems imminent. That the author illustrates beyond contradiction many startling facts concerning the present condition of society, no one, candidly thinking, can deny.

How any one can read the work thoughtfully and not feel more sympathy for struggling humanity, is beyond my power to conceive. While we may not be altogether agreed as to the manner of remedying the evils, we are, doubtless, agreed as to the existence of many of them. Whether or not Bellamy's gigantic plan is the solution of the problem, certain social reforms are most assuredly desirable.

The book, if it does nothing more, reveals the fact that the world is awakening to a realization that society abounds in cesspools of iniquity; that the misery and want of the masses are caused by the extravagance and plenty of the few; that life with the majority is a miserable struggle for existence; that at the present rate of increase of vice and corruption which is pervading pulpit and press, society will soon have reached a chaotic condition.

Can it be possible that the author can be right, when he states, in speaking of the "Golden Age" of the twentieth century, "Our children will surely see it, and we, too, who are already men and women, if we deserve it by our faith and works"? Just here I want to ask a question. While Mr. Bellamy makes such plain statements concerning the society of the present day, we read in the books of "holy writ" that such should be the condition of the world in this age; and in the light of this and many similar facts, I put the question to the readers of the department, hoping to hear many opinions upon the subject about which we are all more or less interested, and upon which I am somewhat undecided. The question is this: *Does it pay to read fiction?*

ALDEN.
SHENANDOAH, Iowa, Oct. 1st, 1889.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Feb. 3d.

Prof. J. A. Gunsolley, Dear Brother:—All young saints should hail with delight the Department of Correspondence in *Autumn Leaves*, as an exchange of ideas on any subject can not fail to benefit, not only those taking part in the discussions, but the many who will only read. I trust your call for matter for this department will receive such a response as will gladden your heart and give assurance of success, and as an earnest of that desire I send you this my "maiden effort."

I feel my weakness and inability to handle the great and grave subjects you have presented for discussion; still I feel inclined to cast in my mite to help the good cause, and pray God to so direct my thoughts that good will result; and though I fall into error, (which I am very apt to do), some good brother or sister in response to my humble effort will point them out, and thereby accomplish the object of this department.

Prohibition (that knotty question that has engaged the minds of some of our greatest men,

and about which there is such a vast difference of opinion as to the good or evil that would result therefrom), seems a very difficult subject for me to either uphold or condemn; but such humble ideas as I have I hereby submit. There are very few people, I believe, who will not admit that the prohibition of the liquor traffic would be a great *moral* blessing to this country.

Who can look abroad in this fair land, and see the once happy homes that have been despoiled by this demon and not cry aloud, as many have done before, "In God's name let the traffic cease." I have heard a confirmed drunkard say (in the agony of despair), "Would to God a law were passed that would prevent me taking a drink, for I have not the moral strength to resist while it is so easily obtained."

Can this be done? If so, how? Numerous and different laws have been passed in various parts of this country, prohibiting the sale of liquor; but the great trouble with these laws is that they do not prohibit, or, more correctly speaking, they are not enforced.

I have traveled over a great deal of prohibition country; and in very rare cases was it difficult for a man to obtain all the liquor he wanted, especially a stranger, who is very often quietly informed how and where it could be obtained. But the friends of this law say, even if this be true, it is not without its good effects, for the saloons are gone, therefore the young men are safer, as the temptation is not always before them. But is this so? Knowing they are forbidden this thing, does it not create a desire to taste, and know for themselves whether it be an evil? Man has ever been fond of forbidden fruit.

Another class of Prohibitionists, claiming "That if you would dry up the stream you must first cut off the fountain," are working for the passage of laws prohibiting its manufacture; but would this have the desired effect? I fear not; would it not, rather, be putting a premium upon illicit distilling?

The idea that prohibition would cause a decrease in the price of grain, has ever been one of anti-prohibitionists' strongest arguments.

But is this true? I am inclined to answer no, not to such an alarming extent as has been claimed. Why, where will we find a market for the grains now used in the manufacture of liquors?

In an increased demand for breadstuffs.

Where will this increase come from?

First, From the very persons who are to-day the slaves of drink.

It is a well known fact that all such have impaired appetites. If the cause be removed their normal appetites will return, and instead of unnatural stimulants, good solid food would be used.

Second, From the many families who are compelled to go without food because their protector is squandering his means for drink, another idea presents itself. Admitting there would be a fall in the price of grain, they constitute the greater part of our breadstuffs, therefore the cost of living will be reduced, and the farmer can afford to sell his grain at a smaller profit.

And again, how many of our farmers spend quite a percentage of their profits for this same soul-destroying liquor, which, if prohibited, would give them means to apply in a more useful way!

Some will say this is not true of all farmers. Admitted; but is it not true of them as a class as it is true of nearly all classes? And if so, would not they as a class be benefitted.

In conclusion, I will say that I do not think all the laws ever passed or to be passed, will drive this curse from our land, for as long as there is a profit in it, men will be found who will break those laws and furnish their fellowman with means of self-destruction. Where then will deliverance come from?

From the same source that delivers from other sin.

A determination to turn from it, and an earnest, honest appeal to God to give us strength to resist the demon who would tempt us.

May God help all so to do who are struggling in the grasp of intemperance, is the prayer of

Your brother in Christ,

FRED C. MOLYNEAUX.

CLEAR WATER, Neb. Feb. 10th.

Prof. J. A Gunsolley:—In the last issue of the *Leaves* I see the all absorbing question of prohibition sprung, and the argument advanced that as all intoxicants are made from corn, barley and rye, if prohibition obtained there necessarily would be a decrease in the demand for those products; consequently the price would go down and farmers would suffer loss. That certainly would be too bad; but let me inquire the price of our boys; and if the price of grain is to be governed by the saloon trade, will not the same traffic have a counter effect on the rising generation? As the value of grain advances through the manufacture and consumption of intoxicants, will not the value of our boys decrease in like proportions? If not, why not encourage our girls in helping to advance this prosperity? And if drinking intoxicating

beverages raises our boys in the scale of intelligence and morality, why not give our girls an equal chance?

Hoping to hear from those interested, I respectfully subscribe myself, yours in the interest of our boys and girls.

SISTER E. X. GAMET.

LAMONI, Iowa, January 13th.

Dear Readers of the Department of Correspondence:—Many an hour that might have been used for some good either to ourselves or some one else, is lost, loafing about town, attending clubs of low repute, or haunts of city vagabonds. It is a scientific fact that a fountain can not, of itself, rise higher than its source; so with regard to the cultivation of the mind; it advances in enlightenment just in proportion to the amount of study that is performed. And, as we all know, there are a great many ways of studying and a great variety of books and periodicals that we might make use of in this study. We should have a good object in view; read for the good that it will bring us, not for amusement, or to simply "kill time."

In the selection of our reading matter we should use great care and discrimination. We can not hope to be able in one life-time to read the many millions of books already published and the thousands that are annually issued; we must be content with being able to read one-hundredth part of the vast array that is placed within our reach. And hence it is that we should be wise in the selection of our reading matter.

In selecting books act as in choosing friends. There are those with whom we would not associate, and there are books that we should not read. The costume of a person or the binding and finish of a book can not be trusted as criteria by which we may intelligently choose.

Do not read low, trashy novels and love-stories, as they tend to dissipate the mind and create a distaste for anything manly and noble; and cause us to shun that which strengthens the brain and increases our ability to think for ourselves.

Coleridge divides readers into four classes. "The first," he says, "may be compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand; it runs in and it runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class resemble a sponge, which imbibes everything and returns it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class to a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class may be compared to the slave in the diamond mines of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserves only the pure gems."

Let us try to be like the last mentioned class, casting aside all books that do not aid in elevating us to a higher sphere of thought and action. Though the time of many of us is very limited, yet whenever we have a moment's time to spare, let us read or study some good and instructive book or magazine, and it was for this purpose, as I understand it, that the *Autumn Leaves* was started, that we might have pure literature; and it affords us an excellent medium through which we can express our thoughts and make known our desires.

I believe this magazine is doing a good and mighty work in the Master's vineyard, setting forth such truths as will cause the young minds to think and grasp out after more truth, and bring them to see the beauties of our gospel more fully, and thus infuse within them a desire for self-instruction and self-cultivation. God has given us minds and has placed within our reach books, both good and bad, and has also given us our free moral agency; so let us choose those books for our reading that will eventually result in the glory of God and the enlightenment of the race. God has seen fit in these days to speak to us the "words of revelation," and since it has come from Him, we could do nothing better than to read and ponder upon them.

ALMA B. HANSON.

HENDERSON, Iowa, Feb. 9th.

Dear Readers:—I think the Department of Correspondence is a good thing and will, no doubt, be a benefit to us, if one and all will take an interest in it. One has suggested the prohibition question, and I think it is a good one, and one on which there are a great many different opinions.

I will present one argument against alcoholic drinks. According to the estimate of 1880, there were several thousand more bushels of corn raised in Pottawattamie county, Iowa, than was made into whiskey in the whole United States. If only that amount is distilled, what effect would it have on the price of corn? Why is it that the price of corn is lower in Nebraska, where more whiskey is distilled than it is in Iowa? Grant that it does affect the price of corn, which it does not, the pure whiskey made from one bushel of corn, when sold by the dram, brings $32; and when adulterated, as it always is, making four gallons out of one, it will bring $128. Can any one afford to buy $128 worth of whiskey to obain sale for one bushel of corn? And how many poor children would cry for bread for the sake of that one bushel of corn?

ETHEL I. SKANE.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

KANESVILLE.

Page 151.

Domestic Department.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

Do the duty which lies nearest to thee.—*Goethe.*

HERE AND NOW.

I have had dreams of grander work than this,—
Some seal of greatness set on hand or brow;
Sometime, somewhere, a work of greater bliss,
Not here, not now.

Some work that leads more near the mighty God,
Like that of dwellers on the mountain's brow:
This common work is all too near the sod
Of here and now.

But He who plans for each his work and place,
And kindly teaches when we ask Him how,
Will surely give to each the needed grace
Just here and now.

No need that I should stumble up the hill
In search of blessings; I but humbly bow
My head in sweet content to do His will,
Just here, just now.

—*Good Housekeeping.*

THE DUTIES WHICH LIE NEAREST.

So much is said nowadays about the duties of a woman in her home; of the intellectual activity she must maintain to be a satisfactory companion of her husband, of the artistic sense she must cultivate to make her house "a harmony" and her own and children's clothing the gauge of her refinement; and of the gastronomic variety that must always grace her table—that in trying to follow all these paths of duty poor overworked womanhood quite breaks down. It is high time to stop and consider what are the essentials of the life of a woman who earnestly desires to do well by the home which is both her sphere and her house of refuge.

Which of these diverse duties is first, and what is their order and just proportion?

Mrs. Dorr, a woman of strong common sense as well as a poet, considers this question in one of the current magazines, in an article called, "Fifty Tucks or One, in allusion to the burden of profuse ornamentation which the sewing machine has brought upon the modern housewife.

She declares unhesitatingly for the more simple living of our grandmothers, in both clothing, furnishings, and table service, as a means of securing leisure for higher pursuits, which she regards as the most precious luxury of woman. And she insists rightly enough that too much of the strength of most women goes into an effort to conform to accepted social usages without regard to their fitness for or usefulness in the household into which they are introduced.

The physical care of her household is a woman's most pressing duty.

Any woman who holds herself the faithful steward of the means placed at her command for the family food and clothing has a constant problem before her which, well done, will take a goodly amount of mental strength, and which can never be put aside.

Given a home rightly founded, careful financiering is the essential oil, which will keep the machinery, simple or elaborate, running without creak or jars, and where this duty falls upon a woman her work is fully equal to the bread-winners', although the figures she deals with are always small, and the items the constantly recurring butter and eggs, shoes and flannels of an ordinary family.

The care of her children is the chief part of her work. No home can have its full amount of happiness, where the children are ailing, disobedient or unruly. The physical part of this care appeals earliest and most forcibly to the motherly heart, and here again the mental strength is drawn upon that this care may be intelligent.

The food must be nourishing, palatable and sufficient, and the clothing as suitable and tasteful as may be.

But to strive anxiously to dress, do and be like one's neighbors, and by that subtile influence, to teach children unthinking conformity to other people's ideas, is robbing ourselves and them of true independence of character, that fruit of many years of mental and moral training.

How many naturally right-minded men and women err painfully, stumble, and sometimes fall for lack of that very ability, to see what *is* right, apart from their neighbors' views and actions!

The training of the childish heart and mind is the hardest work of all. Unfortunately that too often falls exclusively on the mother, although the force of the father's character can easily be felt if sympathy and consideration lead him to try to bear his rightful share of the work.

But so different are the keys to which child-

ren's natures are attuned that again the intellect must play its part.

Patience, perception, a sense of justice tempered with mercy and sympathy, and over all and through all a mother's love, are the blended qualities needed here.

Heart and intellect must go together; each alone is quite too weak for the task.

A pretty house is a joy to all concerned, a refining influence and a constant lesson in neatness and order. But prettiness must not be placed as an object before more important matters. Mere ornament does not bring comfort, or fine furniture unity of interest and cheerful content.

So let the home be as artistic as can be within the limits that any sensible woman quickly knows are drawn about her, and the beautiful spirit of the happy life within its walls will more than make up the lack of the finer things our neighbors may have.

To the woman who has met these requirements of a home in even the simplest and most modest way, how much leisure will be left for intellectual culture? In some cases more and in some less, according to circumstance and the strength of mental craving. To some women, both from natural limitation and force of circumstances, any great or continuous intellectual study is practically denied.

But although intellectual progress is a delight and a stimulus to a woman, and to all her household, yet let not the woman whose opportunities for culture are most limited, be discouraged.

Far above culture rises the power and influence of sweet character, which comes from quiet and steady doing of daily duties with an honest, clear, moral insight, measuring out a just amount of time and thought to each care, forgetting none and blending together all the separate strands of the household life with true wifely and motherly love.

It was not the intellectual or the artistic woman whom Bryant saw in his "Flood of Years" entering into the "Life to Come," but "Saintly women who had made their households happy."

AGNES B. ORMSBEE,
In the Mother's Magazine.

"Home is sometimes thought flat and dull, and too often made so, just from the want of recognizing what it stands for. The love, the fidelity, the forbearance, the self-sacrifices that are nourished by family life are among the richest possessions of humanity."

HELPS FOR SOME OF LIFE'S ILLS.

Flaxseed Lemonade.—Four tablespoonfuls flaxseed, whole; one quart of boiling water poured upon the flaxseed; juice of two lemons, leave out the peel; sweeten to taste; steep three hours in covered earthen dish; if too thick, put in cold water with the lemon juice and sugar. Good for colds.

Sore Throat.—A simple but effectual remedy for ordinary sore throat is a gargle of salt and water, using a tablespoonful of salt to a half tumbler of water Gargle the throat frequently, until relieved.

Toothache—A certain cure for this most agonizing of pains is to mix powdered alum and salt in equal quantities. then wet a piece of cotton batting sufficiently to make the powder adhere, and apply it to the hollow tooth. It never fails.

Cuts.—Powdered rosin is said to be good for cuts. Sift it on the cuts, put a soft cloth around it and wet it occasionally with cold water.

Burns—The white of an egg is a soothing application for scalds or burns, and also effectually excludes the air. A physician writes: "Quite often I see formulas for the treatment of burns. As I have been burned all over my body, excepting the soles of my feet, so severely that twelve physicians said I could not live. you will see why I am so interested in such formulas. Please say from me that the free use of soft soap upon a flesh burn will remove the fire from the flesh in less time than it takes to write these words. If the burn be severe, after relief from the pain use linseed oil, and then sift upon it wheat flour. Let this dry until it falls off, and a new skin will be formed without a scar. This treatment leaves nothing more to be desired."

Beef Tea—Some one may be glad to learn of this method of making beef tea. One poor sufferer, who had tired of beef tea made in the old way by boiling the beef enclosed in a bottle, exclaimed, after tasting some made by the following rule, "Oh, how much better! That has the good natural taste of the meat." One pound of juicy meat: scrape or chop very fine, rejecting all the fat. Place in a skillet or saucepan with one cup of lukewarm water. Keep at this same temperature for about one hour or longer. Then squeeze it through a clean cloth into a bowl. Take the same meat, put in the skillet with one half cup of cold water and let it come to a boil Then pour immediately into that in the bowl, taking care not to let the pieces of meat fall in. This will coagulate the juices of the meat just enough to make it palatable and leave it rare done. Salt, and keep where it is cold. If it is desired to have it warm, heat it over warm water.

Never serve pototoes, boiled or baked whole, in a closely covered dish. They become sodden and clammy Cover with a folded napkin, that allows the steam to escape or absorbs the moisture.

If any housekeeper finds it imperative to clean windows on an icy cold day, she can accomplish it safely by using a cloth dampened with alcohol, which never freezes.

Editor's Corner.

We present our readers, in this issue, an illustration of Kanesville in 1852. The place was named in honor of Col. Thomas L. Kane. This officer first visited the emigrants to Salt Lake for the purpose of arranging with them in reference to the battalion which they furnished for the Mexican war. He was cared for in their camp during a protracted illness, and was ever after a warm friend and advocate of their cause. As many are aware, the name was afterwards changed to Council Bluffs, to which place the illustration bears small resemblance.

We are pleased to announce to our friends that the subscription list is steadily increasing, and unsolicited testimonies are coming in with almost every mail, in regard to the work the magazine is doing. Just a little more perseverance upon the part of its friends will greatly increase the sphere of its usefulness.

Take particular notice! By the time this issue reaches you it will be necessary for those who have been getting subscribers to begin to close up your lists and send the names to the editor. There are four points to which attention *must* be given. First, *Send these lists to M. Walker*. They must not be sent to the Herald Office, to David Dancer or to any one except the editor. Second, you must be particular to mention whether the subscribers are new ones, or renewals. Third, state just what premium you wish sent you and by what mode. Fourth, if the premium is to be sent by mail, don't forget to enclose stamps for prepayment of postage. In all cases of a large or valuable premium, we would advise sending by express, as it will not be possible for us to replace the loss, should such occur in the mails.

A good plan for any who are coming to conference (or who have friends coming from where you live) will be to wait and get them at that time.

Those who have taken out cash commission are not entitled to a premium.

We hope none who have worked in our interest will hesitate to send in their lists. Our gratitude is due you and besides this we wish to render some small token of our appreciation of your services.

We have now at the office one or two sets of volume one, which can be had upon application. Price $1.50.

We especially request all parties who may have received copies of volume three, and who are not intending to subscribe for it, to kindly return the same. In some cases they have been sent in this way, as we did not like to remove the name from our list until sure parties did not want it. By complying with this you will confer a favor upon us.

Errata. — In the February number, on page ninety-seven, Sr. Eleanor is made to say, "Thus sweeping away that refuge of *his*." It should read, "Thus sweeping away that refuge of *lies*." A small mistake in type often makes a big mistake in meaning.

R:O:U:N:D :·: T:A:B:L:E.

EDITED BY SALOME.

And well the waiting time must be,
Though brief or long its granted days,
If Faith and Hope and Charity
Sit by my evening hearth fire's blaze.
And with them friends, whom Heaven has spared,
Whose love my heart has comforted.
And, sharing all my joys, has shared
My tender memories of the dead.

—Whittier.

In all places decorative needlework seems to have been highly esteemed as an employment for women of the upper classes. In very early days knightly families sent their daughters to the castle of their suzerain lords to learn to weave, spin and embroider; and we find records that teachers of embroidery took very high salaries. During the times of the wars of the Roses, ladies of high degree, reduced through the tortures of war earned their living by executing and teaching embroidery. Men, however, seem to have been as skillful with the needle as women in mediæval times, and there are records of embroideries executed by monks

as well as by nuns; while we know that the wonderful embroideries preserved in San Giovanni, in Florence, were the work of a man. At the Court of Isabel la Catholica regular trials of needlework were held, and Catharine of Aragon brought with her from her mother's Court all the skill in needlework for which she was famous there; and in the long years of her trouble and desertion she taught embroidery and lace making both to her mother and the poor around her. The Spanish stitch introduced by her into needlework seems to have been that kind of "laid" work for which Spain has always been famous, frequently done in black silk upon a white ground, with gold introduced. It is very possible that she also taught the stuffed gold work known as basket stitch, which also seems to have been largely practiced in Spain, and is, in fact, still executed in that country. Fresh varieties were introduced again by the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, learned in France and practiced in the time of her imprisonment. Probably by her was begun that curious and elaborate work consisting wholly or chiefly of point-lace stitches. Some of the embroideries of this period are extremely beautiful and are treasuries of stitches for the instruction of modern workers. No trouble was spared in perfecting the most minute details. In some cases we find pea-pods, in which, while the closed pod itself is worked in the finest point-lace stitch, the peas which it contains, although never destined to be seen, are quite as carefully and elaborately worked. About the same time, or a little later, and lasting on with it through the Stuarts to Queen Anne's time, came in the heavily embroidered bed furniture, worked with worsted upon twilled cotton, in which the fillings were so often also point-lace stitches.—*Magazine of Art.*

FANCY BASKET FOR COLLARS AND CUFFS.

Select a round grape basket, or a small sized peach basket. Smooth with sand-paper and paint it black. Fit a piece of white cloth to the inside. Six of the openings in the basket extend to the bottom, and six about half way. Mark where these come on your white cloth. Remove the cloth and gather little strips of red satin over the marks. Replace the cloth and slightly pull the satin through the cracks. Put a red chenille ornament at the bottom of the short strips. Take two widths of the satin three inches longer than your basket. Sew together, turn the top edge over, and gather about half an inch from the edge. This makes a little ruffle. Fasten this below the top hoop, gather the other edge, and push it down into the basket for an inside lining.

For a cover, cut a circle of pasteboard the size of the basket top, and cut it through the center. Put wadding on both sides of each piece. (Sachet powder can be used if desired.) Gather the satin on the upper side, making a little ruffle down the center of both pieces. Place the satin smoothly over the underside. This makes a good place for fancy pins. Fasten the outside edge of the rim of the basket with a cord, or bit of ribbon, so the covers will open from the center.

Put an ornament on one side to serve as a handle. Take a brass wire about twenty-four inches long, make a hook on one end, curve the wire, and fasten the other end to the wall with little staples. Hang the basket on the hook, and you have a very pretty and useful ornament for your husband or gentleman friend. One yard of satin and seven ornaments are required.

SHELL PINCUSHION.

Cut the shape of stout cardboard 5¼ inches long and 6 inches wide. Cover the front with two shades of silver-grey satin, making a diagonal seam which should be covered with old pink baby ribbon, or brier stitch in pink silk. Under the cover put a thickness or two of old flannel nicely perfumed and cover the cardboard carefully that the correct shape may be preserved. For the back cut a piece of thinner cardboard a trifle smaller, cover with any suitable material and sew to the front. Before this, however, the scallop shell should be attached by means of holes bored in the hinge, with tiny bows of pink baby ribbon. The tassel of pink silk at the bottom is to lift it by; for this a plush ball may be used if preferred. Under the shell should be sewn three or four leaves of pinked flannel for a needle-book, or in their stead may be painted either on the satin or a bit of ivorine a tiny sea view. Paint the sea weed brownish pink, making it a lighter pink at the ends. Stick pins around the edge like sun rays or in scallops, and attach gray silk cord as shown to hang by.

A good museum sets the older folk as well as the children to gathering and storing up a collection of curiosities and will be a cure for dullness and give them an object to devote themselves to. The best receptacle for these collections is a cupboard with plenty of shelves in it if possible One shelf must be devoted to boxes of mineral, another to trays of coin, another to insects, and if there are one or two drawers to hold dry plants, so much the better. One of the elder children must have a numbered catalogue of the collection, the numbers in the list corresponding with the numbers that must be neatly gummed to the specimens. Perhaps if space is an object, it would be better to have a collection of only one class of things, say of food products, or of seeds and seed vessels, from which much useful information may be obtained.

Useful articles for housekeepers are holders, sweeping caps, and memorandum slates. For the latter, paint the frame of a very small slate, and fasten small rings in the top. Tie ribbon through these and attach a small slate pencil by a narrow ribbon or cord. A spray of flowers painted across one corner is a great improvement.

A bunch of long nails gilded and tied firmly together with a bow of bright ribbon makes a pretty paper weight.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

- - : THE SPIRITUALITY OF PLANTS : - -

(See page 153.)

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. III. LAMONI, IOWA, APRIL, 1890. No. 4.

THE SPIRITUALITY OF PLANTS.

BY ELEANOR.

(See Frontispiece.)

"Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit—every leaf a book—
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From lowliest nook.

"Floral apostles, that in dewy splendor,
Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,
O may I treasure deep your sacred teaching
Of love divine."

—*Horace Smith.*

THE most careless observer who glances at our beautiful Easter picture can scarcely fail to catch somewhat of its meaning, so plainly does its picture language express purity, innocence, truth, love, and the fresh new life—fitting types of the first resurrection, and of those who shall be accounted worthy to attain to it. But there is a deeper, more mysterious meaning within it, revealed only to those who are taught of God. The most worldly minded, as he gazes on the face of the child, will note how expressive it is of that spirit of innocence characteristic of childhood; but only the spiritual minded will recognize the spiritual nature implanted in the lily by the same great Creator.

"Flowers," said Henry Ward Beecher, "are the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into."

But Mr. Beecher was mistaken; God did not forget, as the following from the Inspired Translation of the Bible shows:

"For I, the Lord God, created all things of which I have spoken, spiritually, before they were naturally upon the face of the earth. . . . Out of the ground made I, the Lord God, to grow every tree naturally, that is pleasant to the sight of man, and man could behold it, and it became a living soul; for it was spiritual in the day that I created it; for it remaineth in the sphere in which I, God, created it."—Gen. 2: 5, 11.

It is to be presumed that Mr. Beecher was not acquainted with the above, or if he was, that he rejected it because not in the King James' translation; although in the latter the same idea exists, though more obscurely stated. (See Gen. 2: 4, 5.)

I propose in this article to consider this pre-existent spiritual nature of plants, in its relation to man as traced in the fall, redemption and resurrection.

Of the creation of man the same Inspired Translation informs us thus: "And I, the Lord God, formed man from the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul. . . . Nevertheless, all things were before created, but spiritually were they created and made, according to my word."—Gen. 2: 8, 9.

As both man and plants are said to have existed spiritually before they did naturally, or in bodily form, and both are thereafter said to have become "living souls," we naturally inquire, How do they differ? In each case these bodies are said to have been formed from the ground; and we find that the conditions of their natural life are similar; each requiring air, light, food, and water; both experience a birth and various stages of growth and development, and both are also subject to disease and death. The difference, it would seem, consists less in the natural than in the pre-existing spiritual state. And this is why the natural mind does not comprehend it.

The idea of a spiritual nature in plants

has been expressed by Longfellow in poetic imagery:

"In all places then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul—like wings,
Teaching us by most persuasive reasons
How akin they are to human things."

To the poet this idea was but a pretty conceit; but to us to whom has come this knowledge of the restored gospel, it is truth. Paul refers to it in his first letter to the church at Corinth. Treating on the subject of the resurrection under the figure of the planting and growth of a seed, he says: "But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body."

What is this thing to which God giveth a body unless it be the spirit inhabiting it? The body is but a useless form until animated by the spirit of life. But all life has not the same sphere on the earth, and we conclude that neither had they in their previous spiritual existence.

In the Doctrine and Covenants we are informed what sphere was possessed by man in his pre-existence: "Man was also in the beginning with God. Intelligence, or the light of truth, was not created or made, neither indeed can be. All truth is independent in that sphere in which God has placed it to act for itself, as all intelligence also, otherwise there is no existence. Behold here is the agency of man, and here is the condemnation of man, because that which was from the beginning is plainly manifest unto them, and they receive not the light."—Doc. & Cov. 90: 5.

The above not only defines man's sphere in his pre-existent state, but also that which he was to hold here. Possessed of the light of truth, which is intelligence, he is at once exalted to dominion over all lesser spiritual natures inhabiting the earth; and to his needs and pleasure, and to his honor and glory the lesser were to minister. All life required nourishment, even before subject to disease and death, and man as a pure and exalted spiritual intelligence was provided with that spiritual food best suited to his nourishment. "Behold, I have given you every herb, bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth; and every tree in the which shall be the fruit of a tree, yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat." This then was the mission of plant life, to be the ministry, or medium of spiritual life to man, and was without doubt its sphere in the previous spiritual state, as it will be again. I know that the idea that spiritual beings in the spirit world require food will be considered as a vagary of fancy by our religious contemporaries; and were spirits the ethereal nothing, floating about in space, of which they conceive, they certainly could get along without nourishment. But David calls the manna of which the Israelites partook "angel's food." (Ps. 78: 25.)

There was, however, in the beginning one species of plant life unsuited for the above mentioned purpose—the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Since evil has in itself no life giving qualities, it could not even exist unmixed with good. The spirit of truth only is immortal. But the seeds of decay and corruption are inherent in evil, and it must sooner or later cause the dissolution of that with which it becomes incorporated. "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." By this was man warned of the natural consequence that would result from receiving into his system those elements of death which are the fruit of evil. Death was not, therefore, a doom pronounced against man in the sudden fierce anger of the Lord at his disobedience. It was the inherent nature of the fruit of evil, against which the Lord had warned him, as we warn our child that poison kills.

All violations of nature's laws bring their own punishments; and by this act of Adam his body, or natural part, became identified with corruption, but the intelligent spirit remained independent in its sphere, not subject to death, but banishment from God, which is equivalent.

We will now consider how plant life became involved in the fall—bearing in mind that they still remain in the sphere in which they were created—that is to say, with spiritual and natural conditions, but because of the curse their mission became the ministry of death instead of life.

Not long since I stood by the coffin of a friend, his features were familiar, as in life, so that I could recognize him by name and identify him; yet I felt that he was no more our friend, because the living soul was not there.

From my window I look upon the form of what was once a beautiful tree, but it too is dead, the living soul of the tree has also departed; the withered, leafless trunk

still stands, but powerless to give pleasure as the dead face of our friend. But the tree was not a responsible intelligence, why should it share the fate of man? Why should flowers wither and grass fade? The answer is, "For man's sake;" to make possible the redemption of man's spiritual nature from sin, and the body from death. We call it punishment for sin; well, it was in mercy sent!

But how did vegetable life become possessed of these elements of decay, since we have seen that they did not originally possess it?

To Adam it was said: "Because thou hast eaten of the tree of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it; cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field."

Thus the entire vegetable kingdom was brought under the curse of corruption, and thence became the ministry of death to all animal life, perpetuating decay and death to all the posterity of Adam. "He hath included all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all."

There was also in that wonderful garden of God another tree, named by him "the tree of life." What this fruit was it is idle to speculate; but we know from its name that its nature was the reverse of evil; its effect was to invigorate, enlighten and quicken, so that by the power of the Spirit of truth working in him, the physical nature of man could have attained to eternal life. That the opportunity to do this was given to Adam is seen in these words: "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat." In all the vegetable kingdom there was only excepted the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

But after Adam's choice had been made, which was the pleasures of sin for a season, the Lord said: "And now lest he put forth his hand and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever; therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken."

I have heard men blame the Lord for this, not reflecting that had Adam then gained the power to live forever, it would have been the eternal perpetuity of evil, the thing aimed at by Satan.

But God had before the foundations of the world determined a plan of redemption that the hope of immortality should be offered, not to one man, but to the race. And as man's spiritual companions in the vegetable form for his sake shared the curse—the sinless for the sinful—in which I see the type of one without sin who gave his life for sinners—so also they shall share in the redemption wrought out in the blood of Christ by his death on the cross.

To us who believe and obey the truth the cross becomes the tree of life, and we are commanded to partake of its fruit that we may live forever, even of the body and blood of Jesus Christ, for it is written: "Unless ye eat of my flesh and drink of my blood ye have no life in you."

So then, the Sacrament of the Lord's supper is more than a mere memorial service, which we can not neglect without harm to our own spiritual life.

Bread is the staff of life, and the plants from which it is produced are the most important among the heaven-ordained food of man, and is well chosen to represent that bread that cometh down from God. "For the bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven and giveth life unto the world."—John 6: 33.

Thus also, the pure juice from the fruit of the vine is invigorating and purifying to the system, and is fitly used to represent the blood shed for the remission and purification of sin from the body—the church.

To us, then, who partake of these emblems, discerning the body and blood of our Lord, plants again become the medium of spiritual life to man, in the form of vegetables and fruit, as in the beginning. And as before they were under the curse, so now they are restored by the blessing; for he took bread and blessed it, likewise the cup.

"For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."—1 Cor. 15:22.

Mark that expression, *even so*, for it means in like manner. As the death of all men through Adam was by the partaking of corrupt food, even so through the partaking of this spiritual food which is Christ, are all made alive. If plant life did not share in the purchased redemption it could not become the medium

of this spiritual life, for corruption can not minister immortality, but death.

"But now is Christ risen and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead."—1 Cor. 15:20, 21.

"His death was not enough, he rose
And hasted to his Father's throne."

And now is immortality once more the hope of the world.

Having traced the strange and wonderful connection between these two diverse yet intimate spiritual natures, human life and plant life, through all the vicissitudes of life and death, and their restoration together to the hope of eternal life by the resurrection from the dead, now we will examine the word of God to see whether plant life is recognized in the resurrection.

The restoration of the earth has been the theme of prophet and bard since the curse was pronounced. They have prophesied and sung of the time when the desert shall blossom as the rose. When trees shall no more shed their leaves. Wherever there has been a people who acknowledged this hope of the future for themselves the claims of this other spiritual nature has been admitted also. Thus David sings: "Let the field be joyful and all that is therein; then shall the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord; for he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth; he shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth."—Psalms 96:12, 13.

Isaiah describes in a lively manner the joy of the restored earth when man shall arise and go forth in peace, and the sympathizing ecstacy of the trees; the prophet evidently comprehended "How akin they are to human things." "For ye shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing; and the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."—Isaiah 55:12, 13.

"O mountain height, break forth and sing
In color-music fair and sweet!
O forest depths awake and bring
Your sacred odors to his feet!"

Plant life will be represented at the marriage supper of the Lamb in the new life, as it is at the sacrament that we keep.

"But I say unto you I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom."—Matt. 26:29.

Of the New Jerusalem it is said: "In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no more curse."—Rev. 22:23.

We shall build houses and inhabit them. And we shall eat of the fruit of the trees, yet neither tree nor fruit shall decay or perish, for the curse shall be removed forever, and they shall minister evermore to man's pleasure and spiritual development.

O flowers that blush without a crime! well may ye rejoice; and ye trees, that for ages of human woe have shed your leaves like tears, clap your hands and be glad when dawns that Easter morning of eternal life and peace.

This strange, mysterious union between plants and human kind, so diverse yet so akin; this co-existence and fellowship of our spiritual natures, felt even before it was understood, inspires my love and interest in flowers—in all forms of plant life. What do they mean? is the question on which I have pondered. And to me as to the poet:

"The great trees extend
Their broad palms down to greet me as a friend
Most loving, and where'er I turn I hear,
As 'twere the quest, 'Interpret us! lend, lend
Your written tongue!' in soul speech, yet as clear
As though an angel's trump had pealed it on the air."

As I write there comes to me through the open sash, a faint scent from the blossoming cherry trees, and my soul cries out to them, O ye sister spirits of our lost Paradise! how gladly would I lend to you our "written tongue" to tell us your Easter message of hope and love, but you need it not; it is written in the pure white flowers of your own sweet language: "Christ is risen! we shall live again, you and I."

Even so, because He lives we shall live also!

OBSERVATIONS.

No. I.

GOD'S COUNTRY.

"Dost thou not know God's country, where it lies,
That land long dreamed of, more desired than gold,
Which noble souls, by dauntless hope made bold,
Have searched God's future for with longing eyes?
Hast thou not seen in heaven its hills arise,
Hast thou not viewed its glories manifold,
Sky-wide, 'midst splendid scenery broad unrolled,
Ripe for heart's trust and godlike enterprise?
Yes, thou hast known it in familiar guise;
Its soil thy feet are keeping with fast hold,
And thou dost love its songs, its flowers dost prize.
Thy corn-land and thy wine-land is its mold—
'Tis here,—'tis here God's land lies, the divine
America, thy heart's true home, and mine.

All lands are God's lands: yet is this indeed
The home express of his divinity;
His visible hand redeemed it from the sea,
And sowed its fields with freedom's deathless seed;
He succored it most swiftly it its need,
In field and counsel men with awe did see
His arm made manifest almightily
Scarce veiled in instruments of mortal breed.
He laid a way here for the feet that bleed.
A space for souls ayearn for liberty
To grow immortal in—no more to plead
With nature for their portion which should be.
'Tis here, O friend! the land lies that shall grow
The vine of sacred brotherhood below."

PAUL has told us that not many wise or many learned ones obeyed the gospel call in his day, and it may be said with equal truth of the latter day; yet Daniel said "the wise should understand." We are thankful Bro. Lederer gave us a better rendering of this saying of Daniel's, in this: "The *observing ones* shall understand."

We have been here in our quiet home, far from the jostle, rush and mad haste of the great world, gathering up a few observations, which seem to us as a reflex of the various problems which are to-day shaking society to its very center and causing men's hearts to fail them for fear, and through looking for that which is coming upon the earth. As we have gathered them one by one, we have tried to arrange them in a form to throw light upon the great work of the last days, and if they do not do this, if they do not constrain us as Saints of God to stop and ask "What part and lot have I in this matter?" then it is because we have failed in properly presenting them, for we assure you, young men and young women, who are just coming upon the stage of action, that if you have not already answered the question, "As an actor in this age and dispensation of the world, what is my duty?" it is high time that you did. Yes, we may go a step further than this and say to *the church*, the little stone cut out from the mountain without hands, the kingdom never to be thrown down or given to another people, the leaven hid in the meal, by which all this leavening is being done: are you purifying your garments, cleansing yourself from all unrighteousness, and coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty? Are the fires upon your altars of sacrifice kept burning day and night? Are your priests robed in righteousness and your members in purity? Is the love of God burning upon the altar of each heart, and is the preparation for meeting the bridegroom going on steadily? Are you, in brief, ready, prepared to take your part in those events which are just at your door, those days which, if God does not shorten, no flesh will be saved? Are we, both young and old, the elect for whose sake God will shorten them?

Prophets and apostles, both before and since the day when Christ lived upon the earth, have, like him, sealed their testimony with their blood. Among this list, when the recording angel shall unroll the scroll, will be found the name of Joseph Smith. We have heard of "entering wedges," but let us say to you that not only did this wedge enter when the angel through Joseph Smith restored the gospel in its purity, but the death-knell sounded to every sectarian creed beneath the heavens. And not this only, but to every form of ungodliness and oppression by which for ages

"Man's inhumanity to man"
Has made "countless thousands mourn."

That our young people may not only be able to appreciate the breaking down of creeds, referred to indirectly by Prof. Swing, but may also be able to understand, as he in no wise does, the source from whence comes the main spring leading to the fact of this being "the most constructive period the world has ever seen," we quote from a sermon recently delivered by him in Central Music Hall, Chicago, upon the proposed change in the Presbyterian creed:

"Our age should not be called one of

destruction, but one of more careful constructiveness. An age must not be called destructive when it removes the wigwam or sod house in order to build structures of rock.

"Many clergymen, whose attachment and prejudice are more active than their reflection, declare that the present is destructive in religion. But, in truth, it is a constructive age, for its whole aim is to rear a structure that will not tumble down tomorrow upon ourselves or upon our children. Has not our age built up liberty? Has it not destroyed idleness and laid the solid foundations of industry? Has it not built up science? Has it not founded education? Has it not built up more in two hundred years than mankind had built up in the previous two thousand? It is the most constructive period the earth has yet seen. With all these laurels upon its forehead, and with this spirit in its heart, it can not approach religion as a vandal. If it has revealed toward all else the deepest form of thoughtfulness, and has marked each action with wisdom, it is not probable that it is approaching religion in the character of a trifler. As it has not been a trifler in the recent history of liberty, industry, and education, it is not probably a trifler in the great department of piety. The commotion in the field of faith must be confessed to be only the wave of thoughtfulness flowing at last into the doors of God's temple.

"The main inquiry now before the Presbyterian Church is the brief but difficult one, What is God? It is a wholly new problem to that denomination, for it has always found the question hottest around the question, What is Christ? Here it met the Unitarians and the common deists like Hume and Paine. For one hundred years it has offered as a thesis to its theological students the Latin form, Quid est Christus? little dreaming of a day when the active cause of battle would be changed and from east to west would run the deeper inquiry, What is God?—Quid est Deus? Thus there springs up an unseen question greater than the one that was once so visible and so great. The Presbyterians find now worse opponents than the old infidels like Hume and Paine. Their war must now be waged against millions of Christians. They are not attacked by infidelity, but by Christianity.

"What is God? The Presbyterians say he is an arbitrary power who made a world in order that a large part of it might suffer forever without having been guilty of any personal sin. This notion of the creator is visible in different sections of the confession of faith.

"Disturbed at last by such statements many members of that great and hitherto useful body have asked for a revision of their creeed.

"It would seem that it should not take long, only a year or two, to make the revision asked for, for while it is not given to man to know just what God is, the church is under obligation to so define God as to make him an object of worship. It is alleged of John Stuart Mill that he said that if the universe was made by a god he was a mean, wicked creature; but Mr. Mill was consistent, for having thus defined God he did not ask the public to worship him. If the church comes to us with any definition of God that definition must lead toward a living worship. The church can have no other errand but that of creating the religious sentiment.

"Out of the deep mystery of the deity the church must extract that part which may fill the world with faithful worshipers. The Calvinistic creed is suicidal. It says: 'I present you with a horrible view of God. Please worship him.' It was an awful error on the part of Calvinism to make a definition to the repulsiveness of which no enemy of the church can add anything.

"The past usefulness of the Presbyterian Church does not imply its future success, because the falseness and deformity of its creed lay hidden or dormant in the past, but they have become visible now and can never be concealed again.

"The Christian religion is doubly bound to a reasonable delineation of God because it must stand before two tribunals, that of common sense and the character of Christ. For if Chris came to reveal the mercy of the Father the church must run in the same path or it has no right to run at all. There is no harmony between the two teachers, the one of whom says Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, and the one who says Blessed are the elect, because God will compel them to hunger after righteousness whether they wish to or not. The discord between the confession and the sermon on the mount is beyond reconciliation.

"A true beloved church must rise up out of great universal principles—principles that most persons will respect and many love. Beneath every church there must be a mighty and everlasting theme. In the Christian church there must be the underlying sentiment of the universal love of God."

We will just say in passing that should any of our readers desire to see the strongest "entering wedge" which ever parted the God-traducing doctrine of Calvin, let them read "The Vision" given to Joseph Smith February 16th, 1832. But leaving the crumbling creeds of man to totter and fall, we return to a consideration of our subject proper.

"Might," and not "right," has ruled the world from the time when sin entered it. Wrong, oppression and ungodliness have walked forth with unblushing and unveil-faces at noon-day; but there was a testimony sealed by the blood of that man, which today is shaking thrones and breaking long forged fetters and chains grown rusty by the wear of ages, like cobwebs spun an hour before.

"All men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," wrote the God-inspired framers of our Constitution; but how shall man pursue happiness so long as by the existing state of things there is small hope of his ever attaining to it? This does not apply to all, but to a class—a large class—of "the poor among men." There are those among the very poorest in purse, who are yet strong in will power, strong in physical strength and powers of endurance, who neither ask nor accept any "compromise with fate." Ground to-day beneath the upper and nether mill-stone of fortune, to-morrow they rise to renew the contest with a spirit which can not be daunted, and nerves which never tremble. But what of those others? What of that great company passing by in thread-bare garments, weak, worn and disheartened? Pale mothers clasping shivering babes to bosoms whose sustenance want and hunger have dried; children with bare and bleeding feet, seeking their food from the crumbs the dogs refuse, and their covering and shelter from the blasts of winter inside some empty box. Crouching in the darkness by door sills from whence to be driven when the light reveals their hiding place; aged men and women from whose hearts hope has long since fled and there is no courage left to fight the battle of life. This army of weak ones, what of them?

Spencer tells us in substance, "These have no right to exist. The weak man has no business on earth. Natural law is engaged in eliminating him. We should not try to resist the force of this law; we can not resist it; we can only subject our society to the full force of that law of death which dooms weakness to destruction."

It is of small moment, however, to us what the opinion of Herbert Spencer, or any other man may be, the question comes home to each one of us, "What think ye of Christ, whose son is he?" Is he the Son of God and the brother of these—this army of weak and suffering ones?

Are the kingdoms of this world to become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ? Is the stone which Daniel saw cut out without hands to become a kingdom and fill the whole earth? Taking these things for granted the question then comes back, reiterates itself, and demands an answer at our hands. What is the duty of God's children towards this army of suffering humanity? or to put the question in a broader sense, What are the claims of weakness upon strength?

We put this question especially to the young Saints, because we desire to awaken thought in them which shall lead to action in the right direction. There is before the world to-day a great social problem—a problem which is not only agitating the masses, but is engaging much of thought from the purest and ablest intellects, which the nineteenth century has produced. Of this problem the Rev. Mr. Barry in a recent article in the *Forum*, says:

"An ostrich of a religion or a government, hiding its head in the sand and refusing to look round will not thereby escape ignominious ruin." The article to which we refer is entitled "Signs of Impending Revolution," in the April number of the *Forum* for 1889, and will richly repay perusal to any one interested in observing the signs of the times.

The writer takes the position that we are in the presence of these elements out of which a wider and greater than the

French revolution, is destined to grow. He claims that it is not the old problem of poverty with which we have to contend, but the new one of "*industrialism*."

So strong, so forcible, and withal so true is the picture which he draws of the conditions of the world to-day, that we can not forbear to give it in his own words. After charging the leisured classes, despite their costly educations, with ignorance in regard to the conditions upon which society is now held together, he says:

"What the average man does understand is making money. His aim is by some lucky stroke to become a silver-king, railway or cattle-king, master of a syndicate, or creator of a 'corner.' As for his wife, she is to spend, to dress, to travel on both sides of the Atlantic, and to be the advertisement of her husband's millions. For him the religion of money; for her the religion of luxury. And these two combined are to be the equivalent of all the multitudinous facts, aspirations and principles which make up human life.

"He for God only, she for God in him." "But the god happens to be Mammon."

"This it is that justifies Von Hartman's description of the nineteenth century as 'the most irreligious that has ever been seen;' this and not the assault upon dogma or the decline of the churches. There is a depth below atheism, below anti-religion, and into it the age has fallen. It is the callous indifference to every instinct which does not make for wealth. . . . It is the basest idolatry yet exhibited to the wondering gaze of mankind. And like all other idolatries it is man-devouring. It creates a proletariat that it may eat up the lives and souls of men and women, by the hundred thousand, by the million, by the generation. Mammon has the gaping mouth and the fiery hands of Molock. Into that portentous maw the young, the innocent, the broken-hearted with fruitless toil, the lonely and helpless, all those who have only their labor to sell, are flung from year to year; and it is not nor can be filled up. To prove these things in detail would be easy but infinite; briefly to sum them as I have done is to lay ourselves open to the charge of exaggeration, but the stern facts are written (and the worst of them not written) in the history of labor during the past hundred years. For what is eloquently described as "The progress of civilization," as "material prosperity," and "unexampled wealth" or more modestly as 'the rise of the industrial middle class' becomes, when we look into it with eyes purged from economic delusions, the creation of a "lower and lowest" class, without land of their own, without homes, tools or property beyond the strength of their hands, whose lot is more helplessly wretched than any poet of the inferno has yet imagined. Sunk in the mire of ignorance, want, and immorality, they seem to have for their only gospel the emphatic words attributed to Mr. Ruskin: "If there is a next world, they will be damned; if there is none, they are damned already.'"

The above are but samples of the force and strength Mr. Barry brings to bear upon this question. And lest our young readers should not understand the full force of his arguments, we will endeavor to illustrate to them, in order that they may know something of this class of individuals called proletariat, the poorest and lowest class of society, so abjectly wretched that the boon of life seems but a curse to them; so hedged in with poverty, want and misery that there seems no possible way of escape.

Have any of you ever stopped to think as you have examined, or as you have bought your ready made clothing, ruffled, tucked, trimmed with embroidery—a very marvel of cheapness—how or by what means it was possible that garment could be manufactured at such a price? Could you have known that hunger was gnawing, and cold was pinching the weary body, and worse than this: despair and desperation was tugging at the heart strings of the weary one who had bent over this work; that between her and the gaunt wolf of famine there was but this miserable pittance allowed her for all this weary labor; do you think you would have worn those garments with such a sense of comfort, or have congratulated yourself that it did not pay you to make your own clothing, when it could be bought so cheaply ready made? Stop a moment and see if God has not given us the opportunity of keeping our garments clear from helping to create this class of individuals—the *proletariat* of whom Mr. Barry is writing — this class who are thrown by the thousands to the god of mammon? The strife for wealth — for

the almighty dollar—has become so great and fierce, that even the difference of a few pennies on the cost of the production of an article determines whether the merchant can handle it to advantage. Capital has the power to resist capital, but these poor, friendless, starving wretches have no power to resist. Therefore grind them down to the last penny and if they cry out, what matter!

And thus it happens that on the defenseless ones falls the burden. They add each their mite towards building up this middle class—this class represented by the proportion of one to hundreds, or it may chance thousands.

The Lord said to his people, "Let all your garments be plain and their beauty the beauty of the *workmanship of thine own hands.*" Now we infer from this that God foresaw the present condition of things in the world, the great and crying sins among which the one we are considering may or may not stand pre-eminent, but it surely is a grievous one and one which day and night the pitying angels who go to and fro upon the face of the earth beholding, cry out, "How long, O Lord, how long?" And foreseeing, he forewarned his people that they should not take part in it and come under condemnation for so doing. "The workmanship of your own hands." *Your*, as a church, as a people—for of course God knew there were those to whom it would be an absolute necessity—yes even a positive duty that they should employ help. What then? Let the labor be given to your brethren or your sisters, and see to it that you give them for it a just and honest compensation, for I will not justify any one in oppressing the hireling in his wages.

"I never thought of this before," do you say? Let us say to you that we must think. We must be upon the watch-tower of *observation*, and when we have examined a question for ourselves and have decided the side upon which the right is, then it becomes the duty of every Christian to feel and act the sentiment expressed by Tennyson,

> "And because right is right, to follow right
> Were wisdom, in the scorn of consequence."

Indeed the Christian has no need to think of consequence, for the Lord will take care of that. And should the thought occur to any of you, that you are but *one* of many, many thousands, and your action could have no possible weight in the matter, just say to this thought, "Get thee behind me Satan," for those many, many thousands who are united in bringing this great wickedness about will not be judged as *thousands*, but as *individuals*. And bear this added thought well in mind: As individuals there will be found mitigating circumstances for some which will not be found for others. We know the rule: "Where much is given, much will be required." Of whom think you will the most be required? Of those who have never had the restored gospel, or of those who have both heard and obeyed it?

(To be continued).

A TESTIMONY.

BY ELLEN D. GOULD.

I HAVE long felt a desire to write for our magazine which carries so much comfort to so many hearts, but have not thus far yielded obedience to my feelings. But when I read the piece entitled, "Others with the church in an early day," it stirred me up to a remembrance of my duty. Perhaps partly because it was written by one of my old school-mates, but mostly because the things which she wrote came near to my heart and I can truly testify to the truthfulness of them, for I have heard the same testimony borne from time to time ever since I can remember; for, dear readers, it was none other that she was telling you about who was so miraculously healed than my own dear mother who now sleeps the sleep of the righteous, having borne her testimony many times to the power of God. I have often heard her relate the same that Sr. Emma did in her letter, when the Spirit rested upon her in great power.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that Sr. Emma's letter stirred my very soul,

for having been raised with the counsel and teachings of such a mother, I never had a doubt concerning this latter day work, nor do I think I ever will have. Therefore I felt impressed to add my feeble testimonies. I can say that I know this work is true by the testimonies I have received myself, for I have been afflicted a great deal in my life but have always found relief in the power of God. There have been times in my life when doctors have said there was no help for me, and they have been surprised when they saw me well again. Since I have had a family of my own I have seen my children snatched (as it were), from the jaws of death, and upon one occasion the elders were led by the Holy Spirit to rebuke the bands of death that were closing around my child, and the little one did revive and live, to the astonishment of all around us. With these testimonies and my dear mother's testimony, and hosts of others that I am hearing almost daily, do you wonder that I do not doubt this work? But because of all of these and other great blessings that I have received do not think that I never have trials, for this is not so. If I never tasted the bitter I could not rightly appreciate the sweet. Yes, indeed, I have had trials and severe ones too, for although my little ones have been healed many times, yet I have been called upon to lay two of them away. One of them was taken without a moments warning, and you may rest assured that was a trial, but I went to the Lord for help to bear it, and he did truly help me, and now I can think of the two who have gone home with more reconciliation than I thought I ever could, and it is my daily prayer that I may live worthy of an entrance into that kingdom where I know they have gone. Oh! my heart is full to-night, but I have written too lengthily already, so with a prayer for the advancement of God's work and for all people, I am your sister in gospel bonds.

FEED MY LAMBS.

BY C. DERRY.

Hear the Good Shepherd's voice in accents of love,
As it flowed from his lips in cadence divine,
Before he returned to his Father above,
His disciples instructing for the last time;
Loving and tender, yet firm his commands,
As graciously charging them, "Feed my Lambs"

Once more that loved voice has rung out from on high,
And angels the message of mercy have borne;
The Light of Jehovah has beamed from the sky;
Again he is seeking the lost and forlorn.
This is the message of love that he sends
To each of his chosen ones, "Feed my Lambs."

Shall we heed that message of mercy divine?
And seek out the weaklings, the wounded and lost?
Or leave them on sin's arid desert to pine,
Regardless the price their redemption has cost?
Our duty is plain, for Jesus commands
His chosen and faithful ones, "Feed my Lambs."

Then gather the little ones into the Fold;
For them he has suffered, for them he has died.
They are bought with a price more precious than gold.
O tell them, for them he was once crucified.
Tell of the wounds in his side, in his hands,
How he said to his loved ones, "Feed my Lambs."

Go teach them that wisdom that comes from above;
The faith that relies without doubt on his word;
That though man is sinful, the Savior is love;
That Christ is indeed their Redeemer and Lord;
To honor his precepts, to keep his commands.
Thus we shall truly be feeding his Lambs.

O teach them to shun the temptations and snares
That Satan hath set for their innocent feet;
That safety is found in watching and prayers,
For only in Christ is their refuge complete.
Thus let us heed the Good Shepherd's commands,
By faithfully striving to feed His Lambs.

THE ALPHA'S LOG.—No. II.

BY J. F. BURTON.

AS soon as we were safely anchored the captain went ashore and sent on board water and fresh provisions, and all hands were merry again. The next day the surveyors came on board and surveyed the vessel, noting the damage that was done and recommending what repairs should be made to put the vessel again in a seaworthy condition. After they left we began to clear away the wreckage so as to be ready for new spars and rigging. Then for days and weeks the busy work went on, unshipping the foremast and bowsprit, refitting the rigging for the new masts, the creaking of blocks and tackles, the pleasant smell of tar and new tarred rope, the litter on deck which necessarily appertains to such work, and so in due time the Alpha was again rigged and painted and looked as good as new, having new foremast—fore-top-mast and top-gallant and royal-masts—top-gallant and royal yards—bowsprit and jib-boom rigging and sail. She had been on the dry-dock and the bottom cleaned, recaulked and painted, and now she was again ready for business.

The captain was then offered a charter to load sugar at Arecibo, Porto-Rico for New York, which he accepted. The spring was now well advanced, it being about the middle of March when we again got under way for sea, and with the brisk trade winds of these latitudes we soon left St. Thomas far astern of us, and having a pleasant run down past the Virgin Islands we gradually hauled to the northward, and passing across the eastern end of the island of Porto Rico we sailed down its coast until we came to the open roadstead of Arecibo, which we entered and anchored as close in shore as possible, and yet sufficiently far off to insure an offing in case a gale of wind should arise; for all vessels had to go to sea when the northerly gales blew, or else run the risk of dragging their anchors and be broken to pieces on the rocks and reefs which lined the shore of the roadstead. The weather was quite fine at first, and so we discharged the ballast and began loading. The hogsheads of sugar were brought alongside in "lighters" and hoisted on board with large tackles and stowed in the hold in tiers. We had a part of our cargo on board, and everything was moving on smoothly when the sea began to rise and soon a long heavy swell rolled in from the northeast, which stopped the work of loading, for the lighters could not cross the bar when the sea ran high.

Besides the "Alpha" there were in the roadstead the English barque, "Pandora" and an American barque and as there was no cargo alongside on account of the heavy sea, our Captain visited the American barque, Captain Bennett. After we had been there awhile we saw the English barque getting under way, as we supposed, to go to sea; but after drifting about a quarter of a mile nearer the shore he anchored again. The captains then concluded to go on board of the Pandora, for they thought something was wrong or

the captain would not have made such a move as that. They found that he had wanted to get further off shore for fear if the wind increased he could not get out clear of the reef which now was about a mile to leeward, but his anchor tripped before he expected it would, and he had not sail enough to work his vessel, so when he saw he was drifting to leeward so fast he again payed away his chain and stopped her.

It was now nearing night and the thick clouds began rolling up from the horizon away up to the northeast. The three captains parted, each to look after the safety of his own vessel.

After our captain got on board we hoisted the boat on deck, close-reefed the mainsail and fore-top-sail, lashed everything movable on deck and so got ready to slip the anchor at a moment's notice and get out to sea, if during the night the gale should increase; then the watch was set with orders to call the captain if the wind increased, and the rest of the crew went below and soon all was quiet on board and all hands asleep except the watch on deck. The brig rolled gently and pitched on the long heavy swell while the thick clouds hid the stars and made the night pitchy dark.

While the captains were on board the Pandora they promised to come back with their crews and help him to get a better anchorage if he needed them; and if this should be in the day time he was to hoist his ensign to the mizzen peak, if in the night he was to put his red light out alongside of his white anchor-light, and when either of these signals were seen we were to go on board and help him; so the watches in both vessels were told to watch for the red light with the white one on board of the English barque. But the night wore on with a fresh breeze from the northeast and a heavy sea which set directly from where the vessels were anchored towards the long reef on the western end of the roadstead, which even at that distance sounded with a continuous roar, dull, surly and mournful.

The watch had been relieved at midnight, when from out of the darkness there came a boat alongside of the brig, and hailed the watchman who put the side-ladder over the side and the captain of the Pandora stepped on board, having his chronometer with him. All hands were called; our captain was soon up, and the other captain had told his story.

The Pandora began to drag her anchor early in the night. He had let go his other anchor, and had all his chain out ninety-five fathoms on each one, yet she continued to drag them both, and now was within a quarter of a mile of the reef over which the sea was breaking heavily, and he wished assistance. They had put out their red light, but the barque had drifted and changed her bearings, and because of the mist which arises from a breaking sea they had not seen it on board of either the Alpha or the American barque. Our captain went with the Englishman in his boat to get the captain of the American barque while our crew got our boat unlashed and overboard. A part of the crew was to row down to the Pandora, upon whose decks the three captains soon stood again, but under somewhat different circumstances from those of the previous day, for now the sea was running high and the barque had drifted so dangerously close to the reef, that the roar of the breakers (which were about four hundred yards astern) was so loud that it was difficult to hear ordinary talk. The chains fairly groaned and creaked when an extra heavy sea would strike and lift the bow of the barque high up on the breaking sea. Immediately the captains got on deck and viewed the situation, they knew that if something was not done at once to ease the strain on the cables they would soon be pounding on the reef. And they had just commenced setting some sails when one of the chains parted with a snap which made the vessel tremble. As soon as this happened all became confusion. While the captain of the Pandora cried as loud as possible, "All hands to the boats, all hands to the boats for your life, for the other chain will soon part also, and we will be on the reef in a few minutes."

Our captain called out as loudly, "Stay on board, safer on board than in a boat in this surf," while these contradictory orders were being urged, and the men running about the deck not knowing what to do, the other chain parted and with a jerk left the ill-fated barque free to drive towards the reef which was now close astern. Then the captain and crew of the Pandora — excepting two men—ran for their boat which was alongside, and while

they were scrambling into her, our captain stood upon the rail holding on to the backstays, pleading with them to come out of the boat if they valued their lives, but the captain of the Pandora, now in the boat, urged his crew to hurry into the boat and cast off the painter. In the midst of this tumult a voice sounded over the breaking waters from away off shore, it came from our crew in the boat. The crew obeying the commands of the captain had rowed towards the barque and were now apparently in the breakers, for as far as the eye could see the waters were in a boiling foam, made so by the breaking sea, rolling over the rocky bottom. Were they still safe in our boat and hailing the doomed barque, or was the voice that of drowning men?

Had they ventured too near and thus been swamped in trying to render assistance to those in the barque now drifting to inevitable destruction? Amidst such tumult and darkness it was impossible to tell. But our captain hailed as loud as he could, "Go back, go on board again," but no answer reached the ears of those on board the barque except the sound of the angry sea as it surged, and hissed, and roared like some huge monster bent upon devouring every living thing which came within its grasp; and another anxious sorrowing thought was added to the weight of sadness already resting upon our captain's mind. After he had hailed the boat he again turned his attention to the boat alongside, and urged the captain and crew to come out of her. The carpenter of the barque heeded the call and got out of the boat and had just placed his feet on the chainwales of the fore-rigging, when the doomed ship having been lifted upon a high sea, fell heavily upon the reef with a crash which made every timber in her crack, and sent a thrill of horror through every heart on board. At the same instant the boat's painter parted, she was swamped and all on board were struggling in the foaming surf, and with the shrieks of drowning men calling loudly for help as occasionally their heads might be seen above the seething boiling surf. But their calls were in vain, no help could reach them and those on board had to lash themselves to keep from being washed overboard, as now the sea made a clean breach over the wreck.

In a few minutes all the voices calling for help out of the boiling angry surf were stilled, and as those on board, lashed to the taffrail, looked and listened for a voice again from the foaming sea, it seemed that even the roar of the surf and the tumult of winds and waves for an instant ceased as though they also were listening, hoping to hear the sound of a voice, letting us know that all were not lost; but no sound came out of the darkness and the voices of the Captain and his crew who were in the boat, excepting two boys, were forever stilled, and in another instant the waves roaring, the tumult of winds and waters, the grinding to pieces of the ship on the rocks and the sea breaking over the heads of those lashed to the rail: each continued, adding their share to the terrors of that night.

The sea washed heavily over the wreck until the two hundred hogsheads of sugar, which were in the hold, had dissolved, when, being thus lightened, she washed over the reef and lay comparatively quiet on a rocky bottom, except occasionlly as a heavy sea made her rise and fall with a heavy thump.

And now for the first time since they had met on the Pandora's deck the night before, the two Captains had opportunity for conversation. Our Captain's first remark was:

"Is it not strange that an old sailor and ship-master should not know as well what to do in a case like this as a preacher did?"

"What do you mean," asked Captain Bennett.

"Why, as soon as the first chain parted to-night the Captain of this wrecked barque said, 'All hands to the boats,' and all who did as he advised are lost. But on a similar occasion to this, a preacher called Paul said 'Except ye abide in the ship ye can not be saved,' and all who did as he advised were saved."

They had not long to wait until the daylight showed them hundreds of men and women who had come to the shore anxious to render assistance, if possible, to the wrecked mariners.

There were about one hundred and fifty yards of foaming surf breaking over the rocks which intervened between these and the wreck. Many plans were tried to communicate with those on shore, but all failed until the end of the deep-sea lead-line was fastened into an empty water

cask and it thrown overboard, when the wind blew it ashore and the islanders with this line hauled a larger one and then with it hauled a hawser ashore, the end of which was made fast on board, they then hauled it taut and fastened it to a tree. The Captains then rigged a traveler on the hawser with large hanks and a board, and by this means they all got ashore safely. There they learned that the two boys, who were washed over the reef when the boat swamped, had got ashore bruised and wounded but still alive, and were all that were saved of the boat's crew.

Oh! the terror and darkness of that night, who can tell it! The roar of the surf on the reef; the rocks seen through the foam of the breakers; the parting of the chains; the Captain and the crew in the boat and our Captain on the rail pleading with them, and through all the tumult the distant sound of the voices from our boat's crew; the crash of the vessel as she struck the reef; the sight of the drowning men's countenances, shown by the phosphorescent light of the beating surf; the sound of their voices calling for help, their arms outstretched reaching for assistance; those left on board lashed to the rail and the sea so roughly trying to swallow them up, and the low murmuring sound of the surf after the wreck had drifted inside the reef, as though old Neptune had given up the conflict and was satisfied with the sacrifices which had that night been offered to him: all produced a weird-like picture which will never be effaced from the minds of those who witnessed it. We will now follow our boat and its crew, and see what became of it.

As soon as the two Captains left the Alpha, the crew unlashed the boat, got her out and three of the crew and the second mate in her pulled for the Pandora. As they got near enough to see her they found that she was drifting quite fast, and when they hailed her she was among the breakers and the sea breaking so far outside of her that they could not venture nearer, so they hailed to let their Captain know that they had tried to get to him but could not, for no boat could live among such breakers, so they lay on their oars intently watching the barque as she drifted towards the reef and heard the fearful crash when she struck. Then all was lost to their sight in the darkness of the night and noise and mist of the surf —nothing to be seen nor heard but the white foam of the breaking surf and the dull mournful roar of the sea, which perhaps had swallowed up in its deadly embrace their Captain, so beloved by all the crew, and with this fear in their minds they slowly returned to their vessel occasionally stopping to listen and look towards the wreck, if perchance any token might be given them that their Captain was still alive.

As soon as the wrecked mariners were all ashore and safe, the two Captains proceeded to the British Consul's office and narrated to him in order the fearful events of that night. This duty performed they were anxious to get on board of their vessels again, especially our Captain, for on account of the heavy sea there had been no communication with the vessels and he was still afraid that his boat's crew were lost. So the Consul, after providing a change of clothing for the Captains, instead of the wet ones they had on, employed twenty islanders with one of their largest droghers to put them on board of their respective vessels.

The Alpha was lying nearest the shore, so the drogher went to her first, and as she neared the Alpha our Captain showed signs of nervousness. Were his crew on board, or had they been lost in the terrible surf last night? The crew also were very anxious, for what news was the drogher bringing to them of their Captain? At last the drogher got alongside the Alpha and Captain Farish jumped on board, so pleased to see that his crew was safe. It seemed like coming back from the dead, and no wonder the Captain reached out his hand to welcome his men, while they as eagerly grasped his with joy: for they were comrades in peril only a few hours before and now met all safe on board of their vessel again.

It was three years after the events had transpired, which I have tried to narrate, that Captain J. Farish of the barque "Wild Horse," on a voyage from Glasgow to Halifax, was standing on the quarter deck, sweeping the horizon with his fine spy-glass, espied a vessel away off to leeward showing signals of distress. He immediately changed his course and ran down alongside of the vessel, which was heavy loaded with coal, her sails hanging and flying in ribbons and she lying in the

trough of the sea rolling like a log. Her crew were worn out and exhausted with constant pumping, for their vessel had sprung a leak and was sinking in mid-ocean. Our Captain sent his boat and took off the crew and getting them all safely on board squared away and proceeded on his voyage. After the excitement had subsided, which was caused by getting the crew off the sinking vessel and seeing that they were comfortably placed and at home on board, and the "Wild Horse" was running and jumping over the brisk waves of the Atlantic, homeward bound, the rescued Captain was aft examining the beautiful telescope which had been instrumental in his rescue, and after admiring its beautiful silver mountings and fine workmanship, he drew it out to its full length and read the following inscription engraved upon it:

"Presented by her Majesty's government to Captain J. Farish of the Brigantine 'Alpha,' of Nova Scotia, in acknowledgement of his humane exertions to save the lives of the crew of the Barque 'Pandora,' of Liverpool, wrecked on the fifth of April, 1862, off the port of Arecibo, Porto Rico."

PRINCIPLES.

"OUR principles are the springs of our actions, our actions the springs of our happiness or misery. Too much care, therefore, can not be taken in forming our principles. Men of genuine excellence in every station of life—men of industry, of integrity, of high principles, of sterling honesty of purpose—command the spontaneous homage of mankind. It is natural to believe in such men, to have confidence in them, and to imitate them. All that is good in the world is upheld by them, and without their presence in it, the world would scarcely be worth the living in.

"That young man is sure to become a worthless character and a pernicious member of society, who is loose in his principles and habits, who lives without plan and without object, spending his time in idleness and pleasure. He forgets his high destination as a rational, immortal being; he degrades himself to a level with the brute, but proves himself a nuisance and a curse to all with whom he is connected.

"Every unprincipled man is an enemy to society and richly merits its condemnation. No young man can hope to rise in society or act worthily his part in life without a fair moral character. The basis of such a character is virtuous principles, or a deep, fixed sense of moral obligation.

"The man who possesses such character can be trusted. Integrity and justice are to him words of meaning, and he aims to exemplify the virtues they express in his outward life. Such a man has decision of character; he knows what is right and is firm in doing it. To have a character founded on good principles is the first and indispensable qualification of a good citizen. Deportment, honesty, caution, and a desire to do right, carried out in practice, are to the human character what truth, reverence and love are to religion. They are the constant elements of a good character.

"Let the vulgar and degraded scoff at such virtues if they will, a strict upright onward course will evince to the world that there is more manly independence in one forgiving smile than in all their fictitious rules of honor. Virtue must have its admirers, and firmness of principle, both moral and religious, will ever command the proudest encomiums of the intelligent world.

"There is no brighter jewel in any young man's character than to be firmly established on principles of unyielding rectitude. They change not with times and circumstances. They are the same yesterday to-day and forever. They extend their sway to all beings and all classes, to the man of learning and the ignorant peasant, to the beggar and the prince; they are the bond of union, and the source of blessedness to all subjects of God's empire. . . Such a man, whether rich or poor, has those solid and excellent traits of character which are certain to secure for him the esteem and confidence

of all good men; and even those who are too weak to imitate his virtues are obliged to yield to him the secret homage of their respect. But the greatest boon of all is the self-respect he thus secures. It is only when once lost that you fully realize how valuable is this boon of self-respect. It is the fruit of exertion in right ways. There are some who make pleasure the aim of their lifetime and who seem to live only for their own enjoyment.

"Man was made for action, for duty and usefulness, and it is only when he lives in accordance with this great design of his being that he attains his highest dignity and truest happiness. To make pleasure his ultimate aim is certainly to fail of it. No matter what a young man's situation and prospects are, no matter if he is perfectly independent in his circumstances and heir to millions—he will certainly become a worthless character if he does not aim at something higher than his own selfish enjoyment. A life thus spent is a life lost. It is utterly inconsistent with all manliness of thought and action, it forms a character of effeminacy and feebleness, and entails on its possessor not only the contempt of worthy and good men, but embitters the decline of life with shame and self-reproach.

"Another principle of evil import is the love of money, which exerts a mighty and powerful influence over the children of men. When once the love of money becomes in any man a dominant principle of action, there is an end of all hope of his ever attaining the true excellence of an intelligent moral being. Money is the supreme and governing motive of his conduct, and where this is the case it is not to be expected that a man will be very scrupulous as to the means of obtaining it. Put a piece of gold too close to the eyes and it is large enough to blind you to home, to love, to death, and to heaven itself."

TO MY COMPANIONS.

BY C. A. BUTTERWORTH.

THE readers of "Autumn Leaves" who perhaps are not acquainted with all the workings of the adversary may perhaps grasp a few thoughts of interest and instruction from an Australian source. While viewing the objects upon the ocean's shore and gazing with admiration at the frantic billows as they came tossing and roaring like the sound of a distant waterfall, there appeared to be the workings of an evil nature in them all.

Upon the Lord's day, especially, may be seen many of the fair forms of God's creation, passing their most precious time in strolling up and down the sandy beach with seemingly no thought of the glorious things in that land which is fairer than day, but are absorbed in deep meditation of how they may enjoy the pleasures of this life.

They watch the beautiful waves as they come rolling toward the shore, and they long to throw themselves in their sparkling embrace and be borne upon their bosom; so they venture in to try their skill. Some are afraid of the water and remain on the shore; some venture to their knees, while others are seen far out, tossing up and down in the foamy waves. Many seem to forget the strong tide which, like the cunning devices of Satan, tend to draw them further and further from that solid rock of safety on which they should all be found standing. They also forget that they are very small to be found battling against the mighty waves of a heaving sea, and, when turning to make their way toward the shore, they find that their struggle is not sufficient, and, as the tide bears them further out from the shore their only hope is, that a lifeboat may reach them ere they perish.

No boat is in view, and the watchers on the shore stand spell-bound as they listen to the faint cries of the perishing ones for help; but it is too late, they are too far gone and none can rescue, and the last seen by the watchers on the shore is the wave of the hand of one who is bidding a last farewell to his companion of this life. He sinks no more to rise, but to be torn asunder by the monsters of the sea.

The workings of Satan among the young people as well as the more aged ones seem to act very much like the undercurrent of the sea, which draws its captives far away from the solid rock, and they are lost forever. Satan, in his endeavors to deceive the hearts of the simple, will offer, as he did to our blessed Savior, all the pleasures and glories of this life, if they will only worship him; but if we are strengthened by the Lord as Christ was, we will be enabled to say, "Get behind me, Satan, for we will worship God, and him only will we serve."

There are various scenes and pursuits in this life which tend to turn us away from a life of devotion, which we owe to our Creator, and we, like the swimmers who ventured out too far into the sea, often venture out in worldly pursuits so far that many of us never return, but are carried along with the vast multitudes of earth, who are crowding down the broad road toward destruction, and the punishment thereof is only known to those who have to abide it.

Seeing then that a plan of redemption has been wrought out by which we way be translated from the kingdom of this world into the kingdom of our Lord and his Christ, we should profit by the words of our Savior, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

After having sought, found and entered, then we are under the protection of a loving Father who will lead us not into temptation, but in pastures green, and by still waters. If we then are found seeking to build up the kingdom of God, and day by day, as we we journey through life, are found living by every word that proceedeth forth from the mouth of God, and are adding to our faith virtue, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, knowledge, etc., God has promised that we shall be fruitful in the knowledge of Him, and when the trials of this life press heavily upon us we will be like the house founded upon the rock, which could not be moved by the storms which beat upon it.

When we think of those beautiful mansions which our Savior has gone to prepare, and that they can only be entered by those who always walk uprightly, having within them that godly fear which will keep them humble, it causes a thrill of humility to penetrate our whole being, and we wish to lay our all at the feet of Him who will give us the victory.

Oh, that we were men like David in his youth! Then the fulness of the gospel would be ushered in and all those who had fought the good fight of faith and had finished their course would be crowned with a crown of righteousness.

Seeing then that we have so short a time in which to prepare ourselves for that paradise of rest, there should be no fishing tours on Sunday or spending our time in something of no importance; but a diligent seeking to order our every day life after the example of our Master Builder who suffered the pains and death of the cross to make a way for our escape. Nor should we have a desire to shoot down the beautiful little birds which make life joyous by their sweet songs of melody and cause all nature to rejoice; neither would we be found destroying the life of animals for mere sport; for as sure as there is a tribunal bar before which all must stand to be judged, we shall have to account for these lives, and the manner in which they were taken; "for the blood of every beast will God require at the hands of men." My beloved companions in the faith of Christ and in the hope of eternal life, let us never be weary in well doing, but press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling, and "we shall surely reap if we faint not."

"A Word to Young Ladies.—We believe that a young lady, by her constant, consistent Christian example, may exert an untold power. You do not know the respect, the almost worship, which young men, no matter how wicked and depraved they may be themselves, pay to a consistent Christian lady, be she young or old. A gentleman once said of a lady who boarded in the same house with him, that her life was a constant proof of the Christian religion. Often the simple request of a young lady will keep a young man from doing wrong. We have known this to be the case very frequently; and young men have been kept from breaking the Sabbath, from drinking, from chewing, just because a lady whom they respected, and for whom they had an affection, requested it."

ETERNITY OF MIND.

LECTURE I.

BY J. F. M'DOWELL.

WHETHER man existed as a conscious, self-existent, individualized spirit entity before his acquaintance with this world we do not presume to say, but that he now exists in the most tangible form possible we do know. It does not so much concern us from what we originated as to where we are going, if anywhere, when this condition of life shall be closed. It is the *hence* rather than the whence about which we are most concerned. An entire absence of knowledge or information exists relative to time pre-existent to man's history, but it is claimed, and quite plausibly too, that some information has been received bearing upon our subsequent history. That whether our spirit history began at nativity's hour, it is supposed not to end at dissolution's mysterious moment. While we may not positively know that there is a continuity of life after inaction of the body occurs, yet we have some good reasons for so believing. That there exists in all mankind an entire dissatisfaction with present work and his present surroundings and condition of things, and perhaps a daily emotion of the mind for something more lasting, permanent, and satisfactory than is here obtained, is true; and that a change is desired for the better, and that change to be had in a conscious existence; that present joy is fleeting, present pleasure transient, and present glory fading, can not be denied. With these thoughts and feelings arising in the human mind—that mind queries and wonders about something beyond. And while all sight seeing may be strangely obscured, and while all effort of mortality's hand to draw aside the curtain may prove futile and unavailing, yet the intensity of the feeling, the ever existent, anxious thought, the never swerving desire for another life, or that this condition of life be exchanged for a better, may never pass away.

The unlimited range of view which is opened to the human imagination throughout the immensity of space and of duration, and the knowledge we are capable of acquiring respecting the distant regions of the universe, are strong presumptive evidences of the eternal destination of man.

That the principal feeling of the mind is after other than earth scenes, and exists among all nations, peoples and tribes, giving it a broad universality of existence is a presumptive proof that it must be a mental impress upon the human mind caused either by a pre-existent life, or made at the time of nativity by a power superior to man. Shall this be mocked? Shall it be said that a partial or imperfect view of the wonders of creation has been unfolded, creating or enkindling a rational longing and desire thereby, merely for the purpose of mocking and tantalizing our expectations? If so, then the moral character of a God is represented below that of a depraved mortal.

When we consider the capabilities of the human mind, its power of thought, of mental penetration, of profound inquiry, its embrace of universal works, its comprehensiveness, its concentration of thought and purpose in study, its lofty flights of splendid imagination, its quick perception, and vivid conception of nature's works and nature's truths; its viewing of an unbounded and diversified scene of objects, operations, relations, changes, and revolutions, beyond the limits of all that is visible to the eye catches an occasional glimpse of objects and of scenes which were previously involved in obscurity! Man strains his mental sight, stretches forward with eagerness to grasp at new discoveries, descries some openings which direct his view into the regions of infinity and eternity, and yet perceives all his knowledge to be mere shreds and patches, and that he must be raised to a sublimer station before he can fully grasp the magnificent objects which lie hid in the unexplored regions of immensity. When we think of the mind, furnished with, or possessing such noble powers and capacities, capable of traversing the realm of creation, and of opening new and greater prospects into the unbounded regions

of truth that lie before it, and of appreciating the works and beauties and powers of nature being cast of from existence and sunk into eternal silence, when its capacities were just beginning to expand, man becomes an inexplicable phenomenon in the universe, his existence an unfathomable mystery. Such thoughts and considerations have made a wonderful impression upon the minds of philosophers, as I shall show by a quotation from the excellent Cicero who wrote: "When I consider the wonderful activity of the mind, so great a memory of the past, and such a capacity of penetrating into the future; when I behold such a number of arts and sciences, and such multitude of discoveries thence arising, I believe, and am firmly persuaded, that a nature which contains so many things within itself can not be mortal." This being true, how much more is such an opinion confirmed as being correct, when we consider the phenomenon of scientific discoveries of time which far surpass those of the days or times in which Cicero lived.

Infidelity has arrogantly asserted that the feeling of the mind regarding a future state is but the result of ancestral education, the formation of an impression made upon the nervous system and so communicated to posterity. But this thought will scarcely hold good. A babe cries for food or nourishment, not from previous installation of the idea that nourishment is necessary, but from an actual existing desire created independent of the will power which causes the mind to make its imperfect request for nutriment. Does the child ask for that which has no existence in fact or truth? We answer, no; for the desire was not made to be mocked by an absence of that which it intensely craved. For

> "Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
> Man never is, but always to be blest.
> The soul uneasy, and confined from home,
> Rests and expatiates in a life to come."

That the desire of immortality is common, and natural to all mankind, appears from a variety of actions, which can scarcely be accounted for on any other principle, and which prove that the mind feels conscious of its immortal destiny.

No man can obliterate entirely from the mind the idea of an immortal existence. At no time is the thought, wondrous in its nature, more forcibly impressed upon man than at the hour of death to the body. If the soul be destined to annihilation at death's hour, why should man be anxious about what shall happen hereafter, when he is reduced to a mere nonentity? He can then have no interest in any events that may befall the living world, when he is cancelled from the face of creation, and when the vital spark of intelligence he possessed is quenched in everlasting night. What need he then care? But can it be so? We answer, the mind revolts at the thought, and repels it as adverse to its dignity.

Death can not be annihilation or total cessation of intelligent existence, for that intelligence being a power susceptible to illimitable development, and holding in its embrace so much of intellectual consciousness of supernatural works, can not in the very nature of the case become extinct. We behold in lesser formations of creative art that existence in toto of any one thing does never occur; but what appears as decay, or death, is but a mere change of condition and not cessation of life. A peculiar transformation, if you please, from one state to that of another. See the stump of a tree that has stood a long time, and we see it in its crumbling parts; we discover growing from out of its darkened parts little sprigs of green—living in their beauty; and it teaches this idea that seeming death gives rise to other form of newness of actual life. Then, this being true, how much more in man, the highest, grandest and best type of life, shall the death of the body be but a change of material life into another form or phase of life called the spiritual or immortal existence! The elements are eternal; and as gross matter ever exists, shall not matter of a highly refined nature which we are pleased to call spirit, ever exist? That the body is grosser matter than the spirit is obvious from the fact that with its form we have most to do.

But because the spirit, or source of intelligence in man, can not be observed does not argue its non-existence; for there are forms of conscious existences so highly refined, and seeming transparent in their make up as to be only perceptible to the natural eye when that sight is powerfully supplemented by microscopical lens—may it not be reasonably true that the sight could be supple-

mented by a power superior to man that he might behold the more highly refined form of matter called spirit or soul? There being forms of life only discernible by a powerful supplement to the natural sight, is it not reasonable to suppose there is yet other, not discernible to natural vision aided or unaided by human invention or discovery?

Skepticism can not successfully confront us with any apparent obstacle by stating that faith and not knowledge is required; or that belief in immortality of the soul is of religious birth and therefore asking for faith instead of granting knowledge, for science has to ask for our faith also; for science is not a matter of knowledge at all times pretending to be clear and certain, while things of religion are vague and uncertain. It is absurd to say in the language of David Hume: "Where faith begins, reason ends." A much wiser saying was that of Richard Hooker: "*Faith is the highest exercise of reason.*"

This is as true in science as in religion, because there are mysteries in both.

It is the height of folly to disbelieve that which we do not fully understand, for what we understand not is much greater than what we do understand. The broadest scope of knowledge of actual facts held by the greatest and wisest men is exceedingly contracted. All the supposed facts of astronomy, chemistry and geology are received by public instructors and scholars second hand, on the testimony of others. Shall we then ignore faith by stifling our light of reason? Shall we set aside apparent facts that may develop into real, tangible facts, susceptible of the minutest demonstration? Shall all those deeper, inner feelings of the mind, that rises high, and soars through the regions of space on wings of finest thought, filled with the loftiest aspirations of excellent birth, and that give us joy and satisfied expectancy of mind, be crushed by a blinded, stubborn judgment or distorted reason?

It has been well observed that "the apprehensions of the mind, and its fearful forebodings of futurity, when under the influence of remorse, may be considered as intimations of a state of retribution in another world." "As the boundless desires of the human mind, the vast comprehension of its intellectual faculties, and the virtuous exercise of its moral powers, are indications of a future state of more enlarged enjoyment, so those horrors of conscience which frequently torment the minds of the wicked, may be considered as the forebodings of future woe and misery."—Prof. Dick.

These observations are evidently true. If there be no immortality, whence cometh these fearful forebodings? If the mind's impressions of a possible future condition be not true impressions, whence the basis upon which to found them, or why entertain them at all? If no future condition awaits us, then could all fear of such be entirely banished; but the very fact that such has never been done, nor can it be, is strong presumptive evidence that another condition of life does await every one of us, that life shall be continued!

You will read in Rollin's Ancient History of Antiochus Epiphanes, a man who was naught but a tyrant. There was a time he laid siege to the city of Jerusalem, exercised the most horrid cruelties upon its inhabitants, slaughtered forty thousand of them in three days, and polluted, in the most impious manner, the temple and its service. A time afterward when breathing out curses against the Jews for having restored their ancient worship, and threatening to destroy the whole nation, he was seized with a terrible torment in his inward parts, and excessive pains laid hold upon him, and "worms crawled from every part of him; his flesh fell away piece-meal, and the stench was so great that it became intolerable to the whole army; and he thus finished an impious life, by a miserable death." Polybius says, "he was troubled during this disorder, with a perpetual delirium, imagining that spectres stood continually before him, reproaching him for his crimes."

We are informed that Bessus, the Pœonian, was reproached with ill-nature for pulling down a nest of young sparrows and killing them, and answered he had reason to do so "because these little birds never ceased falsely to accuse him of the murder of his father."

This parricide had been concealed till then, but the revenging fury of conscience caused it to be discovered by himself. Dryden has admirably described such condition of mind in the following lines:

"Amidst your train this unseen Judge will wait,
Examine how you came by all your state;
Upbraid your impious pomp, and in your ear
Will halloo, rebel! traitor! murderer!
Your ill-got power, wan looks, and care shall bring,
Known but by discontent to be a king.
Of crowds afraid, yet anxious when alone,
You'll sit and brood your sorrows on your throne."

Many examples of the power of conscience in awakening terrible apprehensions of futurity, could be brought forth from the records of history both ancient and modern. And well has it been said:

"At the present moment there are thousands of gay spirits immersed in fashionable dissipation, and professing to disregard the realities of a future world, who, if they would lay open their inmost thoughts, would confess that the secret dread of a future retribution is a spectre which frequently haunts them while running the rounds of forbidden pleasure, and embitters their most exquisite enjoyments."

It can not be denied that there exists in man, not of fleshly function, a something that approves and disapproves of his actions, his words, his thoughts! It can not be true, as the materialist holds, that "the forces are inherent in the spiritual side," man being composed of material atoms having a physical and spiritual side, and "by the constitution of matter, be inseparable from every aggregation of the atoms, however complex," from the fact that every form that should once come to the manifestation of life could never be deprived of the power to manifest life—but we know to the contrary, for every time a plant withers and moulders to dust; every time an animal breathes its last feeble gasp, and its organisms waste in dust; every time a human being in the pride and power of his intellect and will bows to the one universal fate, death, testifies that all this life, and force, and energy, are not inherent in the matter, are not identical with it, but separation occurs. Shall it be admitted, then, that all there is or may be of life has become extinguished? That

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Do you say all life's energy is annihilated in death's strange moment? Has the energy fallen back into the common invisible stock of the universe? If so, what then of the position of the materialist that "energy is inherent in matter, and inseparable from it"? As the phenomena of death are opposite to those of life, they sustain the position that life is a state of union. Death, then, stands as the chief demonstration in this great question of the separate existence of mind and matter. I, who think, and reason, and act, am one; and this material body of flesh and blood *in* which I think and act, is something else!

The fact that we are here, and have to do with material things, that these material things we see and handle "perish with the using;" that while we may accumulate of earth's rich stores, they may perish while in our possession, or we may die while possessing them, and that their possession affords no lasting joy, or comfort, or pleasure, because hanging over them all is the blackened pall of death, that one word, that one strange incident of our history checks the otherwise outburstings of the mind in exclamations of "joy unspeakable and full of glory," and blights earth's prospects for lasting enjoyment — from these considerations, dark as they may be, let us reflect the light of reason upon them and believe that as all we have, and our bodies, are susceptible to decay; that life which is so wonderful and grand, and exceedingly marvelous, can not have been originated for so small and insignificant a purpose objectless, aimless, if death ever closes our history. But let reason rather say that this world is but the vestibule of other and grander worlds, that as we live in this vestibule, and pass through the portals called death we shall surely enter conscious and happy into the palatial auditorium where immortals in bright array crowd its pillared space.

Man's spirit must be a substantial organism, the exact counterpart of the visible material, though invisible to our physical eyes, nevertheless indestructible and immortal or eternal.

A noted doctor of philosophy once wrote: "Spirit is a factor in thought, which lies behind all material organism, and is necessary thereto. We illustrate this truth with the watch; and without the aid of reason we can not tell how or from whence it came. But reason affirms that it did not come by chance, and that there was a thinker behind its different parts, connected them together, and made the watch in thought before it ever existed in

reality. Then we affirm that the existence of the watch depends on the thought factor which lies behind it, and which existed prior to and apart from it."

This doctrine of spiritual existence is not assumption. It is not all a dream, for we are compelled to find it in that law that lies behind all things. We may then live a life the best of all, without the body—a glorious one, and forever. And it seems probable that a human spirit, in the vigorous exercise of its faculties with which it is now furnished, may go forward through an interminable duration, making continual accessions to its stores of knowledge, without losing one idea or portion of information which it had previously acquired.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER GLAUD RODGER.—No. XII.

COMPILED FROM HIS JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

THE LOST FOUND.

ON Friday, December 19th, as we were straying out of town on the Queen's road, two middle aged men accosted us, and wanted to know if we were missionaries. They could not speak a word of English, and we gave them to understand, as well as we could, that we were missionaries bound for Sydney. They still clung to us, frequently using the name Parato. The fact is, they were brethren of our faith; mysteriously led to accost us, and were inquiring if we knew Addison Pratt. Their persistency became so marked that we began to suspect them of being police spies, and got away from them as soon as we decently could.

We passed along into the open country, and there finding the Queen's road overseer, who spoke good English, we were informed that there was a settlement of Mormons at Siona (pronounced Ze-o-na), five miles west of town. He could give us no names; said there was none of our people living in Papeete; that they had been somewhat persecuted in times past, and for the sake of peace had all settled at Siona, (Zion).

Well, well! and so we have found our brethren at last—at the eleventh hour! for the ship is to sail to-morrow afternoon. We prayed for her detention, and she was detained until the following Thursday, (Christmas).

On Saturday, the 20th, we started before breakfast for Siona. At Fa-a-a, we stopped at a house reported to us to be the residence of Mormons. They were very friendly, gave us cocoanut milk to drink, and furnished us a guide to show us the Mormon missionary, (all preachers here are called missionaries). We now found Bro. David Brown, who speaks good sailor English; and through him we soon found the rest of a devoted little branch of the church.

We can not find words to convey to you an adequate idea of the joy of these Saints in beholding us, it had been so many years since they had seen a white elder, and our coming was so unexpected. Bro. Brown is an East Indian, learned his English on board a whaler, and has been here for about ten years. He is a very influential man in the church on Tahiti, though he holds no presiding authority. After introducing us to the Saints he took us to his own house, which he appropriated to our use, and which remained our headquarters during our stay. All was now excitement in Siona; a meeting was called for three p. m.; the traditional yellow-legged chicken was duly prepared for our benefit, and at one p. m. we broke our fast on fried chicken, boiled bread-fruit, cocoanut milk, etc.

We were quite surprised at the neatness of everything around us; the floor, and the large mats which covered it, answering the purposes of a carpet; the table-cloth and bed were scrupulously clean, reconciling us at once to the (to us) novel manners and customs of our Polynesian Sionars.

The Saints' meeting-house at Siona is a bamboo structure; is well situated; is comfortably seated; is furnished with a bell, a pulpit, and a common table.

There is an entrance at each end of the building—one for the brethren—the other for the sisters' use.

At three o'clock we commenced our meeting. The society has a well-trained choir, with Sr. Pipi as leader; Bro. Reipu, (pronounced Ra-e-poo), her husband, leads the bass. When the hymn was given out the congregation arose and heartily joined in with the choir in a well executed piece of music. The peculiar accentuation of the language gives character and style to the music; and its novel yet pleasing harmonies corresponded with all our strange surroundings, and excited emotions within us not easy to describe.

After prayer and the singing of the second hymn we explained to them the history of the church, the death of Joseph the Martyr, the subsequent wickedness and scattering of the people, and finally the reorganization with young Joseph at the head.

One peculiarity we noticed was, that they had brought their Bibles with them, and when we incidently made reference to the writings of the prophets or apostles, these Bibles were at once opened and the quotation examined.

We showed how singularly God had ordered events to bring us to Tahiti, and for a purpose, too, which all could see, and advised them to at once recognize the Reorganization and labor under the leadership of Joseph.

With the instinct of true Latter Day Saints they applied for baptism, etc. Resting satisfied with the assurance of the brethren that we should not be violating any municipal regulation, we appointed the next day (Sunday) to attend to ordinances; and at the same time gave notice that we should transact important business connected with the Reorganization.

In the evening all hands and the choir met at our rooms and entertained us with "The Spirit of God like a fire is burning," and other inspiring songs of Zion, all sung in the Tahitian language. But anxious as they were to give us pleasure, they were still more anxious to hear from us; and so we entertained them with a discourse upon the history of the church, in which we averred that polygamy was a device of the devil to corrupt the Saints and overcome them.

On the next day the morning service commenced at eight a. m. At its conclusion we found that nearly the entire branch, with certain visiting brethren from the neighboring islands, were intending to be rebaptized. Knowing that this would create an excitement in the public mind, we again questioned the brethren concerning our right in the premises, and being assured by them that it was "all right," we repaired to the seaside, and there in the pure blue waters of the Pacific Bro. Rodger baptized fifty-one persons.

There were many bystanders present, and a Catholic Church stood within the distance of a half mile, while one of its spies was in our midst taking notes of our doings. The baptisms being accomplished we retired to change and then to reassemble at the meeting-house.

At the afternoon meeting we confirmed the newly baptized, after which we organized for business purposes, with Elder C. W. Wandell in the chair and Elder Reipu clerk. The following native elders were present:

From Touboni, Te-a-po and Pe.

From An-a-a, (chain island), Ta-ra, Pa-ra-ta and Te-na-te.

From Tomotou, Te-a-gi.

From sundry places, Ta-ve, Pa-e-a, Ra-i-do-a and Pa-i-ta.

From Tahiti, Ta-ni-e-ra, Re-i-pu and David Brown.

Taniora is the presiding elder at Siona. He is a gentleman of education and refinement, and was formerly connected with the Protestant mission at Papeete. By a regular vote in each case these brethren were reordained elders, and were appointed to specific fields of labor, with instructions that they were to do no ordaining except for branch government purposes, until they should hear from Bro. Joseph, or until an elder should be sent from America to preside.

That afternoon the Saints appeared in their best. The brethren were dressed in pants, shirt and coat, scrupulously clean. The sisters modestly and tastefully dressed in the American style; in fact the congregation would anywhere have been considered decidedly respectable. After meeting the regular old fashioned hand shaking had to be gone through with. The meeting, however, had been a very long one, and so many confirmations and ordinations, with the instructions, had made me very tired, and I went to our room and lay down for a nap. I had been there but a

few minutes when Bro. Rodger came and awoke me, telling me that he had been arrested for baptizing without a license!

A Bro. Smith, whom we had just baptized, was arrested with Bro. Rodger. He had unquestionably been mistaken for me. Bro. Rodger returned to the meeting-house where the officer was and I started to follow him, but was prevented by the brethren. Amid the wailings of the sisters and the protests of the brethren, Brn. Rodger and Smith followed the officer about a quarter of a mile to a public house, where it was ascertained that the officer was drunk, that he had no papers, and was acting without authority. Our brethren were then set at liberty, and soon they came returning to Siona with songs of rejoicing upon their heads. During the afternoon while I was in the meeting-house writing out licenses and letters of instruction this same officer came and made a great bluster as to what he would do the next day, but he said nothing to me, nor interfered with me in any way.

In the morning we all met at the meeting-house, where we well improved the time in instructing the Saints in their duties. At dismissal it was agreed that our adieus could not be delayed longer than to-morrow at noon. The Saints wanted to go in a body to see us on board, but being satisfied that we had in some manner violated an ordinance of the Protectorate, for which we were liable, we thought it the part of wisdom, if possible to avoid any further excitement.

The next morning we finished our writing, met with the Saints at the meeting-house, and then tried to get away; but a feast was preparing, and there was no letting us off until that was over. So at eleven a. m., we sat down to the feast under the grateful shade of a patriarchal bread-fruit tree. A raised platform was fixed for Bro. Rodger and me, upon which was set for our use boiled bread-fruit, raw bananas, cocoanut milk, fried chicken, scrambled eggs, etc., etc., all of which was laid upon a table-cloth of spotless purity.

Our table was at the head of a large oblong circle, some thirty feet across, covered with Tara leaves (a large broad leaf), which gave it the look of green carpeting. Around the edge of this circle the feast was set, the center of the circle being graced by a canoe-shaped wooden vessel which held a barbacued hog.

However, before we had time to compose ourselves for the work in hand, a difficulty arose in the shape of several dogs, chickens and a pig, which incontinently broke through this charming circle of hungry Saints and made a splendid charge on the edibles around them. Then such a time! But in all such contests man will come off victorious; so one brother whipped off his bandana, festooned it around one of the pig's fore feet, led him to a sapling, and there triumphantly tied him! The dogs and chickens also were finally got outside, and a patrol established to keep them there. So order was restored, and then, after lifting the voice in thanksgiving to the Great Author of all our mercies, we set to in good earnest to do ample justice to what was before us.

Bro. Rodger and myself were told that we could help ourselves to such as was set particularly for us, or we could call for anything in the feast. In order to show them that we entered heartily into their arrangements and felt to be one with them, we immediately called for some of the *pig in the canoe!* We were rewarded by a general smile of gratification and the first cut of the pig.

The feast proceeded. It was wonderfully strange to us; all the circumstances conspired to make it so. We had started in good faith for Australia, and here we were at Siona, in Polynesia! Why should the good barque Domingo (Sunday) spring a leak in fine weather, and in that particular part of the ocean which necessarily made Tahiti our only available refuge? Was it not one of those special providences which occasionally occur to keep us in remembrance of the unceasing watchcare which Jehovah has for the cause of Zion? And who are these whose fine open countenances show the kindly spirit within? They are Latter Day Saints; not all of them old-timers, for it is probable that not more than half a dozen of them ever heard Addison Pratt or any white elder. They have come into the church through the labors of the native elders since Bro. Pratt was compelled by the French to abandon this mission.

The greater part of these Saints have

now for the first time heard the voices of Elders from America; and how their trusting hearts are drawn to ours! We are to them almost as though we had come from the courts of heaven! Instinctively they love us; and yet, after so brief a sojourn, we are about to leave them. Such thoughts as these would come to us; but we were unprepared for that exhibition of intense emotion just now to surprise, charm, and capture us, by the irresistible force of its own impulse!

We wrote to you from Tahiti how they, at parting, embraced and kissed us—how they hung upon our necks and wept like children! There were Brn. Brown, Taniera, Avaepii and Reipu, among the rest; and then among the sisters was Sr. Pipi, the choir leader. Poor Sr. Pipi, should her eyes ever see these lines, (and they will if you print them), we beg her to rest assured that if our kind wishes can do her good, or add to her happiness, she has them without limit.

That we could remain unmoved amid such a scene was impossible! Indeed, we were quite overcome, and found it necessary to get away as soon as we consistently could. Bro. Reipu had been selected to see us safe on board; but he was so overcome by his feelings that a less sensitive brother had to take his place. One sister followed us for fully a half mile; then, kissing our hands, returned weeping toward Siona.

On our way to Papeete we had time to discuss the situation. We had not yet been arrested, which fact was almost a guarantee that we would not be. If we should, either one or both of us, we would not pay any fine; but rather, go to prison, believing that God intended us to remain at Tahiti for a season; but if we were left free to pursue our voyage, we should take it as a sign that God had ordained that the Reorganization here should be started without placing itself under obligations, either directly or indirectly to the Papacy.

We passed through Papeete the cynosure of all eyes, for the proceedings of yesterday had been blazed abroad; the *gens d' Arms* stared; but nobody troubled us. We had two hours of time yet before we needed to go on board, and we went to the house of Bro. Parato, to rest and refresh ourselves. Here we learned that information had been duly laid against us at the proper tribunal; but upon consultation it was determined not to prosecute. The fact was, they were glad enough to get rid of us without creating any further excitement.

Well, so much for our visit to Tahiti. We leave with an improved opinion of the native Society Islanders, and particularly of the Latter Day Saints; and we have a clearer illustration of the innate power of their faith, in their isolated condition, than we have seen elsewhere.

The Saints had many questions to ask us, one of which was with regard to the proper day to observe as Sunday. We at first thought that the Seventh-Day-Baptists had been there; but it appeared that when the Protestant missionaries first came, they came via Cape Horn; that is, they sailed westwardly from England; and as Tahiti is in the Western hemisphere, in longitude 149° 28′ 21″ west from Greenwich, they had no occasion to change the day of the week in order to keep their reckoning right. The Protectorate of course acknowledges this, and the Protestant and civil Sunday are the same.

But the first Jesuits came via the Cape of Good Hope; that is, they sailed eastwardly from Paris. Now, as in the other case, the true time from which to reckon was from either Greenwich or Paris; and when they crossed the 180° of east longitude they should have added one day to their reckoning to preserve the true time. But they persisted in keeping their reckoning just as it was, and, consequently, when they arrived at Tahiti they found their time one day behind that already established. They stupidly refused to change their reckoning, and so the Tahitians to this day have two Sundays to every week.

The fact is, the Papal church has never given up the "plane theory" of the earth's surface. At the trial of Galileo before the Roman Inquisition, the Pope, cardinals, and clergy were so emphatic in their denunciation of the "globe theory," that the present clergy will not admit the truth of the astronomer's theory, without questioning the infallibility of the church of Rome. We showed the Saints that the Protestant Sunday was an astro-theological truth, and to regard it as such. At this point in our narrative we com-

menced a demonstration of the "globe theory" of the earth's surface, based upon the fact that the Thursday on which we left San Francisco was Friday in Sydney; but it was so much like a labored effort to prove that two and two make four, that we threw it aside.

The question now arises, What do these Saints need? In the first place they need two competent white missionaries to live with and labor among them. These men should have a fair understanding of the grammar of the English language, to enable them to readily understand the construction of the Tahitian; they should be well versed in the doctrines of the church; they should be men of fair business qualifications; and of sterling integrity of character.

In the second place they need help to raise them out of their present pitiable condition, in a commercial sense. With a world of wealth in the form of pearls, mother-of-pearl, marine shells and coral, beach-le-mar, fungus, cotton, coffee, sugar, cocoanut oil, and the finest tropical fruits in the world, they are poor because they are compelled to take in exchange for them the pittance allowed them by their commercial masters. Nothing could be easier than the formation of a joint stock, or co-operative organization, by the California Saints and these brethren, unitedly. This, in due time would make the mission self-sustaining; would bring some revenue into the tithing fund, and would make the parties wealthy. Finally, we think it imperative that these islanders be no longer neglected. It is certainly to be hoped that the ensuing April Conference at Plano will revive and set in more perfect motion the South Sea Island Mission.

On Christmas day we hove up our anchor and stood out to sea, all in high spirits at the prospect of soon accomplishing the remainder of our passage. On Thursday, January 8th, we crossed the 180° of longitude, and instead of calling the next day Friday, the 9th, we ignored it entirely, and called it Saturday, the 10th. Our time thus corrected would correspond with the Sydney time.

If your "plane theory" folks wish to make a demonstration to understand how this can be, we recommend them to take a large sized, newly mount grind-stone; (a tolerably *soft* stone!); then take a blue pencil and divide the rim of the stone into three hundred and sixty equal parts to represent degrees. The rim of the stone will now represent the equator, or any parallel of latitude on the globe theory; (either side of the stone may be made to represent the plane theory); now, as the earth rolls back upon its axis once in every twenty-four hours, if you will mark every fifteenth degree with a red mark, it will be the same as though you divided the circle of the earth by the twenty-four hours of the day, and you have ascertained that the earth rolls back upon her axis fifteen degrees every hour.

You will now bear in mind that the configuration of the earth is determined by the simple question of time; that is, if the earth were a plane, the time of the sun's rising would be the same on all parts of it; but if it be a globe, time will travel on its face at the rate of fifteen degrees every hour. Now, with a strong light to represent the sun, and the rim of the stone set perpendicularly to it, and having selected your meridian as a starting point, and proposing to travel west, (or from the sun), at the rate of fifteen degrees every twenty-four hours, you commence to turn the stone back (easterly) on its axis until you have turned it quite around. Now, while the stone has exactly made its revolution, you have also made the same revolution, *and fifteen degrees more;* that is, in traveling fifteen degrees west you have gained an hour of time. Having given this key, actual experiment will demonstrate the rest.

On Thursday, January 22d, 1874, we entered the harbor of Sydney. I left Bro. Rodger on board to take care of the baggage, while I went on shore to secure lodgings. Went to John Benneth. They were very glad to see me. Bro. Benneth took me to the hatter's and fitted me out with a new hat, and then took me to Bro. Ellis's. Had a good talk there. Sr. Ellis had seen us in a dream and was expecting us. Bro. Ellis went with us to Bro. Pegg's, and from there to R— Nichols', where I hired a room, s next day Bro. Ellis paid for the drayage of our things to our lodgings. We immediately began visiting the Brighamites and distributing tracts.

On Saturday we went to visit Elder Beauchamp at his lodgings. He is the Brighamite missionary. We urged the

privilege of speaking to his congregation on the next day. He refused, and also challenged us to a discussion, we to select the subjects. We returned home, wrote out and sent him the following:

1st. "Was polygamy a tenet of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints at any time during the life-time of Joseph Smith the Martyr?"

2d. "In whom is the right of Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, in Joseph Smith or in Brigham Young?"

Authorities:—Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and *Times and Seasons;* and by courtesy, the *Millennial Star;* time to be equally divided—expenses ditto. After dilly-dallying for two or three days, he sent us word that he declined the discussion as too unequal and one-sided!

We continued to occupy the time in visiting and distributing tracts. Bro. Rodger visited in the country a few miles and preached. On Sunday evening, February 1st, we formally opened the mission by a meeting at our lodgings. Our room was well filled with a select audience. We had a good meeting, and an excellent feeling prevailed. Being now sure that the mission would be successful, we hired the United Temperance Hall for three months at a rate unexpectedly low. The Hall is centrally situated. On Sunday, February 8th, we baptized Richard Ellis and Albert Espinall, and held an afternoon and an evening meeting at our new Hall. At both meetings the congregation seemed greatly interested. We have an appointment to baptize on Sunday next, and feel that the mission has made a secure lodgment in Australia.

C. W. WANDELL.
GLAUD RODGER.

The following letter sent us by Bro. Broadway, of Hamilton, New South Wales, Australia, was written to the Saints by Bro. Rodger during the time of his stay there. It comes as a voice from the farther shore, and we earnestly pray that it may reach the heart and control the actions of each one who reads it, and that as our life comes by moments, hours and days, so may we order it that the fragments being pure the whole shall be blameless.—ED.

March 18th.

DEAR BRETHREN:

I feel this morning the great necessity of living for *to-day*. *To-day* what good can I do? Can I give any word of comfort to *any one* that will make them happier? Can I help the poor or the sick? Can I give a kind word to the careworn? Can I give any word of advice to the youth? Can I plan anything to make my work easier or ease the labor of another? Why study these things? That when I lay down to-night I may sleep without feeling condemnation in my own conscience, no bondage of sin.

Then to-day—yes to-day—I must beware of that awful sin of speaking evil of another. I must not circulate anything hurtful to another. They may have been bad, but I must not dwell upon any of their bad deeds, but leave them to God and look at their good works. Perhaps the good they have done is far greater than the evil. Have I always done right myself? If not, would I like another to circulate my weak points? Ah, no! That is the work of Satan. Then to-day let me beware of sin—yes, to-day—that I may sleep without condemnation.

These few lines lay to heart, my beloved brothers and sisters, and watch the evil speaker. Let all speak well or not at all for this day. *To-day*, yes, to-day, may be the last. Love to all.

Your ever well wisher,
In hope of eternal life,
G. RODGER.

An exc... says: "We agree with that old poet who said that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in a woman. Indeed, we feel inclined to go much further than he on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. How often the spell of beauty is rudely broken by coarse, loud talking. How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive. In the social circle how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady. In the sanctuary of home how such a voice soothes the fretful child, and cheers the weary husband."

THE STORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

BY ELDER H. A. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BOOK OF MORONI.

Mormon's Abridgment of the Book of Ether.—Lamanites alone Remain, and they Fight among Themselves.—Moroni writes about Authority, Laying on of Hands, Ordination to the Ministry, and the Sacrament of Bread and Wine.—Some teachings of his father, Mormon, about Faith, Charity, Good Works.—Children Saved without Baptism.—Angels, Miracles, and Gifts of the Holy Spirit.—God Impartial and Unchangeable in his dealings.—Moroni writes his last sentence and closes the Record.

WE come now, in the history of the ancient people of America, to the last book of the record that was translated by Joseph Smith, the Seer, in 1829. Moroni closed the book of his father Mormon, and after he finished writing his abridgment of the Jaredite record, he mentions that his life was prolonged beyond his expectations, and therefore he speaks further of the condition of affairs in his days. For, of all those who had stood faithful to the Nephite cause, he alone remained, and he had hidden himself and was unknown to the Lamanites in order that he might do the work that the Lord had allotted to him in closing the history and hiding it up for future generations.

The account of the people of Jared referred to above is called the Book of Ether. And because it is an outline of the history of a people who lived on America long before the Lamanites and Nephites did, it was considered in the first and second chapters of this story. But it is placed near the end of the record of Mormon because the copy of it that we have was the abridgment or translation that was made by Moroni in his time, for the purpose of delivering with his father's abridged history of the later peoples spoken of.

Moroni mentions that after the Lamanites had destroyed the Nephite nation, and put to death all who would not come over to them and deny following Christ, then they had so much of the evil nature that they divided into bands and began to destroy each other, which shows how the spirit of war and destruction had taken possession of them, and so it has been with them and their posterity ever since. But Moroni would not deny Christ and accept freedom among them on these terms, and he wandered wheresoever he could and be safe. And as his life was spared so he continued to write for the benefit of the Lamanites of the latter days, who should come to the knowledge of the history of their fathers, as had been promised by the Lord.

Upon the subject of the authority had by Christ's disciples on this land, and of the gift of the Holy Ghost, he said that while Christ was yet with them he laid his hands upon and gave them power to also place their hands upon men and women, and he gave the promise that such should receive the Holy Ghost; therefore he commanded that in his name they should so officiate and confer the gift. Moreover, it was so fulfilled; for under the hands of those disciples did the people of those days receive the Holy Spirit of promise, even as did the Jews of Jerusalem, Judea, and Galilee receive the gift under the hands of the apostles, seventies, and elders, after Christ's visit to those lands.

Moroni gives account of the method of ordaining, which is interesting, saying that among those who were chosen of God to the ministry they called upon the Father in prayer and then laid their hands upon the chosen ones and said that they ordained them to preach repentance and remission of sins in the name of Jesus Christ. And they ordained each according to the call of God to them, and by the authority of the Holy Spirit that was in those who officiated in the ordinance of setting apart for the service of the Lord in his Church.

In administering the bread and wine, as the visible emblems of Christ's body, the ministers knelt with the members, and the former asked the Lord to bless the bread and wine to the good of all who partook in covenant that they would eat and drink in remembrance of the body and blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and that they were willing to take upon them his name, and that they would strive to keep his commandments unto the end

of their lives. To all such was the Holy Spirit promised according to worthiness and faithfulness.

Of baptism he taught that none were taken into the Church except they showed that they had repented and were striving to live correctly. When they were prepared for such a step, and were determined to endure, they were baptized and received into the Church of Christ. And the ministers and members met frequently to worship God, and to rejoice together in the hope of Christ and the gospel. They partook of the sacrament and confessed their faults; and they were careful that sin should not grow in the church. Therefore if evil doers did not repent and forsake their ways they were tried before a court of elders and expelled from membership.

As time seemed to be given to Moroni he thought best to use it in making an abridged copy of some of the instructions given by his father to the Church of Christ, while it still existed among the people. Among them were teachings concerning the great benefits of faith, and the need of having continual hope and true charity of heart, as well as that the saints should live in peace and good will among themselves and with all mankind. For, he said, if their works were good then they themselves could be justly called good; because Christ had said that by their fruits should all men be known.

And every influence that draws people towards doing good is of God, whereas those influences that fail to do this, and lead in the opposite direction, are of Satan. Mormon taught that men were able to judge the difference between these powers if they would, and to follow that which is of God and to refuse that which is of the devil, if they will. For Satan persuades none to do good, neither do those who serve him. Mormon exhorts the members in Christ to seek to judge all people and all things aright, or in a righteous manner, and to understand the difference between good and evil; for the people of God must have meek hearts and they should exercise loving charity among themselves and towards all men. This will be a great evidence that they are indeed the people of the Lord, such as they claim to be.

Mormon taught that little children are not capable of committing sin; and as Christ came only to call the sinners to repentance, they and they only need baptism. This ordinance of burial in water, by the command of God, is for the remission of the sins of those who have been disobedient but who have turned from their transgressions unto righteousness. Little children are not only without sin but they are alive in Christ from the beginning; therefore it is not only in vain to baptize them but it is likewise a mockery before the Lord.

Mormon also spoke of how God had manifested himself unto men in different ways and during all ages of the world, sometimes by the ministrations of angels and again by the various gifts of the Holy Ghost; and that Christ taught that if men asked in faith they should receive accordingly. Consequently angels have not ceased coming nor miracles to be, but they continue by the will of God. And whenever miracles cease, or when the power of God is not manifested among his people as of old, then everyone may be sure that it is because of unbelief that they are no more; for when they cease then faith itself has departed. The work of the ministry is to call upon men to repent and to be baptized in the name of Christ, and to say to all people that the Holy Ghost shall bear witness unto those who come unto God sincerely and with all their hearts.

Moroni writes the closing chapter of the book, and he says that when men obtain it, if they will ask God concerning it they shall receive a witness that it is true. He, too, mentions the gifts of the Spirit, and says that men ought not to deny them; for they are of God, even from that same Being whom the ancient prophets and apostles served and received witness and testimony from. As he is an unchangeable God his gifts can not end, except as the unbelief of man prevents his receiving them, and he loses them by rejecting the divine aid that was always so freely given to the righteous and believing. Moroni said that the time would come when the world will realize the truth of this; therefore he exhorts all who read his words to turn from wickedness and all hardness and unbelief, and to be sanctified and made clean by the word and power of Christ. He closes his record with the following sen-

tence addressed to all mankind, and thus ends the story of the book:

"I soon go to rest in the paradise of God, until my spirit and my body shall again unite and I am brought forth triumphant through the air, to meet you before the pleasing bar of the great Jehovah, the eternal Judge of both quick and dead." (Note 44.)

(Note 44.) It may be supposed by those who are not acquainted with the facts, and indeed it has been charged by the enemies of the latter day work, that sufficient had been learned and published about the ruins, relics, and ancient civilizations of Peru, Mexico, and Central America, for a sharp man, one with a vivid imagination, to have used such knowledge as the basis for a wonderful romance about the ancient inhabitants of those lands, and to come very near the truth, too, in a great many things.

But the evidences are to the contrary of this opinion, the facts being that all of the great discoveries and investigations in those countries, whether made by traveling explorers, or by scientific and other learned men, were unknown to the world, even to men of letters in Europe and America, until after the Book of Mormon was copied (translated) from the plates of Mormon in 1829.

Even in the case of Fernando Montesinos, who was sent from Spain to Peru in 1630, as related with chapter eleven of this story, although he made quite a study of the civilization then existing, and wrote of the wealth and present surroundings of that people, and something of their traditional history, yet his two volumes, called "Memories" and "Annales" remained for two hundred years in manuscript form in the national archives in Madrid, and only the former volume has been published yet, and that in French after having been translated by Mons. Compans. Consequently it was not known to American scholars, much less to the general public, until after the year 1830. Therefore it is as new to all readers of English as are the recent works of Stevens, Squier, Charney, and other modern writers.

Furthermore, Montesinos did not know anything and did not write anything about other lands that Peru, for he lived and died without any knowledge of the extensive ruins of Central America and Mexico, where the Book of Mormon describes as anciently existing the grandest, and the earliest, as well as the latest, civilization of the American Continent. For this see Baldwin's "Ancient America," pages 261 to 271.

Then Baldwin, on page 102, mentions Palacios, who, he says, may properly be called the first explorer in Central America, because he wrote of Copan in 1576. But the value of this date is gone when we learn that, like the works of Montesinos, his letters to the king of Spain were stored away, and that they were not known to English or American readers until they were obtained by the Hon. E. G. Squier, translated by him into English, and published in the year 1860. So we gather from Bancroft's "Native Races," vol. 4, page 79, and from the American Encyclopedia, article, "Squier."

Among other early writers Baldwin (on page 102) mentions Captain Del Rio, who, he says, prepared "a brief account of Palenque" in 1787. Of his writings Stephens says:

"The report of Captain Del Rio, . . . through either the supineness or the jealousy of the Spanish government, was locked up in the archives of Guatamala until the time of the revolution, when the original manuscripts came into the hands of an English gentleman, and an English translation was published in London in 1822. *This was the first notice in Europe of the discovery of these ruins.* And, instead of electrifying the public mind, so little notice was taken of it that in 1831 the Literary Gazette, a paper of great circulation in London, announced it as (then) a new discovery."—Central America, Chiapas and Yucatan, vol. 2, p. 269.

Hence we see that Captain Del Rio's work could have been of no use to Joseph Smith or to any one else in America in fabricating the Book of Mormon, when it was not even in the hands of the chief literary men of London before 1831. The first mention of Del Rio's work in any American book is found on page 308 of Priest's "American Antiquities," as mentioned by C. F. Rafinesque in a letter to Champollion, the French *savant*, written at Philadelphia in 1832. Rafinesque said that the account of the ruins given by Del Rio had inspired him "with hopes that they [the ruins] would throw a great light over American history, when more perfectly examined."—American Antiquities, p. 308.

Captain Dupaix was another explorer. Of him Stephens says:

"While the report and drawings of Del Rio slept in the archives of Guatamala, Charles the Fourth of Spain ordered another expedition, at the head of which was placed Captain Dupaix. . . . His expeditions were made in 1805–1807, the last of which was to Palenque. The manuscripts of Dupaix and the designs of his draughtsman, Castadena, were about to be sent to Madrid when the revolution broke out in Mexico. They then became an object of secondary importance, and remained during the wars of independence under the control of Castadena, who deposited them in the Cabinet of Natural History in Mexico. . . . And the work of Dupaix was not published until 1834–5, twenty-eight years after his expedition, when it was brought out in Paris."—Central America, Chiapas and Yucatan, vol. 2, page 297.

Of Dupaix's writings Mr. Baldwin says:

"Captain Dupaix's folios, in French, with the drawings of Castadena, contain the first really important memoir of these ruins. They were prepared in 1807, detained in Mexico during the revolution, and finally published in Paris in 1834–5."—Ancient America, page 102.

Hence we see that this first really important account of the ruins of Central America was not published until five years (and then in French only) after the Book of Mormon had told its story of that land, and of its ancient inhabitants and their great works.

Again, it has been thought that perhaps Lord Kingsborough's writings were published before the Book of Mormon, but, according to W. H.

Prescott in his "Conquest of Peru," their publication was not begun until 1830, and when Prescott wrote his note in volume 1, page 128, seven volumes of Kingsborough's proposed nine had been published. The preface to Prescott's Conquest was written October 1st, 1843, but how long after 1830 the note on Kingsborough was written does not appear, but from the context it would seem to have been as late as 1840. The original price of Kingsborough's nine volumes, with colored plates, was $875, or, with uncolored plates, the price was $500. Later the price was $400 per set, so says Stephens in volume 1, page 298.

As for Priest's "American Antiquities," it is evident that it was published as late as 1832, because it contains the letter from Prof. Rafinesque that was written in 1832 to Champollion, as mentioned in a previous paragraph herein. The copy seen by the writer of this has neither title-page nor preface, therefore the time of its publication is unknown to me.

The preface of John Delafield's work, "Antiquities of America," bears date "February, 1839," and the title-page says that it was published simultaneously in New York, London, and Paris, in 1839. Hence these two books, Priest and Delafield, so often quoted or referred to, came too late for any use by the writers of the Book of Mormon.

In taking up the celebrated work of John L. Stephens, more commonly known as "Catherwood and Stephens' Travels," we find that these men did not start from New York on their tour of investigation until October 3d, 1839. And the preface to the first volumes published by them was written in May, 1841, or eleven years after the Book of Mormon had informed its readers that a great civilization and many cities had existed of old in the regions that were really first opened up to the knowledge of America by this same student and explorer, John L. Stephens. He claimed that he and Catherwood discovered the ruins of forty-four cities and villages. Hon. H. H. Bancroft speaks of their extensive researches compared with the small discoveries made by the few who, prior to their time, visited those regions, and he says:

"Since 1830 the vail has been lifted from the principal ruins of the ancient Maya works by the researches made. . . . It will be noticed that all the authors (before) mentioned, who write from actual observation, have confined their investigations to from one to four of the principal ruins, excepting Messrs. Stephens and Catherwood. These gentlemen boldly left the beaten track and brought to the knowledge of the world about forty ruined cities *whose very existence had been previously unknown*, even to the residents of the larger cities of the very state in whose territory they lie. Stephens' work was noticed (with quotations) by nearly all the reviews at the time of its appearance, and it has been the chief source from which all subsequent writers, including myself, have drawn their information."—Native Races, vol. 4, pages 144–146.

Mr. Bancroft writes of other brief explorations, such as those by Zavalla, former Mexican ambassador to France, who visited the ruins in 1830, and Waldeck, a French artist, who was at Uxmal in 1835, and Freidrichsthal, an Austrian (who confined his examinations to two cities), who was in Yucatan about 1840. Mr. Bancroft says that the explorations of all these were very limited.

It should be borne in mind by the reader that the chief ruins in Central America (which discovery as well as the Book of Mormon shows to have been the seat of the greatest empire of ancient America, and where the remains are ten fold greater than they are in any other region), had not been heard of in our land until since 1830, and in fact that the most of them were discovered long after that year. Those ruins which are the most noted are called Uxmal, Copan and Palenque. And although Palacios in 1576 wrote of Copan, yet, as we have seen, his wo k was not published in Engl sh until 1860. Hence of the marvellous ruins of Copan Bancroft says:

"For what is known of Copan the world is indebted almost entirely to the works of the American travelers, Mr. John L. Stephens and his most skilful artist companion, Mr. F. Catherwood. From the works of these gentlemen, with the slight notes to be gleaned from other sources, I proceed to give all that is known of what is commonly termed the oldest city on the American continent."— Native Races, vol. 4. page 81.

Of the ruins called Uxmal, Stephens wrote that up to his own time Waldeck's account was the only thing that had ever been published about them. Waldeck's work was published in Paris in 1835.—Stephen's "Incidents of Travel," (published in 1848), vol. 1, page 297.

Brasseur de Bourbourg is another writer who has been largely referred to by Baldwin and others, and it might be supposed that his work was ancient. But the American Encyclopedia says that he was born in 1814, and that it was not until 1848 that he began "exploring the United States, Mexico and Central America." His "History of Civilization in Mexico and Central America" was not published until 1857–9 (in the French language only), and three other volumes in 1861–4. See the American Enclycopedia, vol. 3, page 214.

Of the ruins called Palenque we read in the American Encyclopedia as follows:

"The ruins were discovered by the Spaniards in 1750, explored by Bernasconi in 1787, and by Dupaix in 1807, whose account was published in 1834–5."—Article "Palenque," vol. 12, p. 819.

Thus the story of Palenque was not known to English readers until after 1835, at the earliest, as previously shown.

As for Prescott, his "Conquest of Mexico" was first published in 1843, and not until 1847 did he publish his "Conquest of Peru," in which he writes interestingly of the civilization formerly existing in that land, and an account of the great roads, ruins, etc.

The valuable works of Hon. E. G. Squier should not be overlooked. It is a matter of history that his "Aboriginal Monuments," and his "Antiquities of the State of New York," were not published until 1851, his "Nicaragua and its Ancient Monuments," until 1852, and his "Notes on Central America," until 1854, therefore his writings were of no benefit to those who translated the Book of Mormon. A

work by Hon. E. G. Squier and Dr. E. H. Davis was published by the Smithsonian Institution of Washington in 1843, which is spoken of as being the "first systematic work" published about the Mound-Builders of America.

Prof. J. D. Baldwin's "Ancient America" was published in 1872.

Bancroft's five volumes, entitled "Native Races of the Pacific States," were published in 1875.

Mr. John T. Short's work, "North Americans of Antiquity," was published in 1882, as was also Hon. Ignatius Donnelly's "Atlantis."

The works of Prof. J. W. Foster, the noted geologist, and archæologist, were published as follows: "The Mississippi Valley" in 1869, and "Prehistoric Races of the United States" in 1873.

M. Desire Charnev, the French explorer, first visited Mexico and Central America in 1857, and the second time in 1880. His last book, "Ancient Cities of the New World," was published in 1884.

Brownell's "Indian Races," and Bradford's "Origin of the Red Race," are all recent publications, within the last thirty years.

Thus I have referred to all the leading and secondary writers upon American antiquities, twenty-one in all, and have presented the evidences that only one of these authors was published in the English language prior to 1829, and that his work was not known in America until after the translation of the Book of Mormon, altogether too late to have helped in fabricating a falsehood and fraud of that character and scope. Hence the ministry who defend the origin of that book, and the general reader also, can see at once the impossibility of the claim made in this respect by the unscrupulous enemies of the latter day work, who seem to have staked everything, present and eternal, that they will prove the book to be a lie.

Thus ends for the present the "Story of the Book of Mormon." But, if life is spared and time permits, the writer intends to add further antiquarian evidence to those already accumulated and published in "Autumn Leaves," and for a book, if the articles should sometime be published in that form. But for the present, farewell.

THE END.

THE STEP THAT NEVER WAS HEARD.

BY THOMAS J. SMITH.

I.

You have heard of the ship that ne'er returned
From its port beyond the wave,
But, with its cargo of human souls,
Went down to a watery grave;
But I've a story more melancholy,
It cannot be told by word;
'Tis of a poor mother listening for
The step that never was heard.

She sits alone by her window sill,
With a weary, wistful eye;
Her ears catch quickly the faintest sound,
And oft she is heard to sigh.
And oh, how sick her heart does grow,
By hope so long deferred;
For she is listening vainly for
The step that never was heard!

Sometimes, upon the old gravel walk,
She hears a familiar sound.
"It is he! It is he! I know," she says,
"The long lost, at last, is found."
But disappointment comes again;
'Tis but the chirp of a bird;
She sheds a tear, and lists again, for
The step that never was heard.

And when the shades of night come on,
And light from the earth has fled,
She kneels in fervent, anxious prayer,
At the foot of her humble bed;
And at the end of each heartfelt request,
As her soul by hope is stirred,
She stops, and vainly listens for
The step that never was heard.

She dreams, when she sleeps, of a noble boy
With handsome form and face,
Standing pulling at the old latch string,
Then locked in her embrace.
But her joy is of duration short,
The bright vision soon is blurred;
She starts and wakes, still listening for
The step that never was heard.

At length she sinks to a welcome grave,
So weary, heart-sick and sore;
The battle of life so hot and long
Is ended, and all is o'er.
But ere her spirit takes its flight
To its fit and final abode,
She turns her ear to listen again for
The step that never was heard.

II.

Far away in a bright, a sunny land,
Where the fig and orange grow,
Where the sea-gull sits on the rocky shore,
And the mellow breezes blow,
A steamer cleaves the silvery wave,
As her wheels go round and round,
Beating a chorus to the merry song
Of the sailor's "Homeward bound."

A young man walks her sanded deck,
With short and rapid pace;
A smile is playing around his mouth,
And lights up his handsome face,
His every action plainly speaks
A heart o'erflowing with mirth,
For this proud ship is taking him back
To the land that gave him birth.

"I'll drink one dram to my health," he said,
"And to this proud ship another,
That she may carry me safely back
To the arms of my dear old mother."
So he drank two "bumpers" of fiery wine,
Which stingeth like an adder;
And of his fate let all beware
For there never was one sadder.

The bells were tolling the midnight hour,
"All's well!" and they pass the word;
When above the sentry's drawling voice,
The shout, "Man overboard," was heard.

But ere was manned the trusty life-boat,
Though willingly worked each hand,
The drunken man lay lifeless below,
Stretched upon his bed of sand.

The sea-weed entwines his marble brow,
And the mermaids sing his dirge,
While the raging billows his vigils keep,
As o'er him they wildly surge.
But the saddest part of the story,
Which can not be told by word,
Was of that poor old mother listening for
The step that never was heard.

(Concluded from Last Number.)

GLEANINGS FROM THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH MISSION.

BY ELDER JOSEPH DEWSNUP.

WILFORD WOODRUFF and his co-laborers were in their early ministry faithful representatives and preachers of the "faith once delivered to the Saints," and had an impregnable basis of truth for their foundation, a basis invulnerable alike to the shafts of ridicule and falsehood hurled by the scoffer, or the pointed satire and contempt displayed by a self-righteous and self-called Christian ministry. These men were the advocates of the truth, as it was and is in Christ Jesus. And so long as they were faithful to the trust reposed in them, no power on earth or in hell could successfully contend against them, for they were endowed with "power from on high," and taught as men "having authority," in contradistinction to the subtle vaporings of the learned Scribes and Pharisees around them. The wisdom of these God-called men was the wisdom that cometh from above, a wisdom that the colleges and seminaries of man's creation can not supply. In the first age of Christianity the pentecostal endowment gave point and force to the teachings of Peter. "This Jesus whom God raised up whereof we all are witnesses," was unimpeachable testimony that could not be disproved. The speaker had knowledge of that which he had spoken, a knowledge confirmed by the outpouring of the Holy Ghost. The rushing, mighty wind, the cloven tongues of fire had been to Peter and his associates an incontrovertible testimony of the truth of the teachings of that Jesus who "had risen." They had the inspiration of the "comforter" to lead and guide them into the truth. And these early Christians were not to be the sole recipients of this special power, for the promise is to "even as many as the Lord our God shall call," insomuch as they are willing to comply with the conditions offered.

During the dedication of the temple at Kirtland, Ohio, March 30th, 1836, an endowment of the Holy Ghost never to be forgotten was there given. The gift of tongues, prophecy, open vision, and the ministrations of angels were vouchsafed to many there present. The martyr prophet writing in reference to the second pentecostal outpouring says:

"I left the meeting in charge of the Twelve and retired about nine o'clock in the evening. The brethren continued exhorting, prophesying and speaking in tongues until five o'clock in the morning. The Savior made his appearance to some, while angels ministered to others, and it was a pentecost and an endowment indeed, long to be remembered; for the sound shall go forth from this place into all the world, and the occurrences of this day shall be handed down upon the pages of sacred history to all generations; as the day of pentecost, so shall this day be remembered and celebrated as a 'year of jubilee' and time of rejoicing to the Saints of the Most High God."—"History of Joseph Smith.

This testimony of the first elder of the Church of Christ in this dispensation has been affirmed by many who are still liv-

ing who took part in the services upon that occasion.

It was here, then, that the missionary elders who had been appointed to declare the "glad tidings of great joy" to the people of England, had received that endowment of the Holy Ghost which prepared and qualified them to carry the message of life and salvation to those that sat in darkness or had but a faint glimmering of the light. And it was the power here obtained that accompanied these servants of God and made all things possible to them through faith. History again repeats itself; as it was before, so it proved again, for it was the "common people" that received the message "gladly." To them it was and is a harbinger of better things to come, a light shining in a dark place, dispelling the mists of tradition and spiritual darkness, bringing joy and peace to the life here, and a sure hope of God and Christ in the life which is to come.

Within two years after the introduction of the gospel into Manchester, the membership had increased largely, and the influence of the church in that city had advanced with rapidity. One of the largest halls in the town, (the Carpenter's Hall), capable of seating over two thousand people, had been hired and was often filled to overflowing. Members were added to the church which bid fair to be one of the most, if not the most successful religious movements of that period. During the next few years the attention of the authorities seemed to have been directed to the perfecting of the church organization. Branches were established in almost every city and town of importance in the country. These were then divided into districts or conferences, the conferences being afterwards subdivided into pastorates, the whole being controlled by a central authority, having headquarters at Liverpool. The discipline of the body at this time was admirable. The spirit of self-sacrifice that characterized all ranks and conditions in the church left nothing to be desired. The martyrdom of the prophet and patriarch June 27th, 1844, had knit the membership together more closely than ever, for the "blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."

The shock was great, but with the inevitable recoil, zeal was stimulated and progress increased. There were drawbacks, nevertheless. The honesty and integrity of men in prominent positions was sometimes more than doubtful. Schemes were set on foot and prosecuted under circumstances that seemed to give color to the charges of self-aggrandizement so frequently preferred by the enemies of the church against her leaders.

The "joint stock company" of 1847-8, originated and controlled by Elder Reuben Hedlock (then in charge of the English mission) and others, with the supposed sanction of Brigham Young and the leading men of the church in America, was indeed a lamentable piece of bungling, by which the hard-earned savings of many of the Saints were lost to them forever. Yet in spite of all this the work continued to prosper and many were added to the church. During the two years ending December 31st, 1852, fourteen thousand seven hnndred and twenty-nine members were added to the church by baptism. From the first introduction of the gospel in July, 1837, until the adoption of polygamy at the close of 1852, the success of the ministry was phenomenal; but after that period decay and disintegration set in, causing a serious loss of influence and power. In the very midst of unexampled prosperity the killing blast had fallen upon the English churches. What persecution had failed to accomplish, heresy and division soon brought about. Up to the introduction of polygamy the local officers had nobly battled for the truth as it is in Jesus. They were zealous in the promulgation of the restored gospel which had been attested by angels, confirmed by signs and demonstrated by the Holy Ghost. They had received the truth. The truth was right, and right was might. When the battle raged they closed their ranks and pressed on with vigor, unconscious of weakness or defeat in spiritual arm or armor. But alas! the scene changed; there had been base traitors in high places, who had, betrayed the trust reposed in them, exposing the faithful ministry to the cruel taunts and gibes of their bitterest foes. About the close of the year 1852 these false shepherds publicly proclaimed their defection from the primitive and pure principles of the gospel of Christ hitherto taught and practiced by the church. It had been charged upon them for years—by their enemies—that they, in practice, were

transgressing the Scriptures that saith, "Thou shalt love thy wife with all thy heart, and cleave unto her and none else," but the impeachment had been denied and the charges designated as indelicate, and disgusting, such that none but a depraved heart could have contrived. The leading elders of the church in England were at the time the nominees of the triumvirate that ruled in Utah, and were received as the servants of the Most High, bearers of glad tidings, bringing joy and peace to the souls of men. The membership of the church looked upon them with perfect trust. To suggest the possibility of guilt was to become a traducer of the brethren. And so confident were the Saints in the supposed purity and honesty of their leaders that they were totally unprepared for the blow when the "Tabernacle epistle," authorizing polygamy and concubinage was *commanded* to the church. The more than questionable posthumous revelation upon which it was based fell like a "bolt from the blue" upon the English mission, spreading consternation and dismay upon every hand, shattering and destroying the hope of thousands who had heretofore found the sweetest joy and consolation of their lives in the latter day gospel. Three thousand, one hundred and eighty-nine members seceded or were expelled from the church in Great Britain during the first year (1853) after the introduction of polygamy, while the baptisms were less by two thousand and eighty-eight (2,088) than those of the preceding year.

When the seed was sown in weakness and watered by holy influences, the tender plant grew apace under the benign power of the Holy Ghost; but the watchmen became careless and corrupted, the enemy entered, tares were sown, and the crop choked. Men chose the evil and rejected the good. The Holy Ghost was withdrawn from many of the once faithful servants of the Master, who, thus rejected of God, floundered and wallowed in the filthiness of their own carnal desires, while the few faithful ones remaining bowed their heads with shame and were overwhelmed in grief when they saw the fair fame of the church tarnished and her heretofore spotless banners draggled in the mire.

With the promulgation of polygamy a new order of things was established; "Adam God," "Blood Atonement," and other kindred heresies followed in quick succession. These so-called doctrines were contrary to the words of God contained in the Book of Mormon and former commandments, consequently the Spirit of God ceased to strive with those who endorsed such practices; practices that were clearly apostate from the original doctrines upon which the Church of Christ was founded. The leaders were therefore no longer the accredited ministers of Jesus Christ, but merely the representatives of an apostate organization whose influence was passing away and her prestige for good rapidly departing. Through this apostasy the name of Latter Day Saint became a hiss and a byeword; the term Mormon the synonym for deception and evil. The shepherds were stricken, the sheep wounded and scattered, the day dark and cloudy. The future seemed gloomy and discouraging. False and corrupt men now had charge of the flock. The admonition, "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good," was soon superseded by "Ask no questions," "Obey counsel," "Follow your file leaders." Dazed and doubtful, many simple, honest souls were led captive by the sophistry and deceit of the now apostate leaders. The way of truth had become obscured and discredited in "covetousness with feigned words." These unauthorized shepherds made merchandise of the Saints. The nineteenth century witnessed the fulfillment of prophecy delivered in the first, concerning "spots and blemishes." They were revelling in their love-feasts . . . "having eyes full of adultery that could not cease from sin, enticing unsteadfast souls; having hearts exercised in covetousness. Children of cursing forsaking the right way. . . . For uttering great swelling words of vanity they entice in the lusts of the flesh, by lasciviousness, those that were just escaping from them that live in error, promising them liberty, while they themselves are the bond servants of corruption."—Peter 2: 2 (Oxford revised version). Prophecy has never received more complete and signal fulfillment.

Had Simon Peter written thus at a period subsequent to the latter day apostasy, he could not have more faithfully portrayed the men who at the period herein mentioned had claimed and taken upon

themselves the leadership of the church. Brigham Young, with the connivance of a portion of the "Twelve," had without either call or title announced himself the president of the church. The fundamental law providing for succession to the prophetic office, (Doctrine and Covenants, section 43: 1, 2), was openly violated, and a usurper exercised dominion over the Lord's people.

The English mission had almost from the beginning been regarded by Brigham and his co-adjutors as the special field of the "twelve," no less than eight members of that quorum having labored therein at one time—April, 1840. Elders were called from America and appointments made without consulting the First Presidency of the church until subsequent to the deaths of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. The influence of these men became dangerously potent and their demeanor correspondingly arrogant. The doctrines of the church after the deaths of the martyrs were soon more or less remodelled on lines in harmony with the desires of a lascivious and corrupted priesthood. The bands of morality were loosened; men and women were taught to ignore the vows plighted at sectarian altars. Marriage obligations were deliberately ignored, until at last the bubble burst and these apostate elders stood revealed in all their wicked deformity. Lies had been their refuge. They had sought to hide their corrupt practices behind the monogamous law of the church. They had reveled privately in the very evils that they had denounced in public; and like the Israelites of old had cried, "The Lord is with us, who then can be against us?" Having sought deep to hide their counsel from the Lord they had transgressed the law (Doctrine and Covenants, 44: 7), changed the ordinances, broken the covenant of marriage (Doctrine and Covenants, 111: 2) until the very heinousness of their sins had found them out. Decay and disintegration at once set in. The baptisms of 1853 (the year in the opening of which polygamy was first taught as a tenet of the church to the people of England), fell short of the baptisms of 1851 by 3,487, although the ministerial staff (Melchisidec and Aaronic) of the former year exceeded those of the latter year by 495. The annexed table copied from fairly authentic sources will show at a glance the enormous shrinkage that took place in the mission consequent upon the Brighamite apostasy.

Year.	No. of Branches.	MINISTRY.						Total of Officers.	Total No. Baptized.	Total No. Excommunicated.	Total Increase.
		Seventies.	High Priests.	Elders.	Priests.	Teachers.	Deacons.				
1851	679	16	8	2211	1899	1393	797	6324	8064	3046	5018
1852	742	17	10	2572	1913	1446	856	6814	6665	3959	2706
1853	726	49	13	2687	1849	1406	815	6819	4577	3189	1388
1854	702	54	13	2557	1729	1252	763	6568	4530	2726	1804

As may be seen the loss from excommunication was large, the withdrawal of 12,920 members in the short period here indicated could not be otherwise than a severe drain upon a comparatively small organization, yet the shrinkage continued; branches were disorganized and destroyed, while many that were once members of the church became her open and avowed enemies. The difficulty of the leaders rapidly increased. The total destruction of the church in her temporal as well as spiritual capacity seemed one of the probabilities of the future. The men in authority sought diligently for means to counteract the different influences then at work within and without the apostasy. A general rebaptism of the still remaining membership was ordered and carried out in the various parts of the mission during 1853–4. The object of this measure was unquestionably intended to compel public avowal of identification with the practice of polygamy, but the movement thus

inaugurated failed to accomplish the anticipations of its authors, consequently other measures were adopted and were more or less successful in attaching, at least, a portion of the wavering membership more closely to their leaders.

Shortly after the arrival of Brigham Young and his followers in the Great Salt Basin of the American continent, (in fulfillment of prophecy, Jer. 17:5, 6), a movement had been set on foot under his auspices for the emigration of the poor of the church who had been left behind in the scattering from Nauvoo, 1846–7; that is of those who were prepared to recognize him as the successor of the martyred prophet Joseph Smith. The "perpetual emigration fund" was the outcome of the movement and came into existence about the year 1849. Until 1852 its operations were confined within the limits already named. In the latter year, however, the English mission was included in the area of its operations. The movement was taken up with vigor, some of the membership were in part and others wholly assisted to emigrate to Utah. Herein was concealed the magnet by which the poor Saints might peradventure be attracted and kept faithful to the interests of those who had usurped authority. The people were publicly taught that to gather to Utah was to honor the command of God and was indeed the only means of escape offered from the Almighty's wrath, then about to be poured upon the nation. Men were persuaded to leave their wives, and women their husbands, children their parents, and parents their children. The commandment given to the English churches by the prophet Joseph a few years before, forbidding the breaking up of families or the parting of man and wife—for such purposes was entirely unheeded. The revelation given to the church (D. & C., sec. 98, par. 10), discountenancing the gathering in haste, except the way be prepared, was often disobeyed, bringing distress of mind, suffering and death, as in the "hand cart company" a few years later. In all their movements this fact is patent. The policy pursued was God-condemned, and could not prosper. The ends sought to be attained were personal aggrandizement, deception of their followers and the establishment of the spurious claims to authority of the self-elected leaders who thus led many captive by sophistry and double dealing, which in its revealment more or less soured and embittered the whole of their after lives. With others the discovery of such deception shook and almost destroyed their faith in revealed religion, not having the ability to discern that indelible line always drawn betwixt the true principles of the gospel of Christ and the sophistical teachings of heresy and apostasy. At this period the work of the Reorganization was unknown in England, her representatives had not then set foot on English soil; indeed, the time was then inopportune; many of the deceived ones were yet staggering under the shock of apostasy and required the soothing hand of time to heal their bruises and prepare them for the message of peace which the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ had the authority to offer, but awaited the set time of the Master to carry consolation to the stricken and wounded of the sheep of his pasture. When and how this was accomplished will be best told when we come to consider the work of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in England.

THE REORGANIZATION AND RESTORATION.

"Therefore let your hearts be comforted concerning Zion, for all flesh is in my hands, be still and know that I am God. Zion shall not be moved out of her place, notwithstanding her children are scattered they that remain and are pure in heart shall return and come to their inheritances; they and their children, with songs of everlasting joy; to build up the waste places of Zion."—D. & C. sec. 18, par. 5.

Herein is redemption promised to the pure in heart of the latter day Israel and the work of the Lord is sure and can not fail.

The leaven of unrighteousness had continued its unholy work amongst the English churches, riveting more firmly the fetters of priestcraft upon the people. The anti-christian doctrine of polygamy had been followed by the blasphemous "Adam God" teachings of Brigham Young, in which he stated that Adam is the God of our race, and the only God with whom we have to do. Vile, and repulsive, as such teaching may be, nay is,

he did not rest here, but shortly afterwards proclaimed the doctrine of "Blood atonement," in which he declared it to be a righteous act to shed the blood of a man, if he showed signs of apostasy; forgetting that the Lord had already spoken to the church, declaring: "Thou shalt not kill, but he that killeth shall die."—D. & C. 42: 4. Or, if not forgetting, at least conveniently ignoring the law already binding upon the church.

Well might the poet, Cowper, say:

"When nations are to perish in their sins,
'Tis in the church the leprosy begins;
The priest whose office is with zeal sincere
To watch the fountain and preserve it clear,
Carelessly nods and sleeps upon the brink,
While others poison what the flock must drink.
Or waking at the cost of lust alone,
Infuses lies or errors of his own;
His unsuspecting sheep believe it pure;
And tainted by the very means of cure,
Catch from each other a contagious spot,
The foul forerunner of a general rot.
Then truth is hushed that heresy may preach,
And all is trash that reason can not teach;
Then God's own image on the soul impressed
Becomes a mockery and a standing jest;
And faith, the root whence only can arise
The graces of a life that won the skies,
Loses at once all value and esteem,
Pronounced by grey beards a pernicious dream.
Then ceremony leads her bigots forth,
Prepared to fight for shadows of no worth;
While truths, upon which eternal things depend,
Find not, or hardly find a friend;
As soldiers watch the signal of command,
They learn to bow, to kneel, to sit or stand;
Happy to fill religion's vacant place
With hollow form, and gesture, and grimace."

The history of the apostasy of Brighamism, could not have been more faithfully portrayed than in the preceding lines of the sweet English poet, the conclusion of which—though composed many years before the events occurred of which we are now writing—are so strongly suggestive of the formality and frivolity of the scenes said to be enacted in the Endowment house in Utah.

Subsequent to the death of Joseph and Hyrum Smith and the exodus of Brigham Young and his followers from Nauvoo, a standard had been set up by a "remnant" who had not bowed the knee to Baal, or deserted from the primitive doctrines of the Church of Christ. These few, but true Saints had heard and rejected the siren song of lust by which others had been led away. These pioneers of the Reorganization had received the command of God to await in patience the coming forth of him whose right it was to lead the Church of Christ on earth. Thus divinely encouraged these men and women labored faithfully, living and working in hope of the fulfillment of God's gracious promise to them. Until the year 1860, a year ever to be remembered in the annals of our church, when Joseph Smith, the eldest of the posterity of the "martyr," came by call of God and received his ordination under the hands of men of competent authority, as president elect of the now Reorganized Church of Christ, an office secured unto him by the blessing of God and his fathers. After his ordination the work of the Reorganization was taken up with renewed vigor. The propriety of sending a representation to England, was discussed, resulting in the appointment of Elder Charles Derry as the first missionary of the Reorganization to this country. Elder Derry arrived in England in 1862 and at once began to sound forth the "old, old story" of the gospel of Jesus, in the cities, towns and villages of England.

THE TRUE LEADER.

The one who leads in mankind's fight
  Can be no hireling slave,
Scourged to his task at morn, at night
  Lashed to his loathsome cave.
His soul must be above all fright;
  Who leads must aye be brave.

His arm must ever ready be
  The sinking ones to save,
Though swift the current, deep the sea,
  Though towering high the wave,
He can not hesitate or flee:
  Who leads must aye be brave.

Amid the battles loudest roar
  His pennon he must wave,
E'en though his breaking heart be sore,
  Though tears his pathway lave;
Though sink the world in seas of gore,
  Who leads must aye be brave.

Whether on mountain, flood, or fen,
  Himself he must not save;
His strength must be the strength of ten,
  Sin must not him deprave;
For God and for his fellow men
  Who leads must aye be brave.—*Sel.*

Department of Correspondence.

PROF. J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR.

BOX 5, LAMONI, IOWA.

HENDERSON, Iowa, Feb. 10th.

Dear Readers of the Department:

"A sacred burden is the life we bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it up solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win."
—*Kemble.*

"What is my idea concerning a systematic course of study?"

A great war has broken out in our country. Imminent peril is at hand. The nation calls for volunteers and they come. There is no time for army discipline now. The young soldiers are full of vigor and enthusiasm and yearn to get into the battle. Their clothes are exchanged for a suit of army blue; they have buckled on their haversacks, shouldered their guns, and are now on the march—on, on to battle. Yes, on, on to battle and—would that were all—to route and ruin. Fearful were the yells they gave, and dreadful was the charge they made; but, at the first fire of the enemy, startled, bewildered, dismayed, each confused at the other's confusion, they turn disheartened and flee panic-stricken.

Such I conceive to be the young person of our times. He buckles on his armor crying "No time for discipline now, on, on to battle," and enters the fight with defeat and disaster almost inevitable. Is it any wonder that they fail?

Before more than the first faint rays of manhood have dawned upon them, a large majority of the youth of our country plunge into, or are plunged into the struggles for existence, encouraged by unwise friends, driven by seeming necessities, or, perhaps, influenced only by their training. Aware of what their fathers did before them and of what their social mates are doing around them, and ignorant of aught else to do, they shoulder upon themselves the burdens of men and women, while yet the sports of childhood are not uncongenial to them. What, then, can we expect but physical and moral wrecks, and social and intellectual failures? But this is business (?) In the estimation of this portion of the people, our importance in the world and the good we may do for it are just commensurate with the dollars we heap up. We believe with Kemble that "a sacred burden is the life we bear," and that though a small fortune may be a good thing in its place, it is only one of the things to strive for.

"Sure he that made us with such large discourse
Looking before and after gave us not
That capability and God-like reason
To trust in us unused."

But what per cent of the people of our community is an intellectual working class of people? Look around you and the results will astonish you—about one where you had expected many. Now bring the thought home to yourself and see to which class you belong. What have you done? What are you doing? What can you do? What will you do? Are you not the "faithless steward" who hid his talent in the earth? If so, what more can you expect when you go to meet your Lord than he received?

But few persons can conscientiously say, "I can do no more than I am doing or have done." And if you are not one of the "few," then you have hidden a "talent in the earth" which must be delivered up without the proper usury.

"How may I increase my usefulness to my fellow man?" Exert well what strength and influence you have, then increase that strength. Would you expect to be strong and able to do hard physical labor if you had been idle a long time or had never labored? No more can you expect to do efficacious mental work and not give the mind the proper exercise. Nor would you expect an indolent, inert mind to wield an efficient influence for good over the minds of its fellow-creatures.

Now, my dear young friends, there is not one of you who is not able to do something for others. No one is too mean to have an influence over some one either for good or evil. Then will you not try? Lay down an instructive and an ennobling course of study and follow it. "Why lay down a course?" Because systematic work is always the more efficient. It may and should be selected from the standard works of fiction, from the natural sciences—especially those teaching lessons of the Infinite wisdom of our Creator—from brief histories, and from other miscellaneous works as the taste may direct. Let the culture and knowledge you may have received at the university, the college, high school, or district school be a nucleus for your after study to build around. Give your mind a stimulus and keep it growing.

There is no excuse now-a-days for ignorance amongst the young people. So complete is our public school system and so numerous our colleges, academies, universities, and other schools of learning, that no youth, though he has not a cent in this world's goods, needs be long without a practical education, one that will strengthen his business abilities, ennoble his mind and elevate his tastes and morals. But even this must be succeeded by a thorough course of study that will replenish the waste and give a healthy growth and development to all the faculties of the man. This done in earnestness and in might, who, "when He comes to make up his jewels," can not say, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my work."

"It is not growing like a tree,
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred years
To fall at last a log, dry, bald and sere.
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be."

—*Ben Johnson.*

CENTERVILLE, Iowa, Feb. 1st.

To the Department of Correspondence:—The Department of Correspondence, as I look upon it, being the avenue through which the young may draw upon their store-house of knowledge and cultivate original thoughts and exchange their ideas in the spirit of truth; and being one who is anxious to hear the ideas of others and see the Department prosper, I contribute my mite and hope the young everywhere will heartily respond.

In the February number I noticed with pleasure the subject of prohibition promulgated for consideration. The objectionable feature to be met is, that to prohibit the manufacture of intoxicants necessarily diminishes the demand for those products from which they are made, and consequently, according to the law of demand and supply, the price of these articles is not what it otherwise would be. To solve this it may be necessary to notice what are termed necessaries and luxuries of life. Those who have not formed the habit of using intoxicants call them luxuries, while those who are slaves to them term them necessaries. But to every reasonable mind it will need no argument to prove that that which ruins man, physically, morally, intellectually and spiritually can in no wise be classed with the necessaries of life. And that intoxicants bring about this result will be admitted, even by the inebriate.

Let us then draw a picture of that man's home and family who very foolishly makes himself believe that, to him, the wine cup is a necessity and demonstrates his belief in this direction by allowing those who should be most dear to him to suffer the pangs of cold and hunger in order to feed his appetite. Such pictures we have all seen; and were it but pictures we might be much happier, but realities themselves have impressed upon the mind of humanity the fact that while one enjoys luxuries in the state of beastly drunkenness, others suffer for necessities.

In all God's works we notice with pleasure what we term the laws of nature, and the equilibrium existing in the universe. This world itself is so balanced that, should any other force destroy the attraction existing between the planets, all would be a state of confusion, and the planets thereby would lose their relative positions. So it is with man. Should I rob my neighbor of his necessities in order that I might enjoy luxuries, we would both be affected by the act. He would suffer for the necessaries of life, and I, perhaps, would suffer from diseases by overloading some of the organs of my body; or, should I not suffer in this manner, I would, at least, suffer from the remorse of a guilty conscience.

So, if the man who spends his earnings for intoxicants manufactured from the grain would apply it to procuring necessaries for his family, instead of the grain being used for the purpose it now is, it would be properly used for feeding the hungry, and thereby the human family would be blessed. The man's nature would not suffer from the overwork of the organs of the body; neither would his family suffer from the pangs of hunger and exposure to the elements of nature. Would to God that man might view this subject in this light and realize just to what extent he is his "brother's keeper."

But it is a sad thing to notice that the spirit of the age is to sacrifice the principles of right for worldly gain rather than to sacrifice gain for the principles of right. I have often heard our ministers tell how they have been offered vast sums of money if they would preach for some congregation. But no; they could not take the bread of life and manufacture from it intoxicants, thereby making the nations of the earth drunken. They could not accept the applause of vice and bear the rebuke of virtue. They could not take the flock of sheep over which they had charge, cause them to fall into a drunken sleep, and while in that condition,

fleece them. No! God has implanted within their nature too deep a sense of honor, and has been too merciful to them when they were made drunken with ideas foreign to the law of God, to ever admit of such an act. Like those who are fighting the demon Intemperance, and striving to let the nations of the earth see the proper use of the grain, so we, engaged in this "latter day work," are trying to arouse the nations from the drunken stupor into which they have fallen. And, like them again, we receive the frowns of the world and are spoken evil of; and we find it as the Master found it, those whom we would stoop to raise out of the gutter will turn and revile us. The nations of the earth have become so drunken by the bread of life being used for gain, that there are but few sober ones left. But let us look to the Master of the harvest for his guidance, knowing that we have received the bread of life in its primitive form, before it had reached the hands of those who would manufacture from it the worst of intoxicants, and let us "pray the Master that he may send more laborers into his vineyard," that the bread of life and not intoxicants manufactured therefrom, might be given to the hungry souls. Yours for truth,

RUSSELL ARCHIBALD, Jr.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 3d.

Dear Readers:—A Correspondence Column in *Autumn Leaves* is something I had often thought of and am glad it is started. A column where the young men and women of the church—those who are too old to write to the *Hope*, and do not feel like writing to the *Herald*—can not help but be of advantage, if the right character of letters are contributed. As I understand the letters should be of such a nature and relate to such subjects as particularly affect the young saints.

As interchange of thought for mutual improvement, whether of a spiritual or mental character, is the idea of this column, it is to be hoped the future will bring forth many letters that will suggest points for the bettering of our condition and consequent increased usefulness.

To my thinking, one of the greatest aids to young saints is the establishment of young people's prayer meetings. Wherever it is possible to have such meetings I think they ought to be, even though the number be few. They are especially advisable in very large branches where there are so many to take part in the regular prayer and social services. The young naturally give way to the older members, and do not feel the responsibility they ought. If they had a meeting of their own, they would feel more like praying and speaking, and thus bring about the spiritual development which the young saints of the church as a body need so much. Here in Pittsburg we have had for a long time a most successful young people's prayer meeting, and it has done us great good. We all have great love for our little meetings, because we realize it has done great things for us. How could it be otherwise with a gathering of about twenty young people belonging to the church, with perhaps all but one or two taking part in the meeting, with the Spirit of God in our midst? We do not encourage the older members to come to our meetings. Ours is a meeting for the young people and conducted by the young people. If older members come to the young people's meetings, I think it has a tendency to cause the younger members to feel backward and thus retard the progress that might otherwise be made. We have no officers, and there is no temptation to aspire for office there is none of that feeling here, however, with the consequent bad feeling it might bring. There is a committee of two, whose duty it is to see that some one is provided to take charge of the meeting, either of our own number or some of the ministry, should there be any one with us. Occasionally one of the local elders is invited to take charge. Some of the young sisters have done nicely in this capacity. Our time for prayer meeting is from 7:30 to 8:45 p. m., and from 8:45 to 9:10 if necessary. One or two original papers or essays are read by some one previously appointed for the evening. The matter of essays is also in the hands of a committee of two, who see that the thing is kept going. We have found this to be very profitable, and as we wish to develop our minds as well as our spirituality, this is one important step in that direction. Young people's prayer meetings when properly conducted, with a hint to the older members that their place is in the regular meetings of the church, can not help but be a power for good. They need not be held every week. Ours is held first and third Mondays of each month. We are expected to help in the other meetings, and too many meetings might not be the best thing for some.

As young saints of the church we *must* make greater strides. The future of the work calls for spiritual and intelligent men and women, and it is our duty to be preparing ourselves to that end. The question of the study of the church books and other books whose influence is for good, can not be agitated too strongly.

A writer in this column in the February

number of *Autumn Leaves* argues against prohibition, or more properly he favors the manufacture of intoxicants, for this reason: He says, "You all know that the most of the intoxicants are manufactured from corn, barley and rye; now if the sale of liquors is stopped, there is necessarily a decrease in the demand for the farmer's products; consequently the price goes down."

Should the manufacture of this vile stuff, that has blighted and cursed millions be allowed simply because it would (?) take dollars out of the farmers' pockets, if it were not manufactured? Should money be considered at all when human souls, life and happiness are in the balance? Surely no saint should take such a position. It is a mercenary idea and should have no weight as compared with the moral side of the question. This church should have but one position on intoxicants, and that is eternal enmity to it. No saint can afford to go on record as saying anything that might be construed by those not of our faith as favoring its manufacture or sale.

The picture of the angel in the "Christmas Vision" is very pretty, except the feathers on the back. I didn't know Latter Day Saint angels were made that way.

Would be glad to hear reports of young people's meetings connected with other branches.

Sincerely yours,

RALPH G. SMITH.

SANTA ANA, Cal., Feb. 1st.

Dear Brother Gunsolley:—It has been well said, "If there is any one thing more intolerable than almost any other it is monotony." Dante, in his "Inferno," might well have included this among the elements of torture for the damned. Seldom will conscience give endorsement to this phrase, that the eye has witnessed a monotony of endless variety. It is an innate principle in man to crave for a variety. It was not alone a spirit of philanthropy that pervaded the breast of Mungo Park, the pioneer explorer of the "Dark Continent," that gave him such an impetus to delve into the unknown recesses of its dark forests, and manifest to the world what existed there; but it was partially to appease an inmost longing that pined for variety. We might ask the question, ye who know the reason tell me, what makes *Autumn Leaves* such a welcome visitor to each cot? Is it not because of its well selected variety? and not being the writings or child of one mind, but of many? An elegant thought was once expressed by a wayward pilgrim when he said, "The woods would be very silent if no birds sang there but those that sang best." From childhood up to manhood, how the mind reverts with joy to the past holidays! The very word itself, when espied in print, tends to put a blossom in your heart. Why? Because it brings back in a merry chime the variety of the past.

Here now in blue-eyed California let us hie away to some busy metropolis at the close of the year eighty-nine, and quietly step down to the depot and observe the individuals who are thronging the cars; many we see are merchants tired of the sameness of twelve long months of constant work. They jump aboard with light hearts to be borne away to different scenes to enjoy a variety.

Come, stand with me at even's close on the shores of the giant Pacific, and ponder over what makes your soul enraptured, as you gaze far out on its sad bosom. It is not its majesty alone. No; but it is because of the many scenes it affords; at one moment it is calm and placid, at another it is roaring in a strain so startling, so sublime, that you feel the overshadowing of the powers of the world to come; and again, you behold the white gull gently flitting above its surging billows, borne along with a spicy breeze from afar. These are some of the many reasons why you delight to behold it. And he who hath endowed us with this innate desire of change, hath also been mindful of us in displaying a bountiful variety in nature, so He gives us the succession of seasons, day and night, and an endless variety of form, sound and color. Think of it; no two days, or nights, or leaves, or flowers, or stars, or human faces, or voices, are just alike.

And what is true of the works of God is true of his word. There is an infinite variety in its wonderful pages. "All scripture given by inspiration of God is," indeed, "profitable," but what differences of style and treatment in the many books that make it up—history, poetry, biography, prophecy, morality. Now Sinai towers in awful grandeur, and rocks beneath the footsteps of the Lord of Hosts, and now rises before us the gentler slopes of Calvary, crowned with that Roman cross upon which was spilled the best blood of the Christian era. We again trundle back on the cycle of ages and listen, in solemnity, to the prayer of the youthful Abel. Now we witness the reception of Jephthah and his daughter after his victory over the children of Ammon, and hear him tell to her in mournful words his vow to God; again we behold her in the hills of Gilead with her companions bewailing her virginity. Now we glean with Ruth in the wheat-fields of Boaz,

and now we walk with the beloved disciple on the beach of lone Patmos, and look out upon the sounding sea. At times we are wont to say, What boundless wealth! what infinite variety of riches have we here! This then is the solution af the problem why we never weary over the Bible, unless our hearts be turned from God, and then all which bespeaks heaven is distasteful to us.

Now let me say right here, let us learn a lesson from our God, and in all our acts to fellowman, try and imitate God's dealings with us.

SID G. WRIGHT.

MARATHON, Iowa, Feb. 2d.

To the Department of Correspondence:—Perhaps I should not intrude upon the space of the Correspondence Department again so soon, but I feel a great interest in its success, and desire to help make it interesting, if it is in my power to do so.

I think that the young of the church should not only regard it as a duty, but as a privilege, to cast their mite into the Department and help make it interesting and profitable, not only to others, but to themselves also.

Even if the Lord has given us but one talent, let us not go and bury it, but put it to use, and perhaps we will gain even more than he who hath five talents.

I was led to write by seeing Bro. Victor Gunsolley's argument against the prohibition of intoxicating drinks. Evidently this was not intended as an expression of the writer's views, but to draw others out and induce them to write to the Department. Nevertheless, as this is an argument every day advanced by those opposed to prohibition, perhaps a few lines on that subject would not be out of place.

Suppose that the grains now manufactured into alcohol were used to feed hogs (four footed hogs), or manufactured into breadstuffs, and the alcoholic drain taken off from the drunkard's pocket; he would be enabled to buy bread and meat for his starving family, and thus, to some extent at least, counterbalance the effects of prohibition on the demand for farm products.

Another thing. In this region, at least, barley can be fed to stock with more profit to the farmer than if he sold it. In fact, although it can be shipped to the beer manufacturing centers at small cost, the grain dealers will not buy it, the profit is so small, while hogs fatted on it bring a fairly good price. So it can be seen that prohibition will not affect the price of barley to any extent. But, setting all this aside, are the farmers of America willing to have licences granted to certain individuals throughout the land to sell intoxicants, that they may gain a few cents a bushel on their produce? Individual profit must sometimes be subservient to the public welfare, and the sale of intoxicants is certainly the deadliest enemy of the public well-being. In every state where alcohols are sold there are thousands of the farmers themselves who, with their families, would be better fed and clothed and happier if the price of their produce was cut down by one-half and alcohol removed from their reach.

Would a dealer in fire-arms and ammunition be justified in voting for licences to be granted to certain persons to rob and murder right and left, that he might make a profit on his weapons? This would be but killing the body; the saloon keeper kills body and soul. He sets in the path of the young men of America a trap—a laughing, dancing, sparkling river—to lure them on and on, step by step, deeper and deeper, into the toils, until he has them bound with the fetters of a destroying habit stronger than triple steel. He breathes through society a miasma as fatal to all moral principles as a blasting breath from the fiery regions below. He helps to fill the papers with the list of horrible crimes which are every day written on the debtor side of alcohol's account; but he seldom performs one good deed that we can write on the credit side to keep the balance good.

The production of tobacco supports thousands of farmers, to say nothing of the men who depend upon its manufacture and sale for their livelihood. If the consumption of tobacco was stopped, or the tobacco habit in any way checked, the demand would be checked, the price go down, and the tobacco raiser lose. Shall we not be more lenient toward this habit, and cease to point out the evils resulting therefrom, lest, perchance, we check the demand and reduce the profit of the tobacco raiser?

Thousands derived their subsistence from the slave trade; therefore, it was not wise to prohibit the trade. Is this sort of argument sensible? Is it? If it is in one instance, is it not in the other; for these examples are in effect parallel to the conduct of those who turn a lenient face to the liquor trade because some one derives a profit therefrom.

Sooner or later the farmers all over the Union will be called upon to cast their influence for or against prohibition. Will they for a little gain cast their influence on the side which will not and has not stopped at any

extreme of fraud and violence to further their ends or gain their cause? We have seen their handiwork within the boundaries of our own state of Iowa. And I can answer for one farmer, at least, No! God forbid! And I can but wish that the answer would find an echo in the heart of every farmer from the shores of the Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific. Especially do I wish that it might be the answer given by every man or woman who numbers himself or herself among the saints of God.

The Declaration of Independence was a declaration that there was no room in this land of liberty for a tyrant.

The Emancipation Proclamation was a declaration that there should be no slaves beneath the fluttering emblem of liberty.

But, alas! there is a tyrant who has planted himself on American soil, and who numbers his slaves by thousands. Shall we hesitate to respond to the call of liberty? or shall we pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor to her maintainance as freely as our fathers did, and make justifiable to future generations these two declarations? Let each one answer this for himself.

We as a church believe that when we are doing the Lord's work and fighting evil He will be our support. Then why should we pause in our fight with alcohol to enquire whether we are to lose thereby. Rather let us press on to the fray, trusting to the Lord to rectify all deficiencies, to make good all losses.

ADRIUL SMITH.

Domestic Department.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

Do the duty which lies nearest to thee.—*Goethe.*

OUR LOST GIRLS.

THERE has been no mysterious disappearance, neither have they wandered from the path of rectitude; they flit in and out of our homes, these bright, sweet, good girls; but we have nearly lost them, and the sense of loss increases every day. When they nestled in our arms and we cared for them so tenderly during the years of helpless infancy, and development from babyhood into young girlhood, we thought we could keep them till that far-off time when they should leave home to seek educational advantages, or enter upon the world's work.

But, alas! just as our daughters are entering their teens, or before, we discover that we have lost them. Where have they gone? We rub our eyes, partly to brush away the tears and partly to convince ourselves that we are not dreaming. It is a fact that the average girl is restless unless she can visit or receive visits from some young lady friend most of the time. The result is that the household tasks, if she is so fortunate as to have any, are hurried through with unseemly haste, to the end that she may leave home as soon as possible. The presence of other girls during these tasks only adds to the haste and carelessness of their performance, leaving very little attention to home duties.

A mother said to me not long since: "Oh if I could only have my daughter to myself a part of the time! I have no opportunity for quietly training her, or cultivating her companionship."

Every judicious mother may be able to do for her daughters before they are fifteen what can never be done for them after that age. Sympathetic companionship, little seeds of counsel dropped wisely here and there, a knowledge of what the girls are thinking about and what they are interested in, a wise ignoring of some girlish follies—all these are needed, but can not be secured unless the girls spend considerable time at home, in the society of their own family circle. Our homes should not be simply boarding houses where our children eat and sleep, but dwelling places where they are to spend most of their time out of school hours.

Of course, girls should be allowed to enjoy much freedom of outdoor life, which is essential to health as well as happiness. They should be permitted to cultivate, within suitable limits, friendships with each other, that often deepen and broaden into a lifelong blessing. Staying at home, as a rule, and visiting as an exception will not interfere with these social advantages. The habit of being able to enjoy one's own society occasionally is a valuable one, a person who can not do this will always carry a restless spirit, thereby losing that quiet strength of character which every woman is sure to need

in the varied experiences that make up her life.

"What is a mother for?" was asked of one who shrank a little from the labor and anxiety of training a half-grown daughter. Perhaps if all mothers would ask themselves this question, their mission and duty would be more clearly defined in their own minds. The years speed by so rapidly that we can not afford to lose our dear girls before we must, and they can not afford to lose a mother's companionship and training during the critical years of early girlhood.—*Mrs. J. G. Fraser, in Congregationalist.*

PICKING UP.

One of the time-consuming cares of every housekeeper may be described under the general head of picking up. She picks up after her husband, after her girls, after the babies. The latter strew the floor with their blocks, toys and picture books; about one baby in a hundred being taught to put its little properties away when done with them, while the other ninety-nine are diligently instructed at an early age in the art of being waited upon by their elders. Girls come in from their pleasant excursion here and there, flushed, dimpled, sweet as the rose which laughs in the hedge, but sweet as they look, they are thoughtless beyond belief, in the matter of making work for their mother. A parasol on the piano, a pair of gloves on the music rack, a hat on the top of a cabinet, a wrap thrown carelessly on the back of an easy chair, and the young women drift languidly into the dining room, quite oblivious that it will take mamma or the maid a good quarter of an hour to "tidy" the apartment which they have set awry. Doubtless their intention is to carry things to the proper places themselves, after a period of rest, but she who procrastinates in such an affair is lost. In putting away one's outdoor clothing, one's letters, one's books, it is the first moment of decision which counts, the primary indecision which is fatal. What the young person lazily or thoughtlessly imposes on some one who is older, and by reason of her added years less able to bear the strain, may be just the traditional straw, beyond which strength and vigor will endure no longer.

For the good man of the house we have always the most elastic toleration, yet we think that too often he binds a burden on the shoulders of his wife, which frets her unwarrantably, though she makes no sign of complaint. "My husband's progress through the house," said a matron recently, "is marked by a litter of hats, coats, slippers, newspapers, pamphlets, books, boots, cork-screws, inkstands, reports, collars, handkerchiefs, etc., etc. He is forerve saying, 'Dear, do you remember where you put such or such a thing of mine?' and wondering why his wife has so inconvenient a habit of clearing things up."

It needs only a glance to show that if everybody were of one mind about putting articles at once where they belong, picking up would be reduced to a minimum, and one labor of the housewife greatly simplified.—*Margaret E. Sangster, in The Home Maker.*

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

Soft Ginger Bread.—Five cupfuls of sifted flour, two cupfuls brown sugar, one of molasses, one of butter, one of sour milk, five eggs, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a very little hot water and added last. Other spices may be added if desired. Bake in a large dripping-pan.

Should a plainer cake be desired, the following is good: One cupful of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of butter or drippings. Stir into these just as much flour as the mixture will bear. Put a teaspoonful of soda in a cup, fill the cup with boiling water, turn in with the batter and stir until smooth Add a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of ginger. Bake in a long pie-tin.

Roll Jelly Cake.—One cupful of sugar, four eggs, one cupful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in long tins. As soon as baked spread with jelly and roll up. If preferred, one teaspoonful of cream tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda may be used in place of the baking powder. One tablespoonful of butter creamed with the sugar will add richness, but will also make it liable to break in rolling.

Plain Fruit Cake.—One cupful of butter, three cupfuls of sugar, four eggs, one cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, spices to taste, and flour to make very stiff batter.

White Cake.—One cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, nearly one cupful of sweet milk, the whites of four eggs, two even cupfuls of flour and two even teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Sr. Eleanor suggests that corn bran is far superior to wet paper for sweeping carpets. Take a few handfuls and moisten with water, (do not get it too wet), sprinkle it over the carpet and sweep up. It freshens a carpet wonderfully, as well as prevents the dust from flying. She also thinks the best method of washing oil cloths is to wash first with clean hot water, then, after wiping dry, rub briskly with a cloth dipped in sweet milk. This acts as a varnish and restores the brightness to the colors.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Never put away cake while it is hot. Let it steam —bottom upward, if possible—so that it will not be damp and heavy in your cake-box. Keep a towel over it, so that the air will not make it fall.

Salt should never be added to new milk while cooking, as it will cause it to curdle.

Cheese should be kept in a close box, in a cool place.

To keep lemons, cover with cold water and change every week.

A Home-made Broom Holder.—Take two empty spools number eight or ten and a couple of wire spikes, and nail your spools about eight inches apart horizontally and high enough so that your broom will not touch the floor and you will have a useful broom holder at almost no trouble and better than hanging your broom on a nail by a string. Your broom is placed upside down between the spools.

Editor's Corner.

We give place in the Corner, this issue, to a testimony confirmatory of the statement made in the recent sketch of Father Landers' life. It ought to be a matter of some interest at least, to the most casual reader of our magazine, the manner in which its contents are confirmed by parties in various distant localities and strangers both to us and each other. Let the testimonies accumulate. Thank God this goodly heritage is left us and defies the spoilations of man. The confirmatory evidence of the gospel is worth more than all the world has to offer in exchange. "Let not your hearts be troubled!" In his own way God is moving onward to the accomplishment of his work, and blessed is that man or woman who is working in harmony therewith.

Independence, Mo., Feb 3d, 1890.

Sr. Walker:—I have been reading in *Autumn Leaves* the autobiography of Elder John Landers. I remember the history of his conversion to the gospel faith in my husband, John E. Page's journal.

My husband was the traveling elder that stayed at Bro. Landers' house, that prophesied to him and related to him the vision, and after his investigation of the doctrine, baptized him.

I have heard Elder Page relate the vision. He had been praying for a knowledge of the Book of Mormon that he might be a witness of its divinity. He was not ready to teach it with only a *belief* in its truths.

Here follows, from Elder Landers' letter to me, Elder Page's vision:—

"He (Elder Page) seemed suddenly placed in a new meeting-house, seated for worship. He saw in a corner of the room where the seats came together, three ancient-looking men, two on one side of the corner and one on the other.

"They had the plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated between them. He stood directly in front of them and saw them turn over the leaves, leaf by leaf, until they came to a thick mass of leaves that had a seal on them.

"While looking upon them, he heard the voice of the Lord say to him, 'This is shown you, and you are to bear witness of it all your days where you preach this gospel of the kingdom to all the world.'

"When he had seen and heard the vision clearly, he said he found himself seated in his own house as he was before he saw the vision."

John E. Page's journal, September 13th, 1836, states:—

"I stayed that night with Mr. Landers, a Baptist Elder, who, I think, will eventually believe the gospel. I went in company with John Landers, to a place called Plum Hollow. I preached in a large school-house, crowded full; preached from the first eight verses of the second chapter of 2d Thessalonians. The people gave good attention.

"John Landers arose and said he had heard the truth. He promises he will be baptized soon. He says, 'What have I been about all my days with the Bible in my hands!'

"I preached again at the stone school-house, full of attentive people. John Landers arose and witnessed he had heard the truth. I went home with him that night. Monday I went to Ebenezer Landers'. Held meeting and baptized ten, one Baptist Elder, John Landers, one botanic doctor, named Lyman Stoddard, and eight others."

Extract from Elder Page's journal, re-written by his wife, Mary Page, now Mary Eaton.

Errata.—We can sympathize to the fullest extent with our contributors when through some oversight, some slight mistake which has escaped the most critical eye, they are made to say foolish or unmeaning things. It is the more annoying from the fact that no amount of after correction can make it altogether right. One ray of light, however, relieves the unpleasantness, in a measure at least: The careful, in-

telligent reader will at once brand it as a mistake of the editor, printer or proof-reader, and the careless reader will not discover it at all. In Bro. Heman Smith's article, "Rest," he is made to say: "Do you feel a reputation of your enemy," whereas it should have been, "Do you feel a disposition to, in any way, injure them in body, possessions or reputation?" Again, where he wrote, "Raising a barrier," it is printed, "Raising a leavener."

We are pleased to announce to our friends that the subscription list is steadily increasing, and unsolicited testimonies are coming in with almost every mail, in regard to the work the magazine is doing. Just a little more perseverance upon the part of its friends will greatly increase the sphere of its usefulness.

Take particular notice! By the time this issue reaches you it will be necessary for those who have been getting subscribers to begin to close up your lists and send the names to the editor. There are four points to which attention *must* be given. First, *Send these lists to M. Walker.* They must not be sent to the Herald Office, to David Dancer or to any one except the editor. Second, you must be particular to mention whether the subscribers are new ones, or renewals. Third, state just what premium you wish sent you and by what mode. Fourth, if the premium is to be sent by mail, don't forget to enclose stamps for prepayment of postage. In all cases of a large or valuable premium, we would advise sending by express, as it will not be possible for us to replace the loss, should such occur in the mails.

A good plan for any who are coming to conference (or who have friends coming from where you live) will be to wait and get them at that time.

Those who have taken out cash commission are not entitled to a premium.

We hope none who have worked in our interest will hesitate to send in their lists. Our gratitude is due you and besides this we wish to render some small token of our appreciation of your services.

In our next the serial "Pattie, or Leaves from a Life" will be resumed, also "With the Church in an Early Day," and will be continuous until completed.

R:O:U:N:D ·:· T:A:B:L:E.

EDITED BY SALOME.

Sit with me by the homestead hearth,
And stretch the hands of memory forth
To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze!
And thanks untraced to lips unknown
Shall greet me like the odors blown
From unseen meadows newly mown,
Or lilies floating in some pond.
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;
The traveller owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
The benediction of the air.

—Whittier.

We have sometimes thought the time almost wasted in gathering together the bits of work and play that form the Round Table, and wondered if there was any one who ever sought for helps there, or, seeking, if they found. Of course there is only a bit now and then that is original, but culling here and there requires time to read that we may cull, and it is done with loving care, hoping to do some good. Yes! some good. And as we sit "by the homestead hearth, and stretch the hands of memory forth," we remember our own happy childhood, how hour after hour was spent with pleasant companions and alone, in mastering a pretty pattern in crochet work, learning to embroider, doing drawn work, etc., and the thought strikes us that while there are some who think such work and games are folly, it would be well to remember that the children who employ their leisure hours in this way are not likely to do as the friend of an English satirist we once read of and of whom he wrote, "Not having of her own, domestic cares, she attended strictly to all the neighbors affairs." And while these things may not seem to be needed in the battle of life, remember they are not intended to take the place of better things. Walking along the dusty sunny highway we step off into a by path; perhaps it makes the road a little longer, but its cool greenness and quiet are tempting, and we feel refreshed when after a little we come out again upon the same old road. So the tired mother with unfinished household cares pressing upon her, will sometimes take an easy chair for a few minutes if the seemingly tireless fingers can be occupied with knitting, crocheting, or some bit of fancy work to make the home nest cosier. And our games. There have been some for the very little ones with the thought in our mind as much of helping the busy "house-mother" as of amusing them. Now we would like to ask those who are interested in the Round Table, if there be any, to send us descriptions of suitable work, both pretty and useful, and new games. If such are original due credit will be given.

A PRETTY SCARF.

I saw a scrim scarf last week decorated in a novel manner. Common brass curtain rings the size of finger rings were covered with a pink knitting silk in double crochet very closely and smoothly. A double row formed the insertion. The hem had a design in cross-stitch worked on it in pink silk, and rings arranged in points of three, with a silk tassel fastened in the ring that forms the point, were sewed at intervals across the bottom edge of the hem. My friend said that the dry goods and embroidery stores asked five cents per dozen for the rings, but that she had procured eight dozen for ten cents at the hardware store.

A NEW THING IN CALENDARS

Is made from ivorine, which is adaptable to many pretty things. Take a sheet eight inches square, and outline on it a very large grape leaf that will nearly cover the whole space. It must not be exactly in the middle, but a little in the upper right hand corner. Paint this in the shaded reds and yellows of autumn-tinted leaves. Following the outline of the leaf, with a pair of sharp scissors, trim the ivorine from a portion of the upper right hand corner of the leaf Cut two slits in the upper left hand corner, through which pass a bright ribbon, on which the days of the week are lettered; an inch lower to the right, is another, bearing the names of the months, and an inch lower still, a third, with the dates of the months on. 'Make use of time," an appropriate motto.

NOVEL TABLE COVERS.

Table covers of white corduroy lined with sateen or silk of a pretty shade, and finished with a silk cord about the edge and a large silk tassel at each corner, are new and pretty. The cover should be a perfect square. Table covers are also attractive made of French cretonnes of pretty designs, with a full gathered ruffle of coarse lace on all four sides as a finish.

HOW TO KNIT AN EAR OF CORN TO BE USED AS A HOLDER

Use for knitting, single zephyr, Saxony, or single Germantown, of two colors, and very coarse steel needles. Cast on fifty stitches of the dark color, and knit back and forth twice: then knit 10 sts from the the edge; add the light color and k 6 sts, then 6 of the dark, 6 of the light, 6 of the dark, 6 of the light, then 10 sts of the dark, knitting back and forth four times each way, keeping the threads on the wrong side of the work, and being careful to draw them tight at the beginning of each 6 stitches. Repeat until the work is 7 blocks in length; then k back and forth twice and cast off. Turn the work on the wrong side and gather up the ends of the blocks, leaving a flap on each side. Finish with a row of crochet shells all around. To make a holder in imitation of a red ear of corn, use wool in two shades of red for the blocks, knitting the flaps separately of olive-green of medium shade, and sewing them on. Finish with a row of shells in the green, and decorate with a tassel at one end, of silk floss in pale greenish-yellow, and several long ends of olive ribbon at the other end. The flaps and the ribbon are to imitate the corn shuck. An ear of yellow corn may be imitated in two shades of corn-color and the flaps done in crochet. These holders, made of knitting silk, are very handsome, and one of them would make a useful and pretty present. For an ear of corn use two shades of red or maize color for the ear, and crochet the flaps of olive-green for the shuck, finishing with ends of olive-green ribbon at one end, and a tassel of delicate yellow silk at the other end.

An emery cushion is a pretty and useful present. Make a cushion of light olive silk two inches square and embroider on it a cluster of apple blossoms and leaves Fill with emery powder, and edge with fine silk cord, color of silk used, arranging two small loops at each corner.

Here is a way to utilize baby's first shoes: Gild them well, take out the laces, and lace them with narrow ribbon, or a pretty silk cord. Then sew soft silk in the top of each shoe, draw it together at the top with a cord, and you have a bag that is handy for many purposes.

A new idea is that of following the patterns of damask goods, in outline stitch. Breakfast and tea cloths, worked either all over or in deep border, add greatly to the beauty of the table.

Perfectly plain chair cushions of plush are much used. They are finished with a heavy silk cord or simply tied to the chair at the four corners with satin bows.

The pretty birthday cards now so popular, can be easily made at small expense. Any pretty floral design may be selected, daisies and buttercups, or poppies and grasses, are good designs. The motto used should be placed in one corner, or across the bottom of the card. "With best wishes," and "May every happiness be thine," are appropriate mottoes These may either be painted on card board, the natural color of the flowers, or may be embroideried on silk or plush, either in outline or satin stitch. In the latter case, the material should be worked so as to cover a piece of cardboard entirely, and finished with fringe, lace or ribbon, to correspond with the material used, or with the colors of the flowers. A twisted cord and tassel to suspend the card by is a pretty finish.

A pretty bit of decoration for a hall, is a sickle cut out of stiff cardboard. First gild it, and then tie a bunch of wheat to the handle.

A SIMPLE GAME

That even the baby can almost take part in is "Fish, flesh or fowl" The leader must stand and say to one, "Fish, flesh or fowl" Then, if before he has counted five, that one does not give the name of some fowl he must pay a forfeit. There is fun in this game, for in his efforts to think of some fowl quickly he is likely to get confused and cry out "eels" or "elephants," forgetting that these are unlikely fowls. The leader must talk rapidly for the older folk, but more slowly for the little ones. It will incite the latter to look up all the available names of fowl when they know this game is to be played.

TEMARI

Is a popular game with Japanese children. A soft ball, prettily ornamented by winding it with bright colored threads, is suspended by a cord to a hook in the ceiling above, or if the party is small, upon the gas fixture. The children form a ring, the ball is given a push, the child that it would strike gives it a return push, and so on it is kept vibrating back and forth in the circle. The skill of the game consists in not allowing the ball to pass beyond the circle. The child who lets it slip by must be subject to some slight penalty.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Vol. III. LAMONI, IOWA, MAY, 1890. No. 5.

WRECK OF THE "FLORA M. CROWLEY."

BY F. M. SHEEHY.

AMONG the many incidents and tales of those who sail the briny deep, or "go down to the sea in ships," the following one is offered, and can be vouched for as true. The writer is personally acquainted with most of those who were participators in it, and has gathered the story from their own lips.

It is made doubly interesting because of the evidence it contains of God's special providences and care over those who, by virtue of an intelligent faith, rely upon the tender and loving responses of the Holy Spirit unto them.

On the eighth of February, 1878, sailed the good ship Flora M. Crowley, loaded with yellow pine lumber from Savannah, Georgia, bound for Seville, Spain, commanded by Captain J. C. Crowley, a capable and experienced navigator; Adelbert Crowley, son of the Captain, first mate; Andrew Tabbut, steward; Bert Hicks, cabin boy. There were also on board Cordelia Crowley, captain's wife, Charlotte, mate's wife, and Flora M., daughter of the captain. All of the foregoing were residents of Addison, Washington county, Maine. The rest of the crew were strangers whose names I do not know.

A fair wind and reasonably smooth sea, with good time being made, were their fortune for several days. The captain had taken his course in the higher latitudes and out of the usual course of vessels going to and from such points in order to make a quick trip on account of a talk with another master as to who could make the best time.

Early on the morning of the 23d the vessel was found to be leaking. The steward who slept in the galley on the forward part of the ship discovered that she was shipping more than the usual amount of water, so much so that it came in in large quantities under the galley door. He "turned out" and went aft into the cabin. The captain's wife spoke to him from her stateroom, saying, "Steward, I believe she is leaking badly." The captain then hailed him with the order to "go and see how much water there is in her." They were sailing under a seven knot breeze, the men were taking in the sails, had got the forward sails furled and were at work on the spanker, which is the one farthest aft, the captain being at the wheel, when a heavy sea boarded her, giving her a terrible twist. Upon examination it was discovered she had eight feet of water in her hold. A rent was found in her bottom, one of the planks becoming loose, the theory being that she must have struck a piece of a sunken wreck during the night, starting one of the planks. The rate of speed she was making, quite a high sea running, increased the rent, so that the water came in faster than the men at the pumps could keep it out. They tried for awhile, then ran her under bare poles and tried to throw the deck load off, but to no purpose. The sea was breaking over her continually. So much water in the hold kept her from riding upon the waves, so instead she would plunge into them, causing the sea to break upon the vessel. Afterwards she became unmanageable and lay in the trough of the sea.

By this time the captain ordered the masts cut away, which the men tried to do as well as they could under the circumstances, for there was danger at any

moment of their being washed overboard. The foremast broke short off, the mainmast broke off about forty feet high, the mizzenmast split, leaving a splinter about fifteen feet high standing. The captain told all hands then to try and save the boats. The small boat was found already in ruins. They managed to get the long boat, which is a large strongly built boat calculated to outride the sea as well as a vessel, intended in case of disaster to carry the whole crew with provisions and water enough to last a voyage for many days, into the water, but she immediately swung around under the counter, striking the vessel, which smashed her to pieces. With it went the last hope of leaving the wrecked vessel. The dry stores, such as bread and flour, were stored away in the forward house. The sea at once commenced its attacks in that direction, and soon the house and its contents were washed overboard. To see their food going away before their eyes and they left powerless to help themselves was indeed a trying ordeal.

While these scenes were being enacted, with officers and crew, first trying to save the ship, then the boats, which they would need in order to leave the vessel, then their provisions and water. (There were over a thousand gallons of water on the main deck, but they only succeeded in saving one cask by getting it aft on the house-deck; the rest went into the angry billows). The scene in the cabin among the women was more thrilling still.

The captain's wife is a medium sized lady with dark hair and keen black eye. A woman of more than ordinary nerve and knowledge. A fair sample of those women of the eastern sea-board who, by reason of the absence of their husbands at sea, are left at home much of the time to look after the home and its interests, and develop a quality of self-reliance not so generally found elsewhere. That they are, as a rule, capable, and strong in the maternal instincts, all can certify who have had the pleasure of their acquaintance and association. The church in the eastern part of the Lord's vineyard finds among them its strongest and most valiant supports. All praise to whom praise is due! Sr. Crowley and Bro. Tabbut, the steward, were the only Latter Day Saints on board.

When the captain found that the vessel was in a precarious condition he called to the women in the cabin to put some warm clothing on and prepare for the worst. Sr. Crowley did not think there was much danger until she heard him give the order to "cut away the masts!" We will let her tell her experience in her own pathetic manner.

"By that time I got onto the deck and saw that our vessel would soon become a total wreck. I retired to the cabin to look after the girls. The captain with the men had gone forward to try and save the boats, which left me and the girls all alone. About this time another heavy sea broke over her, crushing in the forward gangway door, filling the forward cabin and the mate's state-room with water. At that the mate's wife, my daughter-in-law, rushed into my room, the after cabin, exclaiming, 'What shall I do!' I pinned a blanket around her, for she was only partially dressed and in delicate health, and she laid down in my berth. She had not lain long before we heard a noise, and, looking, saw that the partition between the two cabins had rolled together like a scroll—which is the best way that I can describe it. By this time the girls had become very much alarmed. I tried to get them some clothing to keep them warm, but they would drop everything as fast as I would hand it to them. Flora tried to get her trunk, but had to leave it, for the cabin by this time was in a terrible condition. I hardly knew what to do, for the girls had taken to crying as though their hearts would break.

"There was no one around to help me. I got them into the after gangway, a very small place indeed. I then tried to pick up a few pieces of clothing. The drawer that I kept my clothes in was under the berth, but had gone so far under that it was out of my reach. The water was then over the tops of my boots and rapidly growing deeper. I found that I must at once get out of there. I shall probably never know how I got out onto that pile of rigging and into the gangway where the girls were. I found I was not much better off there, for I had to sit on the top step and hold the door open to let the air in, for the hatch was hauled on over our heads. This did not last long, for the sea broke onto the quarter-deck so

heavy there was danger of its breaking in the door and wash us all back into the cabin. All of us taking hold together, we shoved the hatch back and cried for help. The captain sent the steward to our rescue, who succeeded in getting us onto the top of the cabin-house and took some ropes and lashed us all to the spanker-boom, in which painful position we remained for thirty-six hours, with the sea breaking over us constantly. This was about six o'clock in the morning. It was a sad looking sight that met our eyes as we sat there lashed to the spanker-boom, and saw our provisions scattered and floating alongside the vessel. There can be no language found to describe my feelings when I began to think where we were and what a perilous situation we were in, poor helpless creatures, no assistance could we get from any quarter. I soon brushed those feelings away for the sake of the girls, for they put such dependence on me, they seemed to think I could save them. I saw the long-boat put into the water, float alongside, go under the counter, and smash to pieces. The Lord had a hand in it all, for if we had attempted to leave in her, our doom would have been sealed, the sea was running so high. It was about seven o'clock and they began to think about something to eat, but I took no share in that, for sadness filled my heart. The steward found an old pail which contained some biscuit and two or three pies, from which they made quite a breakfast. Soon another danger threatened us; the cabin-house upon which we were, from the sea dashing against it, came loose and was liable to break away and plunge us, house and all, into the sea.

"The captain had the men take some of the lumber and ropes, and fasten the house down to the rails that went around the quarter deck. The sea was making a fore breach over her fore and aft, we receiving a good part of it every time. Thus we passed a cold dismal night. I was afraid some of us would perish before morning.

"The following day, Sunday, the men fished out of the cabin some blankets and quilts, which kept us from suffering so severely, but all this did not heal our broken hearts. My own suffering I could get along with very well. My daughter-in-law being in a delicate state of health, and Flora, my own daughter, suffering from pain and disease, filled my heart with grief and sorrow. But what could be done I was unable to say. Tears stood in every one's eyes but my own—not a tear could I shed, but my heart at times was ready to break. I blamed myself for their being there; had I stayed at home, they would have stayed with me, but there we were, and could not help ourselves. Night came on, we bowed ourselves in prayer, arranged the blankets as well as we could, and passed another night on the wreck.

"By Tuesday we had got more settled, and commenced to have our daily prayers. We prayed in good earnest to Almighty God to calm the raging sea which was so often breaking over us, drenching us from head to foot. The Lord answered our prayer, for the sea ceased to break over and wet us, with but one exception, while we were on the house where we sat with our arms in the life-line. We sang, yes from our very hearts, for it seemed as though the angels echoed back the sound. But we could not sing "Home, Sweet Home," for the blessed thought of home would choke our utterance in a minute. It was about this time, if I remember rightly, that Bro. Tabbut told us of the vision he had of the Norwegian bark coming from the north-east. We had lost all our provision except some wet goods, chiefly salt beef, but we were in a straight how to cook it. Finally we hit upon a plan to take the capstan (an instrument made of iron and used to hoist the anchor with), bring it aft upon the quarter-deck, take a few fathoms of a large chain, coil it up and put the capstan upon it upside down, build a fire in it, and cook the salt beef in a lard can. The men could move about some and keep warm, but there we sat without a full suit of clothes to wear and see our clothing floating away to sea. We did not mind that, the uppermost thought was how to get home. About this time we had to be allowanced on water to one pint a day, which was hard to bear, considering our principle article of food was salt beef, and salt it was.

"On the second of March the wind blew a perfect gale; the sea broke feather white all around us, while the only protection we had was a piece of canvas.

"We had nothing to eat that day, for we

could not build a fire to cook it. I thought we would certainly freeze to death that day. It cleared the day following and the men put up a line to hang the things on to dry, but the sea ran so high and the spray flew so, it was not much use.

"So the days passed wearily along until the last day. We were all lying down except the two men on the look out, when at about ten o'clock we were startled by the welcome cry from the lookout, stationed on the spanker gaff, of "Sail Ho!" A sail hove in sight from the north-east. It brightened us up with joy to behold the sail. But oh! suppose they should pass by and not see us.

"Our fears were soon dispelled, when we saw they had sighted us and were bearing down toward us. A most beautiful sight was that noble bark with every sail set, coming directly toward us. When we saw her lay back her yards and heave to, lower a boat over her side manned by two men coming to rescue us from our perilous situation; imagine our feelings just then when we knew deliverance was so near. Tears came to me for the first time during the wreck, and for a few minutes I wept as I never wept before. In one hour we were all on board the bark and made welcome by captain and crew. She proved to be the bark Argantyr, from Norway, Captain Juan Hanson Halner, master, a native of Maudel, Norway, a perfect gentleman, who treated us with every kindly consideratiom."

As is before stated in this narrative, the captain's wife, whose story we have just heard, was a member of the Church of Latter Day Saints. The steward, who was also a member, was aboard by special request of Sr. Crowley, whose husband told her that she could select a steward that would suit her, if she would go. She immediately wrote Bro. Tabbut, asking him to go. He, taking the matter before the Lord in prayer, felt a strong impression to go, and the burden of it remained with him until he decided to go. The first night on the wreck the steward was led to earnestly pray to know if they were to be saved from the wreck.

The next day, after having a serious talk with the captain, whose care and anxiety was increased by having all his family undergoing so much hardship, the sturdy sailor, used to hardships him self, was brought to tears for the loved ones. The heart of the commander yielded to the finer feelings of the husband and father and he said, "Bro. Tabbut, pray for me."

Shortly after the captain left him, while in the mood of prayer, he heard what to him sounded like the striking of a bell. It struck twelve times. He exclaimed, "What does it mean, Lord?" and reciting it in his own language to me it is as follows:

"Then the voice of the Spirit answered and said to me in twelve days, if you grieve not the angels that are now near you, you shall be delivered *in twelve days.* So I got on the house and delivered the message before them all. I think none believed it except Sr. Crowley. I then saw by the Spirit, a vessel afar off to the north-east, and I was quite sure by the Spirit, that our rescuer was fast coming."

During the remaining days of the wreck Bro. Tabbut looked for a vessel from the north-east, while the others were looking from every point. They apparently did not have much faith in what he said, doubtless thinking it was the result of a distorted state of the mind. The long, tedious days and nights eked out. The twelfth day came and no vessel in sight. Faith began to waver. Bro. Tabbut found Sr. Crowley with her face buried in her lap given up to despair; he spoke words of cheer to her, but she answered him, "Oh! Bro. Andrew, I did believe that which you spoke was of the Lord until now the day has arrived and no vessel to be seen."

He answered, "A small part only of the day is gone as yet."

The previous night this modern Paul had shown him in spiritual vision that their rescuer was near, but her course was tending away from them, and he prayed, "Lord, make her change her course."

It was but a short time after this conversation with Sr. Crowley, that a speck appeared upon the horizon, which the trained eye of the lookout at once recognized as a sail. The statement of the captain of the bark that rescued them is, that during the forenoon he ordered the bark's course changed. Why he did it, he did not know, for there was no reason why he should, only he felt like it. Before noon, when, with his instruments of navi-

gation he was "taking the sun" to get his latitude, in scanning the horizon he discovered the wreck.

During the stay on the doomed craft prayer was daily held, all took part but two of the sailors. Under such a strain and pressure of circumstances the most obdurate heart is liable to melt, when death is staring them in the face for twelve long days. One of these sailors becoming softened unbosomed himself to Sr. Crowley, telling how during his life he had been very wicked, and among other crimes, he had committed murder twice; and now that any moment might send him before his Maker, he felt the remorse of conscience consequent upon such a life. Bro. Tabbut, whose mind and spirit were attuned to a high spiritual tension, had a presentiment that this sailor meant evil towards the rest while upon the wreck, and prepared and armed himself accordingly which the sequel shows saved them from being murdered by him. He afterwards confessed that he had laid his plans to kill them, so that he could have all the the water for himself.

Human depravity is terrible when a man under such circumstances, where the danger is common to all, will contemplate such atrocity. It brings to mind the Arctic explorations under Greeley, where one of the men was caught stealing the food which was scanty, and it became necessary to shoot him.

Captain Crowley found during the wreck that some one had been opening some of the canned goods, probably this same fellow, although they were not certain. This so aroused the old sea-dog within him that he told them if it was done again, death would be the penalty. This had the desired effect, for no more stealing was done. Rough and wicked as the man was, he feared the aroused and just indignation of the captain whose courage would doubtless have been equal to the emergency.

Bro. Tabbut gives an amusing portrait of how he looked when taken off the wreck. He had lost about all his clothing and had to borrow some from the captain who was much shorter. Bro. Tabbut being about six feet high, he had on an old slouch hat, a pair of the captain's pants that came just below the knees, an old coat with the tails about to his waist, and sleeves just below the elbows. When he clambered up on the deck of the bark, the captain remarked, "Well, old man, if I had not changed my course, you would not be on my deck in that rig."

Herein is an experience and evidence of the fact that God regards his covenant children parallel to that of the wreck mentioned in Acts, twenty-seventh chapter, where Paul says an angel stood by him, etc. So angels stood by a saint of latter days while in peril, showing that the Heavenly Father will succor now as well as in days of yore. Carnal man may scoff at the idea of "special providences;" skeptics may say that faith in God is only "blind credulity;" Ingersoll may give "reasons why he is an Agnostic" and can't believe in the God of the Bible; modern sectarians may teach that there is no communication between heaven and earth, that angels' visits ceased with Bible times; but in the face of all this negation God keeps faith with those that maintain faith and integrity towards him.

"Author of faith, eternal God,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame,
Faith, like its finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday, the same."

A SONG OF WINTER.

Sing a song of rapture,
Gayly everywhere!
Four and twenty thousand
Snow flakes in the air.

Sing a song of sleigh-bells
Ringing loud and clear,
While the roguish urchins
Follow in the rear!

Sing a song of sledding—
Now the sport's begun!
Four and twenty snow-birds
Looking at the fun!

Sing a song of sunshine,
For the storm is o'er;
Gay old earth is laughing
At the marble floor.

PATTIE; OR, LEAVES FROM A LIFE.

BY ELEANOR.

CHAPTER XV.

EARNING A LIVING, CONTINUED.

"Like one who leaves the trampled street
For some Cathedral, cool and dim,
Where he may hear in music beat
The heart of prayer, that beats for him;
Restored and comforted I go
To grapple with my tasks again;
In silent worship taught to know
The blessed peace that follows pain."
—Bayard Taylor.

"I thought it good to shew the signs and wonders that the high God hath wrought towards me."—Dan. 4:2.

HAD our aim been simply to awaken sympathy for the afflictions and sufferings of Pattie, by giving to the public these leaves from her life, we should long since have laid aside the pen, satisfied.

I have said that the object is to do good, yet it is not expected that this object will be accomplished by the mere recital of her sufferings; for were there no triumphs to record as well as trials, no victories won from suffering, no light for darkness, no glory to render to God from a grateful heart; then this story had never been written.

Nor has it been our intention to exalt Pattie above others in the ability to exercise faith under trials and suffering. But, dear young reader, we wish you to keep prominent in your mind this fact that faithfulness and truth are cardinal attributes of God; and also that he can not make known to us this fact, can not make us realize it in the depths of our soul, until he has placed us in positions to exercise those same attributes in ourselves. Truth is one only because God is one; and neither can be known in the abstract because they are inseparable. He who finds truth, finds God. And he who pursues truth as an abstract principle will never be able to come up with it. He may see it plain enough to point out its beauties to his neighbor, but he can never lay his hand upon it and claim it as his own until he has in very deed learned what this means: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Until then no man may boast that he is tried or true. This alone is the ultimate blessing to be attained, that we may possess truth within us as an attribute of ourselves, even as it is of God. Then will we follow that which is true because it is truth, and be faithful because we know his faithfulness. The winds and the waves may beat never so hard, there is no danger that such a one will ever fall, because builded upon a rock,—the oneness of God and truth.

But this knowledge, like any other, is unattainable where there is neither desire nor effort to know Him. There must be that earnest, persistent seeking, as for the pearl of great price hid in the field, willing to part with everything else to possess it. When such a one finds himself in circumstances for acquiring this knowledge, he will recognize the fact, and so far from rebelling at the hardness of the lesson, he will take it up and study what he may find within it. And this is just what we have seen Pattie doing. "He that seeketh findeth," and Pattie was finding out. "Slowly," you say; ah, well! not every one learns it in a life time. If now from the strength that she has gained she may reach out a firm, steady hand, and grasping the trembling one, of the tried and the suffering, may guide it safely within the omnipotent one stretched out to save, then are we more than satisfied with our work.

But those very circumstances in life that best teach us confidence and reliance upon God, are the ones in which we lose corresponding faith in humanity. The world seemed a selfish, cold, cruel world to Pattie. Even those who had tried most to assist her, it seemed to her, had done so under protest.

But bye and bye she understood that God himself had removed from around her all earthly supports against which she might have essayed to lean, until she should learn to walk by faith.

But it is not his intention nor his will that one human heart should be isolated from its fellows; and close along with her lessons of faith in the all sufficiency of God, ran this other one, that those made

in his image still bear within them a spark of the Divine Spirit and model of love, making us all akin.

Pattie thought about it during her illness, when kind and tender care was lavished upon her, and afterwards during the weeks of her visit among old associates and friends of early days. She felt thankful for the gift of human friendship, and glad that she had been compelled to turn aside and listen to the music beat of these other human hearts; she felt her own heart grow soft in the warmth and light of human sympathy.

But now her visit was over, she was spending the last day of it with Mrs. Thurston. They were sitting together in the enjeyment of friendly converse. Mrs. Thurston spoke of the increasing infirmity of her husband, who had been an invalid. "I may be left alone any day," she remarked, "I have been trying to be prepared for it."

"Have you any definite plans of what you may do in that event?" asked Pattie.

"No; only that I will go to Kirtland to see the Saints, if God wills; but further than that I can not say what I may do. But I have been waiting and praying for over thirty years that I might be gathered with the Saints and spend the remainder of my days in the true church. I believe I shall yet have the privilege, for it is now reorganized under the presidency of a son of the prophet Joseph Smith; the faithful scattered ones are gathering to the standard now; and though my days may not be long, I believe I shall see the salvation of our God before I die."

"Well, dear friend," said Pattie, "should your hopes and expectations be realized, write and tell me about it."

This her friend promised, and they shook hands and parted, never to meet again until the resurrection.

Some months after she learned of the death of Mr. Thurston and of the departure of her friend for Kirtland, and waited expectantly for the promised letter; but time passed and no word came until she read in the personal items of a Lake county paper the mention of Mrs. Thurston's departure for Illinois; but still no letter arrived, and Pattie began to fear that her friend had not found the Church of Latter Day Saints as satisfying as she expected.

Shortly after Pattie's return from her visit, she finished paying the little that remained due on the machine, and, finding that she needed more room for her business which had grown so large that she frequently required an assistant, she engaged a suite of three rooms in the same building; and furnished them plainly but comfortably, and except for the ceaseless hard labor required of her she enjoyed more comfort than she had known since she had been thrown upon the world. This good fortune continued for a year, and then the building was sold and converted into a store and dwelling, which change obliged Pattie to remove. She then rented a small cottage for a few months until the return of its owner. This was the only vacant house, or even room in the village, and when she had to relinquish it, there was nothing left for her but to try a new place. She went first to the town near which she had been brought up; but rent was very high there and competition in business too sharp for her to contend with, laboring as she did under the disadvantage of deafness, and she was soon obliged to abandon the attempt; finally, after trying one or two other places, she returned to Knox county and obtained employment as seamstress in families, going from house to house, taking her little boy with her and sending him to school when not too far away. They were treated with uniform kindness by those in whose homes they become inmates. But there is no situation in life more trying to a sensitive nature than to live within a family and yet feel themselves no part of it. And worse still for Pattie, she could not have the opportunity to teach and exercise a proper watchcare over her child, and the associations into which he was thrown were not always good and wholesome. Profanity, smoking and card playing were indulged in to a great extent not only among the men, but the children as well, some as young as her own.

Why go to such places? do you ask.

Ah, but reader, many of them were church members, as respectable as any in the community.

Obscene stories and lewd jokes told among the men in the hearing of the children were repeated to her from the childish lips that knew not the meaning of the vile words, and when reproved would answer: "Why, Ma, I heard Mr. — say that." Was he wicked? The holy

name was a name profaned daily by men who professed hope of salvation in that name, and who bent the knee in family worship often while the oath or ribald jest was yet warm on the lips.

And Pattie, though her ears were closed to the sound, was as well aware of these things as though she heard them, aware too of the effect they were having upon the character of her little one, and while her hands were busy with the work, her troubled heart was constantly asking of itself the question, what can I do?

Sitting alone in her bedroom one evening, revolving these things in her mind, and too troubled to go to rest, all ways seemed hedged about her, the tempter whispered: "Give the child away as you are advised to do, you never can train him up the way he should go, in this manner." And for a moment Pattie wondered if this was not, after all, her duty. But how could she be sure that the influences about him would be better than they were now; would others watch him with greater solicitude than she? Judging by what she had seen she was satisfied on that point. Oh, if she had a place of her own to stay, ever so humble let it be. She took up her Bible, a never failing source of consolation in times of trouble, and as she opened it her eyes rested at once on these words spoken to ancient Israel, and through them to all who covenant to walk by faith: "I am the Lord thy God, which brought thee up out of Egypt; open thy mouth wide and I will fill it."—Ps. 81: 10.

Had Pattie heard the Divine voice speak to her from heaven, the Fatherly reproof would not have entered her soul deeper than she felt it now. She had indeed trusted him in small matters, she had been warmed and fed in times of need, why not trust him to provide for these greater needs? Was his hand shortened that it could not now save? Rebuked and ashamed, she fell on her knees to ask him to provide the shelter of a room as she had had. But before she had uttered a word those of the text rang through her brain as though spoken in her ear, "open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." And then she prayed earnestly for a home of her own, where she might fulfill the trust of motherhood with none to trouble or interfere. As she arose from her knees she felt a peace, deep and profound, pervade her being, as though the last wave of trouble had rolled away and had left her spirit free. With such a help, what could ever perplex her more. But she had not the slightest idea how, when or where, her request would be granted; but that it would be she did not doubt. As usual though, she hid all this in her own heart and said nothing to any one.

But not many weeks after this Pattie was visiting a brother of her husband whose home was a few miles from the village where she had lived. It was Sunday morning, and in company with her sister-in-law Pattie was on her way to church. The two were walking slowly along the quiet country road conversing of the picturesque beauty of the scenery. Far as their vision could reach was stretched a scene to delight the eye of poet or artist. At their feet two green hills sloping towards each other between which, pushing its way like a mischievous child with gurgling laughter, was such a bright, glad little stream; its clear, sweet waters rippling and dancing over the flat limestone rocks that paved its course. Here and there trees of various kinds bent over it in worshipful attitude, as though loving the beautiful thing. A rustic bridge gently spanned it where the public road crossed it, away from which started a shady lane that followed the winding of the little rivulet around between the hills as though fearing that the careless little thing should lose itself.

On the green slope of one of those hills, a few rods above the stream and the bridge was an unoccupied lot containing about half an acre. Pattie's companion, pointing to it asked. "How would you like to have a house there?"

Pattie, thinking the question merely expressive of admiration for the spot, answered that it would be delightful, but added that a house in any place would be a source of thankfulness just then.

"Well," said the sister-in-law, "I have been thinking that if you could get that lot cheaply, a house might easily be erected for you upon it."

"For me! why how so?" asked Pattie, for to her, the houseless and homeless, it seemed so great a boon, a home of her own, and in such a spot!

"Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." How the words came back to her mind with all their reproof! O, Pattie,

slow of heart! God is more ready to hear and to answer than you to call upon him.

But now the conviction took firm possession of her mind that her Heavenly Father had planned to give her a home even before she had asked for one. And he was but teaching her what she had been so slow to realize, that no good thing will he withhold from those who serve him. As she walked on silently, all the past years of her struggling life passed in review before her, and she saw clearly now how proud and independent she had tried to live, not only of human aid, but of heavenly help as well; or why had she never asked God for anything but the barest necessities, and those only when her labor had failed to procure them. Had she trusted and lived more upon his word, she need not have starved and almost killed herself as she had done. Love for God flowed into every channel of her heart as it never had before. Her companion noting the glad light on her face and mistaking the cause cautioned her against indulging hopes that might be disappointed. "It was only a thought of mine, and may not be practicable," she said.

They had now arrived at the church, and Pattie only smiled back for reply. But the service for her that day was all from the text, "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." Surely she would be satisfied when she obtained so large a gift as a home of her own. It seemed all that she could wish of earthly good, and she would be too grateful to ask for more. Ah, Pattie!

"There are depths of grace unfathomed,
There are heights of joy unknown,
There are pleasures unexhausted
That are yet to be thine own."

Pattie's conviction regarding the gift of a home proved true. The owner of the lot granted her a lease of it free of cost, to be held by her as long as she desired to remain on it. And the people, without regard to church or creed, with hearty good will generously donated money, material and labor; the result being that in a short time Pattie became the owner of a comfortable cottage with three rooms and cellar.

Not only did her grateful heart overflow in praise to God; but her spirit ear caught also the "music beat" of the human hearts around her, and her own, restored and comforted, once more took up the task of living.

About this time, also, she received a letter from Mrs. Thurston, then at Plano, Illinois, wherein was expressed her joy in the gospel and increased faith. The letter was accompanied by several numbers of the *Saints' Herald*, in which Pattie was much interested. But since she had united with the Baptist Church in Iowa she had left doctrine to lie on the shelf, as it were. Her only effort, as we have seen, was to know God as he revealed himself to her in the lessons of daily life. Slowly, step by step, she was ascending the rounds of the ladder of faith; she had left behind her many things that once had seemed essential parts of religion; there had become incorporated in the religion that she was working out for herself much that she knew to be rejected from the creeds of churches called orthodox. It seemed to her now that she had made greater progress in heavenly knowledge than she had done by all the theological studies that she had ever attempted. She had about arrived at the conclusion that in the lessons of life was the only way to learn the truths of revelation. So that while the tracts and papers sent her by her friend were read with interest, she did not feel disposed to enter into their investigation. If they were truths, she thought, they must stand by the test of living and survive, or perish according to their ability to lift her into higher planes of light and knowledge of God. For she knew now that truth does not exist apart from God, and that which failed to enlighten her of him was not truth.

The one subject most engrossing her attention at this time was the education of her boy. He was now developing a taste for reading, and the question that had long been uppermost in Pattie's mind was in reference to this, how far could she safely permit fiction to form a part of his mental food? Just where was she to draw the line? for unless it was drawn somewhere she would be remiss to the charge of training him in the way he should go. It would not now be possible, if she deemed it wise, to follow her father's example and shut it out of her home; for fiction now formed a large part of children's reading; it filled the Sunday-school libraries and children's papers. It met one at every turn and corner. How

futile then would seem to be the attempt to shut it out merely because it was fiction, and without regard to grade or character. But where should fall the line of discrimination between that which is good and that which, though not vicious, is yet misleading in its tendency? It seemed to Pattie that in this, as in everything else, there must be a standard of truth for reference, and that standard could only be the word of God. For let us again reiterate this grand fact, that truth and God are one.

That which diminishes in the least degree the child's respect for the divine precept, is unsafe, untrue. There being but one God, one truth, there can be but one standard for all questions, religious or otherwise.

(To be continued).

HARD TIMES.

EARLY DAYS IN SALT LAKE CITY.

HAVING spent my boyhood days among the Mormons in Utah and passed through many of the hard and trying times there, I thought a mention of a few incidents connected therewith might prove interesting, and possibly the relating of some of my experiences may help others to bear more patiently the cares and trials they are called upon to endure. The true source of happiness in this life is to look upon the condition of those worse off than ourselves, to compare our condition with that of those more unfortunate than we, and then be thankful that we are so much better situated, more greatly blessed, and less afflicted than they. Although our lot in life often seems hard to bear, and many times we may feel that we have more than our share of grief and care, yet, sad as our condition may be, we can still find others whose trials are greater, whose lot is harder, and whose condition in life is worse than ours.

Among the many other things from which most of the people suffered in Utah, was poverty. Hunger and want was felt by nearly all, but among the poorer families it was sometimes terrible. The writer's mother, a widow, with us four small children, reached that barren land in the winter of 1857; and although she possessed considerable of this world's goods, she, through being too confiding in "the brethren," and the general hardness of the times, soon found herself and family reduced to want and in need of daily food, and she eagerly sought for any honorable method that could be found whereby she might earn, if possible, even the very smallest income.

Under these circumstances came the writer's first remembrance of hard times. I remember one cold Christmas morning, after we had been delighted with the cake and dried currents which poor Santa Claus had left in our stockings, how my brother and I started out to wish some of our neighbors "Merry Christmas." We made several calls, and finally, on our homeward way passed the house of Dr. Bernhisel. We were not very well acquainted with him, but we knew that mother was, so after a little discussion it was decided for me to go in and salute him. After a few timid knocks at the door, it was opened by the doctor. "Good morning, Doctor," said I, "I came to wish you a Merry Christmas."

He smilingly asked whose boy I was, and after being informed, handed me a quarter of a dollar, and wishing me all the compliments of the season, let me depart.

I remember the joy with which our young hearts swelled with the possession of so much money—the most I had ever owned to my recollection. Then came the question, "How shall we spend the money?" After due consideration we concluded that the best thing to do would be to buy something nice for mother, but what? We went down Main street looking and finally invested the money in butter—half a pound of butter—and then joyously made for home, and with all the pleasure of childhood bestowed our gift.

Poor mother, on the sight of what we

had brought her, she burst forth into tears, tears of thankfulness and gratitude. It was the first butter that had been in the house for many months. I remember how we all kneeled down, while she offered up a prayer of thanks to Him who cares for the widow and orphan, and how we prayed for the kind doctor who had thus brought so much happiness to our home on this Christmas day. Surely he will some day get his reward for that act.

Kind reader, remember the poor. This man gave only a trifle. He never missed it, but could you have seen our happy home and the good Christmas dinner—brown bread and butter—made good by his kindness you would know that the effect of his good act could not be measured by dollars and cents. I will not mention the difficulty we had to feed and clothe ourselves, nor the many efforts resorted to to raise our rent, and meet the different occurring expenses, but will pass on to another incident.

One day on my way home from an errand I passed a store where a freight wagon had been unloading some merchandise, and a coffee sack had been torn and scattered some coffee on the ground. I stopped and picked up about a pound of green coffee from the dirt where the men had trampled it, picking up one kernel at a time here and there. Then hurrying home with my prize, deposited it on the table. Although years have passed since then, I can still see the look of joy and thankfulness that came upon mother's face as she looked upon that treasure. She could now have a cup of real coffee, instead of that made of burnt bread crust, which she and those around her had been using these many months. And now she could once more invite her friends to a grand treat—a genuine cup of coffee. And such it proved to a number of her friends, a luxury, the taste of which had remained with them only in their minds, they not having tasted coffee for months, and some of them not for years.

Another time I was fortunate enough to pick up a one dollar greenback on the street. That was a bonanza. With it we bought butter, sugar, tea, and some mutton chops, the first the writer ever remembered tasting, although he was then nine years old. We fared quite well as long as the dollar lasted, but with its disappearance came a return to the old routine. For weeks at a time we lived on dumplings boiled in water, with nothing to eat with them but home made beet molasses—a vile article of boiled beet juice. When we had water cake (cake made of flour and water and baked in a fry pan) we thought we had a luxury.

One day one of mother's friends more comfortably situated than she, fearing that we were destitute, determined to find out. She called about ten o'clock, saying she had come to spend a few hours with us. She stayed until noon and we children began to get hungry; mother made no move toward getting anything to eat, but still the visitor remained. One o'clock, half-past, still she was there, and still nothing to eat; finally seeing no preparation being made she said: "Why, sister, I came to eat lunch with you, aint you going to eat?"

Poor mother, she had kept us waiting in the vain hope that her visitor would go before she would be compelled to show how little we had, but now she must make her condition known. She replied, "We have so little that I was ashamed to ask you to eat."

She then set the table with a heavy heart and suppressed sighs. She could bear her sorrows and trials bravely when alone, but it was cutting to have to reveal her true condition. Like many other brave and noble souls she could suffer in silence and meet the world with a smiling face, and without complaints, but it was humiliating to have her condition known. After placing the dishes upon the table she set on a plate containing a few slices of bread, a few glasses of water, and our lunch was ready.

"Come," she said to her friend, "if you are determined to eat with us, sit up."

"Is this all you have to eat?" was asked.

"It is all we have," she replied.

Then after returning thanks that we still had bread, we ate our lunch, made sweet by hunger.

That evening our friend returned with tea, sugar, butter and a few other such things as a present to mother, and then we feasted again for a few days. Thus I might continue telling of those hard times, and my story would be simply the same in substance as could be told by hundreds of families who have passed

through the same experiences for what they considered their religion's sake. Many a lip can be made to quiver at the mention of "Tithing Office orders," and many a tear will unbidden start when memories are recalled to hours spent at the "public works" and many other efforts put forth in those early days to sustain life and earn an honest livelihood. May God grant that those times are not being repeated now, and may he continue to watch over the honest poor.

YORICK.

A TESTIMONY.

BY A. W. REESE.

"We will not hide them from their children." —Ps. 78:4.

AFTER our Savior was risen from the dead he appeared unto the eleven apostles and commanded them to go and preach the gospel to every creature, and the promise was, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned;" and for an evidence of their acceptance as members of his church he promised that, "These signs shall follow them that believe: in my name shall they cast out devils, they shall speak with new tongues, they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them, they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."

After the Son of God made this declaration he was received up into heaven, and his disciples, after receiving the promise of the Father, went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following. But when the early Christians departed from the true faith of the church, and did not abide any longer in the doctrine of Christ, the gospel was taken from the earth and the children of men were left in darkness and confusion, without perfect knowledge of God and his work.

When that angel that John saw "fly in the midst of heaven" restored the everlasting gospel to the earth in these last days, to be preached to all nations, kindreds, tongues and people, God called men and ordained them ministers of the gospel by ministration of angels, and on May 15th, in the year of our Lord 1829, the Aaronic priesthood was conferred upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery by a messenger from God. This gave them authority from heaven to go and preach repentance and baptism to them that believe, for remission of their sins. In the year 1830 the Melchisedec priesthood was conferred upon Joseph Smith by Peter, James and John, and they ordained him an apostle of Jesus Christ.

After those heavenly messengers confirmed upon Joseph Smith the legal right to officiate in all the ordinances of the kingdom of God on earth in these last days, he ordained others to the ministry, and they went forth by the command of heaven and preached the gospel upon this land of America, and thousands believed and obeyed God's commandments; and they were filled with the Holy Ghost, the Lord working with them and confirming the word with signs following, the same as in the days of Christ and the apostles.

In the year 1837 the missionaries from America crossed the great ocean eastward to Europe and preached the gospel in this last dispensation for the first time in England, at a place called Preston, and many through that region of country believed and were baptized for the remission of sins by those having authority from God, and through the laying on of hands they received the Holy Ghost, the seal of their redemption. These praised and glorified God, and I believe there was singing in heaven at this time. In the summer of the year 1837, long before I ever heard the gospel preached in Wales, as I was going home one night from a prayer-meeting, in company with four or five more, as we were crossing a field some distance from the village, suddenly we heard the sweetest and most beautiful singing I ever heard. We all stood still to find out in what direction it was, and to our surprise it was right above us in

the heavens, though we did not see anything. From this time the preaching of the gospel spread rapidly throughout England, reached Wales, Scotland, France, and other nations. Hundreds and thousands believed and the power of God was made manifest by the gift of the Holy Ghost. In Wales, my native land, I heard children from eight to twelve years of age speak in tongues and prophesy by the Spirit of the living God. I have seen the lame made to walk and the blind to see, the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak, and the sick healed and devils cast out by the power of God.

I became acquainted with a young man who was deaf and dumb; his name was Reuben Brinkworth. He was living at the time in New Port, South Wales, boarding with one of the Latter Day Saints. By reading, and the means of the deaf and dumb alphabet, he was convinced of the truth of the gospel and was baptized September 23d, 1848, and as he was coming out of the water he cried out, "Thank the Lord, I can speak and hear as well as any of you."

Also I was acquainted with the father and the mother of a sweet little girl who was born blind. The name of the parents were William and Elizabeth Bounsell, living at the time in Bristol, England. An account of God's miraculous power in healing one that was sick in the family, made a great stir among the people in the city and caused many to call at the house to see if it was true. On seeing, some rejoiced and glorified God, others mocked, saying, "It is of the devil." The mother, seeing their unbelief, took up her child and put her upon the knee of one named Charles Smith, and said, "Sir, is that child blind?"

He said, "She is."

"Well," said the mother, "she was born blind, and she is now four years old. I am going to take her to the elders of our church, for them to anoint her eyes with oil and lay their hands upon her and you can call again and see her with her eyes opened, for I know the Lord will heal her."

So the mother brought the child to the elders, and they anointed her eyes and laid hands upon her in the name of Jesus Christ, and the Lord heard their prayer and the child received her sight.

Yet another one, a little boy whom the best doctors in the city of Cardiff, South Wales, pronounced to be totally blind. He was the son of John and Elizabeth Morris, living on Little Frederick street, Cardiff. The parents called for the elders to come and administer to him. They went and anointed his eyes with oil and laid hands upon him and prayed to the Father in the name of Jesus Christ, asking him to please heal the child, and immediately he received his sight.

To the above, and many more cases in which the miraculous power of God was manifested, I can bear testimony to all men as being true.

PLEASANTON, Iowa, Jan. 6th.

REST.

REST. Blessed word! How full of import none but the weary can tell. Ask the poor washer-woman as she returns from her labor at the home of the rich to her own humble cot. Ask the farmer or the mechanic when the day's labor is done. Ask the seaman or the warrior or the long absent elder as they are received into the outstretched arms and honest hearts of loved ones at home, and what will be the reply of each?

It is peace of mind and repose of body, and it is just as necessary as food, air or exercise. It is one of the many conditions of our being and our usefulness.

Which performs the larger amount of work in a specified time, he who does not properly observe the hours and days of rest that God appointed that he should observe, or he who does? He who gave us our being knew just what was necessary to promote health and happiness in that being and made provision for the same. Our part is to accept it on his terms. It is free and obtainable both by the rich and the poor. The latter, however, have less opportunity for taking rest than the former, for they are obliged to depend on their daily labor for support, consequently they strain both nerve

and muscle to obtain the desired object, unmindful of the result, which in many cases has been a diseased body or a diseased mind incapable of enjoying that for which it has exhausted itself. Many, very many, have been thus unfitted for the pleasures and duties of life, or have gone down to an untimely grave.

It is our privilege and duty to take proper hours of rest, and he who does not sins against his own body and against his God. This may be done through ignorance or because of necessity, but the temporal result will be the same, the spiritual not as though we had willfully disobeyed. But there is a small chance in this day of universal education for one to excuse himself because of ignorance.

There is another rest, a higher rest, a rest of the spirit in the merits of Christ, a rest in his promises, a rest in his love! Was ever physical rest so sweet as the rest found in Jesus' love? No, never. The earthly rest is merely a type of the spiritual, which can not itself be fully enjoyed until it is blended with the others, for we can not see, we can not feel the worth of the temporal, except by the spiritual through the avenues of the soul. We have many precious words in the Scripture to lead us into that blessed rest, and our Father's promises can not fail. We once thought this rest was beyond this life of uneasiness and toil, but as we draw closer to God by the guidance of his word and the promptings of his spirit, we found it attainable in this life, in spite of all seeming hindrances.

It gives us pain to think of the many afflicted ones who can not realize that this inestimable boon can be theirs. It is especially for such, but for all who will accept it, as will meet the requirements of the Giver.

Yes, dear Saints, prompt submission to God's will in all things, especially evil indulgences, will give that experience which will lead us to exclaim from the depths of the soul, "We which have believed do enter into rest." There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God.

ALMIRA.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER GLAUD RODGER.—No. XII.

COMPILED FROM HIS JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

JANUARY 22d, 1874, at nine o'clock a. m., we cast anchor in Sydney, eleven weeks from San Francisco. Now our field of labor is before us in this great country, and O God, wilt thou help us that our time may be profitably spent for the spreading of thy work and the salvation of thy people for Christ the Redeemer's sake! After moving our things to a room we had rented of Mr. James Nicholas, No. 224 Kent street, I called on Mr. Beauchamp, president of the Brighamite branch in this place. He refused to let us preach to his congregation. I attended their meeting and heard many false statements against Joseph and his mother.

On the 28th we crossed the ferry to North Willoughby, seven miles, were made welcome by Bro. Carr, and preached in the evening; took a general survey of the country and then walked back to Sydney.

February 1st, took dinner with Bro. and Sr. Ellis, of the old organization: in the evening held meeting at Mr. Nicholas' house. Bro. Wandell preached and I bore testimony. Our first meeting in Australia. The Spirit of the Lord was with us and all felt well.

Sunday, the 8th, baptized Brn. Ellis and Aspenall at the public baths, went to Bennets and attended to confirmation. These were the first of the Reorganization on this land. In the afternoon Bro. Wandell delivered the first public discourse in the Temperance Hall, clearly setting forth the abominations of Utah, and there was an excellent spirit with the people and the speaker, and in the evening I spoke to a large congregation. The whole day was one long to be remembered, and thus far we have been blessed and found friends; thanks be to our Heavenly Father! Praise be to Him for ever more!

On the 15th I met Bro. Trumbull,

formerly a member of the Liverpool branch, England. A few hours passed very pleasantly and no doubt he will be one with us bye and bye. I walked to North Willoughby and baptized two.

On March 17th baptized four and held meeting at the Baptist Church, Balmain.

Towards morning of the 19th I dreamed I heard in the woods in the distance the crack, crack of a double-barreled gun, which I thought must have burst, and the shot came rattling all around me and on my back. The shot might have been scooped up close by me, there seemed to be so many, but they did not hurt me. I awoke and lay pondering in my mind what it meant. I slept again and dreamed I was out fishing. I looked up and down to find a place to cross the stream, for it was in the timber. I came to a narrow place to cross over, and looking up stream among some brush I saw a mosquito-bar across the stream to prevent the fish from coming down to where I was. I said, "Mr. B—— has done that." Time will give the interpretation. I visited several families on the Lone Cove road and left tracts; went to Balmain. Returning home got wet through and caught a severe cold.

April 7th. This day received my first letter from Mattie—five months since I left them. I read it twice at the post-office before I left, and thanked the Lord that they were all alive when the letter was written on February 5th, and that poor Janie was better, for she had been very sick. O how cheering to get such good letters from home and to know that they are all one with me in the latter day work! May God bless those who are left for the gospel's sake!

The 23d. Bade good bye to my friends in Sydney, Bro. Ellis going with me to the steamer, which left the wharf at eleven p. m. Had a good passage. Landed at Newcastle, distance eighty miles, at six o'clock next morning. If ever I felt that I needed a companion it was then. All alone in a strange place and knew no one! After wandering around awhile I found a friend, one Bro. Williams, of the old organization, who received me kindly and provided me a bed. I was very sick that night.

May 1st. Secured the School of Arts and put out bills to preach on the 3d, but that day there was a terrible storm of wind and rain, therefore no meeting. My heart was sad on account of so little interest taken in the work, and it was so hard to get places to preach in, for churches and church-houses were closed against us. We had come in the wrong name. It seemed as though the Lord God of hosts was not wanted there, nor his servants either, for we mourned over the darkness that covered the minds of the people. Here I met Bro. and Sr. Marriott, whom I knew in Chesterfield, England, some twenty-four years ago.

July 27th. Stormy to-day, and not feeling well, I will stay at home and write. I am thinking of Bro. Ellis. Was sorry when I heard that he had gone to America; he was indeed a kind friend, one of God's noble sons; how I wish I could have seen him before he left, but I did not get word in time or I would have gone to see him off and sent something to my family. He wrote to me but I did not get his letter till he was on the sea. I could have wept, for I loved him. "Home, sweet home!" Well did the poet say, "There is no place like home!"

I have just read over a letter from my little daughter Janie, written in 1870. I was then on a mission to Eureka, California. She tells me her dream. There is a meaning in it. "I thought I was in a large city, and there was a very large building, something like the court-house in San Ozey (San Jose), with steps to go up to the door. I went there, and, as I was entering, some one that was standing by the door called me back and asked me if Jesus Christ was in there. I told them I did not know, but was going in to see. 'Well,' said they, 'if he is not there I will go in, but if he is there I won't go in but turn and go back, for I don't want to see him.' With that I opened the door and went in, and so beautiful a place inside I never saw. There was a very pretty carpet on the floor, and the ceiling and walls were a clear white, and there stood a man at one side of a beautiful pulpit with the Holy Scriptures in his left hand. He was preaching to a small congregation. I do not remember where his text was, nor what chapter he was reading, but he was warning them to be faithful in the last days, for there should come many things to tempt them. When I went in he did not look up, but went on with what he was reading. He was the purest

looking man I ever saw, with long curly hair and a cloak thrown around his shoulders. I sat there listening for some time, but I saw nothing more of those people who were standing at the door. It seemed like they wanted to go in but were afraid. I thought when I awoke, would it be I that would be ashamed to meet our Lord and Savior? I hope and pray not, for it is a glorious thought of meeting our Lord and the dear ones who have gone before to rest and wait for us to go to them. Pray for me, dear father, that I may be saved in the kingdom of God, and that we may all soon be gathered safely into the land of Zion, is the earnest and sincere prayer of your ever loving and affectionate daughter, Janie Rodger."

While the storm rages outside, I am holding sweet communion with those who are far away. Here is a letter from beloved father Dungan. How it reminds me of our travels together in the work of God and the happy hours spent at their house on Eel River Island, Humboldt county, and dear old brother Green mentions the earthquake in 1868. Yes, I remember it well; the shock came at eight o'clock in the morning, on the 21st of October. Father Dungan, brother Green and brother Blair had come over to our house from brother Hopkin's, Washington Corners, Alameda county. I was not up, for I had been sick with chills and fever. Brethren Blair and Green were in my room and Father Dungan was in the kitchen by the fire. We knew in a moment what it was, but no one had time to rush out of the house. My bedstead was rolled from one side of the room to the other and back, brother Green sank down on the floor, brother Blair stood where he could brace himself against the wall opposite the dining room window, where he could look out and see the earth rolling like the waves of the sea. Father Dungan was thrown off the chair and some of the rest thrown prostrate on the floor. Everything in the house was thrown out of place. Chairs and tables moved to the middle of the room, some turning upside down and the lamps were upset and broken, even the sewing machine moved out from the wall as though some one had pushed it. After awhile we ventured into the cellar; not a thing was left on the shelves. Milk, fruit and all mixed up together. We cautiously approached the well and looked down; it smelled of brimstone and was badly caved in at the bottom. The pale and frightened look upon each face we can never forget. It was the hardest shock ever felt in California, and lasted a great deal too long for an earthquake. It was frightful to see the houses reeling to and fro and to hear the rumbling noise. Frank Hopkins and Glaud were standing by the school-house. They fell to the ground and could see the school-house lifted so high they thought it was going over. The ground opened not far from them, and the opening extended miles north and south. At Haywards, near San Francisco, it was very deep. Had it lasted much longer we must have gone out into the bay or sunk to be seen no more. At Centerville, three miles from us, a brick store was shaken down, and one man killed, also the court-house at San Leandro was thrown down and a man by the name of Josselyn killed. Not a chimney was left standing for many miles, and nice houses completely ruined. The shocks continued at intervals through the day, some quite heavy. There was not a week passed by for five months but what we felt more or less of the earthquake. Indeed, for a whole year the earth was not at rest. These are things of the past. We have been preserved and have crossed the mighty ocean, ten thousand miles in safety to this land, and for what? To carry the plan of salvation to fallen man.

August 15th. Succeeded in getting a hall and preached on the Bible and latter day revelation, but no Spirit; hard work to preach. Felt low spirited and prospects not very bright. O may the Lord turn to good what we in weakness attempted to say, and forgive our lack of faith! Went from there to Wallsend and rented the Temperance Hall and put out bills. On Sunday filled the appointment, but the day being very stormy, none came.

On the 18th, gave a lecture in the Rechabites Hall, Lambton, on the immortality of the soul of man. Had a good audience, very attentive and many questions asked after. Felt well.

September 30th started back to Sydney; was sick all the way, as we had a very rough passage. Reached brother Ellis's about half-past seven, and to my great surprise found him back from America. All well and firm in the faith. Next day met my brother David, whom I had not

seen for over thirty-two years. Of course we did not know each other. Our hearts felt the goodness of God who had preserved us to meet again in the flesh. How could we help but praise Him together. Although my brother is not of the same faith, yet he came to our meetings.

October 5th, met my brother John and his daughter, Jessie. I had never seen her and it was twenty-three years since my brother and I last met in Scotland, but we knew each other. We met on the 8th at my sister's (Mrs. Walker's in Sydney). I had seen her before, but she did not know me. How great the changes since we all met last. We were children then. My feelings are easier understood than described. O, that they might see the gospel light revealed to earth! I left them to go forth again on my Master's work to hunt up the lost sheep, for there are many scattered through this land far away from railroad or even wagon road, only on horse back or on foot can I reach them. Horses are scarce here, so I go on foot and alone, for my traveling companion is still in Sydney, and not well. The Lord says, go two by two, but we have to separate. In my travels I came to the house of brother Mr. Clymonts. They invited me in, but did not know me. I asked if I could stay all night, for it was beginning to get dark. They said no; we are old people, and can't keep strangers all night. It is only two miles to the village, and you can get plenty of accommodation there. Then I called him by name, told them my mission, and said, "I knew you many years ago in California."

The old man lifted up his hands and exclaimed: "Be you brother Rodger? O, yes, you can stay all night; and O how welcome you are!"

Then we could hardly speak for a few moments. He is eighty-five years old, and still firm in the faith, though isolated from all Saints. His wife is eighty-seven.

To be continued.

A PICTURE FROM MEMORY'S WALL.

"The beauty which is everywhere
Beneath the skies of June."

THE rose and gold and purple which have for a long hour made all the west resplendent, have faded into the darker grays of summer twilight, and these have darkened with a seeming reluctance into a perfect summer night, too perfect to remain in doors, and I take my light oars from their resting place in the low branched maple at my door and walk slowly through the deep shadows of the overhanging maples out upon the well beaten road and take my way down to "North Lake," and when I stand upon its western bank I wait to drink in that scene of perfect beauty. High over head rides the full moon in majestic beauty, riding triumphant through the upper ether; below and before me spread out the placid waters of the lake; and on the side nearest me, without a ripple, the wind is asleep; and my sailboat, anchored a few rods from shore, rests upon the water, "As idle as a painted boat upon a painted ocean," and her white wings which so oft have sent her leaping over the waves lie furled and still, and the pennant at the masthead hangs limp and straight. I look across to the eastern side and see the rowboats moving up and down near shore, and as the moonlight falls upon the dancing waves they make, they are turned into beaten gold; and as the little waves move toward me they slowly die away and at last are lost in the great calm; and the moonlight which runs in a great belt across, spreads them over with gold leaf without a flaw; from the bushes near me a night bird is complaining; further down a whip-poor-will is calling to his mate; far away on the eastern side, and from the grove that fringes the whole east and south shores, camp-fires are gleaming, some of them at the water's edge, while, in the larger openings, the white tents of the pleasure seekers gleam; and from camp and beach and gliding rowboats comes the light hearted laughter of youth. I step down the bank and unmoor my boat, drop the oars to their places, give the boat a strong push, spring in, take my seat and pull across to join the merry boatmen on the east side. My boat is the lowest and swiftest on the lake, and I glide along like a bird and am soon across.

The boats of the pleasure seekers dart hither and thither. We meet, pass, cross bows, and sometimes there is a collision, but it only makes the laugh the merrier. At last I pull down along the south shore where it is quieter, but the fires on the beach show that it is not deserted. Suddenly there rises a sound of grand music—trained young voices that no instrument can ever compare with—singing that grand yet simple hymn, "The Sea of Galilee." The unexpected burst of melody, the hidden singers who are in the shadow of the trees, the grand beauty of the summer night, appeal to my senses in a way I shall never forget. I let my oars drop idly and trail beside the boat, which without let or hindrance moves slowly forward, circles outward with its dying motion and is still. I seem carried to look upon that lake, "Where Jesus loved so well to be." I see the fishermen draw their nets. I see the multitudes that have come together to listen to the words of Him who spake as never man spake. I hear the words of the Divine Instructor as he stands in the bow of the rude fishing boat. I see—but the song is ended and I am back on "North Lake" noting the effect of that glorious music. Absolute silence reigned! There are plenty to listen, none to applaud. It is too grand for applause. The whip-poor-will's call is stilled. Not an oar moves in all the little fleet, and every voice is hushed, while the dew of heaven is falling upon more than one bared head. As we listen we hear a far distant church bell,—

"And a distant bell swung its solemn chime
Which seemed to me like the voice of a star;
And I think, through a century of time,
I shall always believe that such things are."

Noiselessly I dip my oars and turn toward home, earnestly thanking the Giver of all good gifts that there are so many young hearts and voices tuned to sing God's praise.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S PILGRIMS.

BY ELDER E. STAFFORD.

OUR ship lay at anchor here about a week after our run on shore, and every day the monotony of ship life was broken by visits from the natives with boat-loads of fruit and vegetables, pigs and poultry. The pigs and poultry were not for poor Jack; the vegetables, sometimes, he got in his soup, but if he got any fruit, he had to purchase it. On one occasion soon after breakfast, the attention of some of the men who happened to be looking shoreward was attracted to four black spots which kept rising and falling with the gentle swell of the waves until the eye detected that they belonged to four human forms, which, as they approached nearer to the ship, we made out to be four native women attired in their loose robe or mother hubbard. They had taken this method of locomotion to visit the ship. They might have come with the boats when they made their daily visits, but they chose not to do so. Doubtless their more refined sisters in civilized countries would have preferred some other mode than swimming some four miles in water abounding with sharks; but these children of nature were apparently as much at home in the water as on the land, and they seemed to enjoy their trip. They did not seem to be tired, and stayed in the water resting their hands merely on the ship's side or on the gunwale of the boats, which were made fast to the Jacob's ladders attached to the lower studding-sail boom.

Swimming is a constant practice with all the natives, men, women and children indulging in it, until it becomes second nature to them.

These females, in the interval between their arrival and that of the males in the boats, were constantly in the water, and were engaged at intervals in diving after pieces of money which some of the seamen would throw in the water. Ten cents, or sometimes a twenty-five cent piece from a more liberal hearted donor, descending in the water required their attention.

Between ten and eleven o'clock the kanaka boatmen brought their customary wares, and, after disposing of them, returned ashore taking the four lady adventurers with them.

Soon after this we weighed anchor and departed for Honolulu, the seat of government of the Sandwich Islands. Our stay was short here, and then back to the land of the shining ore. The day after leaving this port, an incident transpired which left upon the memory of the writer a lasting impression. The name of a shipmate was called on every deck of the ship, and meeting with no response, search was made all over the ship but without success. The last time he was seen was the previous night sitting in the bridle-port when we had got fairly under way but not out of sight of the city. It was supposed that he had jumped overboard to try to make the land, but it chills the blood to think of the many sharks in those waters and the distance to swim. He was a very quiet, inoffensive man, and on account of this trait became a target for the ill-natured men and boys, whose numbers were not few, to vent their abuse upon.

It was thought by the more humane portion of the crew that he would sooner take his chances in running the gauntlet through the sharks to gain his freedom or perish, rather than stand the abuse longer to which he had been subjected in his stay on board. I felt glad in my heart that I had never engaged in abusing him, but had at times stood in his defense. Many of the men in talking about the affair, concluded that those who had abused the man were indirectly the cause of the rash act.

We had foggy weather all the way from the islands to San Francisco, not seeing the sun in all the trip. The calculations were made by dead reckonings, which are not always accurate. One day about ten o'clock, the officers having calculated that we were almost a day's sail from shore, the fog lifted just long enough to let us see that we were within rifle shot of a bold, rocky shore. There were lively times till we got the ship round.

We sailed at right angles from our former course and late in the afternoon the fog cleared away, when we discovered the mouth of San Francisco bay, and entered so as to cast anchor before dark at what is called Benecra. We lay there that night and the greater part of next day, took in water, then worked our way up the bay to San Francisco.

On the same day a short time before we raised anchor, the first steamship load of gold-hunters that had rounded the Horn entered the bay, and when passing our ship its decks seemed to be filled to repletion with living humanity. There were about three or four hundred on board who raised a hearty hurrah in three deafening cheers for the representatives of the "land of the free." It was just after noon when she entered the bay, and by the time we had dropped anchor the side hill of Clark's point and vicinity was covered with tents resembling a camp of soldiers.

The reader will remember that we had heard of the discovery of gold while down the coast, and the gold fever which was very contagious had been increasing all the time with no physician to administer any healing; and thus it assumed its worst type and there was no help for it. As soon as the bustle of coming to was over, groups of men could be seen all over the ship's decks, discussing the stories brought by the the boat's crews from other war ships in the harbor of the wonderful find of gold made by some of our shipmates who had gone to the mines.

This was like pouring oil on flames, and many were the calculations made by men who had some little time to stay about running away, and several, before turning in their hammocks, had banded together to make the trial; but the writer was not of the number.

The time to beat the reveille came. The big gun was fired, a signal for all to turn in, and all retired to rest, where they in sleep received an opiate to calm the golden fever, or possibly, while lodged in the arms of Morpheus their malady was increased or intensified by the golden visions spread before them in dream-land.

Morning at length came, and the first thing after hammocks were stowed away was washing decks. A number of men on such occasions are sent to man the pump, to pump water for those sent to scrub and wash decks. This morning it fell to my lot to go to the pump which was situated on the berth-deck or deck nearest the water. I had not been there long before a ship-mate came to me and

said in an excited manner, "Ed, there is a boat's crew made up to leave, and there they are forward—you can see them."

I replied, "Let them go, if they want to, I don't want anything to do with them."

He said, "Let us go and see them off, any way."

I let go of the pump-brake having no more intention of leaving the ship then than I had of taking wings and flying to the United States.

These men had timed their departure from the ship very well. There was only one boat out of the ship, and those not inboard hung to the boat's davits. The one out was the market-boat, and some of its own boat's crew were among the number going.

It was customary to leave two men in the boat as it lay attached to the Jacob's ladder, in order to bring it alongside when called away; therefore two men being in the boat, although an early hour, did not attract attention, more especially it being the market-boat. This item was taken into account by the runaways and made to subserve their purpose of bringing the boat to the ship's side unobserved by an officer, probably observed by the ship's sentry at the companion-way, but marines and sailors had caught the infection and were ready to help each other in the transaction.

Arriving at the place on the starboard side forward—between the first and second port-hole—we found that the boat was alongside and the men were daring each other to jump. Looking at them a few moments I went to the second port-hole where a number of men were collected, some looking out and others urging them to jump. Having no intention of going, but desirous of seeing how things looked outside I said, "Men, let me take a look at things outside."

They opened a passage immediately, and as I looked at the boat and its keepers a sudden resolve took possession of me. Getting in the port-hole and taking an observation fore and aft to see how the coast lay, I said, "Who will follow me?"

"I will, I will," was heard from several.

I jumped in the stern of the boat and no sooner landed two or three came down on top of me. I scrambled from under them and saw men leaping from both port-holes. The capacity of the boat allowed twenty-two oarsmen—eleven on a side—and room enough in the stern-sheets to hold three officers on a side and the steersman.

The noise of jumping in the boat and the firing of a musket by the sentry brought the officer of the deck to the gangway who peremptorily ordered us to stop, but the order fell on deaf ears, or unwilling ones. More anon.

HOW TO READ.

IF a person reads for amusement alone, it is of little consequence how he reads. He may read by the yard, ton, or acre, and the result will be the same—intellectual dwarfishness. But if he reads for culture, as he should, his method of reading is of the first importance. Wirt said, "Get a habit, a passion for reading; not flying from book to book with the squeamish caprice of a literary epicure; but read systematically, closely, thoughtfully, analyzing every subject as you go along, and laying it up carefully and safely in your memory. It is only by this mode that your information will be at the same time extensive, accurate, and useful." The omniverous reader rushes from one book to another, so that there is no time for mental digestion. Even if there is food in his reading, it is neither masticated nor assimilated.

Coleridge divided readers into four classes: "The first may be compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand; it runs in and it runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class resembles a sponge, which imbibes everything and returns it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class is like a jelly-bag which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class may be compared to the slaves in the diamond mines of Golconda,

who, casting away all that is worthless, preserve only the pure gem." The fourth class alone is respectable; how to read so as to belong to it, is worthy of the closest attention.

Benjamin Franklin belonged to the fourth class of readers, pre-eminently so. He became a reader when a mere child, always reading slowly, critically, and therefore profitably. Beginning with "Pilgrim's Progress," he read "Burton's Historical Collections," "Plutarch's Lives," "Defoe's Essay on Projects," and Dr. Mather's "Essay To Do Good." In his manhood, Dr. Franklin wrote to a son of Dr. Mather: "I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good, than on any other kind of reputation, and, if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book."

He was not more than twelve or thirteen years of age, when he read with pen in hand, and a note-book in which he jotted down references to particular facts and statements and thoughts inspired by the book read. He continued this practice through life. In his mature years he wrote to a young lady as follows:

"I would advise you to read with a pen in your hand, and enter in a little book shorts hints of what you find that is curious, or that may be useful; for this will be the best method of imprinting such particulars on your memory, where they will be ready either for practice on some future occasion, if they are matters of utility, or at least to adopt and improve your conversation, if they are, rather, points of curiosity, and, as many of the terms of science are such as you can not have met with in your common reading, and may therefore be unacquainted with, I think it would be well for you to have a good dictionary at hand to consult immediately when you meet with a word you do not comprehend the precise meaning of."

The foregoing advice was given one hundred and fifty years ago, but it is just as good counsel for readers to-day as it was then. Indeed, change of circumstances, which we have partially considered, adds force and value to the advice. It is the only way of reading to the best advantage, for it fixes the attention, assists method, strengthens purpose and charges memory with its sacred trusts.

Professor Atkinson, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, says:

"Gather up the scraps and fragments of thought on whatever subject you may be studying, for a note-book, by which I do not mean a mere receptacle for odds and ends, a literary dust-bin—but acquire the habit of gathering everything whenever and wherever you find it, that belongs in your line of study, and you will be surprised to see how such fragments will arrange themselves into an orderly whole by the very organizing power of your own thinking, acting in a definite direction. This is a true process of self-education; but you see it is no mechanical process of mere aggregation. It requires activity of thought, —but without that, what is any reading but mere passive amusement? And it requires method. I have myself a sort of literary book-keeping. I have a day-book, and at my leisure I post my literary accounts, bringing together in proper groups the fruits of much casual reading."

Charles A. Durfee writes: "Note-books are to literary men what books of account are to business men, and are practically useful only as they are kept systematically and with unity of purpose. But where a balance-sheet tells the whole story in business, some methodical plan must be substituted to render the contents of note-books available at all times."

Rev. Joseph Cook writes: "I have learned to rely on the margins of the books that I read as being themselves my best note-books. Of course I am speaking now only of the volumes which are my own property. These I am perhaps scandalously free in marking, and so every ordinary volume that I have in my library becomes a note-book. Let young men (and we would add young ladies, too,) be taught to keep common place books, and especially to converse concerning what they read."

The advantage of note-books over marginal references is so great that the latter can scarcely be recommended to young people, who own few of the books they read. But the excellent habit of reading critically, with pen or pencil and note-book in hand, should be insisted upon everywhere; for it is good for both young and old, male and female, learned and unlearned—all classes who read.

The author once recommended this careful method of reading to a youth of fourteen years. He was a farmer's son, at the time expecting to be a farmer through life. In addition to reading with pen and note-book in hand, he was advised to write, at least, one short sentence in his note-book each day, upon some subject uppermost in his thoughts. He adopted this whole method of reading heartily; and, within a few months his desire for learning became irrepressible. He began to talk about a liberal education, even when he had no idea that his father would ever consent to such a measure. At the end of two years, his desire for a collegiate and theological course of study was too strong to accept denial. His father consented, fearing to take the responsibility of saying "no." He prepared himself for his life-work, was an able and popular preacher in the outset, became a Doctor of Divinity at forty years of age, and is now one of the most popular preachers in our country—the pastor of a large church in a New England city. The right way of reading laid the foundation of his remarkable career.

Critical readers will find an encyclopedia and biographical dictionary of great service if they are resolved to look up what they say of countries, governments, and great men and women, referred to in their reading. The mention of Norway, Sweden, Italy, Spain, or an oligarchy, monarchy, or republic, should send the reader to an encyclopedia to learn more about them than he now knows. So the names of Humboldt, Lord Bacon, Cowper, John Jay, Nicholas Biddle, and other dignitaries, should awaken the desire to know what the biographical dictionary says about them. Making this a rule, will largely increase the profit of reading.

—Selected.

WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY.

BY "FRANCES."

WHEN Daniel and his companions rode away, there was time in the silence and darkness for thought and reflection. Turning in his saddle and giving his horse the full liberty of the reins, he watched the light streaming from the window of his father's house until intervening objects and distance hid it from view. The road for some miles lay over a level stretch of country, and as they rode along two abreast, each seemed busy with his own thoughts. Daniel was separated from the present, and living in the past. How far away in the past now seemed the days of his early manhood—those days when life was all before him; when the love, peace and joy of the gospel message so filled his own soul to overflowing that he thought all mankind would receive it with joy, if only they could have it presented to them! How soon had his own experience convinced him of his mistake! Some indeed under his ministry had received it with gladness, and even now, as he thought of these sheaves gathered in for the Master, his heart was filled with gratitude; but many had heard it with indifference, neither opposing nor rejecting, acting only as though it was not a matter in which they had the slightest concern; while yet others had opposed it as though possessed by a spirit of hatred to the principle of truth. Foot-sore and weary he had traveled thousands of miles. At times hospitably entertained, at others refused both shelter and food, but never had he been forsaken. Not an instance could he now recall when the Lord had not stood by him and supplied his every want. What indeed if his circumstances now were more trying than any in which he had hitherto been placed? Was not God able to defend him, to protect to the uttermost and cause even the wrath of man to praise him? Trust and peace settled down upon his soul, and lifting his heart in silent prayer to God, he commended himself and his with all the interests of the work he loved into the care of that God who was able to care for him.

They had ridden some twelve or fifteen miles when word was passed to halt, and

in the stillness each plainly heard the tramping of horses' feet approaching them, above which they could hear ever and anon shouts of laughter and snatches of song. This it was which had prevented their own approach from being heard by the enemy (for enemy they were well assured they were).

The moon had not yet risen, though a bright star-light lit up the night. Fortunately, just off the road was a small patch of brush and low growing trees. Dismounting, they led their horses into its shelter and silently awaited the coming up of the party now plainly to be seen a short distance down the road. As they passed the theme of their conversation was the Mormons, and the burden of it the vengeance they would soon wreak upon them. It required trust in God and courage for the brethren to move on, leaving these going directly to their homes, where were the objects dearest upon earth to them. Neither did they remount until each one, kneeling, had asked the blessing and protection of God upon those left behind. Re-mounting, they went some miles further, until warned by the approach of light, they rode into a strip of timber land and prepared to spend the day, knowing that if they would escape encounters and trouble with the mob, it would not be wise to pursue their journey until night. When further away the intention was to travel by the most unfrequented roads, and in as straight a line as possible for Quincy, Illinois. Such preparation as was possible in the haste of their departure had been made; but long before the journey was completed their provision was exhausted, and they were reduced almost to starvation, living for days upon parched corn in small quantities, and bark from the slippery-elm tree; while the only food for their horses was a small allowance of corn and what they could obtain by browsing, and an occasional patch of dry grass. Many times they lost their direction, and after traveling all day, the night would find them but a few miles ahead upon their journey.

The suffering occasioned by these things however was small in comparison with their anxiety of mind in regard to those left behind. So great did this become that it was resolved to lay the matter before the Lord and ask him to reveal to them the condition of their freinds; and he who never refuses to hear the prayer of faith, gave them an answer of peace and an assurance that their families were safe. Comforted by this, they journeyed on.

One morning just after they had started on their way, the wind which had been blowing through the night increased to almost a gale, and the snow fell thick and fast. They traveled on all day almost blinded by the storm and chilled by the cutting wind, coming towards night to a strip of timber where they were glad to camp and enjoy the luxury of a fire. Hunger pressed them and when they lay down upon the bare ground for the night some of them were much discouraged. They did not then know what they afterwards learned, that but for the storm which seemed so pitiless to them their pursuers would have overtaken them long before night. Though only a few miles behind them, the snow had utterly obliterated their tracks, and vowing vengeance when they should overtake them, they were diverted from the track followed by the brethren and never crossed it again. Thus, all unknown to them, the Lord protected them. The next morning after prayer (which morning and night was never forgotten) one of the brethren (we believed it was Samuel Smith, for he was in this company) told them that before night they should be supplied with food, and late in the afternoon they reached the hut or wigwam of a friendly Indian. The squaw was cooking some wild game, and upon their making their condition known to her, she gave them very sparingly of the broth at first, and afterwards shared her provision freely with them.

This was the end of their present sufferings, for the next day brought them to Quincy, where the brethren who had preceded them received them and provided for their immediate wants. Of course the first inquiry of Daniel was for his wife and her friends; but we will take the privilege of preceding him to the house where they had obtained temporary shelter.

Margery was lying upon a bed in one corner of the room very pale, and but that from time to time her eyes slowly opened and turned towards the door, you would have thought her sleeping. At such times a close observer would have

detected an intense look of yearning, longing, in their depths, as though through these windows was revealed the hope which flooded her soul, even as the crimson and gold of sunset floods the evening sky long after the sun has disappeared. Her soft brown hair was smoothed back from her pure white brow nestling in wavy folds close to her temples, and one hand, thin and pale, rested outside the cover, in its very position betraying the weakness of its owner.

The furnishing of the room was, as might be expected under the circumstances, of the plainest kind; but all that loving hands could do had been done to give an air of comfort to the surroundings. At a table near the open fire-place Mrs. Boyd was engaged in some domestic occupation, while just beyond through a door opening into an adjoining room you could see resting in pure-robed witness the outlines of a tiny form, and instinctively you knew that death had preceded you. It was but a babe lying there, a beautiful, waxen little form, whose soft brown eyes had only opened upon this new and strange world for the brief space of twenty-four hours, before the lids drooped as if weary, and the fluttering breath came fainter and fainter, until, like a zephyr sinking to rest, it was stilled forever.

Only a babe! Is there a mother who will read this sentence without comprehending what it means? One who will not realize how large a share of the hopes of Margery lay enfolded with that little form? To others it was but a day old, but to her it seemed such a long, sweet dream, that when it faded away, when its light went out in darkness, she felt that the brightest and best of her own life had gone with it. It seemed so long to her since every thought, every feeling of her soul, had clustered around the fruition of this one hope, that its sudden uprooting tore the fibres of her heart and left her like a forest tree uprooted by the storm, and she knew that her strength was spent. The storm would abate and the arms made strong by love would lift her up, but in vain. There was not enough vitality left for the healing of the wounds. Margery knew that she would soon follow her babe, that the separation would be brief. Knowing this, all her thoughts, all her feelings, turned towards Daniel, and silently but unceasingly she prayed for his coming. Her senses were intensely quickened. Not a sound, not a step escaped her hearing; and it was this intense longing for his coming which lingered in the depths of her eyes as from time to time she unclosed them in the hope that they might reveal to her what her sense of hearing had not.

Mrs. Boyd went carefully to the bed, and seeing that Margery was awake, she sat down by her, stroking her hair gently; but her own heart was too full to trust herself to speak. Friends had been with them through the night, and as the morning light came, they had robed the little form in the garments each stitch of which had been set with a heart throb of love; and when all was done that the hand of friendship could do, they had gone home for a brief season of rest, and Margery and her mother were alone.

"What time is it, mother?" she asked, as unclosing her eyes she looked up into her mother's face.

"It is almost two o'clock, and nearly time for your brothers to be here."

Margery did not ask where they had gone? She seemed intuitively to know, but taking her mother's hand in both of hers, she said:

"Mother, you must not let what I have to say grieve you, but rather let it be a comfort to you in the days which are near. Do not let them make any preparations yet for laying my baby away, because I feel so sure that he will rest on my arm and lie near to my heart, that we shall sleep together. Don't let this grieve you," she added, as a convulsive sob shook her mother's frame. "It is not because I would have it thus, but it is right and best that it should be so or God would not suffer it. I have for some time had a premonition of this and talked with Daniel's mother about it before I left her. At first it seemed very hard to me, but I thought then that I should have to leave both Daniel and my baby. For his sake even now I wish it had pleased God to have so ordered it, but, mother, he who loves us, who knows the end from the beginning, is better able to judge for us and appoint our ways than we are to appoint our own. It reconciles me to going, and I believe when I am gone it will reconcile him to my loss, for he would always have felt such an anxiety lest the baby should

not have tender, loving care. We have talked so much to each other about this, have formed so many plans with reference to his future, and all this time God was silently, wisely planning for us. I have had an intense longing to see Daniel once more, but this is past, for it has pleased God to assure me that he will soon be here. I saw them coming, and before the sun goes down he will be with me. And now, mother, you must not grieve, for the Lord is only calling us one by one to the home prepared for us. Those who bid you farewell here will be there to give you welcome; and if we could only realize the blessedness of those who depart we would not weep for them. There is in the gospel of Christ that which should make us rejoice and praise his name that he ever counted us worthy to suffer for him. It has been to me a constant joy since I first received and obeyed it, and while it has blessed me in life it does not leave me in death, but the path grows brighter and clearer as I draw nearer the other shore."

For a time she lay as if absorbed in thought, while Mrs. Boyd withdrew her hand, and, bowing her head upon the pillow strove to overcome her emotions and check her tears. The room was very silent, and through the west window the beams of the sun penetrated and fell aslant the bed. Margery stretched out her hand towards them as though she would warm it in their light, then following their rays to the opening where they had entered, she looked out upon the landscape and said: "Mother, though God will soon take me to another and a brighter world than this, this is a very beautiful one, and I am glad that I shall not remain forever away from it. There are upon it so many spots made sacred to me by memory that I feel I shall long to come back and revisit them, even as the traveler, when weary of other lands longs for the brown hills, green meadows and limpid streams of his childhood's home. I remember when I was a child that I used to watch the birds in spring time building their nests in the lilac bush and under the eaves of our old home. I felt sad when the cold blasts of winter drove them away, but I always believed they would come back with the spring. I feel sure, too, that they did, for when they first came there was such a chattering and twittering among the branches, such a rapid, joyous fluttering in and out as they never made again the same year. So when we come back, mother, how it will move our souls to gladness to revisit the spots we have most loved. I can almost fancy even now that I am standing by our yard gate, waiting to hear the clatter of horses' feet bringing my lover to me, and, later on, the music of the running stream. I hear it even now where I was buried into Christ's death and sufferings. Oh! when I shall come back with Him I will seek that spot to rejoice and praise his name anew, that as I was planted in the likeness of his death, I shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection! The scene is changed. We have no home now. The birds will return to build their nests anew in the old familiar places, and the stream will ripple between its mossy banks as in those far away days, but we will go back no more! We are pilgrims and strangers, dependent upon strangers for the roof to shelter us and a spot of earth where we may bury our dead. It is not now a gentle maiden waiting the coming of her lover, but a mother, a mother bereaved of her child, a wife, a dying wife, waiting the coming of father and husband whose heart is to be wrung with anguish and to whose lips this bitter cup is to be pressed. But, mother, its bitterness is all swallowed up in victory, because death leads to immortality and eternal life, since it must precede the power of the resurrection. If trials still await you, bear them patiently, for you shall come forth from them as gold seven times purified."

Again Margery paused, but this time it was in a listening attitude. Soon a bright smile stole over her pale face and her eyes lit up with a glad light. "They are coming, mother," she said, "the boys are coming and Daniel is with them. I knew he would come, for God has never yet deceived me. Dry up your tears, mother, and help him to bear up under the terrible blow which is to meet him on the very threshhold."

Mrs. Boyd, whose heart was almost breaking, and who during all this time had not uttered a word in answer to Margery's rapid, and, as she thought, feverish utterances, was glad to leave the bedside and bathe her tear-stained face. She was not prepared to believe, as

Margery did, that she was going to die. The physician who had been with her when her babe was born, and who had called again in the morning, had no such apprehension, or if he had, had given no intimation of it. But notwithstanding her disbelief in this, some power stronger than herself withheld her from checking Margery in her talk, or making light of her fears which under other circumstances she would have done.

"If Daniel does indeed come soon," she said, as she went to the door, "what can I think, how shall I account for it?"

Upon opening the door she stood face to face with him.

(To be continued).

THE CHILDREN.

Said to have been found in the desk of Charles Dickens after his death.

"When the lessons and tasks are all ended.
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me
To bid me 'Good night,' and be kissed.
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace;
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine and love on my face.

"And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love, that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past;
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

"Oh, my head grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feelings will flow,
When I think of the paths, steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempests of fate blowing wild;
Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

"They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses—
His glory still beams in their eyes.
Oh, those truants from earth and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

"Seek not a life for the dear ones
All radiant, as others have done;
But that life may have just as much shadow
To temper the glare of the sun.
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

"The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule of the rod,
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge;
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule,
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

"I shall leave the old home in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door.
I shall miss the 'Good nights' and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee—
The groups on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

"I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their songs in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of the delicate feet
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And death says the school is dismissed,
May the little ones gather around me,
And bid me 'Good night,' and be kissed."

OBSERVATIONS.—No. II.

"Have patience—ourselves are full
Of social wrong: and maybe wildest dreams
Are but the needful preludes of the truth."

IN a previous chapter we set forth some of the causes leading up to the present unrest, agitation and foreboding in regard to that which is coming upon the earth. The writer, from whom we have before quoted says, "No great change has ever come upon the world without sending before it shadows and intimations to herald its approach."

The declaration of the Lord through Amos was that he would surely do nothing without revealing his secret to his servants the prophets. Time would fail us to enumerate the many proofs of this in the past, but we come to inquire if any intimation has been given in these last days concerning the way in which this trouble would be brought about.

Let the young saints who read this remember that the Book of Mormon was translated by Joseph Smith, not by learning obtained in the schools, but by the gift and power of God. In it is a record of the warning given by one of the prophets (see Nephi 7: 4, also Ether 3: 13) to the Gentiles who should inhabit this continent in the day when they should reject the fulness of the gospel, *to beware of secret combinations*, for the object of those who should build them up would be to overthrow the freedom of all lands, nations and countries, and to bring to pass the destruction of all people, for "It is built up by the devil who is the father of lies." Once more we quote briefly from Rev. Dr. Barry:

"But these, it may be said, are only the elements of revolution, and no proof that a change is at hand, any more than the fact that free oxygen and hydrogen are elements of the atmosphere should make us apprehend an explosion of those gases, so destructive when combined in a blowpipe. Where are the signs of its coming? Can we point to the elements combining anywhere? I think we can. The blowpipe in which the dangerous gases seem likely to be mixed is already manufactured. It is labelled "Socialism," and the electric spark that may kindle them from one day to another is the spirit of anarchy. I will point to the signs which he that runs may read in every quarter of the sky, let who will dispute them."

It is not the object of this article to enumerate these signs, but to point our readers to the importance of the admission here made; namely, that the danger to this government, of revolution, which the writer holds to be not only imminent but certain, is to be looked for from those "secret combinations" against which the Book of Mormon warns the inhabitants of this continent in the day when they should reject the testimony of that book, or in other words the fulness of the gospel as brought forth in that look.

Dr. Barry does not discuss the point of any different mode of legislation, but others have done this and some with the same results appended thereto which attached themselves to the plan of redemption proposed by Lucifer before the fall. Governments, not individuals, should be the responsible parties. One other fact stated by Dr. Barry we wish to advert to and then we shall come to consider the question, Is there in the gospel, as revealed in these last days, any plan for obviating the existing difficulties yet in no sense limiting the responsibilities and rights of the individual?

After tracing out the causes which he asserts will finally compel the rural population to unite with those of the cities, he says: "They will be demanding the abolition of that great and scandalous paradox whereby, though production has increased three or four times as much as the mouths it should fill, those mouths are empty. The backs it should clothe are naked, the heads it should shelter, homeless, the brains it should feed, dull or criminal, and the souls it should help to save, brutish. Yet we talk of 'overproduction,' and wealth goes to purchasers to the ends of the earth. Surely it is time that science, morality and religion should speak out. A great change is coming; it is even now at the doors. Ought not men of good will to consider how they shall receive it, so that its coming may be peaceable?"

If the Christian religion, as Prof. Swing asserts, is doubly bound to a reasonable delineation of God, in respect to his character as it stands related to the spiritual

nature and needs of man, is it less bound, we ask, in reference to his physical nature and needs? Can they, indeed, be separated without loss to each? That society to-day is constructed upon principles of truth and righteousness, are there any who are willing to assert? Could the surface of business, politics, and even theology, be removed for a brief space and we be permitted to look beneath, think you we would not marvel at the unbounded patience of God, who knowing, yet still bears with his creatures? Could this be done the world, selfish and hardened as it is, would stand aghast at the revealments. If, then, there be a demand—a strong, irresistible demand—for spiritual enlightenment, for a religion which demanding worship from man, must, because of this very demand, present to man a God worthy of his worship, may we not reasonably demand that while she concerns herself with the soul of man, she shall be equally careful of his social and physical condition. Christ sent not the hungry multitude away fasting, and though the miracle was the outgrowth of circumstances, to us it seems that without the intervention of miracles he will make provision for the wants of the poor, weak and needy ones of earth. Make it as a part of the law of his kingdom, a thorough and systematized part equal to every case, every emergency, prepared and ever ready to be administered in righteousness.

Having seen that the most advanced thinkers of the age admit that the justice, intelligence, humanity and love existing in man himself demand these attributes to exist pre-eminently in a God presented to him for reverence and worship, we present our readers with one other quotation, taken from a recent sermon by Dr. Thomas, and then we purpose to inquire if the character of God as revealed in the restored gospel meets the demands which the most exacting can make upon it.

"Our world," says Dr. Thomas, "has hardly entered upon the great new age of the possible and higher revelations of the divine reason and spiritual consciousness in man. The teachings and methods of the past have been mainly from the outside; religion has been objectionized and its proofs and authority drawn mainly from without. Man has been regarded as totally depraved; cut off from God; his reason unreliable and his will helpless, and the whole race born under the sentence of condemnation to endless death, and hence the only hope has been in something done for him by the substitutional sacrifice of another to propitiate the anger of God or to satisfy the claims of justice.

"But the appeal to the rational and moral consciousness has revealed a great world of reason and right within man, and answering to the reason and right of God and the Bible and nature, it has found that God is in man, and in nature and heaven; that it is only as man knows reason, and right, and love that he knows God. And that the highest and deepest conception, and experience, and life of religion is to be like God; like Christ, in whom the fulness of God was revealed; to be one with Christ in will and purpose, the suffering of love, as Christ was one with the Father.

"In the light of these past truths the Bible is a revelation of God in, and to, and through the rational consciousness of the race; and revelation is not limited to any one people or time, but is universal and continuous. In the light of these truths man himself is divine, life is an education, all discipline or punishment is for development or correction. And there is no reason for limiting the process to the few years of life on earth, and hence there is room for the larger hopes of the future.

"And these deeper views are revolutionizing the moral forces of society. Men are brothers, hence there should be love and justice; government is for man, hence there must be liberty; religion is for man, hence the reason and conscience must be free. And it is the incoming and uprising of this inner and diviner consciousness that, like the tides of the sea, is lifting higher the ships and flags of humanity. It is this nobler conception of God and man, that like an advancing spring-time, is melting away the ice and the snow of prejudice and cruelty, and causing the flowers and fruits of God's own summer-time to blossom and ripen in the once cold and barren fields and deserts of the earth.

"And it is this true spirit, this world-growth, this higher religious consciousness, this life of God in the souls of men that

is modifying the religious beliefs of our time."

Strange, passing strange it appears to us, that these eminent divines, these men who are doing the deep thinking for the religious world of to-day, should not stop to inquire how, and whence is it, that the same cause which has been acting for centuries without revealing a glimpse of this light and power, should suddenly be so wonderfully transformed as to accomplish more in the past century than in all the eighteen hundred years preceding it. There is, we are taught, no effect without an adequate cause; but is not here a most marvelous effect for which no cause whatever is assigned? Dr. Thomas is pleased to term it. "This world-growth, this higher religious consciousness," but this is evidently no cause, but rather the effect itself. The question goes deeper and back of this, and demands the cause which has produced this growth, this higher religious consciousness.

When Wordsworth wrote his "Intimations of Immortality," he felt constrained to apologize and to disclaim all intention of inculcating a belief in pre-existence, and although this was early in the nineteenth century, he seems to have shrunk from avowing that which God was revealing to his inner soul, through fear that the feelings of any should be shocked or wounded. Wordsworth was a poet and in his communings drew very near to the great heart of Him who inspired his thoughts, but poets are not made of that sterner stuff of which prophets are. Less than thirty years later, when God inspired Joseph Smith and through him restored the everlasting, unchangeable gospel, without reference to the manner in which it would be accepted, he boldly declared its truths to mankind, neither fearing opposition nor apologizing for the message he was commissioned to declare. Since then the years have gone slowly by, bringing with them all these mighty changes; and to-day these men who would scorn to acknowledge that God had revealed these truths through a prophet are yet so thoroughly convinced in their own minds that they are the everlasting and unchangeable truths of God that they dare not reject them. But how shall they adopt them and vindicate them without laying themselves liable to the charge of *having been taught by this prophet*, this man who is everywhere evil spoken against? Happy expedient! They will ascribe them to the "world-growth the higher religious consciousness!"

So let it be; the world is indeed growing, for the leaven of God's eternal truth is working, and if it be to the wise ones of the earth a humiliating fact to ackowledge the cause, what matter? They can no more stay the spread of truth than they can shut from the earth the light of the sun and screen his noon-day rays by an outstretched hand.

In the times of Christ there came to him *by night* a ruler of the Jews making strange confession to him: "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God." Think you that this man went away satisfied with his religious belief? Could he, after the light of heaven had been turned in upon his soul, be content to sit down again in darkness?

Let the Spirit of God accompany the truth, be it written or spoken, and it will never return void. Believing with Emerson, that "seed and fruit can not be severed," we have been looking for this fruit in the teachings of Dr. Thomas, from the time when we first became aware of the fact that the doctrines of the church had come under his special scrutiny, and that the "Vision"—one of the grandest revelations ever made by God to man—had been carefully examined by him. That his admission of truth proceeds no further than it does, is not at all surprising. God is working in his own way to reconcile and redeem the world. From the time when he chose one man and his family to be the repository of his truth, that through them the nations of the earth should all be blessed, we do not find that he has deviated from this plan. Upon ancient Israel, because of transgression, he laid a law grievous to be borne, but they who would come into special nearness with God must bear it.

When Christ in the merridian of time took away this law, he nailed it to the cross, and then the blessing could only be obtained by those who were willing to take up the reproach of the cross, willing to be counted the offscourings of the world that they might gain Christ. At the time of our Savior's coming the scribes and Pharisees were binding the burdens upon the people and through all manner of vain traditions and wilful subterfuge making

void the law. In the days of Constantine the reproach of the cross was changed to a glory and, to a great extent, from that time to this has ceased. From our own observation we know that there was a time when to belong to some branch of professing Chrtstians was popular and *vice versa.* The question most naturally presents itself to the reflecting mind, "If God is unchangeable and there has always been a cross connected with the truth, how can he be just if there be none now?" What cross, think you, has Prof. Swing and his congregation taken up? Do you believe that the cross Dr. Thomas bears could be found by searching?

Paul foretold a time when by reason of some who should depart from the faith giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, the way of truth should be evil spoken of, and in these latter days the elders of the Reorganized Church can testify that they have seen this prophecy fulfilled, and if the law (which was grievous to be borne) or the reproach of the cross was heavier, harder to bear than this odium, then was it heavy indeed. But we must not forget that it was the way of truth.

From this way the world is gathering up the gems, but they are no more willing to take up the reproach of it, than were the Scribes and Pharisees of our Savior's day to become the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. If, like Nicodemus, they learn under the shadows of night, they are not at all averse to flashing this light upon the world, but more guarded than Peter, their speech betrayeth them not. It is (oh, marvelous wisdom!) "the world-growth." Direct communion with and instruction from God are not the terms to use. They are the language of Galilee, and we are not Galileans!

Leaving now the consideration of the actions of men who having obtained light are shedding its rays, in part, upon the world (while yet unwilling to acknowledge the source from whence it comes) we pass to examine the revealments of God through the prophet Joseph Smith in order to see if they really touch upon the great problems of the day.

The great religious problem of the world is to know whether they shall present the world with a God differing from Calvin's conception of him. That our readers may be able to form some idea of the God he presented, we give a single quotation of God's supposed dealings with the sinner in that life which is to come. This statement will be found in a well known work entitled, "The Saint's Rest," by the Rev. Richard Baxter, on pps. 116–119. He says: "The everlasting flames of hell will not be thought too hot for the rebellious, and when they have been burned through millions of ages he will not repent him for the evil which has befallen them. Woe to the soul that is thus set up for the wrath of the Almighty to shoot at. . . . But the greatest aggravation of these torments will be their eternity. When a thousand million of ages are past they are as fresh to begin as the first day. If there were any hope of an end it would ease the damned to foresee it! But forever is an intolerable thought. They were never weary of sinning, nor will God be weary of plaguing."

We ask our young people and those not familiar with our faith, especially those who because we hold to one Lord, one faith, one baptism, have deemed our faith narrow and exclusive, to read carefully and ponder well the revelation given below and contrast its teachings with the quotation given above. If it be "only as man knows reason and right and love that he knows God," where shall he find a grander revealment of him than here?

"And again, we bear record for we saw and heard, and this is the testimony of the gospel of Christ, concerning them who come forth in the resurrection of the just: they are they who received the testimony of Jesus, and believed on his name, and were baptized after the manner of his burial, being buried in the water in his name, and this according to the commandment which he has given, that, by keeping the commandments, they might be washed and cleansed from all their sins, and receive the Holy Spirit by the laying on of the hands of him who is ordained and sealed unto this power; and who overcome by faith and are sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise, which the Father sheds forth upon all those who are just and true; they are they who are the church of the first-born; they are they into whose hands the Father has given all things; they are they who are priests and kings, who have received of his fulness, and of his glory, and are priests of the Most High after the order

of Melchisedek, which was after the order of Enoch, which was after the order of the only begotten Son; wherefore as it is written, they are gods, even the sons of God; wherefore all things are theirs, whether life or death, or things present, or things to come, all are theirs, and they are Christ's, and Christ is God's; and they shall overcome all things, wherefore let no man glory in man, but rather let him glory in God, who shall subdue all enemies under his feet; these shall dwell in the presence of God and his Christ forever and ever; these are they whom he shall bring with him, when he shall come in the clouds of heaven, to reign on the earth over his people; these are they who shall have part in the first resurrection; these are they who shall come forth in the resurrection of the just; these are they who are come unto mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly place, the holiest of all; these are they who have come to an innumerable company of angels; to the general assemby and the church of Enoch, and of the first-born; these are they whose names are written in heaven, where God and Christ are the judge of all; these are they who are just men made perfect through Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, who wrought out this perfect atonement through the shedding of his own blood; these are they whose bodies are celestial, whose glory is that of the sun, even the glory of God the highest of all; whose glory the sun of the firmament is written of as being typical.

"And again, we saw the terrestrial world, and behold and lo; these are they who are of the terrestrial, whose glory differs from that of the church of the first-born, who have received the fulness of the Father, even as that of the moon differs from the sun in the firmament. Behold, these are they who died without law; and also they who are the spirits of men kept in prison, whom the Son visited. and preached the gospel unto them, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, who received not the testimony of Jesus in the flesh, but afterward received it; these are they who are honorable men of the earth, who are blinded by the craftiness of men; these are they who receive of his glory, but not of his fulness; these are they who receive of the presence of the Son, but not of the fulness of the Father; wherefore they are bodies terrestrial, and not bodies celestial, and differ in glory as the moon differs from the sun; these are they who are not valiant in the testimony of Jesus; wherefore they obtained not the crown over the kingdom of our God. And now this is the end of the vision which we saw of the terrestrial, that the Lord commanded us to write while we were yet in the Spirit.

"And again, we saw the glory of the telestial, which glory is that of the lesser, even as the glory of the stars differs from that of the glory of the moon in the firmament; these are they who received not the gospel of Christ, neither the testimony of Jesus; these are they who deny not the Holy Spirit; these are they who are thrust down to hell; these are they who shall not be redeemed from the devil, until the last resurrection, until the Lord, even Christ the Lamb, shall have finished his work; these are they who receive not of his fulness in the eternal world, but of the Holy Spirit through the ministration of the terrestrial; and the terrestrial through the ministration of the celestial; and also the telestial receive it of the administering of angels, who are appointed to minister for them, or who are appointed to be ministering spirits for them, for they shall be heirs of salvation.

"And thus we saw in the heavenly vision, the glory of the telestial which surpasses all understanding; and no man knows it except him to whom God has revealed it. And thus we saw the glory of the terrestrial, which excels in all things the glory of the telestial, even in glory, and in power, and in might, and in dominion. And thus we saw the glory of the celestial, which excels in all things; where God, even the Father, reigns upon his throne forever and ever, before whose throne all things bow in humble reverence and give him glory forever and ever. They who dwell in his presence are the church of the first-born; and they see as they are seen, and know as they are known, having received of his fulness and of his grace; and he makes them equal in power, and in might, and in dominion.

"And the glory of the celestial is one, even as the glory of the sun is one. And the glory of the terrestrial is one, even as the glory of the moon is one. And the glory of the telestial is one, even as the

glory of the stars is one, for as one star differs from another star in glory, even so differs one from another in glory in the telestial world; for these are they who are of Paul, and of Apollos, and of Cephas; these are they who say they are some of one and some of another, some of Christ, and some of John, and some of Moses, and some of Elias, and some of Esaias, and some of Isaiah, and some of Enoch, but received not the gospel, neither the testimony of Jesus, neither the prophets; neither the everlasting covenant; last of all, these all are they who will not be gathered with the saints, to be caught up unto the church of the first-born, and received into the cloud; these are they who are liars, and sorcerers, and adulterers, and whoremongers, and whosoever loves and makes a lie; these are they who suffer the wrath of God on the earth; these are they who suffer the vengeance of eternal fire; these are they who are cast down to hell and suffer the wrath of Almighty God until the fulness of times, when Christ shall have subdued all enemies under his feet, and shall have perfected his work, when he shall deliver up the kingdom and present it unto the Father spotless saying: I have overcome and have trodden the wine-press alone, even the wine-press of the fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God; then shall he be crowned with the crown of his glory, to sit on the throne of his power to reign forever and ever.

"But, behold, and lo, we saw the glory and the inhabitants of the telestial world, that they were as innumerable as the stars in the firmament of heaven, or as the sand upon the sea shore, and heard the voice of the Lord saying: These all shall bow the knee, and every tongue shall confess to him who sits upon the throne forever and ever; for they shall be judged according to their works; and every man shall receive according to his own works, and his own dominion, in the mansions which are prepared, and they shall be servants of the Most High, but where God and Christ dwell they can not come, worlds without end.

"This is the end of the vision which we saw, which we were commanded to write while we were yet in the Spirit."—D. C. 76: 5, 6, 7.

To be continued.

ETERNITY OF MIND.

BY J. F. M'DOWELL.

LECTURE II.

IN our former lecture we treated of the capacities and capabilities of the human mind in the embrace of nature's works, the consecutive photographing on the mind of life's incidents and researches, the faculty for joy and remorse, its lofty attainments, etc.

Though it be not fully clear, yet it would seem to strongly assert itself that the mind of man is immortal, and of this fact it seems to be in a manner inexplicably conscious. That which may be strictly mortal may be brought into a condition of servitude by subjection; but the mind of man, as though conscious of its independent, self-existent power, repels all effort directed towards its bondage, or subjugation, feeling that as it soars through illimitable space on wings of thought and finds itself in Europe, Africa, Asia, or sailing o'er the oceans and islands, or leaving this world, finds itself in thought fleeting from one shining orb to another, that it is not to be bound, nor enslaved, but will assert its mental freedom. And by expression to this wonderful power it feels that it is not a part of decaying matter, but being of that higher, refined class of matter called spirit, it shall retain its identity and individuality, assert itself as not subject to decay, but a living, sparkling, moving energy that exists either in the body or out, and independent of it.

All words originate in thought; all thought originates in or with intelligence. And this intelligence in order to produce a something must necessarily exist in an organized form capable of mental conception and vocal expression. There can be

no conceptive and perceptive power aside from or independent of intelligence; and this intelligence while resident in the flesh is not a *part* of the flesh, as it can not be expressed by any fleshly function when not animate. For when the body is truly and fully animate, then and then only is the time when thought and word are manifest, showing that that power of intelligence that sees, hears, speaks and acts can be separated from the body; and if so, then is it not a part of the body, for with it, the body is all life; without it, the body is dormant? This proves that the fleshly organs of eyes are not the eyes proper, but the means by and through which the inner man gazed. The ears, but conductive organs of sound. These fleshly functions are not the real but the supplemented; for they do exist, seeing and not seeing, as I would express it; hearing and not hearing; proving that the sight is not solely resident in the flesh eye, nor the hearing done only by the ear of flesh. The body and mind are like unto a principle of photography—"negative" and "photo." The "photo," or picture, could not be had in use nor yet be observed were it not for the "negative." The spirit, or mind, is the "negative" giving existence to the body for use and observation. And as the "photo" is the exact expression of the "negative," and better observed and more readily handled, so the body contains in its form the reflected image of the Spirit; and as the "negative" is of a more delicate formation and less perceptible than the "photo" itself, so the mind, or spirit, is more highly refined and delicate in its formation and not so readily seen as that to which it gives a plain, distinct manner of existence.

The fact that man has the constructive faculty so largely developed in him, and by use of which faculty in connection with those of imitation and ideality he builds such wonderful works of art and mechanism as to even astound himself or those of his kind; and still further, that he lives in organized forms of government; is a moral, social, intellectual, religious being, surrounded by all that supplies every rising demand of his nature and condition and changing circumstances, would it not be reasonable to believe that all this is but a grand introductory life of that of another on a still greater, and grander, and more permanent basis? That all these proemial scenes having been but momentarily used, the acquaintance shall not cease at this but grow, be added unto, and so increasing until an eternal duration shall be had upon a better, and the best scale?

Says Professor Dick: "When we behold men animated by noble sentiments, exhibiting sublime virtues and performing illustrious actions, displaying generosity and beneficence in seasons of calamity and tranquility and fortitude in the midst of difficulties and dangers, desiring riches only for the sake of distributing them, estimating places of power and honor only for the sake of suppressing vice, rewarding virtue and promoting the prosperity of their country, enduring poverty and distress with a noble heroism, suffering injuries and affronts with patience and serenity, stifling resentment when they have it in their power to inflict vengeance, displaying kindness and generosity towards enemies and slanderers, . . . we perceive in such examples features of the human mind which mark its dignity and grandeur, and indicate its destination to a higher scene of action and enjoyment."

Atheism asserts that "man has no ideas of his own; all ideas he possesses are suggested by his surroundings." We'll admit it to be true. Amongst all the ideas men possess is one of an immortal existence. All ideas being suggested by an actual suggestor, can it be successfully controverted that the universality of the immortal idea is not the effect of an impression caused by the immortal existence itself, having been produced in the mind by a superhuman power in which has ever been resident the immortal principle, the eternal source of everlasting intelligence? The atheistic statement embraces this very thought.

Man having a desire to live forever, may we not reasonably believe this desire to be a mental impress of a promise on the part of a higher power than man that man shall live forever? It is actually written on the tablet of the soul, and who can erase it? Who has erased it? The desire to live forever is what is eloquently called by E. H. Vaughan, Ph. D., "A sublime, undefined and irrepressible outbursting of soul (or spirit) after an eter-

nal existence which rises up before our faith in vast and majestic splendor!"

Cicero, in writing on the immortality of the human mind, said: "I might add, that the facility and expedition with which youths are taught to acquire numberless very difficult arts is a strong presumption that the soul possessed a considerable portion of knowledge before it entered into the human form, and that what seems to be received from instruction is, in fact, no other than a reminiscence or recollection of its former ideas."

He was a foolish old philosopher who went through the streets of Athens at midday with a lighted candle to search for a man, for the real man is invisible and can not be seen by candle-light.

Science teaches that the body is constantly changing, and that a new body takes the place of the old one every seven years. Then this being true, a man seventy years old shall have had ten bodies; and yet the real man himself has not changed. A something has so constantly existed unchanging as to retain an expression of the features, to maintain the individual indentity of the person.

That the thinking principle in man is immortal, or of an immortal nature, was believed in by the ancient Egyptians, the Persians, the Phœnicians, the Scythians, the Celts, the Druids, the Assyrians; by the wisest and best, and the most celebrated characters among the Greeks and Romans, and almost every other nation and tribe whose records have reached our times. Their notions all embraced the idea that death is not the destruction of the soul.

When the sun of mortal life has sunken behind the barren hills of silent mystery, it but passes on, by us unseen, until angel forms of snowy whiteness shout a loud acclaim at its rising 'mid the glories of a brighter day.

"The soul, like the transparent air
That robes the hills above,
Though not of earth, encircles there
All things with arms of love."

Thomas Paine, who was a firm believer in the existence of a God and God's goodness as manifested in nature, wrote the following significant language: "I content myself with believing, even to a *positive conviction*, that the power that gave me existence is able to continue it in any form or manner he pleases, either with or without the body; and it appears more probable to me that I shall continue to exist hereafter than that I should have had existence, as I now have, before that existence began."

We believe this language to contain a reasonable assumption. The mind of man must be spiritual because it thinks; and it must be immortal because it is spiritual, and because it alone contains and exhibits understanding, conscience, wisdom, and the hope of an eternal duration.

In man is the boundary line between two worlds. One side of him belongs to the sensible, and the other to the supersensible realm. E. H. Vaughan, B. D., in writing on this vital topic says: "We have an illustration in the art of telegraphy; and we will see how a telegraphic wire reaches out into another world. Electricity is the finest form of matter, and is as near to spirit as we can get, in this material world. It, too, is the boundary line between two hemispheres, the physical and the spiritual, and partakes somewhat of the nature of both. It is imprisoned in the galvanic battery, and bears some analogy to the spirit-man imprisoned in the house of clay. There is a wire extending to Europe, and at the end of it sits a man, while within him is the real man of thought and spirit, who wishes to converse with his friend at the other end of the line. Electricity is his agent, and he saddles his thought on this invisible courser which carries it across the continents and under the seas, and deposits it the same moment with the invisible personality of the man of thought and spirit at the other end of the line. The thought which exists in the invisible personality of one man is carried by this invisible agent and deposited the same moment with the personality of his invisible friend in another clime."

The thought and thinker are just as real as the wire and the electricity; if not, why not? We know the existence of the one by the obversation of the senses, and of the other by the laws of thought revealed to consciousness. There is no limit to the powers of the real man of thought and spirit. He masters one thing and passes on to another with increased capacity. Man may put himself into communion with nature, and imbibe of its wonders in silent thought, and con-

tinue to ascend the magnificent highway stretching from the cradle to eternity, thus widening in his mental facilities, and increasing, enlarging his capabilities for the reception of love, and truth, and beauty. These are among the commanding powers of the human mind that cause it to appear so majestic and durable, so wonderful and undecaying, so grand and self-asserting, and seem to so fully proclaim its immortality and its non-destructive elements. It is but to the blinding of better reason, and to ignore the dependent powers of judgment to make claim to the non-existence of the vital, intelligent, individualized spirit, or mind, of man because it may not be seen departing at death's moment; or because we may not discover, upon dissecting the corpse, any place in the body where the spirit may have had its residence. We might as well ignore the apparent forces of electricity because of its invisibility and indivisibility; and because in cutting the wire into pieces we discover its seeming solidity, and may not determine whether the electricity was actually *in* the wire, or skimmed over its exterior. Yet, that the electrical current controlling the wire, conveyed its message unseen but not unheard; so is it reasonable to believe that the physical body of man moves and acts per force of a life-principle that wills, thinks, reasons, judges, and determines relative to all things with which it is surrounded. (I will here illustrate, by this scientific example, the moving invisible forces of nature, and their penetration through an apparently impervious body.)

You discover by this example the possibility of the existence of a mind in man, though imperceptible to fleshly functions yet real and substantial. The old theological expression of "material and immaterial" is absurd. When we speak of "material," we speak of something; "immaterial," of nothing. Hence the "spirit" or "mind" is not "*im*material" but material, an actual, tangible substance, having form, and power to move, and act independent of the body, as well as in the body. We may perceive, indeed, traces of wisdom in the construction of our bodies and their several organs of sensation; and of real goodness in the light of day, the beautiful landscape, and the productive plains. But if atheism be true, I fail to reconcile these to the perfection of wisdom, when I discover implanted in my nature desires which will never be gratified, and furnished with moral and intellectual faculties which will never be fully exercised, and has permitted the moral world in every age to exhibit a scene of disorder.

I see no evidences of consistent reason in subjecting me to a variety of sorrows and sufferings which accomplish no end but the production of pain; in being tantalized with hopes, and alarmed with fears of futurity which are never to be realized, and throwing a veil of eternal mystery over all things in the operations of nature. The insect which has wings forming or formed, and all the apparatus proper for flight, is not destined always to creep on the ground, or to continue in the torpid state of adhering to a wall, but is designed in its season to take its flight in air. Without this further destination the admirable mechanism of wings and the other apparatus would be useless and absurd. No instinctive feeling in the lower gradations of animal existences is, or has been, made to be mocked. All their instinctive movements, the result of instinctive desire, are gratified. How much more shall the ever present feeling for immortal existence be gratified by meeting with that existence to find at dissolution's hour when the body fails, that the mind survives in brilliant consciousness, it lives, and perishes not!

The atheist asks: "Who ever saw a soul? Who ever handled a spirit? Who ever heard, or smelt, or tasted an intellect?" Yet these philosophers gaze upon an inert mass of matter and see it walk and smile, hear it talk and laugh and sing, feel it grasp the hand and kiss the lips; while all these evidences of a substantial but invisible controlling entity within the mass with them go for nothing, because this entity defies the observation of the senses, and does not seem to possess material properties. These logicians regard nothing as substantial save grosser matter. They seem to be capable of conceiving the idea of a clock running and keeping time without weight, spring, or other substantial motive force. And this philosophy scouts the idea of the existence of any such weight or spring, even while seeing the clock run, the hands moving over the dial, hear its ringing strokes,

because such motive force may be concealed from view, in a case beyond the observation of their senses!

In conclusion, I will give the *dying* statements of persons, well known persons in history; one a firm believer in a future state, the other an atheist. The language of Polycarp at the burning stake: "O God of angels and powers, and of all creatures, and of all the just that live in thy sight; blessed be Thou who hast made me worthy to see this day and hour; . . . O, Lord, I adore thee for all thy mercies." Hume, the historian, said: "I am affrighted and confounded with that forlorn solitude in which I am placed by philosophy. When I look abroad, I foresee on every side, dispute, contradiction and distraction; I find nothing but doubt and ignorance. Where am I, or what? From what cause do I derive my existence, and to what condition shall I return? I am confounded with these questions, and begin to fancy myself in the most deplorable condition imaginable, environed with the deepest darkness."

What a difference between the condition of the mind that entertains its light of reason, and the other that strives to extinguish that light. The atheist blows out his light and complains of his dark condition. The believer lets the light that the human suggests burn, and glories in its effulgence.

BEET SUGAR INDUSTRIES.

BY EFFIE L. ADAMS.

LIVING in a town (Grand Island, Nebraska) where one of these industries are building, I thought perhaps some of the young Saints would like to know something regarding a matter that may have more or less effect, in the near future, upon the welfare of our country; so I will tell you what little I have learned. I understand there are three of these industries in the United States at present: The Alameda Beet Sugar Company, situated at Alvarado, California, with a capacity for working one hundred and fifty tons a day. Another is located at Watsonville, California, called the Western Beet Sugar Company, with a capacity for three hundred tons. The third one is located here at Grand Island, about two miles west of our town. Yesterday while driving, I rode out to the Industry and was much interested in the work going on there. The main building is ninety feet by three hundred feet, built of brick and four stories high. So many are employed on this structure that it reminded me of a hive with the bees all at work. This one is called the Oxnard Beet Sugar Company and will have a capacity for three hundred tons. It costs about five hundred thousand dollars, or one half a million, to build and run one of these factories. It takes fifty tons of coal per day, and they employ two hundred or more men. They expect to have this one done September 1st, or in time for this year's crop of beets.

It is expected that this one factory will consume the produce of nearly five thousand acres of land, which will require the labor of two thousand five hundred people to cultivate, yielding a gross return of from forty to eighty dollars per acre, which will depend upon the sweetness of the beets raised. I examined a contract such as the farmers of Hall county, who expect to raise beets, are asked to sign by the sugar company. I notice the company agree to pay the farmers fifteen dollars for every acre they plant in beets in case fire or anything should destroy the factory to such an extent that it could not consume their produce. In this way, you see, the farmers take no risk, for fifteen dollars per acre would pay them better than raising corn.

Mr. Oxnard and others have been making scientific analysis of the beets grown here on trial for the past three years; some of the beets were sent to Washington, D. C., and some went to Germany for analysis. The results gave the satisfactory intelligence that the per cent of saccharine matter was greater in the beets grown in the sandy soil of this vicinity than in any other country of the globe.

The largest yield of sugar in the beets grown in Germany is fourteen per cent. The different analysis of the beets grown here has given over sixteen per cent of sugar.

In connection with this factory is to be a Refinery which will furnish merchantable sugar ready for the trade. It is expected that other factories will be erected during the next year in this vicinity and throughout the state of Nebraska. This is of gigantic importance to the people of Grand Island, for here is to be Oxnard's Refinery, and all the sugar from other factories will have to be shipped here to be refined. If this experiment proves a success, it will be a national interest, and will affect the whole country, as its produce is something we use every day in our houses. Next fall when this factory is running, I hope to visit it again, and if it will be interesting to the readers of *Autumn Leaves* I will tell you what I learn while there. I have lived here just one year, and as far as I can learn I am the only Latter Day Saint in Grand Island. I feel quite isolated here, and should any of the Saints come to Grand Island they will receive a hearty welcome at 307 West Third Street.

A VISION.

WHEN the bitter blasts of persecution were raging against the Saints in Missouri and they were being driven from their homes, in the dead of winter, without any adequate protection from the storms of heaven or the fierce violence of an angry mob, among those who were helping to do this cruel thing was a man by the name of Fields. He was not at heart a bad man, but much like those men to whom the Apostle Peter said, "I wot that through ignorance ye did it," (wot is the old fashioned word for know), and Peter tells them that he knows they did it ignorantly, as did also their rulers; but we can not say that we know the leaders or rulers of those who drove the Saints from Missouri did it ignorantly, for many of them have since become very bad men, and have met with violent deaths; for the sins they had done rested upon them, and they would not repent and come to God for pardon. And, little Hopes, we want you to remember that if you sin and repent God will forgive you, but if you do not repent you will grow worse and worse every day of your lives, for there is no such thing as standing still. Perhaps we will talk to you about this at another time, but now we want to tell you a beautiful Christmas story, showing you the great love of God and how he fulfills his promises to men when they come to him in sincerity and faith.

Many of the Hopes who will read this know Bro. Joseph Clapp (or Uncle Joseph as you familiarly call him), and you will not need us to tell you that what we are going to write is true, for you know that he has the fear of God before his eyes and would not lie; more than this, many of you may know "Uncle Tommy Fields" and his wife "Aunt Becky," and if you do they can confirm it if it needs any confirming.

Uncle Joseph (as we will call him to you) was at that time quite young in the work of the ministry, and in prosecuting his mission he found himself near Salem, the capital of Oregon. While here he fell in with a Campbellite elder and had quite a long talk with him upon the gospel plan of salvation; and as it is always easy to defend the truth of God from the word of God, it will not surprise you to know that Uncle Joseph had the best of the argument. Some short time after this he heard that an appointment to preach had been given out in a Methodist Church near by, and hoping that he might find an opening for preaching the gospel he went to the meeting. Upon arriving there he found that the person who was to speak was the Campbellite elder with whom he had had the conversation, and, as it was early, they again drifted into talk upon the plan of salvation. Time came to open the meeting, but the elder made no move to do so. After waiting for some time Uncle Joseph reminded him that it was time to open the meeting, when to his astonishment the man said, "I

am not going to preach while you sit here to criticise."

"Do you suppose I will be so rude as that?" answered Uncle Joseph.

"Well, I am not going to preach, and if you like you can preach yourself."

This was just what Uncle Joseph wanted, for he was traveling for no other purpose than to preach the gospel, and you know that our elders are always ready to obey the instruction of Peter, and give to every one a reason for the hope they have of eternal life. Perhaps they sometimes forget the other part of it which is "with meekness and fear;" but we trust they do not, for if they do they will not be blessed with God's Spirit, for that Spirit is mild and gentle, and the fear of God will always be before the eyes and in the hearts of those who have it. But to go back to our story.

When the man refused to preach Uncle Joseph went into the pulpit and prepared to open the meeting. It was soon whispered from one to another that "a Mormon was going to preach;" and an old couple who had brought in their chairs and were sitting near to the pulpit, when they learned that he was a Mormon, took their chairs and walked down the aisle to the door, intending to go home, for they did not want to hear him preach. Just as they reached the door, however, it began to rain very hard, and as they were not willing to go out in the storm, they sat down by the door to wait until the rain was over. In the meantime Uncle Joseph opened the meeting and began preaching the gospel of the Son of God—the glad tidings of life and salvation which Jesus brought to men. Soon these old people began to listen, and from listening they began to be deeply interested, and, forgetting their intention of going home, they took up their chairs and made their way back to the front part of the church and listened with eagerness to the rest of the sermon.

When Uncle Joseph had finished preaching and dismissed the congregation, Uncle Tommy Fields, for he was the old gentleman of whom we have been speaking, came up to him and said, "Is that what you call Mormonism?"

"That is what the world calls Mormonism," answered Uncle Joseph.

"That is just what I believe but never heard preached before," he answered, "and if I had known that the Mormons believed this, I never would have done what I did do, for I was one who helped to drive them out of Missouri. I only knew that they were Mormons and were represented as bad people. I never heard one preach, and now I want you to come home with me, and let us talk this matter over."

Uncle Joseph having no other engagement of course went with him, and they spent the most part of the night in talking, and Uncle Tommy was fully aroused and almost persuaded to be baptized, but wanted time to consider more fully. The next day after Uncle Joseph had left them, the old couple sat for some time talking with each other about the matter, and trying to come to some conclusion; but failing in this they decided to go to God in prayer and ask him for a testimony, which they did.

It was a bright sunshiny day some time afterwards, and they were sitting in a room from which they could look out upon either side, and upon one side the road was near to the house. While sitting looking out of the door an open vision was presented to them; they both saw it at the same time, and so real did it appear that they never thought but what it was passing right before them in *reality* instead of in vision.

Before them passed a large company, or army of people, composed of various Christian denominations, with their ministers at the head of each division and each minister bearing aloft a banner upon which was a most perfect picture or representation of Christ. So perfect was the likeness that the agony upon the face could plainly be seen and almost the drops of blood flowing down the face from the crown of thorns; and this banner was borne by the minister of every separate division of the vast army.

"There, Becky," exclaimed Uncle Tommy to his wife, "look there! They all worship Christ and are all right except the Mormons and I don't see any of them there."

"Look over here, Tommy," said Aunt Becky, and looking upon the other side of the house, where she pointed, he saw the Saints marching along in perfect harmony, and instead of carrying banners upon which was a picture or likeness of Christ, *Christ himself* was with them, walking at

their head. This vision was so real to them that after it had passed, Uncle Tommy went out into the road and looked for the print of their feet where he had seen them pass.

Of course we need not tell you that he did not find where their feet had left any marks, but we may tell you that both he and his wife were perfectly satisfied by this vision, and soon after were baptized; and it would not surprise us if many of the little Hopes out in that western country know them. If you do, little Hopes, get them to tell you all about it, so that you may never forget it, but pile it up among other stones of memorial.

Do you understand the meaning of the vision? Lest all of you should not, we will try to tell you. During the time that Jesus was upon the earth his disciples were nearly always with him, and he taught them many things about his church, and when they were sad he comforted them. Before he was crucified he told them that the time was near when he must leave them and go back to the Father, but he also told them that he would send them another Comforter, whom the world could not have to dwell with them, but he should dwell with the Saints and would take of the things of the Father and show them unto them. This Holy Spirit was the power which came on the day of Pentecost, and it was the power which gave this vision to these honest-hearted people, for they really wanted to know the true way of life and salvation. Now all the different denominations claim to love Jesus and to have his Holy Spirit, but they also say that God does not reveal himself to men and women now, as he used to do. The angel of God told John, the beloved disciple, that the testimony of Jesus was the *Spirit of prophecy*, and if they had this Spirit, God, through it, would reveal things unto them, and then they would know that he is a God to-day who reveals himself to his people even as he did in former days, when he spake to his servants and told what was pleasing to him and what was not pleasing. Paul, when he wrote to a branch of the church who were at Corinth, told them all about the gifts which this Holy Spirit would give them, but the different churches do not believe that these gifts should be in the Church of Christ now, as they were in the days of the apostles. Don't you see, dear children, that it is like taking the life out of the church, when all these blessings are taken out of it, or it becomes like the shadow of which Christ is the substance? The picture looks real and is beautiful, but it is not the living reality, for it is only a shadow of what it ought to be. The churches have the shadow, but we have the reality. Christ is upon their banner, and there are among them thousands and tens of thousands who truly believe that they are serving him in Spirit and truth; but it is only Christ in *representation*, not in reality—the picture on the banner, not the living, breathing presence of Jesus of Nazareth, the Babe of Bethlehem (who is soon coming back to earth to dwell with his people). Let us be very careful then, as we do know that he is with us by the indwelling power of his Holy Spirit, to live lives of purity and godliness, and walk humbly before him, lest we come under greater condemnation than those who do not believe in the gifts and powers of his gospel; for we must remember that where there is much light, there will also be great darkness if we fail to walk in the light. The day we celebrate as the birth-day of Christ is here, and as last year we went back and told you about his birth, so this year we want to impress upon your hearts that he is in his church and will manifest himself to his humble, faithful followers as he does not unto the world, and from time to time he is instructing them in regard to the things both of the present and the future. He told us when he was here, that we would always have the poor with us; and we know that what we do for them is doing for him. Let us remember them at the glad Christmas tide, and while we bestow gifts upon our friends and loved ones, not forget to bring an offering to the Babe of Bethlehem, and from our store (be it scanty or full) take a portion for the poor.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

—Zion's Hope. (By request.)

Department of Correspondence.

PROF. J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR.

BOX 5, LAMONI, IOWA.

FEELING a deep sense of gratitude to the young brethren and sisters for their strong and hearty support thus far in undertaking to conduct a Department of Correspondence through which a free interchange of ideas among the youth of the church and world is the main object, allow me to urge upon your minds the thought that the work is only just begun, and if I needed your assistance at first, much more do I need it now, and if now, so will I continue to need it so long as I try to direct the work.

"In union there is strength." We all know how true the saying is, for many of us have demonstrated the fact, and all have heard unimpeachable testimony of its truthfulness. Then let us pull all together long and strong.

You must remember that those who have already contributed will feel somewhat delicate about doing so again soon, as they wish to extend opportunity to others to be heard. So then, if you have not cast in your mite, it is now your opportunity to step in and occupy for a short time.

Lest you may be at a loss for a theme, let me suggest a thought or two by asking a question. What are proper amusements for those professing to be followers of the "Meek and Lowly One?"

The subject of prohibition has been well ventilated, and unless you have something decidedly new and good, do not write upon that question. It is quite evident that if those who have been writing upon the subject had the reins of government in their hands, the evil would soon be eradicated. EDITOR.

DEFIANCE, Iowa, Jan. 31st.

Dear Readers of Autumn Leaves:—I am glad that in this land of liberty there is a tendency to freedom of thought, a disposition to discuss questions of importance. All laws enacted for the good of society were first conceived and weighed in the mind of man, before introduced to the body of lawmakers for their consideration and there discussed *pro* and *con* before it became a law to the people. This discussion of principle and interchange of thought for the purpose of arriving at the truth will bring into existence such laws as will be beneficial to mankind socially and morally; and if there should be any laws passed which did not so benefit mankind, as lawabiding citizens we should not seek to have it repealed by disobedience, and be compelled to suffer the penalty of a broken law.

In the state of Iowa there is now in force what is known as a prohibitory law which has caused some dissatisfaction, and a great deal of discussion.

Some have argued that prohibition says what men shall drink. Is this the object of prohibition? I think not, but it has a higher object—that of protecting the innocent. Are not all of our laws prohibitory in their nature? protecting every one in their rights? The punishment of crime by law is calculated to prohibit crime and protect the law-abiding, hence prohibition. The law does not say that you shall not steal. It can not prevent that, but he that steals must abide the law. The law can not prevent bigamy, but it can punish the guilty. So we discover that all law is prohibitory in its nature.

What was the object of prohibition? If men had not abused their privilege, and trespassed upon the rights of others, there never would have been such a law. It is said, "Necessity is the mother of invention." The sin of intemperance is very great and causes untold misery and suffering, hence wrong. Prohibition is the opposite, hence right. The object is to prevent intemperance.

"But," says one, "it does not prohibit." Does the law against murder prohibit murder entirely? Would not prohibition prohibit if men would obey the law? How many men are there who will go to the grog-shop and drink "fire water" until reason is dethroned, and then go home and abuse their family; after spending what belonged to them, kick them out of doors. The object of prohibition is to prevent such treatment of innocent ones. High license or free whisky will not do this.

Prohibition and a decrease in the price of products! Prohibition and a decrease in criminal expenses, hence a decrease in taxes. If we have high license or free whisky, which some maintain would increase the price of produce because of the amount of grain consumed in the manufacture of liquor, what will be done with the liquor? If I advocate this doctrine, I

ought to be consistent, and drink my share, because this is the principal purpose for which it is manufactured, and I would not like to do that, neither would a great many who advocate anti-prohibition. If the principle of prohibition is right, with a decrease in the price of produce, shall we not accept the principle and sacrifice the profit? JAZIZ.

LAMONI, Iowa, March 7th.

Dear Readers of the Department:—Having read in *Autumn Leaves* (March number) a contribution from Alden on reading fiction, I thought I would add my mite with the others.

Alden asks: "Does it pay to read fiction?" I think that depends on the quality. There is a class of fiction which embraces Ben Hur, Last Days of Pompeii, Romances of ancient Egypt, Sir Walter Scott's works, Pilgrim's Progress, and others of like nature, from which, I think, one may gain better thoughts and a broader understanding of the world and its inhabitants. There is also a class which seems to have no definite worth, except on which to pass away time; and still another which has a tendency to lower the standard of moral and religious ideas. There seems to be a great many grades included in the three classes named, but I shall confine my remarks to the last one.

There is a large number of periodicals and books entirely devoted to this kind of matter. It tends to keep the mind on crimes of greater or lesser degree, until we become indifferent to wrong doing. Of course, the wrong doer is represented as being punished; but still the body of the story is such as to attract the mind to a greater extent than the sequel can do, so that it seems almost impossible for any one (especially the young) to read such without having their minds affected: and, as "like begets like," so we find that a person given to low reading is very apt to choose companions as near like their heroes (?) as possible. My own experience is a good example of this.

Soon after joining the church I commenced reading novels and light reading, because I thought I could enjoy them and read other books also; but I soon found my desire for good books decreased, until I devoted almost all my leisure time to things wherein there was no profit. But I feel thankful that I was brought to see my condition; and, although I have not yet overcome the effects of it, I am still trying to cultivate a desire for better things. I have read a large amount of such stories as, A Slaver's Adventures, Gold Hunters and Bush Rangers in Australia, Pirates, etc., until I was so far absorbed with them that, when I came to turn my attention to things of great importance, I found a great amount of injury done and much work to do to recreate a desire for better things, and I still feel the effects so strongly sometimes that I almost give up the idea that I can ever fully overcome.

Low fiction seems to have the same effect on the mind that alcohol has on the body, if carried to the same excess. I hope that many of the readers may write on this subject, as some may think differently on this question.

PETER M. HINDS.

HIGHLAND STATION, Kan., Feb.

Dear Readers:—This subject is the one that should be the most important aim of every individual, and yet how many there are who do not apparently think about their own improvement and the great possibilities to which they might attain, if they would put forth an effort in the direction of self-improvement.

When I look at the actions of the great majority of people, I am astonished at the seemingly little interest that each person takes in his own improvement. At the same time they are criticising others for their neglect of opportunities for advancement.

If every person looked to his own improvement and made himself a subject for study, he would have no time to look for faults or mistakes in others.

The study of self is a very interesting one, and it is very difficult to get a person to begin it; but when begun it is still a task to keep at it, because of the fact that most people are blind to their own faults and have that characteristic known as self-righteousness. They seem to think that they are right and all others differing from them are wrong.

Any person in order to make any advancement in any way, must become dissatisfied with his present condition, and have a desire to better his circumstances and become more comfortably situated. If a person desires to be educated, he must first think that he does not know everything, in order to get into that state of mind where he will see the necessity of making an effort to obtain knowledge that will elevate him to an equal plane with his fellow-beings.

If he thinks that he knows as much as any one, and has knowledge enough, he will not see the necessity of trying to make any progress, because he supposes that he knows it all. Such persons are the ones that know the least, and are the first to make light of or persecute those who are trying to better their condition by a

"Godly walk and conversation" in all places and at all times.

Your writer thinks that the only true way for self-improvement is for every person to make a thorough study of the Scriptures and square his life by them. In so doing we will be doing God's will, for the command is to "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." This command, if obeyed, will give every person a knowledge of the dealings of God with man; how that man was created pure and holy; how by disobedience he fell and was driven from the Garden of Eden to till the soil and live by the sweat of his brow; how that God in his mercy has instituted a plan by obedience to which all mankind may improve themselves to that degree which will admit them into God's kingdom, and by remaining steadfast unto the end, will gain for them a crown of righteousness which the righteous Judge will give to those who come up through great tribulation and have their robes made white in the blood of the lamb.

These are great privileges unto which we all may attain if we put forth a proper effort in trying to improve ourselves as is our privilege to do.

Let us all strive to keep more fully all the commandments, that we may "come up higher," as we have been invited to do; and why, O why should we reject the invitation?

JULIUS.

HAVENS, Neb., April 5th.

Dear Readers of Autumn Leaves:—I am glad to see such an interest taken in the Correspondence Department by the young people, also the subject of prohibition discussed. I agree with the other writers that the demon alcohol is a curse to our land and must be fought on every hand.

Brother Aoriul Smith in April *Leaves* says tobacco gives employment to thousands of farmers and manufacturers and should not be stopped or spoken against. Could not the farmers raise sugar-cane, cotton or some other product that would do as much good?

Senator Allison of Iowa said in Congress that the United States did not manufacture ten per cent of the sugar consumed by the people. Why not raise sugar-producing articles instead of tobacco? It will give as much employment in time as tobacco, and I hope it will not come to the consumers as some tabacco that I know of which is called Piper Hydsic (I have not spelled it as it is on the wrappers but as it is pronounced), champagne flavored, spirit cured wrappers, and cheap at seventy-five cents a pound. After a man has used it he does not want any other, and I know of one person that used it and always wanted whisky; he could scarcely talk about anything else. This may be one person in a thousand, as some will say; but I do not want to see my boys degraded so, or daughter marry such a man.

Hoping to hear more on these important questions through this valuable paper, I remain your sister, FLORA ABBOTT.

N. S. W., AUSTRALIA, April, 1890.

Dear Readers of the Department:—It is a very prevalent idea with many that because the wicked seem to fare as well if not better than the righteous, that there is no heavenly being whom we seek to love and serve; and that if there is such an omnipotent being he provides as well for the unjust as for the just. And to my mind it seems a very reasonable argument for those who sit in the darkness and shadow of death; but for those who have put the words of our Savior to the test, and have been permitted to taste of the powers of the world to come, and of their future home, it is worth but little.

No doubt the servants of God, in their ministerial life, meet with many who want the blessings of the gospel added unto them before they ever think of seeking the kingdom; and for such they can only feel sorry, for they have the veil of darkness placed over their eyes.

It is foolishness for us to say that there is no God, unless we have put every point of his law to the test; and in so doing we will realize that his promises are true, and will be enabled to intelligently say with the Psalmist, "That the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children; to such as keep his covenants, and to those that remember his commandments to do them."

So it is not by the wisdom of the world that God is known, but by doing his commandments.

Could we as intelligent beings think that man, endued with such wisdom and reasoning powers, and placed so far above all other animation, was placed here upon this cold earth to wander to and fro as an exile and pilgrim, and then to lie down and crumble away like the beast of the stall? Ah, no! There was a far more just design in the mind of Deity than this. Although his children should have to wade through the troubles and trials which are so incident to this life; yet in the mansions

which our Savior has gone to prepare they will find a home where they can rest from their labors and enjoy the smiles of him whom they serve.

His love and care are manifest in providing for us food and raiment, and in fact all the necessaries of life, for he has plenty to spare and will give in abundance to those who put forth their hand in the proper way to receive it.

"If God so clothe the grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will he not provide for you, if ye are not of little faith?" If ye being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more will your Father in heaven give good things to them that ask him?"

We can plainly see by these simple words that his love for his children is far beyond all human conception, for although humanity has strayed far away from the Lord, and has been wandering, lo! these many years, in by and forbidden paths, yet his arm is stretched out still; and if we want to be fully under his protecting care and have a full right to the blessings of life we are to be "not of little faith," hence of much, at least enough to do that which he has commanded us to do, and then we will realize the cheering promise: "All these things shall be added unto you." The simple fact of not enjoying the spiritual manifestations as in days of old goes far toward proving that we have not sought the kingdom as we should have done, but have tried to climb up some other way, that is, if we have tried at all.

The path which leads to happiness and endless day is straight, and requires a simple, childlike faith to walk therein, and we feel to rejoice in its beauty and plainness.

Hundreds and thousands of learned men have sat in their easy chairs from day to day, and from year to year, wading, as it were, through countless volumes of theology, geology and various other 'ologies to find out God by their own wisdom, and have made a complete failure, while the simple hearted farmers, at their family altar, sought wisdom of "Him who giveth liberally and upbraideth not," and found him out.

They saw, in the blessed volume of what they termed a revelation of God's will to them, these words, "that man by his wisdom knew not God," and so they took God at his word, followed the Son through the waters of regeneration, and were soon heard to repeat the words of our Master: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes—for so it seemed good in thy sight."

Surely God has not put us here to forsake us, and to let us be as the heath in the desert; but has given us a simple plan by which we may be purified and exalted to stand in the presence of the heavenly hosts in the paradise of God.

His greatest love and respect for us as a fallen race is apparently shown in sending his only Son in the likeness of sinful men to die that life and immortality might be brought to light; for except an infinite atonement should be made, these corruptible bodies could never put on incorruption, nor these mortal bodies put on immortality.

Never was there example more pure, or an offering so divine, as was shown in the life and death of our Savior, and his love was shown by laying down his life for his friends; greater love hath no man than this.

So then if we would merit His favor and enjoy the presence of the Holy Spirit, we must be found adding to our faith, virtue, wisdom, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness and everything that would lead higher, and bring us nearer to Christ; then we would never have cause to say within ourselves, "There is no God;" but would set to our seal that God is true.

God does care for his children.

NEELY.

MULBERRY, Cal., April 13th.

Dear Readers of the Department:—It is with pleasure I now pen you a few lines—pleasure because of the fact that we now have a magazine which is adapted not only to the young, but supplies the wants of all, and, dear readers, if we will but heed the advice that it brings to us from month to month, we shall have no cause to call for the mountains and rocks to fall on us and hide us from King Immanuel when "he shall come to make up his jewels;" but on the other hand we shall have great cause to rejoice, knowing that we shall escape destruction and receive that welcome plaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

Are we preparing to receive the rest that awaits the faithful in Christ Jesus? I fear many times lest I for one shall come short of that great blessing. Let us who are young put our shoulders to the "gospel wheel" and aid in this great and good cause which we all love.

May all awaken to the fact that it is the duty of every Latter Day Saint (that is able) to pay their tithing, thereby loosing the hands of the

ministry that they may go with Godspeed to the nations of the earth with the proclamation of the gospel sound, that others may be made happy as well as we. Yours for the truth,

JAMES LAWN.

SHERIDAN, Iowa, April 7th.

Bro. Gunsolley and Dear Readers:—We take our pen for the first time to add a few words to these columns.

We are so pleased that this space is given to the young that they may be free to discuss all subjects of interest with each other. We are also highly pleased with the *Autumn Leaves* as a whole. It is such a grand work and certainly has a long and useful life to live. We do not know the number of readers the *Leaves* has, but believe that if its worth were more fully known, the number of readers would double in a short time. Let all work in the interest of *Autumn Leaves* and the young for the success of this dedartment.

In the April issue we were much pleased with the letter from Bro. Ralph G. Smith. We had thought to say a few words on the subject of young people's meetings. Nothing can be more beneficial in any way to the young people than to meet together often for social improvement and united work. Let such meetings be for prayer and praise service, literary work, or anything that will tend to build up and strengthen the young folks for the great work of their future.

Here we do not have the chance to meet with the Saints for young people's meetings, but we live in a Christian community, and we have a young people's society with a membership of fifty. Our work is to hold weekly meetings. Every fourth week we have a literary programme. The exercises consist of readings, recitations, essays, and biographical sketches of great men in the religious world. The other weekly meetings of the month are for prayer and praise service. In these the young people are given a chance, more especially, for spiritual improvement. But here comes a question that is puzzling to us. Our literary work is better, and more largely attended than our prayer service. A majority of our members are not professing Christians, although of the highest standing in social life. Why are not more of the young people professed followers of the meek and lowly Jesus? Is it because those that are Christians do not walk worthy of their profession? Is it because they are too timid to tell of the benefits they receive from embracing the Christian faith? Would that all young people engaged in the gospel warfare would arise to a fuller realization of their high and holy calling, and better prepare themselves for the work of the church and the world that is so soon to be laid upon their shoulders. And then I believe that more of our young friends would be led to accept our blessed Savior, and be numbered among his followers.

The subject of prohibition now so deeply agitating the minds of the people of our great state of Iowa, and to some extent the whole nation, and engaging the attention of the writers of this department, is of great importance, and of much interest to us. Oh, that the demon alcohol, and all intoxicating liquors, were banished from our free land of liberty! How many lives would be saved from an unhonored grave, and how many souls would be redeemed from the awful realities of the life that is to come! How can any one defend the manufacture of this slow but deadly poison for the sake of a little gain in this world? Truly, "money should not be considered at all, when human souls, life and happiness are in the balance." And "this church (and more especially the young) should have but one position on the subject of intoxicants, and that is eternal enmity to it."

Yours in friendship,

APPLETON REAMS.

HOME.

"A man can build a mansion
And furnish it throughout;
A man may build a palace,
With lofty walls and stout;
A man can build a temple,
With high and spacious dome;
But no man in the world can build
That precious thing called Home.

"So it is a happy faculty
Of women far and wide,
To turn a cot or palace
Into something else beside.
Where brothers, sons and husbands tired,
With willing footsteps come;
A place of rest, where love abounds,
A perfect kingdom—Home."

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

CAMP AT KEOKUK.

(See Page 245.)

Editor's Corner.

We can scarcely realize that a month has passed since we sought this quiet nook before, that we might hold a word of converse with our friends; but notwithstanding our doubts the time has passed and we are that much further along upon the journey of life. We feel that we would be doing injustice to our many friends, whose hearts during this period of time have been turned longingly towards Lamoni, did we close the record without referring to the late assembling of the conference here. It is true the full particulars will reach you through the *Herald*, but our own impression of it will not, and as we know of many whose impressions were the same as ours, we desire to add our testimony. It was not the rich outpouring of the Spirit which made us rejoice most, for that we have witnessed many times and in many places. This to us was only an additional evidence of the unchanging love of God, who is ever willing to bless the humble and contrite soul; neither was it the large and rejoicing assemblage of the Saints, whose beaming faces bespoke the joy welling up from the heart. All this was soul-inspiring and heart-cheering; but deeper, more significant and strengthening than all else was the evidence of the spiritual growth in the entire body. There seemed to rest upon each one a sense of individual responsibility in sustaining the character of the church and making "straight paths for their feet, that the lame be not turned out of the way." We may mistake, but we are firmly persuaded that the time never has been before when the Saints as a body felt so deeply the need of standing in holy places. Nor this alone, but with it an abiding desire and purpose that not they only but their households with them, would serve the Lord.

"Let not your hearts be troubled," ye sons and daughters of Zion who were not permitted to meet with us, for the church is at last responding to the many appeals which have been made to her and is determined to provide for her own. Her own! what a noble army she has! The sons and daughters of her captivity. We recall as we write the hands we grasped, the beaming eyes which answered to our own, the living faces which met us and then we turn to the pictured ones we have never met, sent as a benediction to look upon us from day to day, and our heart swells with emotion when we count them among that great army whose stately steppings will yet cheer the bowed heads and weary, waiting hearts of those who in weakness have long been fighting the battles of Zion. They are coming to the front, not in the gaudy attire of self-confidence, pride and love of the vain things of this world, but in humility of spirit, with hearts consecrated to God and his work and souls imbued with a love of his truth.

"Lift high the royal standard," then, ye color-bearers of God, for they will demand it of you. Faint not, neither fear to declare the whole counsel of God, for so surely as lowering clouds betoken rain, so the signs of the present portend good for the future. Nay more, the time is at hand when he who shuns to declare this counsel will be set aside and receive neither honor from God or man. The partings have been sad, but we are all seeking that city which hath foundations. There may we meet and with that great company which no man can number, sing praises to him who hath redeemed us.

We delivered many premiums to those who were at conference, and so far as we heard, entire satisfaction was given. We hope to hear from those who were not present in regard to the safe arrival of others. Our offer for the present year is now withdrawn, but we trust to have one equally attractive for next volume.

We present our readers with a view of the camp at Keokuk, Iowa, as established there in 1853, when immigration to Utah was at its height.

Owing to circumstances beyond his control Elder E. C. Briggs will not be able to furnish installments of his biography at the present time, though he assures us that he will do so at an early day. In the mean time if the plate reaches us in time for the June number, we will begin that of Elder R. C. Evans, of Canada, which will contain many remarkable evidences of the truth of the work in which we are engaged.

Domestic Department.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

A NEW PUZZLE.

Mrs. Blanchard was entertaining some friends in the parlor one evening when she heard a small voice she knew so well saying: "Please excuse me, mamma." Then she saw a little figure standing in the doorway in a long white gown, with tangled curls and bright eyes, too bright for ten o'clock at night, thought Mrs. Blanchard. Midget ran across the room to the refuge that had never failed her—mother's arms. "Mamma, dear," pleaded the little night owl, "I just learned today to tell you I love you in such a beautiful new way. Please, may I show you? I'm so 'fraid I'll forget by morning." Midget held up her dimpled fingers. "Now everybody do just as I do," she said, gleefully. 'Hold your thumbs together so, now the next fingers the same way, but the next to that you must double in tight."

She held her chubby fingers in this position, the palms together, the thumbs lightly touching, also the forefingers, but the second fingers folded in so that her rosy nails and the dimples that stood for knuckles touched, then the third and fourth fingers met at the tips as the thumbs and forefingers did. "Now," cried Midget in great delight, "how far can you go from the nurse?" and she parted the thumbs as far as they would go. "Now, how far from the cook?" and the forefingers went apart.

Then in suppressed glee she carefully explained, "You must skip the folded fingers and go to the next. Now how far can you go from your dear, sweet mamma?" she cried in great triumph. And odd it was that those queer little fingers would not separate, and the more you tried the closer they were, not Midget's tiny fingers, but papa's strong ones and Judge Mills' wrinkled ones. As long as the second fingers are held in bondage the third ones will not separate. Try it.

WASHING BLANKETS.

For three double blankets, dissolve in boiling water a half pound of borax and a half pound of pure white soap. Pour into a tub of lukewarm water a part of the solution, adding more as it is needed to keep a good suds. Two or three table-spoonfuls of ammonia will be found an additional help in cleansing. Put in as many blankets as can be conveniently handled at once. If allowed to soak for a half an hour or longer, they will become free from dirt with less handling. Never rub soap on any kind of woolen and do not rub the blankets, but shake them up and down in the suds and squeeze them in the hands until the soil is removed. Should there be spots of grease on the blankets, a little of the borax and soap may be gently rubbed on them (better under water), but much rubbing will full the texture. When clean, rinse in lukewarm water containinng a little borax and ammonia, using two waters if one does not leave them perfectly clear. Wring them through a wringer, hang on the line and pull smooth and straight. Blankets should always be washed on a sunny day, when they can dry quickly and be folded before the dew commences to fall.

Some people prefer using cold water for washing all woolens, thus avoiding changes of temperature, which cause them to shrink. If cold water be used for washing blankets, prepare the suds the same as with warm water, but allow them to soak over night. Next morning wash with as little rubbing as possible, rinse in cold water and hang out to dry.

HOUSE CLEANING.

At this season a few suggestions in regard to house cleaning may be acceptably received by some of our readers.

Let the cellar be well attended to. Carry out from it all accumulations of dirt, decaying vegetables, damp wood or boxes. Brush away cobwebs, and give the walls a good coat of whitewash. This will sweeten not only the air of the cellar but of the rooms above, (if there be a door between them) as the cold air of the cellar rushes to take the place of the warmer air of the living rooms. Copperas mixed with the whitewash will keep away vermin.

Drain pipes and all places that are impure may be cleansed with lime water, copperas water or carbolic acid.

Carpets should be thoroughly beaten on the wrong side first, and then on the right, after which spots may be removed by the use of oxgall or ammonia and water. Benzine or gasoline are also good for grease spots.

After carpets are well cleaned, sprinkle the right side with salt and fold away until needed to put down. When laid, strew with slightly moistened bran and sweep thoroughly; this with the salt will freshen them wonderfully

Soot falling on the carpet from open chimneys or carelessly handled stove pipes if covered thickly with salt, can be brushed up without damage to the carpet. A little spirits of turpentine added to the water with which floors are washed will preserve carpets from the ravages of moths.

The appearance of old wall paper may be very much improved by rubbing it with a woolen cloth dipped in dry Indian meal. It removes the dust and smoke.

To remove grease spots from wall paper, lay several folds of blotting paper on the spot and hold a hot flat iron against it until the grease is absorbed.

When a room is to have new paper, the old ought to be removed first A boiler of hot water set in the room and allowed to remain for a while with the doors closed will cause the paper to loosen so that it may be taken off without difficulty. The wood work may be more easily cleaned at this time while the dirt is softened by the steam.

Ammonia in the proportion of a tablespoonful to a quart of water is an excellent cleanser.

To make paper stick to a wall that has been whitewashed, wash in vinegar or saleratus water.

To clean matting, wash with a solution of one teacupful of salt to two gallons of water, and wipe dry immediately.

To remove spots from furniture, take four ounces of vinegar, two ounces of sweet oil and one of turpentine; mix and apply with a flannel cloth

Marble may be cleaned with a paste made of whiting and benzine; and a paste made of whiting and chloride of soda spread on the marble and left to dry (in the sun, if possible) will remove spots.

One pound of copperas dissolved in a quart of boiling water will destroy foul smells.

Stains may be removed from marbleized oil cloths, cups or other articles of tableware by rubbing with

saleratus, either with the finger or a piece of cloth.

As moth preventives, many things are recommended. Pieces of tar paper laid around on shelves and in boxes or drawers are effectual. Spirits of turpentine dropped on the bottom of drawers, chests or on cupboard shelves will render the contents secure from injury by moths. Crumpled pieces of blotting paper dipped in a solution of one half pint of alcohol, the same quantity of spirits of turpentine and two ounces of camphor and laid where there is danger from moths will be found good.

A sister sends the following suggestions concerning pie-crust:—

Pie-Crust (of sweet cream).—Take the required quantity of flour, add a little salt, mix to a paste with sweet cream. Cover pie-plates with it. For the upper crust, roll the dough thin, spread with thick sweet cream, sprinkle with flour, fold over and roll slightly. Repeat again Wet the tops of pies with sweet milk before baking. This crust is nice and tender, and the most healthful of pie-crusts.

Pie-Crust (of butter).—For two small pies take two cupfuls of flour in which rub one tablespoonful of butter, mix with cold water. Take a good half of the dough, roll and cover plates. For the top crust take the remainder, roll it one-fourth of an inch thick, spread thinly with butter sprinkle with flour, fold over and roll slightly. Repeat again. This makes a flaky crust.

To prevent juice from running out of pies in the oven, before putting on the top crust wet the edge of the under crust all around with water Lay on the top crust, trim the edge, wet your fingers, and rub all around the edge of the pie till it forms a paste, and the juices can not escape

I think in sending cooking receipts we should aim to send the most healthful, and as nearly every family makes pies it is necessary to have them as healthful as possible. Pies made with lard are not healthful.

POISON IN THE BREATH.

The poisonous nature of the air exhaled from the lungs has been proved by Dr. Brown-Sequard. His discovery is, first, that the air exhaled nearly always contains ammonia; secondly, this air contains, in very minute quantities, organic matter which, if not already putrefied on leaving the broncho-pulmonary passages, has great tendency to rapid alteration, even at a low temperature; thirdly, confined air charged with pulmonary exhalations is extremely noxious. He injected a quantity of liquid produced by condensation of exhaled air of a dog, into the carotid artery of a strong, healthy rabbit; this was followed by arrest of heart and lung action and the animal died within a minute. It is believed that exhaled air contains minute quantities of poisonous particles of very energetic action when concentrated.—*Good Housekeeping.*

For cold starching or the Chinese finish: Powdered borax, one fourth teaspoonful: glycerine, one drop; bluing, one drop; stir with castile soap

---

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

THINK what a Round Table we might have if all who are able would only describe some useful or pretty bit of work they have been or are doing, and send us the same for publication. There are so many interested in work which should have its place here, not necessarily fancy work, and yet of a kind which is not known to all. For instance, we have known of stockings being darned in such a way as to make it almost impossible to detect where the hole was. Such darning is taught in some of the Convents. Perhaps some of our readers may know of it. Send it in! We would also like some suggestions from a practical dressmaker as to cutting and fitting collars and sleeves, the way to lay the cloth, the way to save, draping, etc. Send them in!

Send in descriptions of pretty things for Christmas, for some how or other one nearly always seems to get a little behind at that season and it is pleasant to make such things before the rush of winter work comes.

We are indebted to a sister from Holden, Missouri, for the following artistic bit, and have no doubt but that many of our readers will enjoy making such hand-bag as she describes. It is certainly pretty enough for a Christmas or any other kind of gift.

HAND BAG WITH MUSKMELLON SEEDS AND BEADS.

I have that in my possession which I believe some of the young ladies who are readers of *Autumn Leaves* would like to know how to make, and may be some of the older ones. It is a bag to be used for carrying purse and hankerchief, made of the dried seeds of the muskmellon together with beads, and forms when properly made, "a thing of beauty"

To make it, take silk thread, No B, or buttonhole twist No D, using as small a needle as you can get the thread into nicely. Should your seeds be very dry better put a little water on them and dampen them as then they are not so apt to split. Cast on to your thread 30 seeds through their point ends far enough in from the end to hold well; now draw them tightly and tie securely, then run the needle diagonally upward through a seed towards the left pressing it out near the top but not too near. Now on to the needle press two seeds by their points, like the first; draw them down close to where the thread passed out at the other seed, and pass the needle through the next two seeds towards the left, and slip on two more seeds and so on till you get around. Now you have a star shaped piece of work consisting of 30 seeds or

15 doubles. Pass the needle as before up through the next seed, letting it out between the first double to the left and cast on two seeds points down as before. Cast on two beads, press the needle through the first seed of the next double and cast on two more seeds, then pass the needle through the last seed of that double and cast on two more beads Do this until you have finished this round, then pass the needle upward again toward the left passing out at near the top; this time slip on three beads and the next time around, slip on four and the next, seven, following the doubles correctly, making a direct line of doubles and a line of beads, increasing the number two beads each time around until you have made twenty rows at least. Should you want your bag larger you can make it twenty-five rows and increase the number of beads accordingly. I have mine to number twenty four or twenty-five beads between each row of doubles at the top. When you have worked around the last time or the last row of seeds then put the needle up through the seed and cast on two beads instead of two seeds. Now pass the needle through the left seed of the double and cast on your beads having increased their number to, say about 25. Cast them around filling in between the doubles with two beads until you have them all full; then run the needle round through the work, making the upper row double threaded. This will make it strong enough to hold its weight when you have it finished. Now take a piece of black surah about ten inches wide and twenty or twenty-two long, turn down the ends about three inches and run the raw edges together, leaving a little space at the bottom Now turn the right side out, and on the the wrong or inside lay a flat lining of some thin light material. I use a cheap swiss. Tack down and turn together and sew in a good deep seam. Turn and run in your ribbon and tie in a large flowing double bow knot and ends and fasten with needle and thread; then pull the loop end up smooth

On the other side put another ribbon and tie same as first, also fastening the same as first. Now smooth all out flat and with a needle and stout thread gather across the bottom of bag, draw tightly and fasten thread Take bead work, place center to center of bottom of bag and sew fast, being careful not to sew through any of the seeds. Now thrust the left hand into the bag and hold it up so that the bead work will fall into shape over the bag, and with a pin secure each double in place by pinning between the two beads. When every place is pinned fasten securely with a needle and thread Take another piece of ribbon and gather it up into three loops and ends; fasten them at the center of the bottom of your bag and the work is done.

EMMA W. SIMPSON.

PEN-WIPER, ETC.

Two conceits for pen-wipers are such pretty ones that it seems impossible the small outlay of time and money can produce such results. Cut two circles of cloth, either brown, blue, green, or black, dark in color, bnt of light weight; with the scissors make very fine sharp points around them, as also around the two similar circles of soft chamois which are to serve for the practical part of it. From creamy white cloth cut another circle of the same dimensions; this makes five altogether, two each of chamois and dark cloth, with one of white that is to serve for the upper side, and which must be cut to represent sunflower or daisy petals. Each one will be an inch deep, and its line of division from the other will come an inch from the center; there must be twenty-four of these petals in the piece of cloth. Stud this center space with French knots of four shades of brown crewel, the center a golden shade, and the outer very dark From these knots out on each petal put a quarter-inch-length stitch of bright gold silk, having each side of it a shorter one of lighter gold. Place the chamois between the dark cloth, the flower-shaped piece on top and with dark sewing silk put in a circle of stitches that will be about the size of the center, and serve to keep the parts in place.

The other affair was of kid, or at least the most noticeable part was, and represented four tiny pigs at a trough, two and two, with their noses nearly meeting across the common feeding ground.

Shape four oval pieces, each three and a half by two and a half inches, of either cloth or flannel, the center ones black, to take the ink, and top and bottom red; pink them around with very fine points; across the short diameter put the trough, which is a piece of stout pasteboard an inch and a quarter long and half an inch in width, doubled over and pressed slightly to give it the trough shape; put end bits of the pasteboard a scant half an inch square, and keep them all as you want them by a touch of gum arabic. Take soft, thin kid from an old glove for the animals, or they will not shape easily. Each one stands a trifle over half an inch in height, and measures exactly one inch from the tip of his snout to the end of his body. Cut each piece of kid as near the shape of an outstretched animal as can be, fold in at the front for the snout, stuff with finely cut paper, and sew into as good shape as possible. Tiny pieces of kid and two black beads will be fastened into place for eyes and ears, gathering the latter a trifle to form the loose thrown-forward effect natural to them. Curl a narrow strip for the tails, and sew each tiny little pig, as fresh and clean as he never is in real life, right through the four thicknesses by blind stitches.

CRAMBO.

This game is played as follows: Each player has to write a noun on a small piece of paper, and a question on a larger one All are then thrown together and shuffled, and a question and noun being drawn out, a reply must be given in poetry, in which the noun is introduced. The following may suffice for examples:

Q. Are you fond of poetry?
Noun. Fire.

"Had I the soul of him who once,
In olden time, 'Father of history' was named,
I'd prove my love, not by mere affirmation,
But by glowing thoughts and words of *fire*
Writ down on the spotless page,
And thus convey my feelings to posterity."

Q. Define the term Imagination.
Noun. Bridge.

"'Tis like a castle built on high,
A thing without foundation;
A *bridge* by which we reach the sky:
Is this Imagination?

The shorter the reply is, the better; it may be an original impromptu, or a quotation. Those who are clever and quick-witted can make this game a very amusing and lively one, by introducing into the answers sly allusions to various parties in the room, as the papers are collected and read aloud by one person, so that no one is presumed to know by whom they were severally written.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

ELDER R. C. EVANS.

(See page 271.)

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. III. LAMONI, IOWA, JUNE, 1890. No. 6.

THE EVIL TREE.

BY "RUTH."

Look down, sad eyes, look downward,
The earth is full of woe;
Of harsh and jarring discords,
Of wailings wild and low.

"A GOOD tree can not bring forth evil fruit, neither a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit."

I bring before you the fruits of a tree known now the world over. I bring before you the fruits and ask you to judge therefrom and say of this tree whether it be good or evil.

Flourishing in every clime, it curses every land over which its broad branches throw their shade; for its shadow is the blackness of death and the darkness of ruin.

You do not understand? Then come with me and when your eyes have seen and your ears have heard; when you have seen love turned to hatred, sweet confidence to shuddering fear; when you find contention where once there was harmony, and misery where once there was joy; when you find poverty and hardship where once was peace and plenty; when you look upon beings little above the brute creation who might be but "little lower than angels," you will know why I say the shadow of this tree is the blackness of death; for sin alone is the awfulness of death

Let us go down this busy street. There! You see that man, standing in the doorway of that store? His clothes hang loosely upon his thin frame; he stares vacantly before him; he recognizes no one unless he is roused from his seeming reverie. Of what is he thinking? Do there ever come to his poor, benumbed brain, memories of a time, not long since, when he was the brightest of a class of medical students? He studied abroad, and when he came home to follow his profession, people predicted for him a successful career; but he has failed woefully, as you see, and any friend of his will tell you with a sad shake of the head "He got to drinking."

We pass on and leave him. We can not help him. Poor wreck! He is drifting, his energy gone, his agency surrendered, without an aim or desire save it be to satisfy the terrible longing for that which has been his ruin.

We pass by the places where men find the enticing bowl, jovial companions, the obliging host; we are not looking for the wine when it is red. We know that "at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." We are looking for the places where the *sting* is felt, the places where the *fruits* are seen.

We will go home with this man and see what he finds on his return. We follow his uncertain steps to a small house; we go with him into the little kitchen; it is not very tidy; but when we follow his reeling form into the next room we understand why, for there, unable to rise, we find a sick woman who looks up and shudders when her eyes behold the drunken creature who is her husband. There is a little mad-cap girl running wild somewhere on the streets and a boy just old enough to be taking the first steps in his father's wake. The doctor may charge the mother in vain not to excite herself, and assure her that she can not hope to recover if she does. The sights and sounds she must endure would tax stronger nerves than hers, and in her helplessness, she is ready to say, sometimes, that were it not for her children she would gladly

release her frail hold on life; for the scene of to-night is not one of rare occurrence. It was the same yesterday; it may be the same to-morrow. It is sometimes very much worse. Life for her is a dull round of dreary days.

We leave this unhappy home; for I must show you another more desolate to-night. We look in upon them, gathered about the fire and talking in hushed tones. There is the mother bowed 'neath the weight of her grief, and near her, his head buried in his hands, her eldest child, a boy of sixteen. There are two girls younger and two little ones who cling close to mother and wonder why she hides her face and moans. Why, indeed! Her heart is calling in vain for the one who will never come, the husband, the father. "Always so kind, always so good," she moans.

Yes, kind and good he may have been, but drink, strong drink, led him to his ruin. It led him away from his little home, from the wife and children he loved, away with his rollicking companions to the noisy saloon, there to drink and revel and take no note of time till the midnight hour struck. Then he roused himself and started out. He would go home. How long the road seemed before him; how dark the night; how he wished himself at home. He staggered on. But what was this coming round the curve so close upon him? A *headlight! Oh, God, have mercy!* It struck him; it tossed him aside as a feather's weight; it flew on its way; the fast train could not stop because a poor, drunken creature could not get out of its way.

They found him there in the morning still alive and conscious of his condition. Who shall say what thoughts passed through his brain as he lay there through the cold hours of the November night? Did he think of his little ones at home, wrapped in the sleep of innocence, while his life was ebbing away? Did he think of the wife who loved him and of her terrible grief? Did he think of the boy he had always shielded from hardship, who now must take upon his young shoulders the cares of a man? Do you think he failed to trace, unerringly, the awful consequences back to their source? Do you think he feared, after such a night as he had spent, to go into the presence of his God?

Kind hands lifted him gently and bore him home; kind hands soothed his dying moments; kind hands laid him in his narrow bed; and now his wife and children must take up the great burden that his rashness has brought upon them. He murmured, "I hope God has forgiven me." We hope so too.

Listen while I tell you a story as true as lips ever uttered or hand ever penned. It is of two young lovers. I met them one bright Sabbath morning as I wended my way to church. They had been to their accustomed place of worship and were going home.

I can see them yet, though years have passed, and knowing the end I exclaim, "Who could have known that so sweet a morn should end in so dark a night? Who could have known that those two hearts, beating with love and happiness, should ever come to throb heavily with loathing and shame?"

They were married. (I remember the day she came to tell us, and how she blushed when she invited us to the church.) They spent the first years of their married life in another city and then returned, but a change was noticeable, and soon it began to be whispered that he "drank."

By a stroke of fortune—whether good or bad I can not say—the young wife became heir to a large amount of money. Ah! what high times there were then. (They were our neighbors and we saw it all.) No more work and the pockets full of money! Yes, yes, there is mischief for idle hands, and there are dark and dangerous ways for idle feet, and the "red dragon" lies in wait in gilded and beautiful halls where lovers of pleasure meet.

Intimate friends began to tell the wife in gentle words that she might do well to be less generous with her husband, but they were met with the haughty rebuff that what was her's was her husband's and she had confidence in him.

But love weakened into pity, and confidence gave place to distrust, when months had lengthened into years with no change save that his countenance daily became more disfigured and the funds steadily decreased. Lower and lower they sank, and pity became mixed with impatience, and impatience became anger and indignation, when from the crest of fortune's wave, she found herself in poverty, almost,

and saddest to tell, her husband a drunkard.

Then came the hand to hand encounter with want. She must work, her delicate boy must work, her little girls must bear disgrace and privation, and the wretched father, the cause, could not stay and look upon it. All feeling, all sense of honor was not gone, though all self-mastery seemed to be, and he wandered away from a home in which he felt himself but an encumbrance. Here and there he drifted, living, and that was all, hearing only through others of wife or children. But some cause, necessity perhaps, turned him homeward, and one Sabbath night, as the shades of darkness gathered, he re-entered the city that held the spot that should have been home to him. What must have been his feelings, what may have been the thoughts, the memories that thronged his mind as he passed through the well known streets. He did not go home, he dreaded to go. He could not hope to find a welcome there. He went into a saloon and there he stayed until he could stay no longer, for it was time to close up.

Reluctantly he started out. The night was dark, but his own home was almost in sight. He went on. Some one, going along that way a few minutes later, found him just as he breathed his last. His tired heart, its force spent in the service of King Alcohol, had no strength to endure the agony of shame and remorse that filled it.

He died in the street, two blocks from home, and left as a legacy to his children four pennies, found in his pocket, and a memory that will bring sadness to them while life shall last. No pleasure, no prosperity can ever quite efface it.

"This thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay
Like a dead, leafless branch in the blooming of spring."

The dreadful ravages of intemperance are found everywhere. Helpless childhood often suffers from the brutal rage of drunken parents, and the white locks of age are not so sacred as to check the violence of a drunken son. Here a sister watches with the eyes of love for an erring brother, and there a wife listens with fear for the step of him who should be her refuge and defense against the storms of life.

Intemperance, the strongest arrow in the quiver of Satan, Oh, when shall your shaft be broken! Oh, Evil Tree, with bitterest of fruits, when shall the axe be laid to your roots?

Can it be before men govern themselves? Can it be while men love money more than they love the souls of their fellow-men? Can it be while men hug to their breasts false notions of honor which compel them to drink because other men drink, treat because they are treated, drink because to refuse would offend some one? Can it be while our young men have false ideas of manliness which teach them that to be men they must be able to puff a pipe or cigar with ease, and swagger in and out of a saloon with an air of nonchalance?

There is one strong bulwark which men may raise against the deceitfulness of intemperance, and they raise it when they "choose whom they will serve" and choose to serve the Lord. Then do they walk in wisdom's ways, "whose ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Oh, that men would praise the Lord! That they would turn from the sins and follies of the world and come to the "fountain opened in the house of David for sin and all uncleanness," that fountain that was opened for the vile, the contaminated.

And would that all, especially those who have been numbered among God's people, might hear and obey the injunction, "Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit."

We can not serve two masters who are opposed to each other. Strong drink is at enmity with all that is good. If we are filled with it, we can not serve God. If we are filled with the Spirit, we will not serve its arch-enemy.

EARLY LOVE OF MUSIC.—The great musician Haydn once wrote as follows: "From the most tender age music has given me unusual pleasure. At any time I would rather listen to any instrument whatever than run about with my little companions. When at play with them in the square near St. Stephen's, as soon as I heard the organ I left them, and went into the church."

SLEEP.—Sir T. Brown: Sleep is death's younger brother, and so like him, that I never dare trust him without my prayers.

A JUNE SONG.

"A song for June, whose breath is sweet
With blossoms opening at our feet;
Whose voice is heard in brooks that run
Through meadows, glad with song and sun.
Oh, happy, happy June!

"The robin in the apple trees
His nest among the branches sees,
And, bubbling from his silver throat,
What wordless songs of rapture float.

"Above the world the firmament
Spreads out the azure of its tent;
How blest are we, whose dwelling is
Beneath so kind a roof as this.

"Our hearts are glad, with bird and bee,
For what we hear and feel and see;
Life seems a song to sweetest tune,
Oh, would it were forever June!"

—Selected.

WOMAN'S LIBERTY IN THE HOLY LAND.

BY "VIDA."

I FOUND the following in a book I was reading, and considering the author, "Cunningham Geikie, D.D.," could but let it have its weight of evidence against Ingersoll's assertion, that "In no country in the world had women less liberty than in the Holy Land, and no Monarch held in less esteem the right of wives and mothers than Jehovah of the Jews."

" 'It must be granted,' says Ewald, 'that in no ancient people has family life maintained itself so powerfully as in Israel, during the early days of the outward strength of the nation, or with so little weakening and deterioration as during the period of its gradual decline.' In their patriarch Isaac and his wife Rebecca, they had an abiding ideal which it seemed the highest felicity to copy. Woman, among the Jews, was never so dependent and despised as among other Eastern races, for the law proclaimed that she was bone of man's bone, and flesh of his flesh, and designed to be a help-meet for him. In the picture of Eve, as the one wife of Adam, polygamy was indirectly censured, and it was no less so in the command given in Eden, that 'a man should leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and that they should be one flesh.' Hence it was never in much favor among the Jews, and gradually gave place to the original law. Indeed, it was at any time rather a feature of royal or princely ostentation than a characteristic of ordinary life. The Book of Proverbs throws great light on the position of woman in Israel, and incidentally, on her place and occupation in the household. 'A gracious woman,' we are told, 'retaineth honor.' 'A wise woman buildeth her house,' that is, establishes her family; 'and the price of a virtuous woman is set far above that of rubies.' Instead of being the playthings or slaves of man, women are taught that they may be his helper and noblest friend. 'The heart of the husband of the virtuous woman,' says King Lemuel: 'Doth safely trust in her, so that he shall not want for gain. She will do him good and not harm, all the days of her life. She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh with diligent hands. She is like the merchant ship; she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and the day's work to her maidens. She considereth a field and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and maketh strong her arm. She sees that her trading yields good profit; her lamp is kept burning by night. She lays her hands on the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hands to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her children are clothed with scarlet wool. She maketh herself robes; her clothing is silk and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She mak-

eth fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. Strength and honor are her clothing, and she smiles at days to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ordering of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her sons rise up and praise her; her husband also, and he extols her: Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Gracefulness is deceitful, and beauty is a heath, but a woman that fears Jehovah, she shall be praised. Give her the honor that the fruit of her hands deserve; her works are the praise of all, in the gates.'

"No literature of any age offers a finer ideal of the wife and mother than this Hebrew poem, written not less than two thousand five hundred years ago, when the history of Greece was still the era of fable, and Rome was little more than a rude fort on the top of the Palatine hill. That it is a separate poem, inserted in this collection of Proverbs, is seen from its construction, each verse beginning with the successive letters of the Hebrew alphabet, in regular order, with the design, no doubt, of helping the memory to retain it. For hundreds of years before Mary's day, it had been on the lips of every Jewish maiden, for the words of the sacred books were familiar to the whole Jewish race, as no part of any other literature, so far as we know, has ever been to any people. The picture of loving fidelity, ceaseless industry, prudence, management, charity, thrift, wisdom, self-respect, of noble reverence, rising from the husband on earth, to God above, and of motherly virtues towards her children, must have kindled high aspirations in many a Jewish wife. It can not be wrong to believe that, in her sphere, Mary realized this ideal, both in her activities and in her character, and that it had its share in the spiritual development of her wondrous child.

"The relation of the Jewish husband to his wife was equally striking. If he were her Isaac, she was his Rebecca. 'A good wife is a great gift of God,' says the son of Sirach, 'to him that fears God is she given.' 'Joy to the man who has such a wife' says he again, 'for the number of his days is doubled.' 'Honor your wife that you may be rich in the joy of your home,' says the Talmud. 'Is your wife little?' says another Jewish proverb, also quoted in the Talmud, 'then bow down to her and speak'—that is, do nothing without her advice. 'In eating and drinking' says a Rabbi, 'let a man keep within his means. In his own dress let him spend as his means will allow; but let him honor his wife and children to the very edge of his power, for they are dependent on him, but he, himself is dependent on God, whose word made the world.' The humor that marks the Jew in all ages made a butt of the man who, contrary to the better feeling of his people, ventured to take two wives, one young and one old. The young one, said Jewish wit, pulled out the white hairs, and the old one the black, till his head was smooth as an ivory ball! in allusion to which they said, 'bald here and bald there.' The reverence of children towards their parents was carried to the sublime in Hebrew families. The child found his ideal of obedience in Isaac's willingly yielding himself to death at his father's command. Every Hebrew child heard, from its earliest years, how the finger of God himself had written on the tables of stone, 'Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee,' and this command they found repeated again and again in the Sacred Law. Disobedience to a father or mother was made a public crime, which the community might punish with death. The tender care of an aged parent, was regarded by every Jew as a sacred duty. . . Family life, resting thus on the holiest duty and reverence, has been nowhere, in any age more beautiful than it was, and still is, among the Jews. In the parents, moreover, the passionate love of offspring, characteristic of the race, doubtless hallowed these lofty sanctions. The children of a Jewish household were the center round which his life and love moved. . . A childless marriage was the bitterest trial. The Rabbi's went even so far as to say that childless parents were to be lamented as one would lament the dead. The purity of Jewish family life was proverbial even in antiquity. The surpassing morality of the ancient Scriptures, and the illustrations of ideal virtue presented by such mothers in Israel as Sarah, Rachel, Hannah, and Susanna, shed a holiness over household relationship in Israel that was unknown elsewhere. The

Talmud hardly goes too far when it ascribes to the fidelity of the wives of the nation in Egypt, its first deliverance, and its national existence, and a modern Jew is, perhaps, justified in believing that the bond of family love among his people is stronger than in any other race. 'From the inexhaustible spring of Jewish family love, says he, 'rise the saviours of the human race.' 'The Jewish women alone,' says he justly, elsewhere, 'have the sound principle to subordinate all other love to that of the mother.' Alexander Weil puts into the mouth of the Jewish mother the words, 'Dare any Jewish mother, worthy of the name, let the thought of 'love' in its ignoble sense ever cross her mind? It seems to her no better than a vile apostasy. A Jewess dares love only God, her parents, her husband and her children.' Kornpert ventures to repeat the audacious Jewish saying—'God could not be everywhere, so he made mothers.' . . And so, it is true in all ages, as Douglas Jerrold puts it, that 'she who rocks the cradle, rules the world.'"

Can not we learn lessons from these Jewish mothers?

THE LOVE OF GOD.

BY EMMA H. PARSONS.

(Read at Young People's Meeting, Pittsburg, Pa.)

IN Proverbs 8: 17 we read: "I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me early shall find Me."

Here we find God's love made manifest and offered to us in our childhood to bring us closer to Him and prepare us for our journey through life, with an emphatic promise that we shall find, if we only seek Him.

After we have obtained this love, we sometimes are not as careful to retain it as we should be, or we feel exalted that we have received so much more than others; but this is not the way for Christ's followers to feel. How much better and nearer we are, to our Heavenly Father, when we try to live humbly and gain His smiles and approbation; How, at times, we are apt think that we have not that love, or that our Father does not love us. When we are stricken down in sickness, or rebuked in some way, then we lose our faith, and have not the confidence and strength in that arm which is mighty to save; but here we find consoling words expressed;" As many as the Lord loveth He rebukes and chastens."

When we think of the Almighty looking down with so much love and tender compassion on a wicked people to bring us up higher, giving us so many encouraging words and promises; and it is spoken by one of our writers that His love is so much stronger than our earthly parents can bestow on us; he so beautifully expresses it:

> "No earthly father loves like Thee,
> No mother half so mild."

Stop one moment and think of a mother's love. What is there in this life to be compared to this? I have often heard my mother say, that the name "Mother" was almost sacred to her. So say I. When I think how pure, true, and self-sacrificing a mother's love for her child is, how willing she is to shield us from any danger, and, when we have committed a wrong, how ready to forgive and take us back again to her heart, or, when in sickness she administers to our wants so tenderly and patiently. How grand and strong this attachment, this love, and it is not half so deep as the love of our Heavenly Father.

It makes our hearts swell to the utmost with gladness. What does this love not do for us? It makes us better men and women in the eyes of our associates, and in the eyes of those with whom we are daily thrown. When contemplating on this most beautiful theme, it stimulates our desires to greater action and makes us more charitable; and when we possess this love, we try to do more for others; and in trying to help others, we are helping ourselves. Then we have the consciousness

of doing our duty. If we have not this love in our hearts, we can not love and serve God, for it is written, "If a man say, I love God, and hate his brother, he is a liar, for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" And this commandment have we from Him, That he who loveth God, loves his brother also. Hence we see, if we love not one another, our efforts are of no avail, and we can not accomplish the end which we have so fully determined to reach. Our energies and strength will fail us if we are void of this love. Jesus says, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Pause here and think how little and few our sacrifices are, and then of our Savior laying down His life for his friends, being nailed to the cross as a ransom for mankind. What manner of people ought we to be? We feel that no pen can write our feelings, when we think of this verse seriously. How weak and liable we are to stray from Him! When we think of our Savior's love while he sojourned here, the many sacrifices he made, His whole misssion was one of love. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have Everlasting Life."

THE TRUE HERO.

BY J. A. GUNSOLLEY.

The word "hero" intuitively calls to our mind deeds of daring and valor. It is ever associated with such events as shipwrecks, train disasters and conflagrations. Almost every periodical of the day contains some account of disaster in which some one has escaped a terrible death by the daring feat of some person whom they please to designate "hero."

The word "hero" is derived from the Latin "heror," meaning a man of distinguished valor, and as such it has been handed down to us for centuries. From a literary standpoint a hero is a prominent, or central figure in any remarkable action or event; the principal personage in a poem, story and the like; or the one who has the principal share in the events related, as Achilles in the Iliad, Ulysses in the Odyssey, and Æneas in the Æneid.

Such is the common acceptation of the term "hero." But did you ever think that the world is full of heroes, every day, genuine heroes?

To the mind of the writer the term "hero" has a wider significance than this, a significance that reaches out as broad as this grand, free republic of ours. True heroism consists not in defeating an enemy, taking a city, or conquering a world; neither alone in entering places of peril and rescuing some unfortunate victim from the all but inevitable. True heroism comes home to us in the everyday walks of life. He who in the family circle speaks a kind word to his loved ones and considers the home relations superior to all things else, is a "true hero." He who dares to stand up for the truth and right in the face of the strongest opposition is worthy the title. He who, regardless of the taunts and jeers of a crowded populace, stoops to lend a helping hand to his fallen brother, or offers his strong arm to a feeble comrade, richly merits the appellation of "true hero." Show me a young man who is ashamed or unwilling to lend a helping hand to his sister, and I'll show you a young man who has no manhood. Show me a youth who declines to lighten his mother's burden or to smooth the rugged path along which she has plodded so wearily lo, these many years, and I'll show you a youth who has not the tiniest spark of heroism burning within his bosom.

Again, show me a young man who disregards his father's counsel and advice, and I'll show you a young man whose intentions are not what they should be. The "true hero" visits the widows and fatherless, enters the sick chamber, and by some kind word or deed adds a ray of sunshine to some downcast soul. He may be known, if in the great thoroughfares of life, by the manner in which he goes about his business; if in the public service, by the equity and justice with which he discharges every duty; if in the social

circle, by his frank and smiling countenance, his pleasing conversation and manners; if in the sick chamber, by his words of cheer, consolation and encouragement. Such are some of the characteristics of the "true hero."

Alexander was truly a great man from a military standpoint. He conquered all the then civilized world, and when there were no more nations to conquer he wept bitter tears of sorrow. Think you that he was a hero? Ah, no! all his conquests were but to satisfy his ambitious desires, his insatiable longing for dominion. Such was the character of Bonaparte. After having conquered almost all Europe, England alone excepted, he was forced to eke out the last six years of his remarkable life, a solitary exile on the dreary island of St. Helena.

Have you not heard of Sir Philip Sydney, who during the trouble between Elizabeth and Philip of France, when lying mortally wounded upon the field of Zutphen, and being about to partake of some water which had been procured with great difficulty to cool his parched tongue, saw a wounded soldier looking wistfully at it and said, "Take it, thy necessities are greater than mine?"

It is related of Prince Albert that once upon a time he was visited by a humble, worthy man who had befriended the Prince in his youth, and whom he invited to the family table. He began eating with his knife, as he had been accustomed, and the young people smiled. Prince Albert looked around upon them as if to say, "Stop that," and at once he himself began to eat with his knife and so on to the end of the meal. After dinner one of the children asked him why he did so. Prince Albert replied, "It is well enough to observe the etiquette of the day, but it is far more important to avoid insulting people. I wanted my old friend to enjoy his dinner, which he could not, had he seen you laughing at him. He is accustomed to use the knife and it would be quite difficult for him to use the fork instead."

Frank and Charles were one day walking along the road when they espied a turtle. Charles who was the older said, "What good fun it would be to turn him on his back and then go off and leave him." But Frank who had been taught to be kind even to dumb animals said, "It would be too bad to do so, since he could not turn himself over again, and, besides, I don't see as there would be any fun in it anyhow." After remonstrating with him for sometime and calling his attention to the Golden Rule, Frank succeeded in persuading Charles to desist, and they left the turtle to pursue his course unmolested. Now Frank was a "true hero," because he dared to stand up and declare the injustice of his superior and assert what he had been taught and what he believed to be right. Do we not need more Franks in the world?

It was a rainy day in a large city. The streets were very slippery, and crowds of people were hurrying to and fro. On a corner stood a group of a half dozen boys, laughing and watching for some object of amusement. Down the street came a woman, pale and delicate. She reached the street corner and hesitated, fearing to attempt the crossing lest her foot should slip and leave her at the mercy of the vehicles, a number of which were constantly passing. The boys, thinking their object of amusement had come, were almost jubilant, when from among them stepped a noble youth and, approaching the woman, offered his arm and aided her across the street. Upon returning to his companions he was twitted by them, but replied "She is somebody's mother." Ah, yes! we all have mothers and sisters who are constantly in need of just such a "hero" as that to aid them on life's slippery journey.

General Grant was a "hero" such as seldom graces the pages of a nation's history, Yet while Grant was achieving victories on the field which were destined to free the country from the greatest curse that ever darkened the historical record of any people, that illustrious statesman who arose from his humble nest of leaves in one corner of the homely log cabin of his Illinois home, and won his way step by step to the highest seat in the government, forming one of the brightest stars in the nation's crown, might have been seen wending his way to the hospital to have a word with "the boys," as he was wont to call those who were returned mangled and bleeding from the scene of action. Picture, if you can, the sympathetic president, his stalwart form passing quietly among the wounded and dying, and stopping at the side of each

couch to take the feeble hand and to speak a word of cheer to a stricken comrade. See how eagerly each one watches his coming and how each countenance brightens as they recognize his pleasant features and hear his kindly words of cheer. Say you not that these were victories such as Gen. Grant might have envied? Such heroism is scarcely found upon the battle field. Scarcely had the instrument ceased ticking that flashed the news of Lee's surrender to Grant, when the nation was shocked by the announcement that an unseen assassin had fired the fatal shot that removed from the scene of action, and forever immortalized among the names of "true heroes" of the world, the martyr of the rebellion, Abraham Lincoln.

"His white tent is pitched on the beautiful plain,
Where the tumult of battle comes never again,
Where the smoke of the war-cloud ne'er darkens the air,
Nor falls on the spirit a shadow of care.
The songs of the ransomed enrapture his ear,
And he heeds not the dirges that roll for him here;
In the calm of his spirit, so strange and sublime,
He is lifted far over the discords of time."

Is not such heroism worth striving for? You say, "but the world is so ungrateful." Ah! how true! But do you not know that "Bread cast upon the water will return after many days." Though we may not all become Lincolns, Grants or Garfields, for each one has his sphere, yet we *may* become "heroes" in truth; "heroes" such as may be an honor to ourselves and families; "heroes" that will prove a monument in the memories of friends and relatives; heroes of which society may well be proud, and "heroes" by which humanity may be blessed and the world made better by our having lived in it.

"What makes a hero? Not success, not fame,
Inebriate merchants, and the loud acclaim
Of glutted Avarice—caps tossed in air,
Or pen of journalist with flourish fair;
Bells pealed, stars, ribbons, and a titled name—
These, though his rightful tribute, he can spare;
His rightful tribute, not his end or aim,
Or true reward; for never yet did these
Refresh the soul, or set the heart at ease.
What makes a hero? An heroic mind,
Expressed in action, in endurance proved.
And if there be pre-eminence of right,
Derived through pain well suffered, to the height
Of rank heroic, 'tis to bear unmoved
Not toil, not risk, not rage of sea or wind,
Not the brute fury of barbarians blind,
But worse—ingratitude and poisonous darts,
Launched by the country he had served and loved.
This, with a free, unclouded spirit pure,
This, in the strength of silence to endure,
A dignity to noble deeds imparts
Beyond the gauds and trappings of renown,
This is the hero's complement and crown,
This missed, one struggle had been wanting still—
One glorious triumph of the heroic will,
One self approval in his heart of hearts."

SHENANDOAH, Iowa, 1888.

LECTURE ON TEMPERANCE.

GENERAL Master Workman Powderly, in the issue of the *Journal of United Labor*, publishes a temperance lecture addressed to the members of the Knights of Labor. It is entitled "The Justice of My People" and is a reply to unfavorable criticisms made by certain of his correspondents on lectures delivered by him recently in Boston and Lynn, Massachusetts. Mr. Powderly says:

"I know I am right. I know that, in refusing to even touch a drop of strong drink I was, and am, right. In refusing to treat another to that which I do not believe to be good for myself to drink I know that I am right. In not allowing a rum-seller to gain admission into the order of the Knights of Labor I know I am right. In advising our assemblies not to rent halls or meeting-rooms over drinking-places I know that I am right. I have done this from the day my voice was first heard in the council halls of our order. My position on the question of temperance is right. I am determined to maintain it, and will not alter it one jot or tittle. I know that in the organization of which I am the head there are many good men who drink, but they would be better men if they did not drink. Ten years ago I was hissed because I advised men to let strong drink alone. They

threatened to rotten-egg me. I have continued to advise men to be temperate, and, though I have had no experience that would qualify me to render an opinion of the efficacy of a rotten egg as an ally of the rum-drinker, yet I would prefer to have my exterior decorated from summit to base with the rankest kind of rotten eggs rather than allow one drop of liquid villainy to pass my lips.

"Ten years ago the cause of temperance was not so respectable as it is to-day, because there were not so many respectable men and women advocating it. It has gained ground. It is gaining ground, and all because men and women who believed in it could not be brow-beaten or frightened. Take a list of the labor societies of America and the total sum paid into the treasuries from all sources from their organization to the present time will not exceed $5,000,000. The Knights of Labor is the largest and most influential of them all, and though so much has been said concerning the vast amount of money that has been collected from the members, yet the total sum levied and collected for all purposes up to the present time will not exceed $800,000. Now let us turn to the other side. In New York alone it is estimated that not less than $25,000 a day are spent for drink, $75,000,000 in a year. If I cared more for the praise and approbation of labor's enemies than I do for the interests of labor I would remain silent. We are seeking to reform existing evils. We must first reform ourselves."

—Selected.

TESTIMONY OF SISTER MARY JORDAN.

AFTER reading, or hearing read, so many testimonies in the *Autumn Leaves* and "Herald," I thought I would add mine in brief.

The same year the Latter Day Saints, or Mormons, as they were commonly called, were driven from Missouri, Joshua Holman moved into our neighborhood in Lee county, Iowa, about fifty miles from Nauvoo. My husband was the first to say that if any one was taken sick he would send for him, and see if they had the gift of healing, as they claimed such gifts were in their church; of course he did not believe they were. I was then very much opposed to any favor being shown the Mormons. About this time one of our children was taken very sick with whooping cough and high fever, nigh unto death, having to be watched all the time, night and day. My husband was not then so willing to send for Elder Holman, it was too solemn an occasion, he thought, to trifle with; but one evening he went after Elder Holman to come over and watch with us. The Elder came willingly, and he brought his bottle of consecrated oil with him. After seeing the sad condition of the child, he began to reason with us from the Scriptures, and asked us if we would be willing to promise God that inasmuch as he would restore our child to us, we would obey His will according to the best of our understanding. Of course we were willing to promise, as we could see nothing wrong in that; so we all knelt down and he led in prayer, after which he administered to the child, and he was instantly healed, and we did not have to watch him after that at all; he was sound and well. But we were negligent in doing our duty toward God as far as we even understood it, and we would not join that church anyway. After that, another of our family was taken the same way, and when all hope was gone, we were persuaded to have Elder Holman come and administer to him; and he was also instantly healed. My husband still remained in unbelief, but I was convinced that it was of God to confirm his gospel; but my husband said he wanted to see Joseph Smith before he could believe. After I believed I delayed obedience thereto until I was stricken down with a severe illness, and the doctors declared there was no help for me. After seven days of intense suffering, I humbled myself and called for the same Elder who had been an instrument in God's hands to restore our children. When he prayed, he asked the Lord that "inasmuch as he had restored the gospel, and had called Joseph Smith

to do that part of his work, and he was ordained to preach the gospel as restored, let the power of Thy Spirit so rest upon this afflicted one to the healing of her disease." Immediately the power of God rested upon me to the joy and satisfaction of my soul, and the scales fell from my eyes, and, like Paul, I was ready to be baptized, and in a few days there was an opportunity. When I was confirmed, the "testimony of Jesus" rested upon me, and I have remained steadfast and immovable during all the trials the Saints have been called to pass through, and feel to praise God for his many blessings all through my life. I have been raised by the power of God from death's door many times since, and my children have often been healed and spared me, proving to me that the word is true and unchangeable, and wiping the tears from our eyes and filling our hearts with rejoicing in tribulation, I can bear my testimony to the truthfulness of my husband's "Brief Testimony" in July number of *Autumn Leaves* for 1889.

Ever praying for the welfare of God's people, I remain yours in the bonds of the new and everlasting covenant.

MARY JORDAN, aged 72 years.

DELOIT, Iowa, Jan. 2, 1890.

LET THE FLOWERS SPEAK.

We seek and gather sweet wild flowers
That seem so proud to lift their bloom
From out the bare and brown old earth
Which for a time has been a tomb
For sleeping roots of shrub and vine,
That sadly pined and seeming died,
When bleak fall winds their blossoms blew
And scattered from them far and wide.

I know that sometimes, slow and soft,
The snowflakes fell as though they knew
The sadness of it all, and low
Sometimes the wild winds blew.
But ah! like dread disease and death,
Do fall and winter hold their reign,
No flower so bright, no form so fair,
But what by these are ever slain.

We watched the blossoms slowly fade,
And sadly missed their fragrance sweet.
But days have passed away, till now
Again they're blooming at our feet.
Not dead they were, tho' life seemed gone,
There was that God-implanted germ,
Which under laws supreme, divine,
Did wait to bloom in its own term.

We said, like death does winter reign,
And like the flowers our loved ones fade.
They die, and oh! we give them up,
And in earth's arms their forms are laid.
We mourn, Oh, God, how we do mourn,
That here no more their love we'll know,
But calm they rest, and ne'er arouse
From that long sleep to which they go.

But comes the thought, if shrub and vine
Can spring to life and bloom anew,
Despite the blight and seeming death,
Because it is their season to,
Why can not we whose being is
Of far more value than the flowers,
Believe that we'll from death awake,
And that another life is ours?

And oh, if we should meet again
All those we've known and loved below,
Perhaps for wrongs we've suffered here,
We then would restitution know.
Perhaps, also, we'd say some words
We ne'er can say while here we live.
'Twould heaven be to some, I think,
To hear the words, "I now forgive."

—Selected.

MEMORIES.

Listening, in the twilight
Very long ago,
To a dear voice singing
Very sweet and low.
Was the song a ballad
Of a lady bright,
Saved from deadly peril
By a gallant knight?
Or a song of battle,
And of flying foe?
Nay, I have forgotten,
'Tis so long ago.
All that I am sure of
Is that long ago,
Mother sang at twilight
Very soft and low.

—Cosmopolitan.

OBSERVATIONS.—No. III.

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Cain
Has left the dead and lives again.
He walks—the brand is on his brow—
"Am I my brother's keeper" now?

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Pray
May he not travel his own way?
What care I which way he may choose—
A Heaven to gain, or *all* to lose?

"Am I my brother's keeper? Is
My money *mine*, or is it *his?*
The God who gives me meat and bread
Might have given to him instead.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Still
The query comes, and come it will;
It will not "*down*" nor let me rest,
Until the truth I have confessed.

I *am* my brother's keeper! God
Has given voice even to the *sod*.
My brother's blood is on my hand,
How *dare* I in his presence stand?

God's children are my brothers—all
Who hail me with imploring call:
"Save, or I perish!" "Lend your hand
Again to set me on the land!"

I will not wear the brand of Cain,
But from my soul erase the stain.
Lord, all I have is thine. Oh, take
And use it for my brother's sake!

—Woodland Democrat.

WHAT think ye of Christ? Whose Son is he? If he be the Son of God, what of his brethren?

"For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings. For both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one: for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren."—Heb. 2: 10, 11.

But what of the restored gospel? you ask again. Is there provision made in its economy to meet the great social problems of the day? We answer there is, and purpose very briefly to consider some of its provisions, first, for the spiritual nature and needs of man, and second, for his physical nature and needs.

That man pre-existed and had his agency in coming to this earth is sustained by strong presumptive evidence. Christ was with the Father and was a sharer of the Father's glory before the world was. John 17: 5. "*In all things* it behooved him to be made like unto his brethren." If in all things he was like them, who can assume that they were not *like him* in the fact of pre-existence? Certainly there must have been many points of resemblance, and who is prepared to prove that this was not one?

"There was a man *sent from God*, whose name was John." John was born into the world under conditions similar to all other children, and yet he was sent from God.

As man had his agency from the time of his creation, who can show that he did not have it before he came to this earthly tabernacle?

We speak of the restored gospel, because the angel revealed unto Joseph Smith the true ordinances thereof and gave him authority to administer these ordinances, and also lifted the veil which had lain like a black pall upon the creed-bound world for long centuries, revealing the fact that Christ not only *came* to be, but *would* be the Savior of the entire human race. That he came not to condemn the world, but to save the world. That not only should every man who had died in Adam be made alive in Christ, but that in the making alive every man should come forth in his own order, and should inherit a kingdom suited to him or be rewarded according to the deeds done in the body. Through obedience to the ordinances of the gospel and faithful continuance in well doing, the righteous should inherit the greatest of all glories, but the other children, those who had not been willing to "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth," having exercised the agency given them, should receive just what they had lived for, while the heathen, who had not heard the gospel here, should hear and have the privilege of obeying it hereafter, and should come forth in the resurrection of the just; and that not one soul should be lost except those who should deny the Son after the Father had revealed him,—the sin of which Jesus said it should not be forgiven, "neither in this world nor in the world to come."

This is not a gospel suited to machines, such as the Presbyterians have clung to so tenaciously; neither to timid souls who can be frightened "by the opening

of gates whence issues the smell of hell-fire and brimstone;"* but to us it seems pre-eminently suited to men and women who have been endowed by the great Creator with reason and intelligence, little inferior to the angels.

What, think you, would the devotee of fashion and folly find in common with those who had wandered in sheep-skins and goat-skins, and lived in dens and caves of the earth, in order that they might obtain a better resurrection? Can you conceive what a Voltaire or Ingersoll would find to do in the company of Abraham, Moses and the prophets? We think that even Ingersoll would be happier in the company of the souls he has ruined than with these faithful ones.

The love and justice of God is pledged to the redemption of every son and daughter of Adam, and because of this he has sworn by himself, as he can swear by no greater, "That every knee should bow and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

It is hard, perhaps, that with all their wisdom and the splendid advantages the world has had of progressing, the ablest of their divines and thinkers are yet so far behind the unlearned and undisciplined boy God chose through whom to reveal these things. Let it comfort them, that they are not the first to be similarly situated. It is but a repetition of what has been in other ages and dispensations of the world, and we worship the same God to whom Jesus said: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes! Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

And now we come to the provision God has made for his people in temporal things, and after a careful reading of the law and reflection thereon, we are, seemingly, unavoidably led to the following conclusions:

First. It is not the will of God that the substance of this world should accumulate in the hands of any individual beyond what is sufficient for a reasonable competency for himself and family; but that what is possessed by any individual more than this should be consecrated for the good of the body.

Second. That God has made it incumbent upon the strong to bear the infirmities of the weak.

We are writing these articles for the young, and as it is not our object to prove these assertions step by step, we advise each one interested in the latter day work, and who may or may not doubt their correctness, to examine the proofs for himself, and see if they rest upon a baseless foundation. As a church, God has given to us laws more binding than to those who do not acknowledge his government. It has been affirmed by Dr. Barry that in a great measure the unsettled state of governments to-day is due to the fact that the eyes of the people are being opened to see that kings and rulers do not rule by divinely invested right, as was once claimed by them and believed by the masses, but that governments which do not legislate for the best good of the people are simply false to their trusts. In the framing of the Constitution of the United States we are told the inspiration of God moved upon those called upon to do the work, and if the world to-day can claim exemption from obedience thereto, let us tell you that the members of our church can not, for to us a direct command has been given that in order to keep God's law we must not violate the law of the land. There can be no conflict between the two, and therefore no need of violation.

Emerson says: "Or, do men desire the more substantial and permanent grandeur of genius? Neither has this immunity. He who by force of will or thought is great, and overlooks thousands, has the charges of that eminence. With every influx of light comes new danger. Has he light? He must bear witness to the light, and always outrun that sympathy which gives him such keen satisfaction by his fidelity to new revelations of the incessant soul. . . . Has he all that the world loves and admires and covets? He must cast behind him their admiration, and afflict them by faithfulness to his truth, and become a byword and a hissing."

The genius of Joseph Smith was the genius of direct revelation, and the light to which he was called to bear witness was the light of inspiration; but the truth

* We heard this expression made not over a dozen years ago by a student of theology at the seminary in Boston, Massachusetts.

of Emerson's assertion was clearly proven in his case. He indeed had charge of the eminence to which God called him, and by his faithfulness in bearing witness to the light he received, by his fidelity to the new revelations of that light, he outran the sympathy of the world, and not of the world only, but of many if not all of his best friends.

Are the thoughtful students of physiology, and hygiene to-day, teaching that tea and coffee are not good for man, that strong drinks, though worse in particular cases, are far less universal in their deleterious effects than the former? Joseph Smith, for being true to deliver the word of God upon this point, was charged with being a Judas who wanted to put the price of the tea, coffee, tobacco, etc., into the bag which they say he bare.

Are the ablest minds of to-day giving unlimited thought and bringing to bear all the powers of intellects disciplined and trained upon the social problem; are ministers uniting with statesmen and men of letters in declaring against the heartlessness and idolatry of the age and predicting the dangers which will be the result of such injustice? Joseph Smith, faithful to the revealments of the Lord through him, taught principles by which the strong, the successful were to stand as a bulwark of defense for the helpless and the weak. Man was to recognize himself as but the steward of God's bounties and to apply that which was over and above a sufficiency for himself and family, to the general work of the Lord and maintaining the best interest of the body. Was it a pleasant thing for Joseph to stand upon "those heights?" Was it a pleasant thing for him to say to the church, as the Lord bade him say:

"If thou lovest me, thou shalt serve me and keep all my commandments. And behold thou wilt remember the poor and consecrate of thy properties for their support, that which thou hast to impart unto them with a covenant and a deed which can not be broken. . . . And again, if there be properties in the hands of the church, or any individual of it, more than is necessary for their support after this first consecration, which is a residue to be consecrated unto the Bishop, it shall be kept to administer unto those who have not, from time to time, that every man who has need may be amply supplied and receive according to his wants."

If any imagine that it was, let him step out upon the same eminence and see. It has not been long since some who were once considered strong in the faith stumbled over the law of tithing, over simply giving to the advancement of God's work, a tenth of that which he has given them in charge as stewards of his bounty. What then would they do with this subject of consecration? This doctrine that because we call these possessions ours, it is no proof, no reason that they are ours. But let us say to the young Saints that the sooner your hearts and souls are imbued with this doctrine the sooner your lives are brought into harmony with it and controlled by it, the sooner will that day for which we are all longing and praying be ushered in—the day when Christ will return to this earth and the present condition of sin, misery, wretchedness, want and suffering give place to the peace and righteousness of his blessed reign. He will not come until he has a people prepared to meet him, and how can any people be prepared who are not willing to and who do not keep His law?

It is possible that some even to-day in the church are doubtful in regard to this matter. Some who believe, and have complied with the law of tithing, and yet in their hearts do not believe this grandest of laws ever enunciated to man, namely: The consecration of all his possessions (over and above what is needed for his own support and the support of his family if he has one) to the benefit of others. After asking you not to forget that boldly and fearlessly nearly sixty years ago, Joseph Smith enunciated this truth to the world, we now call your attention to the discription of this matter by W. S. Lillie, in the February number of the *Forum*. After stating his intention to say a few words upon the subject, Mr. Lillie adds: "And the reason which leads to do so is this; that I shall approach it from a point of view usually lost sight of or ignored. . . . The moral law, I say, is supreme reason ruling over all rational existence throughout the universe, either by its mandates or by its penalties; sovereign over society, as over the individuals of whom society is composed. To obey it is the great good of nations as of men; to violate it, the chief evil.

"If the moral law is this—and if it is

not this it is nothing—to it, in the last instance, must the appeal be made in the great controversy concerning property now agitating the world.

After adverting to the fact that to this highest of all laws an appeal is seldom made, that in the words of Mazzinni 'God is not in the heart of the century,' and affirming that a 'practical atheism is quite compatible with a sincere profession of Christianity,' he adduces "as a significant manifestation of it the widely-spreading disbelief in the eternal difference between moral good and moral evil; in the existence of a nature of things which is moral and from which rights and duties spring; and in the power of human reason to ascertain and formulate those rights and those duties." This he deems the worst kind of Atheism.

In order to a solution of this question he affirms "that the first step is clearly to apprehend that man's natural rights exist; the second is to discern clearly what those rights are and how they are conditioned."

Starting out with the first of these questions by a clear, strong process of reasoning, he establishes the fact that to the validity of all right the recognition of the community is essential; we can not abstract the individual from the community. "The individual is a portion of the social organism. His rights exist in subordination to that whole of which he is a part. They are conditioned to his duties. To which we may add that the whole is before the parts of which it is composed. The preservation of the whole is the condition of the existence of the parts."

"Property," he affirms, "does not consist in possession, for possession is merely physical, but belongs to the moral realm, the realm of right. The will of the whole human race can not create right, in the philosophical sense of the word. The true source of right is in the reason of things, which is moral. The rights of property and the duties of property spring from social organism and can not be separated. And it must be used for the good of the community, as well as for the good of the possessor."

From this ethical view of property he turns to consider it as it is found to-day. "I know the east end of London very well," said Dr. Ryle, the Protestant bishop of Liverpool, the other day; "'the men are living there little better than beasts.' 'Half beast, half devil,' he thought, 'would truly describe them.' Not long ago the *Times* spoke of the slums of London as 'the kitchen middens of humanity.' 'Ten thousand of our fellow creatures,' wrote the well known philanthropist, S. G. O., to the same journal, 'are begotten and reared in an atmosphere of brutality, a species of human sewage, the very drainage of the vilest productions of ordinary vice.' Picture the hundreds of thousands who go up and down the streets seeking work, and finding none—that great army of the unemployed with no choice between imprisonment in the work house and starvation outside. And what employment it often is, if they succeed in finding it. Think of the wretched women who make the boxes in which matches are sold—their pay 2¼d. for turning out a gross of them, putting on the labels and tying them up in bundles, themselves providing paste, firing and string. Think of their hardly less wretched sisters who toil from morning to night, folding, folding, folding sheets of cheap Bibles—too happy if they can thereby earn nine shillings a week. Such, in outline which can only be too easily filled, are the facts which meet us in our great cities. Every year the state of things is becoming worse. Every year Dives is growing richer, his purple costlier, his linen finer, his daily fare more sumptuous. And Lazarus is growing more beggarly, his sore more loathsome, his rags scantier, the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table less available for him, because there are more to share them; for as he lies and rots, he increases and multiplies." . . . .

Now, were our object to analyze the condition of things as they exist under the present relation of capital to labor, we could find no abler teacher than Mr. Lilly; but this is not our subject. We have referred our readers to this ably written article, with this one purpose in view, namely: to show that when Joseph Smith presented himself to the world as a teacher sent by God, he enunciated the identical doctrines contained in this article, not with the skill and eloquence which a liberal education together with years of mental training has bestowed upon Mr. Lillie; but as the wisdom of Him who had sent him to be a teacher among men. The

moral law is the foundation upon which this writer contends, a different system of things must be built up. A man must possess *justly* what he owns, and that does not mean that a man is warranted by the moral law, in *any* gain which he may make without bringing himself into the police court, though this view is very commonly acted upon: "To get out of men the utmost exertion of which they are capable for the smallest wages which they can be induced to accept, is very widely supposed to sum up the whole duty of the employer towards his 'hands.' If I give him less than a just price for his work, I do in fact rob him. And this is at once the most common and most disgraceful form of theft. The most common, for it is found in all departments of life; the most disgraceful, because it is the most cowardly." . . . . "But suppose a man's property has been justly acquired. To render his possession of it valid, according to the moral law, there lies upon him the obligation of employing it in a proper manner for himself and others. Nothing is falser than the saying that a man has a right to do what he likes with his own. A man has not a right to do what he likes with his own. He has only a right to do what he ought with his own; which after all is his own in a very qualified sense. The only things which a man can call his own—and even here he is under the law of conscience—are his spiritual, intellectual and physical faculties. The material object on which he exercises these faculties is subject to a higher ownership than his—to the indefeasible title of the human race, represented to him by the community in which he lives. Of the material surroundings which he calls 'mine,' he is but a trustee. . . . It has been well observed by Mr. Mill, that 'the earth belongs first of all to the inhabitants of it;' that 'every person alive ought to have a subsistence, before any one has more,' that 'whosoever works at any useful thing ought to be properly fed and clothed before any one able to work is allowed to receive the bread of idleness.' 'These' he adds, 'are moral axioms.' Yes, these are moral axioms; and they carry us a long way. But further. Property means exclusion. But has any one the right absolutely to shut off others from the benefit of that which is his? Assuredly not. Solidarity is the law of the human race. No man liveth to himself. The very constitution of civilized life gives rise to the duty that ownership must be made a common good to the community. It is worthy of notice that in the middle ages the fiduciary nature of property was emphatically recognized. Land was then almost the only form of wealth. And, as we all know, to the possession of land duties were strictly attached; and those duties were rigorously exacted. This principle must be recognized, in respect of wealth generally—recognized, and, if need be, legally enforced."

The above is strong language, but it is not ours, neither is it Joseph Smith's, but it is the language of a man who has a soul, and who has thought long and deeply over this vexed question, and when light has broken in upon his soul, he has not shunned to bear witness of that light. Thank God, there is hope for the world yet, when in the midst of riotous living, the unjust accumulation and hoarding of wealth, men dare speak out like this; dare speak the eternal truth of God.

If, as Dr. Thomas says, (and as in one sense we believe,) "It is only as man knows reason, and right, and love, that he knows God," then let us thank God that reason is leading some of the best and wisest of our race to a true conception of the justice of an unchangeable God.

There are two ways in which the subjects we have so imperfectly brought to your notice, chiefly affect us as a church and as individuals. The first is the light they reflect upon our faith as a people, the second, that they bring home to us the admonition, "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith."

When Joseph Smith announced to the world the doctrines we as a people believe, he did not announce them as emanating from himself, but spake as one commissioned of God, to declare the word of the Lord. Fearlessly he did declare it, without apologizing for the nature of the message. It was not a part of his work to burden himself with anxiety in regard to that which the Lord commanded him to speak, neither as to what it was, nor as to how it would be received. It was enough for him to know the Lord commanded him to speak and told him what to speak. The case, however, would be different with those asked to accept this message.

When He who "spake as never man spake," came, commissioned in like manner, he recognized this fact, and provision was made to meet the reasonable demand of reasonable creatures. We may suppose the Savior saying to the Father, "Father, I have no hesitation in declaring your words to my brethren. I know they are life everlasting. But my brethren have not this knowledge. These doctrines are different from much which they have accepted and believe, what assurance, then, shall I give them that I am sent by you and that the doctrine is yours?"

"Say to them, '*If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine.*'"

Could man ask more than this? He shall know! There is a day coming when those who have rejected the revealed will of God and the gospel plan of salvation, will stand face to face with this declaration, realizing all that it implies. Men who pride themselves upon accepting nothing for which they can not give a reason, will find they have rejected that which not only is altogether reasonable, but of the truth of which God was and is pledged to give them *a knowledge.*

When Joseph Smith enunciated the same doctrines, he made the same promise. Are there any who can testify to its fulfillment? We answer, there are thousands. Such need not the confirmation which the wisdom of the world is bringing to establish them in their faith. Nevertheless it is comforting to know that the ablest minds of the country are bringing to bear the clearest logic and purest wisdom of the age to establish the truth of the doctrines he enunciated.

If a revelation came from God in the nineteenth century, it ought to meet the needs of that century. Test the word of the Lord given through Joseph Smith by this rule, and what are the results? Does the century demand, with an imperiousness which will not be set aside, that God shall be presented to them as a being altogether worthy of adoration? We challenge that soul in whom God has implanted love the purest, justice the most perfect, mercy the most unbounded, to approach, even in his conception of these attributes, to God as he has revealed himself in these last days.

Do ethics, or the moral law, implanted in the very constitution of society as its chief corner stone, demand that He should speak with authority to the greed and selfishness of man saying, "Thus far shalt thou come?" Again we challenge the man in whose soul burns brightest and purest the love of his fellow man, the philanthropist whose soul expands with pity the deepest and whose heart is filled to overflowing with the sight of man's inhumanity to man, to produce a law which in love, justice and humanity, equals the law given to the church in these last days. But mark you, there is always provision made in the law of God, for the free agency of man. Life and death are set before him. He must choose, for God will never force any man to accept of either.

But true as this fact is, let us not forget another truth inseparably connected with it. Man must abide the consequences of his choosing. As a moral being he is a moral agent, and while Mr. Lilly holds that, if need be, the duties attaching to and inseparable from the possession of property may be legally enforced, the Lord offers us our choice. And just here, lest any who do not read this article should get an erroneous impression from what we have quoted, let us say that in the same masterly manner in which he disposes of the question as it relates to the greed of the rich, he takes up and disposes of socialism; showing the latter to be infinitely worse than the former, and asserting that in co-operation lies the only hope of a moral adjustment of this question.

Co-operation we believe might do much, but there would still be this great army of helpless, incompetent ones. Co-operation would not reach them, for they have neither strength nor capital to invest, and yet they are God's children by creation, they have been bought with a costly price, all of them, and many of them have been adopted into the kingdom. These are heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ. What of them?

To whom does this earth belong?

Mr. Lilly has well remarked, "Possession is merely physical. There may be property without possession and possession without property. My watch may be in the possession of a thief, but it is still my property. Property belongs to the moral realm, the realm of rights." Again we ask, To whom does this earth belong? If we answer, as answer we must, unto the Lord, there comes this added question:

What kind of heirs are those saints who eventually expect to inherit it? "Joint heirs with Jesus Christ." We need not to be told that joint means equal. It will not do either for us as saints to place this equality beyond this present time, for the direct word of the Lord places it here, and when we as saints pray for and long for the redemption of Zion, does it enter into our hearts to remember that the law of the Lord will be honored in Zion?

We call it "ours" and "mine," forgetting that possibly though it be in our possession, it is not ours. A portion may belong to one struggling sister or brother, while yet for the want of another portion which we hold so firmly, one has gone to an untimely grave. Somewhere the responsibility of all this want and wretchedness must rest,—*somewhere!* Does it attach to me?

MEMORIAL SERMON

By Elder H. A. Stebbins, of Lamoni, Iowa, Dclivered before Grisby Foster Post, at Lucas, Iowa.

Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I HAVE chosen for my text to-day the following words from the Scriptures, found in Micah 4: 1–3:—"In the last days it shall come to pass that . . . . He shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into plow-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nations shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

With pleasure I meet with you to-day to commemorate one of the notable events in the march of nations, an event of momentous importance in the history of our country, and of the whole world. I say this because the results of that conflict of arms have ever since been great in their effects upon the actions of other nations, and upon the intelligence of other peoples than our own.

Some reformations for the good of humanity have been brought about in past ages by war, but it was left for America to awaken the world to a mightier reformation in ideas of government, and in respect to the rights of mankind, than ever prevailed or was thought of before; and this was accomplished in the wars of 1776 and 1861.

It was America's place, by the decree of the Almighty, to be a new creature among earthly governments, a fair child that was born of higher parentage and newer elements. The war of 1776 brought into being a newer idea of liberty, and a love of Union, and of equal rights in that union; and the war of 1861 came as a test of the force and extent of that love. The result of this test justified the hopes of loyal hearts, and the sacrifice already made by the revolutionary fathers. The long struggle showed the intensity, the endurance, and the depth of this love in its hold on the very heart of the nation. To a wonderful degree in this struggle were the love of liberty and the reverence for the institutions made strong, because as a nation we sought to make men free in fact as well as to claim it in theory; because during it we rose up to consider the true import of the declaration of the fathers, that all men were created free and equal, and that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed—all of the governed, not a part only. It was a test of the sincerity of the nation, a call to face the declaration subscribed to by those who had both spoken for themselves and for us in asserting the rights of all men to self government, and their rights to freedom from labor and taxation for the support of another people.

By the successful efforts of 1776, of 1812, and of 1861, those who predicted that ours would prove to be an unstable institution were shown that the ideas of the founders of American Independence were well based, and still enduring in the hearts of the posterity of those founders; that indeed the American theory of government was full of life and deeply root-

ed. But this last war was pre-eminent above the others in making it a certainty that republics can live, provided there be virtue in the masses that compose them. Yet this was contrary to the opinions of even the friends of America at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, as expressed plainly by some of them.

But when these things were spoken the American colonies were only a narrow border along the Atlantic, containing not more than three million inhabitants, whereas now the states and territories extend from sea to sea, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, over a vast territory, and there dwell here more than sixty million people under one government. Hence how faulty was human prophecy concerning our land. Another thing: Your speaker believes that these struggles so acted upon the American people as to quicken thought, to increase intellectual power, to create inventive ability; and, on the whole, that they caused a great advance in knowledge, in skill, and in the possibilities of the nation for usefulness, even as the child grows in his powers and faculties by the work that he performs and by the obstacles that he overcomes in seeking for a standing place among his fellows.

As we gather here to-day in contemplative memory, to pay respect to more than three hundred thousand comrades who died during the war, those slain in battle or by disease, we do not feel like making any noisy demonstr tion, or like indulging in any boastful oratory. We only wish in quietness and in peace to consider the offering of the nation for the freedom of man and for the preservation of the national union. In our comrades' acts of pure patriotism we rejoice, because we shared with them the same feelings in those summer days of long ago, when, as boys and young men, we heard the call for a hundred thousand, or for six hundred thousand men to gather to arms to sustain the Union, to preserve the compact of states that had been established by our ancestors.

We still express our sorrow over our fallen comrades, sixty thousand of whom perished on the battle field, forty thousand died of wounds, forty thousand perished in captivity, and nearly two hundred thousand died of disease and from the effects of toilsome marching, filthy water, unwholesome rations and exposure. And since then, during each month of every year, whole regiments of the remainder have been mustered out of our thinning ranks by the grim officer, Death, till shortly but few will survive to help the nation to keep in memory the great sacrifice of life for the perpetuity of the legacy that was bequethed to us a century ago.

Let us look at some of the statistics in the matter. During the four years of the war two million six hundred and fifty-four thousand white men, and one hundred and eighty-six thousand colored men, served in the federal armies, in all two million eight hundred and forty thousand men. Think of that vast number! Three hundred thousand of these men now rest in the national cemeteries north and south, besides uncounted thousands everywhere that the army went; while thirteen thousand seven hundred and fourteen are buried at Andersonville, Georgia; twelve thousand one hundred and twenty-six at Salisbury, South Carolina; six thousand at Florence, and seven thousand at Bell Isle, Virginia; or, in all, nearly forty thousand sleep in these places where cruel monsters had charge over awful pens and prisons of torture. There our boys were beaten, starved and shot at by men; hunted by blood-hounds, and made a prey for vermin and untold miseries, till they died. In all nearly four hundred thousand men were slain in those times, and over one hundred thousand graves are marked "Unknown." Their friends know not the one from the other. More than a million have died since the war, and a million yet live. It is estimated that seventy thousand died during 1888, or nearly two hundred per day. The rate of mortality among them is greater than among other citizens.

Of the pension interest I will mention, that while much is said against the government paying so largely for this purpose, we should not forget that in our time the people of this country are spending an amount each year for liquors and tobacco that is equal to all the pensions that have been paid during twenty-eight years, namely, one thousand million dollars. Under these statistics the nation ought not to grumble against a just recognition of the services of the soldiers, seeing that the degree of prosperity the

country has had is largely due to the preservation of the Union by these same soldiers.

Concerning our country and about the repeated defenses that have been made of her liberties I would say that we have abundant reason for believing that this land was preserved from ancient times by Divine Providence as a land of freedom, and that George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Robert Morris, Patrick Henry and their compeers, were acting in accordance with the Divine will and purpose when they performed their work. And, without doubt, Columbus was guided here by the same over ruling power. We are assured that long before his day God had designed this continent as the home of man in his freest state under human government, and that he brought to it from the old world those in whose minds the germ of freedom had found root, that in the days of their children and grand children the fruits of liberty might be manifested. The Almighty had prepared the land, and it had first to be taken possession of in order to find a fitting spot upon which to plant the tree of liberty. There is a book that speaks in prophecy of this land, saying that it shall indeed be the place of liberty, and that God himself will fortify this land against all other nations that seek to oppress its people.

And we should not forget that while the fathers wrought out a stately and an enduring structure, the mothers also helped to perfect that work of love by an equally heroic self-sacrifice, and that both shared in transmitting the noblest sentiments of freedom to their children and to their children's children. And in this last war how many wives and mothers endured separation and suffering for years, and thousands looked no more upon the faces of husbands and sons who went forth never to come back again to the loving hearts that watched and waited for their return.

You notice that my text says that God will "judge among many people and rebuke strong nations afar off," and that by and by the time will come that "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." And I will say that the time in which we live is great with matters that are of the most vital import to all people, and especially to those who live in America. It is the most remarkable era in the world's history; and greater things are at hand than have yet come to pass.

These are the latter days, in which the Bible says that "knowledge shall be increased." And so it is, in the arts and sciences, in inventions, in discoveries of wonderful things by which space is bridged and time doubled and trebled in value to man. Not so long ago men thought they did well when they made fifty miles in a day by rough riding. Now five hundred is the rule, and that over smooth steel rails, while the traveler can attend to business and pleasure, and eat and sleep in comfort as he flies along secure from cold and stormy weather. He can talk across the seas and continents in a moment, and in various ways can bring the wind and lightning to his aid.

Indeed mankind seems to have arrived at better opportunities for happiness and usefulness than the race ever had before, that is if men would but rightly use the grand gifts and acquirements for each others' well being and comfort, instead of permitting selfishness and hatred to fill the heart; and oppression, crime and vice to find such place in the motives and acts as they do with too many in our land. When men think that the liberty of this great nation is but license to commit crime, to destroy the innocent, to rob the poor, to oppress the needy, to overthrow governments, then they have made a mistake in the definition of liberty. Men ought of right to rise up to a just dignity and true honor, to a real love for each other, to turn from private and official dishonesty and put away idleness, vice, and the corrupt desire to get rich suddenly.

Were it not for these things, with the squandering by both rich and poor of millions of money each day for useless and harmful things, there would be liberty, safety, peace, happiness, and also abundance for all people in America. But when we realize that two million dollars are spent each day for strong drink, and more than another million for tobacco, we certainly gather the idea that a thousand million dollars spent each year must take much of the substance of the earth, and of the earnings of the laborer that should be used for something that would give real comfort and add to the

happiness of the world. As said before, for these evils an amount is spent each year equal to all the pensions that have been paid since 1861.

Again, we consider the earth and the designs of the Creator, and we see that the current of time is sweeping us swiftly onwards towards the day when the text will be fulfilled, when the reign of righteousness will be brought fully in by the Prince of Peace. The Republic of America has been the half-way house towards the accomplishment of that greater good; because peace, pure and white robed peace, must yet have perfect sway, according to the providence of God. Peace will yet cover the earth with the full mantle of love. She will yet fill it with happiness and truth. Then there will be "nothing to hurt or destroy" either life or liberty; for the earth will be full of righteousness, full of the knowledge of truth and of God.

Let us look at the contrast between peace and war. War comes with the sword and crimsons the earth with blood; he comes with fire, and the fields are turned to ashes; he comes and famine follows closely after, while death keeps step with both of them. Black and dreadful is war, with all its miseries and horrors, with its blood and tears, with its groaning and sufferings of men, and of widows and orphans.

But peace sprinkles dew upon the earth; she revives the meadows; her weapon is the sickle that gathers the golden grain of the waving fields into bundles and into garners to feed the world. She creates and brings to perfection every good; she delights in the smile of the innocent and in the happiness of every creature; and she presides over happy homes and rejoices in all the prosperity of men. War is the awful thunder and storm that brings fear and dismay; but peace is the sunshine of love, and love emanates from God who is said to be its very embodiment. Peace smiles upon and fosters education, invention, agriculture, art, and labor; and only the carelessness, the selfishness, and the cruelty of man prevents her becoming the mistress of the world. But we rejoice that the United States has been superior to all other countries in her tendency to promote and establish peace and the arts of peace. And she should be the leading nation of all the earth in establishing the peaceful dwelling of her people. Three times she has engaged in war for the rights and liberties of mankind, and by the approval of God she won the victory each time over oppression and wrong. Yes; the very spirit of the land from ocean to ocean is one of liberty and equality, unless her people wilfully sin against light and truth, and cast away their own privileges, as the former inhabitants did.

With the sentiments above expressed, a wise man has said, "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." Therefore you can not expect that I, as a minister of the gospel will do less than to speak of Him who is called the Prince of Peace. He is so called because his victories will be renowned throughout perpetual peace, and during a universal liberty that will cover the whole earth. His wish is that all men should delight in peace, and in abundant good will to every creature, because only by her will may find the happiness and joy that they otherwise seek in vain.

The text assures us that in His time the nations will no longer lift up the sword against each other, and that none shall learn war any more. How much that will mean to the race, when bolts and bars and officers will be no longer needed to protect either life, or property, or virtue from the assassin, the thief, and the lustful; because the wicked shall not be. Then every one's rights will be respected, and no longer will the poor need to steal the loaf to feed the starving children, or the rich pile up wealth mountains high to satisfy their greed or minister to their love of power and of place. Neither will the poor idle away their time or spend their substance or their strength in rioting.

We turn now to a thought concerning government. The Bible says: "When the righteous are in authority the people rejoice, but when the wicked rule the people mourn." From the beginning it has been necessary to have governments. There must be organization for mutual well-being and protection. Many forms of human governments have been devised for the best interest of the many or for the aggrandizement of the few, as the case might be. Governments being necessary, and the most righteous ones being the means of the greatest happiness; then,

also, in order that peace may have her greatest victories, there must not only be organized industry but a systematic growth in knowledge and experience too, and in efforts to accomplish great and good things for the common welfare, a union of interest and of unselfish labor by which only can a true equality be reached.

Hence our public school system is a great teacher of liberty and equality. The education alike of the rich and poor is the chief foundation stone in the structure of human liberty. Whenever certain classes are educated, while the great body of the people are kept as ignorant as may be, there liberty is not known. To the degree that the superiors are unduly exalted so are the people correspondingly debased. But they who can and who will lift themselves up in intelligence, for the happiness of themselves and their kind, have nobler faculties and a more exalted perception of the just rights and divinely given power of the whole race of man, while ignorance, whether enforced or perversely indulged in, is often allied with brutality and vice.

Therefore we see from this that in peace is found the healthful condition of man. And we recognize the mission of the Son of God from the song of the angels. That was not only "Glory to God in the highest," but not less so was it "On earth peace, and good will to men." This means not only cessation from war but also everything that in peace is included under the term "good will." Good will works no evil, not any evil, to his neighbor, but, on the other hand, has a just regard for the rights of all others. Peace and goodwill would bring about unbounded joy and prosperity among the nations, and this is just what the Prince of Peace seeks to establish. But first he must judge the people and rebuke strong nations, because of pride, wickedness and oppression, individual and national. Yet how hard for great men to submit. In contrast we see in Europe eight million of armed men, non-producers, that have to be fed by the producer and kept to lay waste and destroy, while ten million more are subject to be placed in open antagonism to the life and peace of the world, to destroy their own happiness and that of their kind at the call of kings who want more territory or greater honor.

War is at enmity with the best and noblest interests of man, for peace is his normal state. And by righteous government, by honor and honesty, by public and private virtue throughout the world there would be no need of bread riots or strikes; of poverty, drunkenness and vice, of unfed, unclothed or debased men, women, or children; of poor-houses or jails; no place for ignorance, idleness or crime. And your speaker believes that as God raised up men to establish and maintain this government against foreign oppression, so also that the same great Being will overturn evil and wrong until full and complete liberty, equity, and justice will be established by the Prince of Peace.

With this hope I am with you to-day in memory of those who died in behalf of the declared inalienable rights of man, in defense of the principle uttered by one of God's servants, namely, that "It is not right that one man should be in bondage to another," and of that other statement that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men," that is that they are equal in their rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

I do not exalt or extol war, but I am grateful that God has established and continued this nation by raising up wise and brave men to preserve liberty in the land. And I believe that all of us as comrades and as citizens should be brave and loyal in every good cause; that we should protect and preserve in ourselves and in all others, virtue, honor, truth, and such a proper self government over our lives and conduct as will make us not only loyal in upholding the government of our great nation, but also true citizens of the kingdom of heaven, and brave soldiers of Him who is and who shall fully be the Prince of Peace in the establishment of righteousness upon the earth and of eternal happiness and good will among men and throughout all the nations of the world.

In conclusion I will say that the country is indebted both to the living and to the dead for the present existence of the Union. Here with us are men who stood mid shod and shell in the storm of war, and here are aged fathers and mothers who gave their first-born sons for their country's sake in that time of need. Do you who are citizens to-day appreciate the work that was done by those three million men a quarter of a century ago? By their work has your peace and prosperity

existed. Do you meet men with empty sleeves or wounded bodies brought home from battle? They and their sleeping comrades were the true heroes of the war. Then come on Decoration Day and join with us in cherishing their memory and in strewing flowers upon the graves of the fallen, that the Tree of Liberty may be kept forever green.

DECORATION DAY.

Scatter the flowers gently over
The mounds where groweth the scented clover,
And pleasant grass;
For there, far under earth's rush and riot,
Our heroes slumber in dreamless quiet,
While seasons pass.

Whisper a prayer as you kneel above them;
Think of the hearts that fondly love them,
And miss them still.
Bring them violets, roses, pansies;
Weave with the blossoms a hundred fancies
Of sweet good will.

Honor the sleepers lying lowly;
Cherish their memories dear and holy,
The nation's trust.
And while o'er all the free flag towers,
Scatter with generous hand the flowers
O'er precious dust.

—Good Housekeeping.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER R. C. EVANS.

(Written expressly for Autumn Leaves by request of the Editor.)

(See Frontispiece.)

I WAS born October 20th, 1861, in a small village called St. Andrews, situated on North River, Argentile county, in the Province of Quebec. My mother was born in the same village, and here my father became acquainted with her, and they were married in 1845.

My father's health failed him soon after I was born, in consequence of which he was forced to give up business and what little of this world's goods he had accumulated passed away.

When dreary months of sickness had passed away, and the sunshine of health was once more beaming upon our little home, father decided to leave the land of his birth (for he was born just fifteen miles from my birthplace), and bidding farewell to all his friends he started for Upper Canada. Fortune smiled upon him, and soon he sent for mother and the family. He worked at his trade in the flour mills in St. John, Ontario, for one year, after which he moved with the family to the city of London, Ontario, where he resided till about one year and five months ago, when he removed to Glencoe to spend his last days with my brother Thomas.

I was the youngest child of my father's family. I attended the common school for about four years. My first work for the purpose of earning money was performed in my seventh year. It was carrying newspapers for the London Herald Office after school hours. I carried a round of ninety-five papers for seventy cents a week. After working that route for nearly a year and a half, I obtained another round of one hundred and sixty papers for ninety cents a week. This, the reader may think, was a poor bargain, for it meant a great deal more work and only twenty cents a week increase in salary. This is true, but twenty cents to the writer was a small fortune in the days when his mother would anxiously wait on Saturday night for his wages.

The reminiscences of those days are not all painful, for it was then and is

now, a pleasure to know that I did the best I could to earn an honest livelihood, and that my feeble efforts were appreciated, in that my employer and customers were pleased with me; and last but not least, I had the satisfaction of knowing that I did what I could to help my parents in the days when father had no work, and the grim wolf of poverty was at the door.

I was in my tenth year when I left school and my round of papers for a position in Bryant's Brush Factory. My hours for working there were from seven a.m. till six p.m., with one hour for dinner and rest. This of course made it necessary for me to leave school. When I had worked one week I received my wages, and walked home very tired, but happy, for now I could give my mother more money. My wages for the first six months were one dollar and twenty-five cents per week. The reader will see that I was working ten hours a day, and yet only receiving thirty-five cents per week more than my last round of papers brought me, but then I was learning something and had bright hopes of more wages in the future; and again, this thirty-five cents would purchase many little things. My work was to singe the top of paint and whitewash brushes, and paint them. I had worked but two months when I was surprised to get, as an increase of salary, an extra twenty-five cents on the week; but in time I found the paint and burnt hair was injuring my health, and when mother requested me to leave, I did so, and for the next three years or more worked around as parcel boy in different stores, and for a time as news agent on the Grand Trunk Rail Road.

While working in the stores it was thought by some that my voice was good and I was soon permitted to attend entertainments and private parties with my older friends, and there would sing. It was not long until from going for the purpose of singing, I learned to dance. When this last came to the ears of my mother, I was strictly forbidden to ever dance, and my entertainment privileges were withheld. But alas! mother's orders came too late; I had learned to be what the boys call smart, that is, to make my mother believe stories which were deceptive, and in many ways (with the assistance of my brothers and friends) I would be on the stage and in the ball-room when mother thought I was elsewhere. When I was thirteen years of age I danced with a glass of water on my head and never spilled one drop. Permit me to pass over these times, the memory of which brings the blush of shame to my face, even now.

I do not know that I ever wilfully injured my fellow man in those days, but I was merry and would do almost anything to have what was thought by me and by many others also "a good time." If there is any such thing as having a good time while in the world of folly and pride, I think I had it; but let me say right here and now, that I would not give one hour in a good prayer meeting, or gathering where God's Saints are met, for all the pleasures of the world about which I know anything.

Thus passed away my fifteenth year. I was only a child, yet I had passed through more and seen more of the world and its allurements than many twice my age. Some fourteen months before this time my father had connected himself with "a peculiar people," known as Latter Day Saints. Our family gave little heed to this, as father had always had very strange views with reference to religion, and when the minister would come to our house mother would often feel ashamed when father would tell the preacher his views on certain doctrinal points. It had been apparent for a number of years that father was a poor Episcopalian, though he and mother, with their parents were all members of the Church of England. Father had played an instrument and mother had sung in the choir in that church for years. When father left the church of his fathers, it caused mother many bitter tears. The rest of the house did not care, but, poor mother! she refused to be comforted, and would wend her way to her church alone.

One day while I was present, father and mother were discussing some point of doctrine, when father mentioned the name of John J. Cornish as being a great preacher in the Saints' Church, and yet he could not read the Bible before the public. This attracted my attention, and from father I learned that this was the same Johnnie Cornish I had met years before. He had been brought from the back country to drive a horse for McGee's Factory,

and would often permit me to ride with him. My curiosity was at once excited and I determined to go and hear "Jack Cornish" preach. I confess it was not to hear the gospel, or a desire to acquire knowledge that prompted me to go, but the thought of ignorant Jack Cornish being a preacher, and that I might hear him, promised to be to me a treat that I thought would be more amusing than a "dime show." Sunday night came at last, and with a number of boys I went to the Latter Day Saints' Church. The building was crowded, and with difficulty we obtained seats. It was a plain frame building, but everything was neat and clean. We had not been there a great while before an elderly man walked up to and took a seat behind the old fashioned pulpit. He gave out the 721st hymn in the "Saints' Harp." There was no instrument of music in the church, but as those honest, earnest and happy people raised their voices and hearts to their God in the words of that hymn, I thought it was the sweetest singing I had ever heard. I shall never forget while the tides of memory ebb and flow the look of hope that seemed to be stamped upon every face, as those words floated away on the evening air:

"Yes, we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are near at hand."

When the last note of the hymn had died away, the old man raised his hand toward heaven and said, "Let us all try to pray." We listened to that prayer, and all who heard it knew the aged man had lately come over the sea, for his pronunciation was not the best. But, dear reader, his words flowed from his heart, and as he there poured forth his soul unto his Creator, the tears streaming down his face, I could not help but feel the difference between that humble heartfelt prayer, and those which I had been accustomed to hear in my mother's church, where the preacher with a gown on would read prayers out of a book.

After prayer the old gentleman stated that his young brother had requested him to read the first chapter of Paul's letter to the Galatians. After reading the chapter, the old gentleman (whose name I learned subsequently was Elijah Sparks) introduced the speaker of the hour by saying, "Brother Johnnie Cornish will now speak to you. Come forward, Brother Johnnie." The man referred to arose, walked into the pulpit, looked over the congregation and smiled. I thought, "What in the world does the fellow mean, to smile like that in the sacred desk," for I had been taught to believe it was a sin to laugh or be merry on the Lord's day; that religion consisted in going to church, reading prayers, singing hymns, being solemn on Sunday, and being prompt in paying pew rent and sustaining the ministerial fund; and now to see a saint smile was a breach of ministerial dignity. But then I thought, "What can I expect from Jack Cornish?" for he it was that now stood before me. He was about twenty-one years of age, tall and slim; his face was beardless, and he looked just like a big boy. When he began to talk, he acted more like a boy than a preacher.

His text was taken from the 11th and 12th verse of the first chapter of the Epistle of Paul to the Galatians: "But I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is not after man, for I neither received it of men, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ."

The preacher had not been speaking ten minutes before he had his hearers spell-bound; "he spake as one having authority." His voice was not a pleasant one, but it thrilled my very soul, and I was convinced that every word he spoke came from an honest heart. Great tears were streaming from his eyes, and soon I too was searching after my handkerchief to wipe the tears that were streaming down my cheeks. I felt ashamed of myself, but I soon discovered that I was not the only one in tears, for perhaps two-thirds of the audience were thus affected.

I shall not dwell any longer on that sermon, but suffice it for me to say it is indellibly stamped upon my memory. Though I had no thought of ever becoming a Latter Day Saint, yet I thought I would come again and learn more about God and the Bible, for the sermon, though lasting nearly two hours, seemed short. That night I went from church, for the first time in my life interested in what a preacher had said.

When I arrived home my father was anxious to know what I thought of the sermon, but I gave him little encouragement, for I endeavored and was quite suc-

cessful for a time in hiding my feelings with reference to the latter day work. As the weeks passed away, I found myself often in the Saints' Church. Much as my mother loved me, yet she begged of me at times not to go to hear the Saints preach, for "Madam Rumor" had informed her that the Saints were nothing but Salt Lake Mormons, and that it was only a question of time when they would all go to join the main church at Salt Lake. She thought that father and a few others were deceived, but that in the main, the Saints were depraved.

Almost before I was aware of it I found myself withdrawing from my friends and companions of other days. I was beginning to view life in a different way. I began to thirst after knowledge, and awoke to the fact that those things that I had given my time and study to were of little real value to me. I asked for and obtained "The Voice of Warning." This little book gave me more light with reference to God, his word, the condition of the religious world, and my own position before my Creator, than all the books combined that I had ever read before.

The reader may conclude from this statement that I had not read the Bible. Well, I must confess that the Bible was very seldom found in my hands, in fact I had very little respect for it. My reasons for disrespecting it were these: I had read "Fox's Book of Martyrs," "Lives of the British Reformers" and other works showing forth the cruel work perpetrated in the name of Christianity by the Roman Catholic priesthood who laid sole claim to the right of preaching Christianity and interpreting the Bible. I had read Cobbet's "Protestant Reformation," and Cobbett's "Legacy to Parsons," and other works proving many of the protestant reformers and leading lights, both ecclesiastical and kingly, with the Bible in one hand and sword in the other, were guilty of the murder of hundreds of Roman Catholics, and thus

> The thumb-screw, the rack, stake and faggot,
> Were instruments used on each side,
> Both Romans and Protestants to slaughter
> Till thousands on each side had died.

I had for companions some who had read "The Age of Reason," by Thomas Paine. I had heard them talk against the Bible, and quote from this book in support of their position. All who have read the works of Thomas Paine know how proficient he was in the school of misrepresentation; I had heard father ask preachers questions concerning different passages found in the Bible, to which the minister would reply, "It is not for you to understand." "That is done away." "This is not for us to enjoy in these days." "We are not to understand it in the way it reads," etc., etc.

From the above I concluded that if those who I thought ought to know what the teachings of the Bible were, who were living according to God's teaching in that book; why, that book was the cause of all the blood-curdling and heart-rending scenes of the Catholic and Protestant wars. And last, but not least, if, as the preachers said, "The Bible is a book that can not be understood literally, that only the educated could arrive at the proper meaning, and that by putting a spiritual interpretation upon it," why, I was neither educated nor spiritual, hence it was no message to me. Those were my reasons for disrespecting the Bible.

But when I read the "Voice of Warning," published by the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, I discovered that the Bible was altogether a different book from what I thought it was. I learned that all the prophecies that have been fulfilled, have been literally fulfilled, and that the prophecies that have not yet met with fulfillment, will be fulfilled in the due time of God, and that literally; that the doctrine taught by Christ should be presented to the world now just as he preached it eighteen centuries ago; that whenever God had a people who were accepted of him they always obeyed the same perfect law which was known as the gospel, or doctrine of Christ, and believed in the same kind of church organization, and sought for and enjoyed the spiritual blessings promised in the Bible; that God was unchangeable, and hence if he had a church on the earth at the present time, the same law, doctrine, organization and spiritual blessings which were taught, obeyed, believed in, and enjoyed when Christ and the apostles were on the earth, could be found and enjoyed in that church.

I learned further that many centuries ago (according to the prophecies of Christ and the apostles of the Old and New

Testament), an apostacy had taken place in the church, that soon after the organization of the church the elders and others of the true church lost the Spirit of God and taught false doctrine and introduced many evils into the church. Also that in process of time the true servants of God were destroyed and evil men, false teachers, false apostles entered into the fold, and everything underwent a change until the time came that they would not endure sound doctrine; the Spirit of God was taken from the apostate church; church and state joined hands, and evil men and seducers waxed worse and worse, till those who claimed the priesthood forbade all others to read the Bible. Truly this was "a famine for the word of God."

In support of the above I read the confession of such men as the Rev. Father Hogan and Chiniquy (who were both Priests of high standing at one time in the Roman Catholic Church), that the mother church was in an apostate condition. The horrible crimes that those men say the Catholic Church is now guilty of, will prove she has apostatized from the pure doctrine the Savior taught.

Placing the confession of the above men with the statement of John Wesley, as made by him in his ninety-fourth sermon in volume two on the "More Excellent Way," (which sermon I have in my possession) wherein he says, speaking of the fatal period when the Emperor Constantine called himself a Christian, (the early part of the fourth century), "the Christians had no more of the Spirit than the heathen, . . . the Christians were turned heathen again, and had only a dead form left."

There was also presented to me the confession of the Church of England that she has no priesthood authority. From the Book of Homilies appointed to be read in the churches in the time of Queen Elizabeth, page 261, I read this extract: "Laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects and degrees of men, women and children of whole christendom (a horrible and most dreadful thing to think) have been at once drowned in abominable idolatry, of all other vices most detested of God, and damnable to man, and that by the space of eight hundred years and more."

Having heard the elders preach and then reading the Voice of Warning and other papers with the above extracts, and some others which I will not give in this sketch, I concluded in my own mind that the Latter Day Saints were correct in teaching there had been a complete apostacy from primitive Christianity.

Having (as before stated) read Cobbett's history of the "Protestant Reformation," I could not bring myself to believe that God would inspire Henry VIII to build up His church, for not only Cobbett, but some authentic histories of England prove him to have been a cruel murderer of both Catholics and Protestants, a polygamist and a brutal prince. I could not believe Martin Luther to be a member of God's chosen priesthood, because history shows that he was an Augustine monk, and that when the Pope's minister found out that the order of which Luther was a member were secreting the money they had obtained from selling indulgences in place of sending it to the Pope (Leo the tenth) who was at that time building the church of St. Peter's at Rome, he (the Pope's minister) transferred this lucrative employment from Luther's order to that of the Dominicans, another order of monks. Luther resented this transfer of the sale of indulgences from one order to another, and being naturally of a fiery temper, and provoked by opposition, he inveighed against the authority of the Pope himself; he also consented to the debasing doctrine of polygamy.

I could not believe that the great God of justice, mercy and love, had appointed John Calvin to priesthood authority, for he taught that withering and infamous doctrine that our Heavenly Father had foreordained a few to be saved, in order to manifest his mercy in them, and that all the rest of the teeming millions of Adam's posterity were unchangeably designed to burn in the fires of a never-ending hell, all for the glory of God. The infant of a day, if called away, and it did not happen to be one of the "elect infants," would go to the seething flames, there to welter neath the frown of an angry God, not because the baby did wrong, but only because God wanted a little more glory!

This man, Calvin, is said to have persecuted with the most persistent and inveterate hatred all who did not agree with his views in every particular.

He threw Bolsec the physician, Ameaur

the senator and several others into prison, or had them exiled. James Gruet he had several times put to the torture, and finally beheaded. The unfortunate Doctor Servetus he burned to death at the stake; and all this wicked cruelty, because these persons held views different from his own.

Further, I had tried in my weakness to compare the teaching and organization of the churches with the doctrine and organization of the Church of Christ, as found in the Bible, and found them wanting.

Now I do not wish the reader to think that I believed then or now that there was no good accomplished by the reformers. I did then, and do now believe that God used the wrath of men to praise him, and that the men referred to above weakened the chain of Catholicism by the opposition they brought against her, and I thank God for some of the work performed by the reformers; and believe they, to some degree, prepared the way for the restoration of the gospel in its purity.

There was then, and there is now, good men in the different churches, but that does not prove that they have priesthood authority given them of God.

Now if God conferred no priesthood upon them, then it is apparent that they had no authority to minister in any of the gospel ordinances, nor to preach any part of the gospel, for the inspired Paul informs us that "no man taketh this honor [the priesthood or the right to minister in gospel ordinances] unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron." (Heb. 5: 4). And he says in Romans 10: 15: "And how shall they preach except they be sent, as it is written."

The reader will see that by this time I was convinced that the Bible was true, Roman Catholicism had lost all the authority that God had conferred upon the ancient church, that she had become the lewd woman spoken of in the Scriptures, and that all the reformers who had come out from her were destitute of authority, for if the Romish Church had authority, the reformers did wrong in leaving her; on the other hand, if she had lost her authority and become corrupt, then they who came out of her had no authority. The Savior said, "A corrupt tree [which surely the Roman church was] can not bring forth good fruit."

All the priesthood authority the reformers claimed to have they obtained from the Pope of Rome, who they claimed was and is the "man of sin."

Wicliffe, Cranmer, Latimer, Knox, Calvin, Luther, Ridley, Hooper and others of the Protestant reformers were all priests of the Romish Church, and administered under their Romish ordination till the hour of their death.

When convinced that both the Roman and protestant churches were acting without divine authority, I naturally inquired of the Latter Day Saints for the proof that God had divinely commissioned them to preach the gospel, and administer in the ordinances thereof.

Elder John Shippy was preaching there for a few days, and he informed me that an angel from God came down from heaven and conferred the priesthood on Joseph Smith. I had read this in some of the books or papers that Saints had furnished me with, but I confess it was hard for me to believe. I could bring myself to believe that a heavenly messenger surrounded by a light had appeared to Moses in the bush, much easier than that the messenger did appear to Joseph Smith encircled in light in the forest. The reader will doubtless say I was traditioned to believe the case of Moses, but prejudiced against the story of Joseph Smith. I confess I was guilty of the charge.

I was already convinced of the complete apostacy, and therefore was soon converted to the doctrine of the restoration of the gospel, and the priesthood in the latter days. Elders Shippy, Cornish and others took much trouble in showing and explaining the texts of Scripture supporting these facts.

I shall not take time to present to the reader the arguments used. Suffice it for me to say they proved to my satisfaction that in "the hour of God's judgment," "the eleventh hour of the world" "just before the harvest time," "when men would be worhiping dumb idols" (a god that would not or could not speak); "a little while before Lebanon shall be turned into a fruitful field," God would send "an angel" to earth, and the right and power of the priesthood would be conferred on men; that the gospel would then be preached in its fulness; that all the spiritual blessings of apostolic times would again be enjoyed; that the church

would be organized upon the original platform, that is, with "apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, teachers, bishops and deacons;" that the angel would "appear to a young man;" that this young man would be "unlearned," that this unlearned man would get a "sealed book" "out of the ground;" that God would give him power to translate it; that when translated it would speak familiar words, that is, that the doctrine taught in this book would sound familiar because it would be the same as other revelations of God's will, given in the Bible; it would teach the same doctrine and church organization as found in the Bible.

They then explained much that I had read in their printed works, and showed that the angel did appear to Joseph Smith; that we were living in the hour of God's judgments, and from the signs of the times and fulfillment of prophecy that we are living in the "latter days;" that the priesthood was by angelic hands conferred on Josph Smith; that he "was an unlearned young man;" that he by the authority of God organized the church according to the scriptural pattern; that he taught every principle of the doctrine of Christ; that as a church the Latter Day Saints were enjoying the spiritual blessings promised the true believers in and followers of Christ; that the sealed book that was to come out of the ground and speak with a "familiar spirit" referred to by the prophet Isaiah in his twenty-ninth chapter was the Book of Mormon; that an angel from God showed Joseph Smith where the book was deposited "in the ground;" that it was the history of a people who had come from the Eastern world many centuries ago, and settled on this continent, how they came, and that they built large cities on this land, (the remains of many of their cities are described as discovered in the jungles of North and South America by Catherwood and Stephens, Captain Del Rio, Baldwin in "Ancient America," and Priest in "American Antiquities," and others who have published large volumes, "all going to show that this country has been inhabited by a people who possessed a knowledge of the arts and sciences, and who were in possession of a written language). This record being written (says Joseph Smith and others who saw it) upon plates which had the appearance of gold, each plate being not far from seven by eight inches in width and length, being not quite as thick as common tin, filled on both sides with engravings in Reformed Egyptian characters, bound together in a volume as the leaves of a book, and fastened at the edge with three rings running through the whole;" that this book contains a record of the fulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ, as taught to the ancient inhabitants of this land by Christ after his resurrection; that after the gospel had been preached to them, and the Church of Christ established in their midst, they in process of time, fell into great wickedness, God withdrew his Spirit and wars and contentions ensued until all the members of the church were destroyed, prior to the death of the last prophet, the sacred record being deposited in the earth, where it remained from A.D. 420 to September 22d, 1827, at which time it was found by Joseph Smith, he being directed by an angel of the Lord to go and obtain it, that the wicked people who still lived on the land and who had destroyed the people who were favored of God (till they rebelled against him) were "a dark and loathsome people," but were of the same parentage as those whom they had destroyed, but had been cursed of the Lord with a dark skin years before because of their sins, the American Indians being a remnant of these. They read to me a number of pages in different parts of the "Book of Mormon" which convinced me that the teaching of the book was pure, and that none could live up to the teaching of the book without being a God-fearing person in every sense of the word. I was also informed that this book did not take the place of the Bible, but rather confirmed the Bible, "another witness" with the Bible, and that its mission was to prove certain prophecies to be true and "to convince Jew and Gentile that Jesus is the Christ."

Permit me to say that for about two months prior to my fifteenth birth-day I had begun to study and inquire into the subject of religion, and labored night and day. I had now learned from the Bible, Voice of Warning, tracts and papers, together with the scraps of history and the sermons heard and conversation had with Elders Cornish and Shippy and my father that the gospel was now being preach-

ed, that the Latter Day Saints were the people of God, that they had the holy priesthood among them and that it was my duty to obey the gospel; that if I did obey the gospel God would bless me with a knowledge of its truth by the Holy Spirit, which I would receive after my obedience to the first principles of it. I dared not ask God for an evidence of it till I had complied with the conditions, for I had read the promise of the Savior, "If any man will do his [God's] will he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."—John 7: 17.

Now commenced a battle. My conscience told me I should obey God, but that meant the giving up of much that had become part of my very self. While I was studying I had not thought of the sacrifices I would be called upon to make. Indeed, when I began to study it was beyond the wildest fancy of my dreams that I would ever be a member of a church; but now I saw that I could never be in the world as in the past,—the pleasures of the world could never fill the aching void in my heart.

My friends tried hard to lure me from the path that my better judgment told me I should walk in, and I knew that all my father's family would despise me. This caused me pain. My mother had conversed with me much of late, and I had persuaded her to go to the Saint's Church a few times. It was somewhat amusing to see mother wait until church had begun and then vail her face and drop into a seat near the door and then go out when they were singing, so that few would know she had been in the Latter Day Saints' Church. At last father persuaded mother to permit the Saints to have a prayer-meeting at our home and I promised to attend the same. Friday night came, and with it came a large number of Latter Day Saints to our house. Elder John J. Cornish presided over the meeting. While memory flowers bud and bloom I shall ne'er forget that night. The Saints seemed of one heart and mind. Each prayer seemed to speak forth the silent throbbings of the heart, each hymn told their love for God, each testimony seemed filled with knowledge and was given with burning zeal that told all present, "We know what we believe." There was no excitement, every one seemed "as calm as a summer morning." I felt I would give all I ever had if I could feel as I heard them say they felt and know what they claimed to know.

I had told no one my feelings up to this time, but I could stand it no longer. I felt though brothers, sisters, mother and friends were all to despise me I must rise to my feet and tell those people I felt they had the truth and that I desired to be baptized. So I arose to my feet and requested baptism. All were surprised and I think glad, but judge the surprise mingled with joy that filled the hearts of all present, especially my father, when upon my being seated my mother arose and asked to be baptized. It was arranged that Elder John J. Cornish baptize us on the following Sunday afternoon at one o'clock. The meeting adjourned and all retired to their homes.

(To be continued).

SONG OF SPRING.

BY ABBIE AUGUSTA HORTON.

Where moss and ferns and violets grow,
  Are blossoms peeping into light;
So too, with wistful eyes, we turn
  To lovelier scenes, where all is bright;
Ye breathe of fairer, sunnier bowers,
Where Love, all free, woos fairer flowers,—
    Woos fairer flowers.

Hope, smiling, whispers while we feel
  The balmy zephyrs wafted down,
All fragrant with the air of Heaven,
  From shining hills with golden crown;
If hearts are glad, 'tis then, whene'er
Ye inspire fond Hope with promise rare,—
    With promise rare.

Where waving fronds and wild flowers meet,
And cresses softly kiss our feet,
The beauteous birds, and purling spring,
And air Eolian, of Heaven all sing;—
The Heaven of rest, not far away,
On glorious hills of endless day,—
    Of endless day.

WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY.

BY "FRANCES."

CHAPTER XXIV.

FOLLOWING the directions received from a friend, Daniel was riding rapidly towards the house pointed out when he overtook Margery's brothers going in the same direction. Hastily reining in his horse he dismounted as they came to meet him, and grasping a hand of each he inquired after the family.

"Mother is well and Margery is better," answered the elder of the two, dreading to impart more.

"Better?" said Daniel. "Tell me all, Richard. Has she been very sick, and how is the baby?"

"It is well with the child," the boy answered, unconsciously using the poetic language of another, and thereby conveying the full meaning to Daniel who, without asking more, hastened toward the cottage; but not until the tear-stained face of Mrs. Boyd greeted him at the door did his mind take in the full sense of impending trouble. For a moment he stood with his hand clasped in hers, neither uttering a word. The sudden appearance of Daniel was confirmation to the mother that Margery's talk was neither the excitement nor the delerium of fever, and as he noted the pallor which this brought to her face his worst fears were confirmed. For a moment Mrs. Boyd stood irresolute, fearing that his sudden appearance might be too much for Margery, but before she could form any plan or decide what to do in the emergency Margery's voice reached her ear saying, "Mother, why does Daniel not come in?"

The next moment he was by her bed, and her arms were lifted up about his neck. It was but for a moment she could hold them there, when they slipped weak and helpless down his shoulders and lay by her side upon the cover; but her eyes, undimmed by a tear, filled with a calm and holy light, beamed upon him like stars in a night of tempest, seen between rifts of clouds.

Gently, very gently, Daniel raised her head while Mrs. Boyd arranged the pillows, and when he laid her down, for the first time she spoke to him; and there was in the very sound of her voice an anthem of gratitude and praise to God for the bestowment of this last mercy for which her soul had plead so earnestly.

"Daniel," she said, "thank God you have come! Oh, I am glad to see you once more, my husband!"

"Margery," he answered, as with soft and gentle touch he smoothed back her hair, "I shall not leave you again until you are strong and well. But you must not fatigue yourself now, close your eyes and try to sleep while I sit by you, and then when you have rested you will be stronger and better able to talk with me."

For a moment her lips quivered and an expression of pain passed over her face. It was only for a moment, however, when the light returned to her eyes and she said: "No, Daniel, I have much to say to you, and do not be grieved; I have little time in which to say it. God only knows how earnestly I have prayed for your return, and how thankful I am that you did not come too late."

A spasm of pain contracted Daniel's face and he grew pale even to his lips. "Margery, do not talk in this way. I can not bear to hear it. Surely God who has listened to our entreaties so many times will not fail to hear us now. Have you lost your faith in the ordinance of his house?"

"No, Daniel; but I feel that the Lord appoints his own times and seasons, and the life of man is as a vapor. I have for some time felt that this was coming—that if I lived to give birth to our child I should not remain long after."

"But, Margery, perhaps you have nourished this feeling into a settled conviction. Let us send for the elders and exercise faith in God."

"Not yet, Daniel; I would rather be alone with you the few moments of time I have left me. The elders have been here, and our friends will soon be here again. They have not been away long, and they will return. Then I shall have no opportunity to talk with you. Put your hand here close to my heart. Don't you remember my telling you one time

that I felt sure I was troubled with heart disease? I thought for some time that I might get better, but for weeks I have felt certain that I never would. I talked with your mother before I left, but I did not tell her why it was that I feared my days were numbered."

"O, Margery, why did you keep this from me? Do you think I could have left you to seek my own safety? Better I had stayed with you, even had it cost me my life."

"Daniel, you must be calm, or I shall not be able to improve the moments God has so mercifully granted us. I have gained this composure by much and earnest prayer. I feared I should not live to bring our baby into the world, but God gave me great faith. Then when I felt that its little life was ebbing away such a spasm of pain seized me that had it not been for the mercy of God I must have gone first. Since then my soul has been lifted without ceasing to God in earnest supplication that he would prolong my life to see you once more. Oh, how I longed to see your face once more! But above this, stronger, deeper and more far-reaching in its intensity was the desire to talk with you of the future. Lean upon God, my husband, and consider for how brief a span this separation is to be, and listen with all your faculties to what I have to say.

"You remember the morning in Ohio, when we walked by the shore of Lake Erie and talked of the future of the church? I told you then that I thought a mistake was being made, and I feel sure now that it was a mistake. That is past and can not be recalled, neither can the consequences of it be arrested. Let it rest now. But, Daniel, the future is before you and you must meet it. It is of this I want to talk, and before I begin I want to tell you that I know God has revealed some things to me by his Spirit and these have guided me to judge of others. You believe in the Spirit which guides into all truth, and though I may not be able to tell you how I know these things, trust my knowledge until time reveals the facts to you.

"The troubles of the Saints are not to end here, and when they are driven again they will not be as most of them now are, an innocent people. I saw them assembled again, and I saw in the streets of their city and in their habitations all manner of unclean beasts and birds of prey. Dark clouds gathered from without, but the defilement was from within and a voice said, 'These are rejected and forsaken of heaven.'

"But all were not thus. Many walked in the midst of this defilement with clean garments, and I saw these scattered among the people, sifted as it were, one here and one there with bowed heads, and wringing their hands as those who have no hope. Not so, however, with the others. They formed in close ranks and a great body; and the eyes of the people were fixed upon them so closely that they never saw the fugitives who were flying as for life, one here, another there, and yet others in small companies another way. But it was different with the compact body. They seemed to hate these and follow them wherever they went by spies sent out from their number, and in many cases I saw them slain by these spies, and in other cases dragged back by false persuasions, much against their will.

"And now, my husband, comes the hardest part of what I have to tell you. Among these fugitives I saw you, and I knew that you had not left me behind, but I felt that I was beyond you, so far away that I could neither warn nor help you. I saw you terribly perplexed and troubled, and at one time I thought your face was set to return. Just then, while you were hesitating what to do, I saw them strike down one who was standing near you; and with that you fled as though determined to escape.

"I saw no more, but this has been with me night and day. I have, in the past months, seen with pain the effect which our troubles are having upon some in the church. It may be that the disposition has always been there, and that these sad times only reveal it; but whether this be the case or not, I have seen enough to know that some in the church begin to cherish resentment and would render evil for evil; and worse, if that could be, than this, some because of these troubles are proving traitors to the best interests of the church and their own souls. Like Judas, they desire the contents of the bag, and would not hesitate to betray their best friends. I know not how the trouble which I fear—which I know is coming—will be brought about, but when

it comes the church will be corrupted and will be no place for honest hearted Saints. Then, my husband, I want you to leave it, and in the world anywhere, no matter where it may be, maintain your integrity before God and man. I do not believe God will suffer his people always to be scattered, neither will he forget you when the time to gather them comes. Do not think that it is necessary for you to be with others of like faith in order to maintain your faith and integrity before God. Communion with those of like faith is very precious, but those will not be of like faith, they will depart from the faith and will persecute those who will not subscribe to their wickedness; and it was shown me how hard a matter it was to convince those who themselves were pure, that these were corrupt, for almost to a man, those who were leading them were defiled from the crown of their heads to the soles of their feet. Many of these leaders were strangers to me; I have never seen them, and I did not see either Joseph or Hyrum Smith with them, nor do I remember of seeing them at all."

"Have you ever thought, Margery, that it might have been some other body of people that you saw? It would be terrible to think that such events were in the future for this people. Our own condition as well as the condition of thousands of our brethren and sisters to-day, would plead that we had suffered enough for our religious opinions to lead us to expect better things than this in the future."

"I can not solve the mystery, though I have tried hard to do so; but one thing I know, our God is just, and as he has given us greater light than the rest of the world, we are required to walk in that light; and as the deepest darkness follows the withdrawing of the brightest light, so if this light of truth becomes darkened, the darkness will be great. Love blinds the eye to many faults, and it is the love which our people have for each other which will in many cases lead them astray. They will think it impossible for men whom they have known as godly, upright and just, to turn away from the truth and sell themselves to Satan; but it is only history repeating itself, though with a terrible rapidity in this case."

For some moments Margery closed her eyes, as though weary with the excitement and exertion of talking. As she lay thus, Daniel marked more plainly the ravages of disease in the thin, pallid face with dark circles beneath the eyes, and in the flood of anguish and pain which swept over his soul he forgot all else. In that moment the church was nothing to him. He was a father bereft, and a husband soon to be bereaved of one dearer to him than his own life. He longed with intense desire for words of strength and comfort from those pale lips, and never did he realize as now what a tower of strength to him had been the love of his faithful wife. It was the light which had both guided and cheered, and with it would go out from earth all its brightness, all its hope. He tried to pray; tried to plead with God for the life so dear, so necessary to his own, but he could not. The billows went over his soul and he could only say, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!"

"And now, my husband," resumed Margery, as her eyes were again raised to his face, and her hand nestled into his, "should the time ever come when you feel to doubt the truth of this work, remember the testimonies you have received, and to them add the last one I shall ever bear upon earth; the work is true, and in His own due time and way the Lord will establish it never to be thrown down. Do not let the thought of the crosses which have met us upon our brief journey ever give you pain. I rejoice in them now, and would not exchange the blessed privilege I have had in bearing them for all the world could give me, even should God prolong my life to enjoy it. You will miss me when I am gone, but you must lean heavier upon God. It is wisdom that I should go, or He would not take me. Do not think that if trials and hardships had been spared me, my life would have been prolonged. We know that He could restore me now, making me every whit whole, if it were his will. The waves are going over you now, but I tell you, Daniel, for I know by myself, that through faith and prayer you can so submit to God's will that you would not have your own if you could. I want you to think of us, not as lost, not as separated from you beyond your reach, but think of us as at home, waiting for you, thinking of you and longing for your coming. I know not what will be our condition, but

it is enough for me to know that God's care will be over us, and the wicked can not enter there. A home of peace, a place of rest, and the love of God to brighten all its scenes! There we will abide; and when your pilgrimage is finished, we will be the first to meet you, the first to bid you welcome.

"You have not seen our baby yet, and I will rest now for a time while you go and look at him. Oh! he is so beautiful even in death! I have told mother just what I want done with his little form, and when you see mother Clark and Mary, give them the curl I severed from his little head and tell them that when you came, the last earthly wish of my heart was granted, and I was willing to depart."

Daniel had not asked in regard to the babe, he had supposed it already buried. Every thought, every feeling had been centered in Margery. He felt no desire even now to go, but she had asked him to, and perhaps, as she had said, she would rest. Bending down, he pressed his lips tenderly to hers and rose to go.

But Margery knew that when she rested it would be upon the other shore. She would save him the agony of witnessing the last struggle, and admonished that it was near she suggested this. Her eyes followed him until the door of the little room closed behind him, then asking her mother to put down the curtain she awaited the message of release.

Long and earnestly Daniel gazed upon the babe lying as a bud plucked in untimely haste by some careless hand, but even while he gazed, his thoughts were more with Margery than upon the little form before him. The soft brown hair clustering in tiny curls about its marble brow, was so like hers, and the contour of the face was like hers, too. Kneeling in the silence and stillness he poured out his soul in prayer, wrestling, not for her life, but for the mastery of self, for the power to submit to the will of God.

As he rose from his knees and stood again earnestly regarding the litttle form, for the first time there swept into his soul a great flood of parental tenderness. Every fiber of his being yearned over the babe so soon taken from its earth life to the paradise of God. With this feeling there seemed borne in upon his soul the question:" If my child were living, would it be possible for me to give pain or sorrow unnecessarily to him?" He knew it would not, and realizing this fact, self-condemnation came with it. Was not God the very embodiment of justice and love? Should he trust himself when he could not trust God? Was his love, his justice, his mercy superior to the mercy, justice, and love of God? He recalled the text of Scripture, "God so loved the world that he gave his Only Begotten Son." O, what a thought! Gave him, while those for whom he suffered and died were in rebellion against him, rejecting his authority, scorning his mercy, and trampling upon his love. The reaction was as intense as sudden, and with it there came reproach that he had not been more true to his trust; that he had not sustained and encouraged Margery instead of leaning upon her for help in the hour of their extremity. He would be strong now, and she should lean upon him. Once more he would have the elders come and administer to her, and if it was not God's will to spare her, he would say from the heart, "Thy will be done."

Softly he unclosed the door and returned to the room where Margery was. Mrs. Boyd raised her hand in token of silence, believing that Margery slept. Daniel listened, but could hear no breathing. A strange presentiment seized him and very carefully he went nearer. Still all was silent; and bending over Margery his worst fears were confirmed. He knew then why she had sent him away. Strong in her love to the last, she would have shielded him, had it been possible, from all pain. She had desired that he should remember her as at rest in sleep, and not as passing through the agony of dissolution. One hand was pressed above her heart, and upon her face the closely drawn lines of pain yet lingered, but a smile hovered around her lips, and the peace in which her soul had triumphed was fast spreading its light over her face.

For a few moments Daniel stood as one transfixed. Again the floods of bitterness surged up, but with a strong hand he shut the door and barred it. He took her hand, yet warm as in life, into his own, but the pulse was stilled. He placed his own close over her heart, but it had ceased to beat. The spirit had returned to God who gave it, the fitful race of life was ended, Margery was dead.

Two days after this, with her babe folded closely to her breast, they laid her away. Surely it requires no vivid imagination to picture a very sorrowful and lonely group as the shadows of the coming night gathered around them. Wanderers and outcasts from home, with no earthly prospects before them, they had buried their dead out of their sight, but ah! the aching void in their hearts. What should ever fill that? Daniel would have gone out into the night to wrestle alone with his great sorrow, but the worn, pale and patient face of *her* mother appealed to his heart, and steadying his voice he said: "Mother, when you are ready to get a light we will read from the Bible. I feel that its words will comfort us."

Without answering, Mrs. Boyd placed a lighted candle and the Bible upon the table. Tears were streaming from her eyes and she dared not trust herself to speak.

Daniel opened to the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, and as he read the words took on a wonderful meaning which they had never had before. There passed before him a long procession of those who through faith had pressed on to inherit the promises of God. He walked with Abraham to the mount where his faith was tried and sojourned with him in a strange land. He dwelt in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, heirs of the same promise, and with Jacob went down into Egypt. He saw the afflictions of the people there and the mighty hand of God stretched out for their deliverance. He saw Moses refusing to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, and choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, because he esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. With Moses he traveled through the wilderness, and with Joshua went in to possess the land of promise. Then there passed before him a mighty host, among whom were those he saw stoned, sawed asunder, tempted, scourged, imprisoned and slain with the sword. He dwelt with them in dens and caves of the earth, wandered about with them in sheepskins and goatskins, being afflicted, destitute, tormented, while they were tortured to death, not accepting deliverance, "*That they might obtain a better resurrection.*"

Then there opened before him in its broadness and fullness the meaning of the words which before had fallen upon heavy ears; "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

There fell a calmness and peace upon their spirits as Daniel read, and after he had offered up thanksgiving and prayer to God, they talked long and earnestly of the future, not the future of this life, but the rest which remaineth for the people of God; and when they retired at a later hour, they felt to thank God that he counted them worthy to suffer afflictions for his name's sake. In the silent watches of the night Daniel lived over again his last interview with Margery, and every word she had uttered, every tone of her voice came to him as a living reality, and he prayed that it might abide with him forever.

To be continued.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

The bravest battle that ever was fought!
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the map of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon, or battle shot,
With sword, or noble pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From the mothers of wonderful men.

But deep in a waked-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is the battle field!

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song:
No banner to gleam and wave!
But, oh! these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!

—Selected.

PATTIE; OR, LEAVES FROM A LIFE.

BY ELEANOR.

CHAPTER XVI.

GOD'S WORD THE TRUE STANDARD OF EDUCATION.

"For the book is in my heart,
Lives in me, wakes in me and dreams in me,
My daily bread tastes of it and my wine
Which has no smack of it, I pour it out;
It seems unnatural drinking."
—Elizabeth B. Browning.

"But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed."—Jas. 1:25.

OUR readers will remember that in the introductory chapters of this article it was shown that religious and civil liberty were both the result of the Reformation, at which time the foundation principle of the gospel, (which is faith in Christ), long buried under the rubbish of ignorance, superstition and idolatry, was brought to light by Luther; and that it was a preparatory work to the full restoration of the gospel. Also that this land of America was a home prepared and set apart for the people of all nations whom the truth had made and should make free, where the principles and blessings of the gospel should be and were restored in their fulness, in order that freedom and truth should flow together to all nations and guide them back to God, the one supreme Ruler.

Along with these "leaves" from an individual life of toilsome growth into this light and liberty, I have, for a purpose, outlined the birth and progess of this nation; also the rise, rejection and restoration of the church under this last dispensation of the gospel. It was shown that the church was blessed and prospered while it adhered to the law of God; and that it was rejected when it had cast this law away and substituted idolatry and lust.

We will now attempt to show that a like rejection threatens the nation when following the example of the church, it too has cast away the law of the Lord.

Long since, when the church, suppliant at the feet of the nation, asked redress for the wrongs committed against her people as citizens of the republic, she was answered by the national authorities, "We can do nothing for you." Then was the first blow struck at that law of justice and equity on which the nation was founded. The second bulwark of national liberty,—the declared right of man to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness,—of which he should not be deprived without due process of law, fell before the blows of the murderers of the martyrs, Joseph and Hyrum. But the seal to the final overthrow of constitutional rights and national life was set when the Bible was turned out of the public schools—those nurseries of the state—and from the education of our future voters and rulers. As though liberties founded upon the law of the Lord can be perpetuated in ways adverse to that law; as though life and the pursuit of happiness can be maintained in paths leading away from Him. Thinking people see in this the last effort of the old arch enemy of truth and liberty; for how can a God-fearing, Bible-loving people countenance the political corruption now prevailing?

God, by the mouth of his prophet Isaiah, forewarned his ancient Israel, and through them the Christian nations of gentiles, what must be the inevitable consequence of the rejection of his law. It was fulfilled in that ancient nation who failed to heed it. Shall we take warning? Here is what the prophet says: "Therefore, as the fire devoureth the stubble, and the flame consumeth the chaff, so their root shall be as rottenness and their blossom shall go up as dust."

Let the reader note well what follows, for it makes known the secret of national decay and rottenness. I would that I could impress it in letters of fire upon every heart: "Because they have cast away the law of the Lord of hosts, and despised the word of the Holy One of Israel."—Isa. 5:24.

The Book of Mormon also teaches us that the destruction of the ancient Nephites was for a like cause, and their gentile successors are solemnly warned of the same condemnation. (See Book of Mormon 2:6.)

We learn from the remainder of the fifth chapter of Isaiah, from which I have

quoted above, that when the nation has despised and forsaken the word of the Lord, there is but one refuge from utter destruction (for remember that this is the *last* dispensation). That refuge and ark of safety is the ensign of truth set up in his church, the fullness of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the perfect law of liberty, by the works of which they shall be blessed, if they continue therein.

Pattie had discerned the gradual lowering of the standard of truth in church and state, and its disastrous consequences in both. She had traced the cause of their decline in this casting away of the law of the Lord. It seemed that the time long foretold was now at hand, when the people would not endure sound doctrine, for their hearts were turned unto fables. Our readers have followed Pattie while she traced these fables in the sectarian churches through their false interpretations of Scripture—the spiritualizing system. In the church of the restored gospel we have found fables (fictitious doctrine) that caused its rejection as the Church of Christ. And as we have traced God in history we have found that the fate of nations has been analogous to that of the church. We have read the warning against this nation, when unheeding, it follows in the footsteps of its predecessors. And now we hope that the reader is ready to inquire with Pattie: "Where shall we look for these fables to which the national heart is turned?" Where, oh! where but in the nation's literature? Do you doubt it? Have patience yet awhile to follow the process of reasoning by which Pattie discovered it.

Fiction was anciently divided into three classes—styled fables, parables and myths. Fables were stories in which all the circumstances and statements were inventions; it endowed the brute creation with reason and speech. It was intended to exhibit relations between man and man calculated to instruct or amuse. The word fable was also used to describe whatsoever was contrary to the teaching of the inspired word and the established law of God. It is in this sense that it is referred to by the apostles. (1 Tim. 1: 4; 2 Pet. 1: 16.) In parables the statements and circumstances of the story were true to nature, and might be of possible occurrence, and were always used to illustrate the relation of man to God. Such were the parables of Jesus. Myths were creations of fancy respecting the relation of man to fictitious deities, as in Homer's Iliad.

Modern fiction is more difficult to classify. The kind known as religious novels seem to be an attempt to teach modern church tenets after the pattern of parables, or stories representing the real in life. Indeed fiction in general now seems to prefer this form, probably because it is the most effective. But they all, with few exceptions, come under the apostolic denunciation, because they teach contrary to the law of God, both in regard to man's relation to man and to God. The time was foretold when the hearts of the people would be so turned away from the truth by these fables as to hinder the progress of the gospel because of these false ideas respecting the duties of man. We will make this appear further on. Yet always, from earliest times, fiction purposed intellectual culture and enlightenment. So its inventor claimed for it: "Your eyes shall be opened and ye shall be as gods knowing good and evil." And still its adherents make the same claim. Do they not tell us that as the child will in any case certainly make the acquaintance of evil, it is better that he made it in connection with and in contrast with the good? Yet it is most painfully apparent to thoughtful people that evil results preponderate.

We left Pattie in our last chapter trying to solve the problem of how to deal with this fictitious literature in the education of her boy. And it is a problem to engage the earnest thought of every Christian mother striving to fulfil the divine law in her own life, and Pattie felt that she could not ignore the question. Yet she felt that she could make no progress in its solution until she had fully analyzed the nature and working of the evil.

Taking the Bible as the standard of truth, which is able to make those wise unto salvation who become thoroughly acquainted with it, and by continuing in the practice of its works, they are blessed. The Bible student, in seeking to be furnished for every good work, finds this law laid down: "That he shall love the Lord his God with all the affections of his heart, the thoughts and strength of his mind, and his neighbor as himself."

He finds no distinction between man and man; each is his neighbor and brother, whose interests are his own.

Fiction, on the contrary, not only contradicts this oneness of truth, but it also substitutes a false standard of rights between man and man, dividing them into classes with diverse and clashing interests. It deals with these supposed rights and interests of a person, or class, against those of another person, or class; and the mind of the young reader is swayed, not really by principles of right and equity, as found in the law of God, but by his sympathies. And thus his moral sensibilities suffer, until his weakened judgment is unable to grasp the truth. To read fiction calls for no expansion of the intellectual powers.

With minds thus undeveloped, and morals perverted, what wonder if we find that the youth, grown to manhood, carries the selfish sympathies that have alone been developed into actual contact and dealings with his fellows, swayed by selfish and party interests, regardless of those of his neighbor or country?

In this perversion of rights is found the key to the political corruption that legislates in favor of class, or party interests, that made it possible for a public officer of a government founded on justice and equity to say to the humble petitioners for redress: "Gentlemen, your cause is just; but I can do nothing for you."

Analogous to the evil results of fiction in general is that of the instillation into the child's mind of certain religious tenets called creeds, by which he grows up identified with such creed. As in the other case there is a weakening of the mental powers. Thought and reason are suppressed when the child is taught to rely on human interpretation of right; instead of, as in the Divine law, to consider, to reason, to weigh, to prove all things and hold fast that which is good.

Having reached, as she believed, the root of the evil, what should she do? Its stupendous magnitude overwhelmed thought. It was as a great tree whose branches filled the whole earth, where fowls of every kind found shelter; and whose roots were anchored in unfathomed depths. Even the sacred refuge of home was invaded by it, and she was powerless to shut it out. But that home was a gift from God. His word should be its law; and by it she would try to direct her child's growth towards the perfect manhood of the perfect Christ. She laid down no arbitrary rules for the child's restraint regarding it. Instead, she laid them upon her own shoulders and held herself to the strict performance of the task that she had undertaken as imperative as the preparation of his food and the care of his person, or clothing. To do this she must keep herself acquainted with all that he read—no small task, indeed, along with the duty of earning a living and her household cares. The Sabbath and the few moments of rest that she could obtain was the only time she had to give to this work. It required no small self-denial at such times to deprive herself of some entertaining and instructive volume, and take up the childish books and papers, including those brought from the Sabbath School. For fiction, as we have seen, permeates all kinds of literature. It is not confined to mere story or novel reading, but in all things that contradict the oneness of truth, from the dryest of theological works to the youngest infant's toy book.

The task, or rather the duty, that Pattie had undertaken to perform was not to expel the evil bodily from her home; this were a vain undertaking. Her duty as she saw it was to teach the young mind to compare all things with the standard of truth—the law of the Lord—and to discern the contradiction, that he might be able to reject the evil and choose the good. Having read them herself, she was able to discuss them with him, to point out their conflict with the divine precept and educate the judgment in the superiority of the scriptural standard of right.

Thus, while his judgment was being educated to discriminate in reading, he was also acquiring love for his home and appreciation of his mother's companionship that was in itself a guard against evil associations. Scanty as her means were she found ways now and then to furnish him with books of information on various subjects connected with the world and its inhabitants, aiming to stimulate thought and investigation.

"How can you have so much patience," was the question often asked by worried mothers. But to Pattie's way of thinking it was her first and highest duty. The

time and patience required to attend to his proper education was far less than would be required to correct faults that, like weeds, must certainly come to occupy the ground where no crop is cultivated. And always present to her mind was the time to come when she must answer to her Lord for the treasure committed to her keeping.

In carrying out these ideas Pattie soon found the old unsettled questions that had perplexed her in childhood recurring to perplex her still in the questions of her child. And while she found that the letter of the word was an all sufficient guide as pertaining to the things of this life, as pertaining to spiritual things there was something lacking in knowledge which the letter did not supply. In vain had she tried to penetrate the veil. Thus far might she go and no farther; and she felt that whereas she would teach in these things, she herself needed to be taught. Oh! the anxious hours of thought given to this subject! Must she come short of salvation as she did of knowledge?

By her lone fireside after the little one had retired, she sat and pondered these things. On the table near her lay some tracts sent by her friend, which she had not read. "What better," she had written to her friend, "can the opinion of these men be than that of others? I am weary of all human helpers, God must reveal himself to me, or I shall never know him. I have found that human interpretations of his word but lead away from him, and I have had to re-retrace my steps and come back to the word of the Lord every time. Here I feel now that I must stay unless unmistakable light from heaven reveals the hidden mystery that I can not penetrate. 'Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?' Aye, truly he has. This has been demonstrated to me over and over again. But why will he have it so? Why may not men understand these things of such deep importance to them?"

But now sitting alone she opened the Bible and read therein the answer to her questions: "That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. Howbeit we speak wisdom among them that are perfect; yet not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world, that come to nought; but we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom which God ordained before the world unto our glory: which none of the princes of this world knew: for had they known it they would not have crucified the Lord of glory. But as it is written, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.' For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God. Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given us of God. Which things we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth; comparing spiritual things with spiritual. But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."—1 Cor. 1: 5–14.

It was by no means the first time that Pattie had read and pondered over the chapter that we have quoted, and others similar; but she had read them with blinded eyes, not doubting but that she was already the possessor of that gift of the Spirit of God of which Paul speaks, or how came it that she loved him, and clung to him amid all the doubts and trials of the way? But now the conviction took deep root in her mind that this Spirit that alone can search the deep things of God, had never revealed them unto her. The conclusion that must come was that she was not yet the recipient of the Holy Ghost. Why not?

She now remembered that in her early investigation of the claims of the Book of Mormon she had learned that baptism for the remission of sin must be administered by an authorized officer of the kingdom of God, and precede the baptism of the Holy Ghost, which was given by the laying on of hands. And that to those so baptized of the Spirit was granted a knowledge of those things which the natural man could not discern. Perhaps, after all, the truth might be found with these people.

She now took up the despised tracts, and selecting one entitled "Who then can be saved?" she gave it a careful, prayerful perusal. It pointed out the mistake made by the present religious teachers in confounding the spirit of inquiry, sent abroad in the heart to make men inquire and feel after God, with that gift of the Holy Ghost promised by Christ to the believing and obedient, and pointing out passages and examples in scripture; of the wide difference in them, their manner of reception, their office and work.

Pattie read with an interest born of conviction. Nothing now would turn her aside until she found Him whom her soul sought, and drank from the fountain of truth that should be in her a well of living water forever satisfying to her thirst.

To be continued.

Department of Correspondence.

PROF. J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR.

BOX 5, LAMONI, IOWA.

EDITORIAL COMPLAINTS.

It is found necessary to make extracts of some letters this month, as space will not permit the publication of all in full. We trust that no one will feel unpleasant toward us if he should be found among the extracts, since the greatest good to the greatest number is what we are striving for. Do not think, either, that there is plenty of material and no need for you to write, for we could manage twice as much as now comes to hand.

The first letter in April number should have been signed T. A. Hougas, the name Ben Johnson being only the author of the extract at the close of the letter. Please pardon the blunder. The mistake was not known in time for correction in May number.

Let us again caution you to be more careful in the preparation of your manuscript; for while some of the letters are commendable, and would do credit to the author, others are in deplorable condition. Better copy two or three times and have them in good shape, than to send them in such a state of preparation as to be almost unreadable; and remember, too, that the editor's time is precious.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Wm. Culbertson, writing from Chelsea, Neb., says, that for 25cts three gallons of ordinary saloon whiskey can be made, hence prohibiting its manufacture would not lower the price of corn, rye, etc. He is in favor of doing away with whiskey and putting the money spent for it into corn and rye, and feeding it to hogs and cattle.

Otto Hemple, Deep Water, Mo, says: "It is not so very long since our fathers fought to free this country from one dark spot on its face—slavery; and I would like to see our present and rising generation fighting to rid our glorious country from an equally dark spot—intemperance."

MARATHON, Iowa, May 9th.

Dear Readers of the Department:—A writer in May *Leaves* very badly misunderstood my letter in April number. She says that "brother Aoriul says, tobacco production gives employment to thousands of farmers and should not be stopped or spoken against." To be sure I used those *words*, but merely as an illustration bearing on the subject in hand, and stated that if the argument advocated against prohibition is reasonable this argument is reasonable also.

Does the writer think that either one is reasonable? I do not. I am just as much opposed to the production, sale, or use of tobacco as the sister is; and I am very sorry if I used language that could be otherwise construed.

Yours for truth,

ELBERT AORIUL SMITH.

DELUZ, Cal., April 16th.

Dear Readers:—The query with me has been, what can I write about, for I wish to aid the Department, if possible.

Now I have a little project I wish to advance. Some time ago I read of societies that had been formed to collect and distribute story papers, pictures, and little fancy articles; those who can procure them to do so and send to some central point, and from there they are forwarded to places where there are little ones too poor

or through neglect, do not see the many bright things that are so plentiful with some of us.

For instance, many of us attend Sabbath-schools where we receive papers and lesson cards. Why not send them to those who do not receive them? Also advertising cards, pictures cut from magazines, or even the fancy pictures in the seed catalogues would all be a source of amusement and instruction to many a little one in odd nooks and corners of this world, and might it not do some *eternal* good?

I will propose the following plan as a starter. Let the "Grand Lodge" be at Lamoni, with assisting societies where ever there is one or more members of the church. All matter to be mailed to them at Lamoni, *with enclosed postage for remailing*. Then when any one sees where such matter can be used to advantage, let him send to the society at Lamoni for it. Where more funds are needed, let it be assessed on the society in ratio to their membership. Let the matter be distributed to the needy children of all religious beliefs.

Please consider this as only a suggestion, and if any one else likes the idea, will they please to "rise and explain"? H. B. ROOT.

This seems to us to be an excellent idea, and there is evidently an opportunity to do a great and much needed work in this direction. Let us hear from others upon the subject. EDITOR.

PLEASANTON, Iowa, May 7th.

Bro. J. A. Gunsolley:—We note your suggestion for subject, viz: "What are proper amusements for those professing to be followers of the Meek and Lowly One," in May number of *Autumn Leaves*, and think the subject a grand one, one which should receive careful attention, and which we believe will force itself on the minds of the young thinking and spiritual Latter Day Saints.

There is, ever has been, and will be till He comes "whose right it is to reign," many so-called proper and harmless amusements.

Let our minds go back to past ages, and where, then, shall we look to find amusements? At the tournament; in the Greek contests; in the arena of the Coliseum where took place the fights of gladiators, races, contests of wild beasts, etc.

Since those times man has attained to a higher degree of education, for we believe that both the quality and quantity of the amusement required is the outgrowth of education.

Here is one who argues that the quiet game of cards in the home parlor is a proper and harmless amusement; here another upholding chess, checkers, etc., and still another who would discard all these, and then, for amusement, seek the gossiping friend or neighbor; and there is the ball-room, billiard-room, and progressive euchre party, which furnish proper amusements for hundreds of so-called Christian people of to-day. These may all be proper amusements, but are they, properly, "proper amusements for those professing to be followers of the Meek and Lowly One?"

The "Lowly One" (Christ) has commanded us to follow him; and, think you, should you follow him, he would lead you to the ball-room or card-room, or would even invite you to a quiet game of chess?

Among the many invitations which he has given us is the invitation to the "Marriage Supper of the Lamb," with the injunction, "Watch, therefore, for you know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh."

Think you that we could not amuse ourselves and with profit in preparing for this invitation, that when Christ shall come we be not found among the number of whom it is written, "Verily I say unto you, ye know me not?"

We do not attempt to give a list of what we consider proper amusements, but will give a rule which we think, if followed, will enable each one to decide for himself the question, "What are proper amusements for those professing to be followers of the Meek and Lowly One." It is this:

Take your Bible, prayerfully read and study it, asking in faith for that divine guidance which will lead you into all truth, which will help you to follow the footsteps of Christ; and then we believe you will be enabled to answer yourselves, or Christ through his Spirit will answer for you the question, "What are proper amusements for those professing to be followers of the Meek and Lowly One."

EVA M. BAILEY.

LAMONI, Iowa, May 8th.

Dear Readers of Leaves:—It is with hesitancy that I present anything further in this department, since my name was seen in a recent number. Yet I do not wish to see the correspondence department of this invaluable journal lag in the rear, or become disinteresting. Do not understand me to mean that my contributions will help it out; but the idea that I wish to convey is, that because we once wrote a few lines for a journal, it will not be sufficient for all time to come. I understand that this department is for the improvement of the youth of the church mentally, morally and socially; but if nothing is done or said by those youths, I fail to see just

where the good will come in. 'Tis true we may learn and get new thoughts from the productions of others, yet if we do not put into practice what we may learn and what new thoughts we may receive, they will be of but little use to us. We should not hesitate to say what we could in behalf of a good cause of any kind. Try it, some of you who have not written for this department, and see if you will not feel that you have taken a good step, or a step in the right direction, that will result in strengthening your mind and enabling you to think deeper than you could before. I would not have you suppose that I am hired by the editor to solicit contributions. No, I am only working for your benefit "on my own hook."

Our worthy editor proposes a very good, and I hope it will prove, an entertaining subject; one that we are all acquainted with, I might say without any danger of contradiction; *viz.*, What should be proper amusements for the young of the church. This, to me, seems a hard question to decide. They should be of a nature that would prove instructive to the mind, or would be beneficial to the body in the way of exercise. Nearly all out-door amusements, as we all know, are productive of health, if properly conducted, or if they are not carried to excess. But this is one great fault with us—the lack of consideration and correct judgment—which, it seems, we can never avoid until taught by the heavy hand of experience. We so very frequently overdo ourselves in taking part in out-door amusements. That which would have been a healthful recreation and exercise has resulted in injury to the parts that we wanted to benefit. Such games as base-ball, foot-ball, lawn-tennis, etc., if properly played and conducted—played for amusement, not for gambling purposes—I see no harm in them to us religiously or physically. I have had some experience in the first two named games, and I know of no injury accruing except occasionally a disjointed finger or a sore head, unless I played too hard, which a person is very apt to do in the game of foot-ball, that is, if he has any "move about him"—excuse the expression.

In in-door games and amusements the danger lies in a different direction as well as the benefits. Amusements of this class tend either to elevate the mind or deprave it; and associates and companions have more influence and power for good or for evil.

The two forces, good and evil, are at work everywhere, contending against each other; one prompts us to truth and right, while the other tries to seduce us into sneakish tricks and cheatery, both of which can be practiced in almost all games.

The thing to guard against in all amusements is the principle of selfishness. Do right because it is right, even if it results disastrously to ourselves.

Success to the department.

ALMA B. HANSON.

MONDAMIN, Iowa, May 20th.

To the Department of Correspondence:—The following extracts are taken from letters written by millionaires whose names precede each extract, in reply to a request for "general directions or advice that would aid a young man, just starting in life, to become rich."

ROSWELL P. FLOWER: — March 26th, 1890.— My dear Sir:—In reply to your letter of the 20th inst., I would say that it would seem to me, were I in your position, that I would buy some real estate in your city. You can not duplicate real estate. You can duplicate any other kind of security, and as the country grows, real estate will improve in value. . . . I know of no better way for a young man, just starting in life, to become rich than to be always sober, honest, industrious, and economical, to be true to his employers and himself, to save all he can without being parsimonious, and to invest his savings judiciously in the way I have indicated."

BENJ. F. BUTLER: — "Lowell, Mass., March 30th, 1890.—Dear Sir: All the improved real estate in Boston, as a rule, has paid its interest and taxes and quadrupled in value during the last fifty years, while during the same period ninety per cent of all the merchants and traders in that city have failed, and ninety per cent of all the business corporations have either done likewise or gone out of business, so that their stock has been wiped out. In view of these facts I think it may be unhesitatingly asserted that nothing else is so safe an investment for small savings as improved real estate. Nothing is likely to grow in value faster. . . . For a young man just starting in life, whose ambition it is to become rich, I would say never do a mean thing for money."

ENOCH PRATT:—"Baltimore, Md,, March 28th, 1890.— Dear Sir:— My advice to young men, who are anxious to advance in life, has always been that when they earn five dollars they should save and put out at interest one dollar of it."

HON. P. T. BARNUM:—"'Waldmere,' near Bridgeport, Connecticutt, April 7th, 1890,—Dear Sir: The safest plan and the one surest of success for the young man starting in life is to select the vocation which is most congenial to

his taste. He should then be careful to keep himself in good health, for that is the foundation of success in life—the substratum of fortune. Shun rum and tobacco. You must have a clear brain to make money. You can not carry on business successfully if your brain is muddled and your judgment warped by intoxicating drink. Keep out of debt. Debt drags a man down more than anything else. It destroys his self-respect, and makes him almost dispicable in his own eyes.

"Put what money you have and all you may save in the future at interest, where it will be well secured. Real estate is the safest of all investments. Money at interest, with good security, will work more faithfully than anything else in the world. It never stops, day nor night, no matter if the weather be wet or dry.

"Engage in one kind of business only, and stick to it faithfully until you succeed, or until your experience shows that you should abandon it. Whatever you engage in make it your constant aim to be and to have the very best in your line. When sure that you are in the right path persevere.

"To make money dishonestly is the hardest thing in life. Therefore preserve your integrity. Remember that the road to wealth lies in expending less than we earn."

These extracts are taken from the Chicago *Weekly News*. I send them thinking they may interest the young men readers of the Department of Correspondence. W. S.

EMINGTON, Ill., March 15th.

Dear Readers:—A welcome delight should be extended by all the young Saints to the Department of Correspondence in *Autumn Leaves*. For one, I am glad to see such an effort put forth, though I feel weak in my first attempt to write upon a subject that has such a vast number of ideas, still I feel disposed to cast in something, looking to Him to direct me, and if I have stepped aside, I meekly ask some of the young Saints to point it out to me, which is the object aimed at in our disquisition.

Prohibition, the great act which is trying to eradicate that great demon raging all over our country, is what we should all strive to be gallant defenders of in this age of the world.

In Proverbs we will find that it says: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." Though wine is but a mild drink compared with others, we are commanded not to use it for only sacramental services (then from the grape, of our own make). If we intend to keep the "word of wisdom," we must abhor all that pertains to the evil of drinking and try to foster everything that tends to good, so we may be counted among the wise.

I will relate an incident which I experienced during the time I attended school in one of the cities of this state. It is a beautiful place situated on the Vermillion river, and would be more beautiful if it were rid of those seven low, degraded places called saloons.

In course of time election came, and there was a great contest to see whether the prohibitionists or anti-prohibitionists were to rule. Both parties wrought hard. They kept buggies running all day long bringing miners (as it is a mining place), so that not a single vote could be lost. At last, as the shades of evening drew near, the polls were drawn to a close and it was a tie.

Then it fell into the mayor's hands, and he being sustained by the anti-prohibitionists of course thought it his duty to decide in favor of his party. How much good could he have done in various ways by shutting down on this evil, even if it were against his party's will!

A brother was residing there at the time who could by his vote, his only, have turned everything the other way. Oh, what a golden opportunity it was for him! But, alas! I am sorry to say, he liked to tipple with the wine-glass a little too much; therefore, to be held in high admiration by his fellow men, he had to go with them instead of turning his back on that which is considered an evil in the sight of God.

But I think we who profess to be Latter Day Saints ought to set an example before the world which would be worthy of imitation, by taking up our cross and following Him who is calling us one by one to throw off our burden of sin and strive to "come up higher."

I was baptized in the fall of 1888 by Bro. F. M. Cooper, and have never regretted the step taken.

May God's divine blessing rest upon all those who are striving to overcome this work of intemperance is the prayer of

Your sister in Christ,

LAJUNE HOWARD.

Is Learning your ambition?
There is no royal road;
Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode:
Who feels the thirst of knowledge,
In Helicon may slake it,
If he has still the Roman will
"To find a way, or make it!"

—JOHN G. SAXE.

Domestic Department.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

"For they who would a home in heaven win,
Must first a heaven in home begin to find."

OUR BOYS.

"My heart always warms toward a boy." These words were spoken by my companion, a mother of five children, as in the gathering darkness we walked toward her home. Rather nervous at being out so late on the almost deserted street, we had listened with some anxiety to approaching footsteps, but, as a pleasant faced boy walked briskly past us, and the deepening shades received him again from our sight, it was with a feeling of relief that I had said, "Only a boy," and in response had come her words, "My heart always warms toward a boy." Why so? Because in every boy she recognized the possibilities of good or evil; and knowing how much of love, of life and energy, yet withal, how much of waywardness and of faults to be seriously guarded against she had discovered in her own boys, she had longed that every boy might have just the careful, wise training that would bring out the best that is in him. Then, too, it had seemed to her, as she considered the paths naturally to be taken by her boys, that there were besetments of evil, allurements from the true and good which would bring danger to them, that would not come to her girls, more sheltered by the home-life as they would be. And thinking thus, from feeling a greater love for girls, as once she had done, she had come to know no difference, save perhaps this warming of the heart which reached out from her own and took in all boys, rough, boisterous, awkward though they might be.

The world needs good men, and it is from the home alone the need can be supplied. Men who are good in their homes will be good out in the world. If boys learn to be good while they are boys, there will be no lack of good men to occupy homes of their own when they are grown. One of our ministers has said: "When we can get the gospel to work in the homes of the people, our work will be well nigh accomplished." We read a great deal about the daughters in helping to build up the home and make it what it should be. Have the sons no part in this work? Sometimes they seem to think not, more than to come and go and be waited on by mother and sisters, complaining if things are not as they would like to have them.

Every inmate of a home has his or her influence, and it should be exerted for the happiness, the comfort of all other members of the household. Mutual helpfulness should exist among them. That which one may not be able to accomplish, let another stand ready to assist in, boys as well as girls. Some of the best boys of our acquaintance are those who have not felt above helping mother or sisters with housework, even washing dishes if need be. Beside such occasional help as this there are a great many things to be done about a home which may not properly be called woman's work, but which in too many homes are always left for her to do. Boys (or men) who cheerfully lend a hand at such things, here and there, wherever the opportunity is shown them, add more perhaps than they know to the comfort of those on whom devolves the housekeeping burden; for to them the actual saving of their time and strength, or the satisfaction of having that done which they could not have done is less than the pleasure they feel in the presence of that helpful spirit—the homely feeling that comes of being workers together.

Many mothers are at fault for this selfish indifference of their boys in regard to their share in home duties. Very few children but love to help, when they are little. Encourage them in it. Take pains to show them how, and as they work explain about the things they work with, how they are made or how they grow, and thus keep brains and fingers busy. Supppose it be a little more trouble to you now, can you not look forward to the time when it will more than repay you, if it shall have aided in giving them thoughtful, helpful habits. Seek to provide employment for them. It seems easier to find something for girls to do than for boys, but perhaps you discriminate too much in the kind of work they should do. I remember hearing a mother say:

"I wish I had some work for Philip to do. He is twelve years old and ought to have something to do besides going to school. We burn coal, so there is no wood to cut. We keep no cow nor pigs nor chickens, so there is really nothing for him to do."

A few moments before I had heard her wondering how she could find time to wash the several pairs of muddy rubbers which must be

done to-day, for to-morrow the children would need them to wear to Sunday-school.

Here was one opportunity for giving him something to do, and such were constantly occuring.

Boys are more fortunate who have some regular work to claim a share of time each day aside from little chance tasks. Some mothers have the happy faculty of keeping their children interested at home, whether in work or in play, and such as have not this do well to cultivate it.

Establish confidence between yourself and your boys. Let them feel that in you they have a ready listener and sympathizer in all their plans and troubles. Make them your associates and let them know as they grow older that in the difficulties of life, by conducting themselves properly, they can be your helpers as well as you theirs. Bind them to you by every possible effort of loving kindness, of patience and of prayer. As you value their welfare here and hereafter, and your own joy in them, do not drive them from you by impatience with their ways or lack of interest in that which interests them. Of course boys must be governed, but "there is no surer way to check confidential intercourse between parent and child, and to retard the development of his best faculties, than to create an atmosphere of blame about him. He will grow unhappy and discouraged, if not disobedient and reckless. Far better let some childish wrong-doings pass unreproved than to make your boy feel that he never quite pleases you. Wise commendation will not foster vanity or self-consciousness. A loving word, an appreciative smile—any sympathetic recognition of real effort—is generally more helpful than many reproofs for failures. Check evil propensities by developing good ones rather than by waging a fierce direct war of extermination. The result of such training may not be so soon apparent, but in the end your child's character will be broader and stronger. Wait for the moral nature to grow—and be patient, as God is patient with his children."

There is nothing that will prove a greater help to your boys than a love for good reading. Commence when they are small by reading to them, or if too busy yourself, have the older ones read to the younger, you explaining and commenting as they read.

Encourage your boys and girls to take pleasure in each other and in one another's friends, teaching them to be considerate of each other, and that boys should never be too rude for their sisters to play with them. You will find it to be one of the ties that bind boys to ways of gentleness and purity. Do not permit their innocent enjoyment to be marred or perverted by any teasing about beaus and sweethearts. Teach them, too, that the standard of morality must be the same for boys as girls; that what is wrong for a girl is just as wrong for a boy. If this standard were established there would be no distinction in morals such as was expressed by one mother when she said:

"I am glad my children are all boys, for if boys don't turn out well it is not considered so bad as if girls go wrong."

Miss Willard, in one of her lectures, said that when the Arabs wish to pay to man the higheet compliment of which their language is capable, they call him "the brother of girls;" and she wanted to see all boys educated as purely morally as girls, that they may rightly be the brothers of girls.

Boys are fortunate who have sisters; girls are fortunate who have brothers. Let them see to it that the relationship between them be one of loving interest.

It has been too truly said that in most American homes, the mother is the only educator of the children. But there are homes where the children as naturally seek sympathy, advice or help from father as from mother; where his influence is felt among them in authority firm but gentle, and where in pleasant little talks together they receive from him instruction and encouragement. There are fathers too who do not hold the mothers responsible for every misdoing of their children, but who, when they see them in fault set about helping them to overcome; who teach by good example as well as precept, and their treatment of the wives and mothers is that of tender, thougthful kindness. Such homes are indeed happy ones, and such we might wish for all our boys.

And now, boys, what are you going to do? As soon as you are able to think for yourselves, the responsibility of becoming what you ought to be rests upon you, whatever your training may have been. The only true aim is that which will make you noble, not only in the eyes of men, but in the sight of God; and if you would be great you must learn to control yourselves. The Bible tells us, "He that conquereth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." You may have dreamed of the greatness that soldiers attain. Here is an opportunity to reach that which exceeds it. Do not think it unmanly to be gentle and loving. It is in the power of one boy to cause a great

deal of happiness in this world, but he can not do it by being careless and cruel. It is all right for boys to run and jump and shout sometimes to give vent to their inborn activity, but try to remember other people's feelings too. Consider what is right for you to do and do it, looking to the Lord for help. If you have a mother treat her in the very best way a mother can be treated, and do your part to make home pleasant.

If there are any of you who have been known as bad boys, disappoint people. There are always those watching who will be glad to see any improvement in your ways, and even if you know of none of these, you can always be sure of the one true Friend who watches over all. We read that there is rejoicing in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. Do you think there is less cause for rejoicing to see one boy starting in paths that will result in making him a man of God, than if he waited until dyed in sin and then turned from it? Never indulge yourselves in the thought of sowing wild oats while you are young, and then settling down to the good and useful afterward, but be of those who need not regret misspent years. The Lord may sometime want you to preach the gospel. If not, he will want you to stand nobly in some other part of his work, and you can not be too well prepared with well kept bodies, well informed minds, and better than all, pure, true hearts inclined to the service of God.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS

Guard Against Moths.—Do not neglect to put away winter clothing and all woolen articles not in use, in such a way that they will be safe from moths If you have not plenty of spare room for boxes or chests to pack away such things, a square dry goods box with well fitting cover, of a height to use for a stand, curtained around the sides, and the top covered with the same material is not bad looking in a room you occupy. Unless very close, the box should be lined with paper. Place in the box such things as need protection and be sure to keep with them an abundant supply of some of the many moth preventives: camphor, turpentine, tar paper or tobacco. Whole cloves are said to be very good, also woodruff or May blossom, the odor of which is very pleasant.

A Rose Jar.—Gather rose leaves when they are not in the least damp, and place them in your jar, with the following essential oils sprinkled between them: Cloves, cinnamon, neroli, lavender, lemon and rosemary. Keep the jar closed tightly, opening it occasionally, when the delightful perfume will fill the room A rose-leaf pillow may be perfumed in the same manner, only placing them between cotton batting, tacking them in and putting it between the lining and outside covering of a sofa pillow.

Pie Plant Jelly.—Wash the stalks well, cut into small pieces, put them in a preserving kettle with enough water to cover them, and boil to a soft pulp; strain through a Jelly bag. To each pint of this juice add a pound of loaf sugar; boil again, skimming often, and when it jellies on the skimmer, remove it from the fire and put into glasses or jars.

Pie Plant Jam.—Take the desired quantity of rhubarb, wipe it thoroughly dry and cut the stalks into small pieces For every pound and a quarter of the rhubarb allow one pound of sugar, the rind of half a lemon cut very thin and minced. Put all into a stew pan and simmer gently until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved, stirring constantly to prevent burning After the sugar is dissolved remove the pan to a hotter part of the fire and boil for one hour. The jam may then be put into jars, covered tightly to exclude the air, and stored away into a cool, dry place. As rhubarb jam does not keep so well as that made from fruit, it should be utilized quickly.—*Sel.*

Doughnuts.—Two cupfuls of sugar, two eggs, one cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda and four tablespoonfuls of melted lard or butter Mix with flour enough to make the dough quite stiff, as, if too soft, it is more apt to absorb grease while frying. Using one-fourth tried out beef suet, instead of all lard, for frying doughnuts, will prevent them from absorbing grease.

LOSS AND GAIN.

I sorrowed that the golden day was dead,
Its light no more the country side adorning;
But whilst I grieved, behold, the east grew red
With morning.

I sighed that merry spring was forced to go,
And doff the wreaths that did so well become her;
But whilst I murmured at her absence, lo!
'Twas summer.

I mourned because the daffodils were killed
By burning skies that scorched my early posies:
But whilst for these I pined my hands were filled
With roses.

Half broken-hearted I bewailed the end
Of friendships than which none had seemed nearer;
But whilst I wept I found a newer friend,
And dearer.

And thus I learn old pleasures are estranged,
Only that something better may be given;
Until at last we find this earth exchanged
For heaven.

S . . . .

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April, 1890.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

"What is so rare as a day in June?
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice;
And there's never a leaf or blade too mean
To be some happy creatures palace."

—J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE OWLS.

Take one sheet of owl paper cut in four parts, which will make four owls. Crinkle through your hands till very crimpy; then sew it in a seam lengthwise of the paper: gather loosely across the end, leaving one inch from the edge, which is to form the ears, then stuff with cotton, after which you gather the other end, leaving a space for the tail. Then take a piece of paper half inch wide and four inches long; gather this tight, and have cut a round piece of yellow paper, and a shoe button through the centre of it. Fasten these together and sew on for eyes. Take a piece of stiff paper and shape for a nose After this is done, take black and white water colors, and paint it as natural looking as possible. Fasten to a twig with carpet thread which forms the feet.

FIVE-POINTED STAR.

"Do you know how to make the stars on the star spangled banner?" inquired a gentleman who sat at his desk with a piece of waste note paper and scissors in hand.

"Couldn't cut one that would look respectable to save myself," said his companion.

Well, there's nothing easier, and I don't think there's anything a patriot ought to know better. It may seldom come of use, but it's highly patriotic. In Preble's 'History of the American flag,' may be found a statement to the effect that the committee of Congress appointed to report a design for the national ensign called upon a Mrs Rose, dealer in regalia and fancy goods in Philadelphia, for suggestions in their work. This lady was possessed of excellent taste in all matters pertaining to her business, and was withal an ardent patriot. The story goes that while talking with the members of the committee she so folded a sheet of paper as that by a single clip of the scissors she cut a five-pointed star. It is stated by others that the committee was as greatly pleased with the ingenuity displayed as with the symmetry of the design and readily adopted it. This was in 1776, and ever since that time the five-pointed star has appeared in the blue field of our country's flag. Neither Preble nor any other authority tells how Mrs. Rose folded the paper, and in the absence of information one will find it a rather difficult feat to accomplish. Once known, the process is very simple. Take a sheet of paper of any size and fold it once across. Then take a fold at right angles to this, merely for the purpose of determining the center of the paper. Throw the sheet back upon the single fold and let the center point be the point of a triangle when all the folding is completed. It must be understood that to have a five-pointed star there must be one single and two double folds, the folds being made outward from the center point. This single fold should be made to a point about four-fifths of the distance to the middle line made when the center of the paper was determined. The first double fold is made by folding the further side of the sheet as it is left after the single fold, back upon the outer edge of the latter The second double-fold is then made by folding what is now double upon what is triple To obtain the star, now make a cut with scissors on a straight line diagonally across from a point some little distance removed from the apex, to the extreme outer lower point of the fold. The cut may be made from either regular side of the triangle. The eye must be the guide as to acuteness or obtuseness of the angles of the star. A very little practice will soon enable one to cut one of these stars with entire accuracy. Comparison of a star so made with a geometric star will show it to be far more symmetrical and graceful than the stiff, mathematical product.—*Sel.*

CASE FOR POSTAL CARDS.

Two pieces of cardboard each a little larger than a postal card. Cover on outside with any preferred color of satin, velvet or plush, and on the inside with pretty contrasting color. Slant off one of the outside pieces at the top for opening. If you choose, before making up, that is, before overcasting the two pieces together, paint or embroider some design. Add cord and tassels or ribbon to hang up by.

A SOFA PILLOW.

Procure coarse huck-a-back toweling. Sketch or stamp design of large flowers. Outline them in white rope silk and run the spaces in between with orange linen floss in darning stitch. Line the pillow with orange colored satin making a puff of satin between the two sides all the way around. Crochet over small brass rings with same color silk, sew them at regular distances on each side of pillow and lace backward and forward over puff with white cord.

NEW STYLE MARKER

Cut a strip of celluloid six inches long by two wide, and tie narrow violet ribbon through a slit at one end. Now paint a spray of violets, or any small purple flowers, and the marker is finished. If you prefer, use white ribbon and paint blue or pink flowers, or orange ribbon and buttercups look well together.

PRETTY MATS.

A sheet of white wadding and a skein of Saxony will make three mats 10 inches in diameter.

Cut out a circle of wadding, any size you wish, and strips two inches wide, long enough to go round the circle three times. Take the Saxony—pink or light green makes beautiful ones—and crochet round the mats, and both side of the strip, with chain of 12 stitches, caught about an inch apart. Then plait in double box plaits, and sew through the centre, having the edges of the plaiting and mat even. Tack the edges of each box plait together, making it stand upfull. They are pretty, easily made, and serviceable, as the dust slides off the shiny surface. Some one try them.

PRETTY NEEDLE BOOK.

Cut five pretty shaped leaves from felt, two green, two red and one yellow, rimming all with red silk, which gives them the appearance of autumn leaves; group them together with a piece of diamond-shaped felt for a back ground; upon this, sew four or five leaves of flannel, pink the edges and fill with needles; number each leaf to suit the needles; fasten leaves at the top by a pretty bow of yellow ribbon This makes a pretty as well as useful ornament.

SUNFLOWER PIN-CUSHIONS

Are admired very much. I take a piece of yellow India silk as near the sunflower shade as possible, and cut out 22 petals. Eleven I make 2 inches long, the others 1½ inches and about 1½ inches wide at the base. They are, of course, double. I stitch them around, turn and press them, then have a small round cushion made of dark brown plush or velvet. I have for the foundation a circular piece of cardboard, pretty stiff. Then I begin with the short petals, laying a short plait in each; the long ones are for the second row, and the points of those come between the short row and a little beyond; now cover the back smoothly with a piece of silk or any thing you may have handy; sew a ring or large eye on the back and hang on the wall, after filling the cushion with pins.

"RUSHED RHYMES"

Is about the latest game. Each guest is furnished with paper and pencil subject for the rhyme. At a given signal all set to work and write a verse of poetry within five minutes Each one is required to read their own production aloud. You will find this quite amusing.

Editor's Corner.

With this issue we commence the autobiography of Elder R. C. Evans, of London, Canada, and also give a very faithful likeness of him. Do not let any one suppose that we are seeking to obtain subscribers for our magazine when we say to you, that those who fail to read and preserve this sketch will fail to enjoy and preserve many of the strongest testimonies of the truth of this latter day work which it has ever been our good fortune to hear. Perhaps the best features of the case are, that these testimonies are mostly from living witnesses—parties who can be seen or written to, should any desire to do so. We are not able to issue a large over edition, and it will be well for those wanting this biography, and who are not our subscribers, to send in their names soon.

Several mistakes will be found in the Memorial Sermon of this issue, but while somewhat annoying, there are but two which are very serious. In second paragraph, second column, on page 269, for "by her will *may* find," read, "*men* find." Last paragraph, page 270, for "*shod*" read "*shot*."

Bro. E. C. Briggs writes from Shenandoah, Iowa, under date of May 13th: "You may say, if you please, that through the continued illness of Sr. Briggs my article may be delayed for a short time; but I will defer it no longer than is absolutely necessary to do justice to the importance there may be attached to it. I love my fellowmen and the gospel of Christ more every day of my life, and I am determined to do all that I can to forward the work. My experience dates back to childhood in such a manner that I can not be true to the church, myself and the rising generation, without being explicit in regard to some of my earliest impressions as leading up to my ministerial life."

We earnestly trust that the Saints will remember Bro. Briggs in prayer, that his way may be opened before him to return to his field of labor.

And now as we draw near to the conclusion of our serial, "With the Church in an Early Day," we wish to present to our friends a matter which was in our mind from the beginning, but which has been earnestly urged upon us of late by many others who did not know that we had it under advisement, namely, the issuing of it in book form, that there may be in the church one volume for the young, which deals with our own faith and people in a manner to interest, and present it to the world in such a way as to compel them to think, and from thinking to inquire, "Have this people been misrepresented and is it possible that 'good may come out of Nazareth.'"

There is also another volume which we wish to issue at the same time, "Pattie, or Leaves from a Life." This presents the work from an altogether different standpoint and is a book the church can not afford to be without.

The plan and terms of issuing these volumes will be found on the third page of our cover, and we trust all who are interested in this work will give it a careful reading and after due reflection act promptly.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

CUPID BY THE WELL.

(See Page 888.)

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. III. LAMONI, IOWA, JULY, 1890. No. 7.

ETERNITY OF MIND.

BY J. F. M'DOWELL.

LECTURE III.

IN our second lecture we treated of the mind's retentive power, the corresponding nature of electricity and spirit; their invisible influence, yet manifest operation, its expansive and increasive capabilities for knowledge; its indestructibility, etc.

In this third lecture we shall endeavor to show more extensively the wonderful workings of the mind, and its unconquerable, masterly nature.

A few years ago a dinner was given by Parisian scholarship in honor of Victor Hugo. It had been somehow charged upon his excellency that he was inclined to atheistic views.

He took opportunity upon this occasion to rectify the mistake and correct this most misleading statement concerning his views upon the question of the eternal duration of mind. He arose when called upon for a brief address, and referring to the question, said:

"I have been charged with the darkness of atheism; but I ask how is it, if this be true, that as I find my body failing, my mind grows brighter; as nearing the immortal shores the sweet symphonies of a paradisiacal world become louder, and their sweet strains more plainly heard; my body fails but my mind grows stronger, and the scenes of a beautiful world approach my vision!"

This is a "beautiful" saying, and one worthy our consideration.

There are many things by which we are surrounded that lead us to conclude that the doctrine of the immortal nature of the mind, or soul, must be true.

I believe there is such a law as that of justice, a law of mercy, a law of righteous retribution. The law of justice—inexorable justice—could not have had its origin with man, for we discover in history the exhibition of the execution of a supposed law of justice, or more plainly speaking, the supposed execution of the law of justice has been based upon the most absurd grounds and carried out after the most cruel and fiendish manner. The true type of justice not being susceptible of false conceptions, must have had its origin as a law of strictest impartiality with a mind, or source of intelligence, superior to man. We believe that justice is an eternal law, and that law must be a conception of mind, and mind a manifest intelligent existence; that that law exists, not to be evaded, but shall be as universal and as real in its influence and execution of its penalties as is the sunshine universal; that as the world turns itself, or is turned by force of the law controlling its motion toward the sun, and although a part may be for a time in darkness, so with the unscrupulous deeds of men which for a time, or in time, seem to evade and escape justice, shall not always escape. The distribution of rewards and punishments; the bondaged, enslaved state in which virtue is kept; the freedom given to vice; the opulence of rogues; the poverty of heroes and messengers of love, are burning examples of an entire absence of justice; and justice, knowing no end, must not, and can not in the very nature of things, in the very light of unperverted reason and a well balanced judgment, escape that infliction of penalty and bestowal of reward that eternal justice itself demands. Annihilation is a cruel, unrevenging doctrine; and "materialism," atheism, a "doctrine of dirt" only!

The mind bursts out and breaks away

from these thoughts, and stands out in command and demand for justice, if not here, hereafter. If mind is a part of matter gross, and can not exist aside from it, then why do not trees talk, and flowers smile? But no, this entity resides in man supreme among all animated nature.

If this world were the only place where rewards and punishments should be distributed, then were there innumerable cases where injustice and the impartiality of its procedure would be liable to be impeached.

All things may be susceptible of change but not annihilation. The spots on the sun, the belts of jupiter, the surface of the moon, the rings of saturn, and several portions of the starry heavens, are frequently changing, or varying their aspects. On the earth mountains are crumbling down, the caverns of the ocean are filling up, islands are emerging from the bottom of the sea and again sinking into the abyss; the ocean is frequently changing its boundaries, and trees, plants, and waving grain now adorn many tracts which were once overwhelmed by the foaming billows. Still, amidst these various and unceasing changes and transformations, no example of annihilation has yet occurred to the eye of the most penetrating observer.

When a piece of coal undergoes the process of combustion, its previous form disappears, and its component parts are dissolved; but the elementary particles of which it was composed still remain in existence. "Part of it is changed into caloric, part into gas, and part into tar, smoke and ashes, which are soon formed into still other combinations." The gas from coal is invisible, yet it assumes a form and gives both light and heat when ignited. It is evidently a material, though invisible under certain conditions. Heat is material, it may be both seen and felt.

Prof. Dick says: "When vegetables die or are decomposed by heat or cold, they are resolved into their primitive elements, caloric, light, hydrogen, oxygen and carbon, which immediately enter into new combinations, and assist in carrying forward the designs of nature in other of its departments."

"Since, then, it appears that annihilation forms no part of the plan of creation in the material world, is it reasonable to suppose that a system of annihilation is in incessant operation in the world of mind?" And we ask, shall the material universe exist amidst all its variety of changes, and shall that noble creature, for whose sake the universe seems to have been created, be cut off forever in the infancy of its being and be doomed to eternal forgetfulness? Is it consistent with the common dictates of reason to admit that matter shall have a longer duration than mind or spirit?

Again I ask in the language of a noted author: "Shall the 'Novum Organum' of Bacon, and the 'Optics' and 'Principia' of Newton descend to future ages, to unfold their sublime conceptions, while the illustrious minds which gave them birth are enveloped in the darkness of eternal night?"

Let us believe for a short time that there is no future existence, or state of existence beyond the grave, and in silent meditation and serious contemplation, I ask: "Looking into myself, I inquire, whence I came? Whither I am going? Who produced me? Of what my body is composed? What is the nature of my senses? Of the thinking principle I feel within me? And for what purpose was I ushered into being? I perceive in my body a wonderful mechanism which I can not comprehend. I find by experience that my will exercises a sovereign power over my muscular system, so that hands, feet, arms and limbs are disposed to obey every impulse, and at the signal of a wish, to transport my body from one place to another. I find my thinking principle intimately connected with my corporeal frame, and both acting reciprocally on each other; but I can not fathom the manner in which these operations are effected. I feel ardent desires after enjoyments in which I never shall participate, and capacities for knowledge and improvement which I never can attain. I feel restless and uneasy, even amidst the beauties of nature, and the pleasures of the senses. I ask whence proceeds the want I feel amidst all my enjoyment? Such are a few of the gloomy reflections of a hopeless mortal whose prospect is bounded by the grave; and such are some of the horrible consequences which the denial of a future state necessarily involves. It throws a veil of darkness over all the bright scenes of creation, and wraps in

impenetrable mystery the purpose, if any, for which man came into existence. It exhibits the moral world as a chaotic mass of discordant elements accomplishing no end. But the belief in, and hope of an immortal existence solves the otherwise insolvable mystery of our existence, and presents to us what we would term a truth that this condition of life is but the mere index to a higher and grander condition. That the grave is not the terminus, but the dividing line between two conditions of life; this the introductory, the life beyond, the real; this the image, the other the substantial reality.

Mind is to man the vehicle through which the soul-life expresses itself; and transmits to his body by a beautiful system all sensations which are necessary for its health and activity.

Materialists assert that mind is and can be evolved from matter; and Prof. Tyndall once endeavored to show how an eagle's eye could be evolved from a lump of mud; but now denies that mind and consciousness can be so evolved. He makes the following admission: "If asked to deduce from the physical interaction of the brain-molecules the least of the phenomena of sensation or thought, we must acknowledge our helplessness; . . in passing from the one to the other, we meet a blank which the logic of deduction is unable to fill; . . . we meet a problem which transcends any conceivable expansion of the powers which we now possess; . . a mighty mystery still looms beyond us; we have, in fact, made no step towards its solution; . . . religious feeling is as much a verity as any other part of the human consciousness, and against it, on its objective side, the waves of science beat in vain."

"That consciousness is never manifested except in presence of cerebral matter, or something like it, there can be no question;" but this is a very different thing from its being a property of such matter, in the sense that polarity is a property of the magnet. The cerebral matter may exist in perfect condition, and yet the mind principle be absent. Mind is not a part of matter, nor as has been admitted, can be evolved therefrom, showing that that which may be termed mind, or soul, is a life force, an organized intelligence that acts upon matter of a specific form of organization, and adapted to its special operations.

The soul is evidently an exact image or form of the body; and as an intelligence, may be possessed of an equal distribution of the same throughout its every part; but the brain is that one and peculiar physical seat through which in the spiritual economy it was designed it should make itself manifest in thought, word and action.

In man is found energy and force. Energy is said to be composed of the electric and magnetic fluids. Magnetism is spiritual energy, or power, to guide action, force and motion. Electricity is physical energy, or the power to act, to manifest force, and to move inert matter. The nearest we come in nature to seeing the separate action of spiritual energy is in the magnet. The nearest we come to seeing the separate action of psychical energy is in the electric flash. The widest, grandest sweeps; the highest flights of the spirit's reasoning intelligence; the strongest, the most impassioned action of the soul's holiest and sweetest love, or the dark depths of its bitterest hatred, are all the action of these ever-present, all-pervading, ever-mingling fluids that we call electric and magnetic.

Prof. Towne, in speaking of the essential, inherent properties of soul and spirit as contrasted with the properties of matter, says: "We have first, magnetism, the peculiar property of spirit; and electricity the peculiar property of soul. Then follow the various forms of the dual energy suited to the senses of the spiritual and psychical organism. First in the natural order of energetic action is light, or the seeing energy suited to the eyes of the inner man—the eyes of the body being only windows through which the eye looks out upon its environment. Light is the divinity, or the eternal shining of energy. The creation of light is the highest concentration of electro-magnetic energy in its widest separation from grosser matter. Next in order is heat, or the feeling energy of the soul and spirit suited to the telegraphic network which as a dense film envelopes the whole exterior of the mental and emotional organism, intermeshing with the corresponding nervous tissues enveloping the body, and in a modified degree lining the interior or mucous membrane. The creation of heat

is simply the liberation and free passage of energy from one body to another."

We might go on and illustrate sound as the speaking action of energy, suited both to organs of speech and of hearing, but our limited time will not allow of it. All the sounds of speech, or otherwise produced, are not the productions of gross material; neither in matter do their expressions lie, as of a piano-forte. You may say, "The sounds from the strings or metallic tongues will not only imitate the highest and strongest powers of song, but far surpass them; does not, then, the substantiality of these sounds lie in the material substance of the string, or the tongue?" The answer is no; because the same energy of soul or spirit is within and behind them, and a human will and intelligence have contrived the mechanism that is thus sending out in streams of melody or harmony the sounding energy of soul and spirit. The harmony in the metallic tongues or strings exists, not in them solely as such, or properties of metal, but in the human mind; and the harmony or melody produced was a conception, not of matter but mind, and occasioned by a peculiar working and arrangement of the strings or tongues that when the key-board is properly handled the melody is expressed.

The body being wholly of gross matter, and susceptible of being moved and performing various actions, is not and can not be the thing itself that produces such; for at death it is inanimate, or inert, and lies as inactive as a piece of wood; hence life is a state union, and a union is the existence of two or more things in one body. Therefore, "the thinking mind and its electro-magnetic energy in eternal correlation with the Divine, triumphantly claim as their eternal prerogative all action, force and motion; while matter with no power to claim, lies only as the obedient, unresisting servant."

The fact is becoming more thoroughly established as such, that all existing properties of nature and their attendant forces are material, crude and refined, coarse and fine, visible and invisible, fine and superfine; that light, heat, force, air, electricity, magnetism, etc., are substances, and actualities, substantialities, and not nothing!

Water falling on a "water-wheel" will move the wheel, yet the water is not the force which moves the wheel, since gravity is the force which gives motion to the water and makes it effective. The water could no more fall without the substantial contact of gravity to pull it down than could the wheel turn without the substantial contact of the water. Thus are forces linked together in the harmonious works of nature. Gravity is a law, a power that produces action, and can not be nothing, but something. Magnetism must be admitted to be a substance, though by many denied to be such, yet it surely is, "it matters not how tenuous or intangible, its destruction is impossible; for it is one of the best established principles of science that no substance in the universe can be annihilated. The very doctrine of the conservation of forces proves this." Substances can change form, and become diffused beyond recognition; but their annihilation, or change to "nothing," is impossible! All force, all motion, all action originates with something. There must be something to move, else motion could not be. There must be something to move that which is moved, else action could not take place. With these is force. Force is required to produce motion, and inert matter moves only as it is moved upon; and we find that motion exists as a result of intelligent force, the force being operated by an intelligence; and although force may be invisible, yet motion is perceptible, and that which produces the results of either was not a nonentity, but an actual, living intelligence susceptible of giving expression to these things. And as force is indestructible and eternal, and motion also eternal, must it not necessarily follow that the origin of these, or that power which controls and gives manifest evidences of these, be equally eternal and indestructible?

It can not be said that air waves produce the fall of the water, for it will fall just the same in a vacuum; therefore it must be the action of gravity. Some have considered that gravity is simply "another mode of motion;" but Prof. Hall observes very reasonably: "If the vibration of the pendulum is motion, and the turning of the clock wheels is motion, is it not logical to say the steel spring, by virtue of which both phenomena are produced, to be merely another mode of motion?" "If so, the spring can not be sub-

stantial!" The absurdity of this is apparent, for gravity is a substantiality. Although invisible, yet it exists. The possibility of invisibilities being substantial existence is thus proven beyond a possible doubt or consistent contradiction!

Prof. Towne well observes: "To the thinking mind it must be evident that the universe is composed of entities and the states or conditions in which they exist. Eternal time and infinite space are the two states wholly unchangeable in their nature, having no conceivable opposites. All entities have their expansion of form located in space, their continuation of existence measured by (eternal) time. Space is their state of expansion, eternal time their state of continuation."

A suspended iron bar could not by any possibility be drawn toward the magnet without the substantial contact of an actual entity connecting them together, notwithstanding this substance is so far above grosser material conditions as to pass uninterruptedly through a sheet of glass as if nothing were in the way! Thus with the human mind, susceptible as it is of an infinity of actions, words, thoughts and discoveries, invisible though it be to our mortal sight; yet a substantial entity, one of intelligence, and must exist as a production of a superior power, made to serve a higher and grander end than to live here a time and become extinct in the grave. As a professor has said: "In the conduct of human beings we uniformly regard it as an evidence of folly, when they construct a complicated and an extravagant machine, which either accomplishes no end, or no end worthy of the expense and labor bestowed upon its construction. . . . We must admit for reason's sake that the mind of man, and the wonderful body in which it is encased were [not] formed for this terrestrial scene alone, but has been destined to a state of progressive improvement, and of endless duration." All man's surroundings are such as to suggest this noble thought. The works of nature are so infinitely great, and of such vast proportions, of such excellent and commanding worth as to forever preclude the possible entertainment of the thought that man should ultimately perish; and the earth continue to revolve in immensity unused and unoccupied, and become a veritable waste, having attained to no better end than that of desolation! Immortality is a question born of no religion, a question not of belief or disbelief, but an existing fact, a living witness which nature itself proclaims, and all religions, crude or refined, have embraced as a boon given of nature's processes!

(To be continued)

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

BY SISTER CARRIE THOMAS.

Love one another,
Bind heart to heart.
Let no discordance
Move them apart.
All men are brothers:
Kindly forgive
Each other's failures;
Peacefully live.

Love one another.
Dark is thy life,
Dreary and comfortless,
Passed in dull strife.
Friends should surround thee,
Faithful and true;
And thou should'st give them
The love that is due.

Love one another.
Kindred and friends
Soon will be parted,
Pleasure oft end.
Strangers may greet thee;
Give what thou hast.
Love and true friendship
Only will last.

Love one another,
Jesus hath said;
He who in triumph
Rose from the dead.
He who ascended
Far through the sky,
And still there remaineth,
Our Brother on high.

Love one another—
Holy command.
By love united,
Thus let us stand.
Take his example,
'Till life is past.
Love one another,
Love to the last.

Written 1864.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S PILGRIMS.

BY ELDER E. STAFFORD.

AS soon as all were on board we shoved the boat from the ship, shipped as many oars as we could in the confusion, and pulled a few strokes, aiming to go round the head of the ship, but could not, with the force used, clear the cut-water. The tide in San Francisco bay which has a seven or eight mile current, set us hard and fast against the cut-water, catching the boat amidships and holding her as in a vice. If it was confusion before, it was greatly augmented now. I looked up and saw the first lieutenant looking down upon us from the heel of the bowsprit, and from every available space of the ship forward heads were seen eagerly intent on watching the performance below. Taking in the situation and realizing that efforts would soon be made to get out boats to intercept us, that our time was very precious, and seeing all our efforts to move the boat were futile, I saw that a commander was needed, and under the inspiration of the moment said: "Men; stop your noise." They having been used to command, stopped as if by common consent, and I then said: "As many as can take your oars, place the blade against the ship's side, wait for the word of command, and then shove her off bodily; drop your oars as quick as you can, and pull away." When the oars were placed in position I gave the word and we shoved her off sufficiently to ship the oars and pull away.

We were not more than three or four boats lengths from the ship when the first lieutenant fired a musket at us. If it was not a fact, I fancied that I felt the wind of the ball as it passed by my head. I was pulling the stern oar on the larboard side, and in no very polite terms I told the lieutenant that he meant that for me. He fired muskets at us as fast as a loaded one could be handed to him in exchange for an empty one, until we got out of his range. The second ball fired came in close proximity to my head, as the wind of it knocked my cap back. In pulling for the shore, about midway between Clark's Point and the mouth of the harbor, we had to go within pistol shot of another American man-of-war. An officer stood by the bow and emptied some two or three revolvers at us while passing. I remember seeing him change the empty revolver for a loaded one, and when out of revolver distance he fired loaded muskets as fast as they could be handed him.

A boat's crew was put off from another of Uncle Sam's cruisers to intercept us; but we beached our boat ahead of them and climbed the mountain side in a hurry. I think I have before stated that there were about a hundred vessels, more or less, in the harbor; some entirely deserted, some having a couple of ship-keepers, some having lately come in had their entire crews. We steered our boat so as to get among the merchantmen as soon as possible, to stop the shooting at us; and it was well that we did, as we learned by runaways, who left after we did, that the captain was very angry, and had ordered a couple of big guns to be loaded and fired at us; but entering among the shipping put an end to his design.

I never shall forget the scene presented before us while memory retains its power to act. Those crews who were on board of their ships were, some of them, in the rigging, hats off, cheering us on. The steamship's passengers camping on the hill-side, were all outside of their tents, hats off and swinging round their heads, the roar of their voices as they cheered came over the bay sounding like distant thunder. When we beached our boat I was the last but one to jump. I said beached her, but that would not be strictly proper, for the place of landing was a bold, rocky shore, and very steep. We could not run her aground so as to hold her, and every man was looking out for himself, to get out of the way of the boat in chase, none caring to take hold of the boat's painter, or rope, to hold it till all were out. The men jumping ashore gave the boat a backward motion, so that by the time I had to jump I could not make the distance, but had to jump in the water. It being a bold shore I did not know how far I might go down; but fortune favored so that I only went to my knees before I struck the rock, but had to hang on with finger nails to keep from going

down. Out of between twenty and thirty in number, strange to say, none were killed, or even hurt. One man had a bullet hole through his pants at the knee; one had the loom of his oar knocked out of his hands, but caught it in time to make no confusion. We ascertained by men who left after we did that the boat had twenty-one bullet holes in it when found.

In climbing the mountain, not being used to that kind of climbing, the men who were ahead of me had stopped about midway to rest and get breath. They were holding a kind of hurried counsel when I came up with them, and were swearing vehemently that they would never be taken back to the ship alive. After resting a short time I said: "Men; the boat's crew may go round, and those on board our ship will not be idle, but will send men to overhaul us; we had better be going, and those who want to go with me come on."

We made the hill-top and stopped to take a view of our surroundings, and discovered across the valley and on the hill-top opposite a thicket of chapparal, and I made up my mind that that was the place for me, and told my shipmates so. I ran down the hill, which was not nearly as steep as the side next the bay, and about a dozen men followed; the balance made for the city. Finding my pumps a hindrance to me, I threw them off. My pea-jacket shared a like fate, and finally my socks followed the others. Arriving at the chapparal, it was so dense that we had to lie down and crawl like snakes, close to the ground. We might have gone round, but thought this would be the safest and best route to elude pursuit. The reader may judge of the density of the brush, or chapparal, from the fact that having arrived where it was thinner, so that we could stand erect, we discovered that our garments had many rents in them, and the flesh, where exposed was sadly scarified. We tied up our torn garments with rope and pressed on in single file, and in a short time came to a small cleared spot in which was a small shanty, inhabited by a Mexican or Californian family, who were farming on a small scale. We bought some sour milk and black bread, of which we ate heartily, having left the ship without breakfast, as well as without saying, "If you please."

We kept on this ridge, which seemed to run parallel with the course we wanted to steer, a short time, when the writer was taken suddenly sick and had to stop and lie down, and could proceed no further for some time.

My shipmates all left me, without a shoe to my feet or coat to my back, and penniless; what clothes I had on torn to rags, and oh, how sick! They left me in this not very desirable situation, seemingly not caring whether I lived or died. I will not go off on a dissertation on the depravity of human nature now, but will defer it to a future day. I do not know how long I lay there in that condition; but I realized that I must make an effort to get out of that to some place where I could get help; and so I arose and staggered along as best I could for short stages, sinking down at times exhausted, but finally came to the edge of the timber where I could see the bay and the wagon road up the bay.

By this time I was getting some stronger, and was considering whether I should not go down to the road; but before I could come to any conclusion, while running my eyes along the road, I discovered a party of Naval officers, on horseback, going up the bay, and the thought suggested itself that they were after such as I, and I concluded to lie down again for a while under the shade of some bushes. I raised up at intervals to take a survey of the road, and decided that it would be safer to wait for night-fall before attempting to go down. It was then, judging by the sun, about three or four o'clock. About sundown I started down the hill, not perceiving any one in sight, with the intention of making my way slowly into San Francisco. Directing my course towards that city, I came just before dark to an arm of the bay. Casting my eyes up this arm of the bay to see if I was near the head and could get around to go into the city, I could see no end to it. I looked at the width, but had I been strong I would not have attempted to swim it, it being too wide, and the tide going out at such a fearful rate would have carried me out into the bay. My weakened state, and darkness coming on, precluded all thought of undertaking to walk around the head of this arm of the bay; and I found that I was doomed to stay there that night, and so set about looking for a place where I could lie down to rest. The most con-

venient spot that I could find was a hole at the foot of a tree, which looked as though some animal had scooped it out to lie down in. I coiled up in there with only shirt, trousers and cap to protect my body from a most biting cold sea-breeze. My feet felt like icicles, my hands were numb with cold and my body shaking as with the direst kind of ague; my teeth, over which I had no control, playing a tune. I lay there until I could stand it no longer. Looking up in the tree when first I discovered it, I had seen some kind of a fuzzy substance peculiar to the scrub-oak hanging on the limbs. I concluded to climb the tree after it. By diligence and perseverance I managed to secure enough to cover my naked feet, lay down again, drawing myself together in as close a heap as possible, but the suffering of the body from the cold was intense, and sleep was out of the question.

At length, as it always will while the earth revolves on its axis and depends upon the sun for its light, day succeeded that long night. I emerged from my lair, and shaking myself, started with the intention of going into San Francisco. I felt considerably stronger after a few minutes walk, and the thought came into my mind: "What are you going into the city for? You are strong enough now to go the road, and will you have it said of you that you could not go where others have gone? If you go into the city you will run a great risk of being caught."

"But," I reasoned, "I can go where others have gone, and will."

I had crossed the main traveled road, thinking to make a short cut to the city; but changing my purpose, I now started towards the road, intending not to walk on it, but merely to keep it in sight as a guide, as I was ignorant of any other road, if there was one. I had traveled but a short distance when I came to a patch of sand-burs directly in my route. I tried to get around them, but on either side there seemed to be no end to them. Finally I resolved that the shortest way out of the difficulty would probably be to go directly on my course. Nerving myself to the undertaking, I made one or two steps and my feet seemed full of them. I dropped upon my hands and knees to ease the pain in my feet, also to extract the burs from them, when my hands and knees were full of them. All there was for it was to quietly endure the pain until I could remove them, one by one. At length after much tribulation I rose to my feet, and after another siege of extraction, stood there for a few moments, I suppose with a feeling akin to the "forlorn hope" just prior to the attack of the battery, surveying the field before me, when a desperate resolve came over me to rush through the enemy at all hazards. I took from my neck a black silk handkerchief, divided it in two and tied the parts around my feet when I started on the run, and though I felt many a sharp sensation through the feet covering, yet in about three or four rods I got through the thickest portion of them, and very soon was clear of them altogether.

I had not proceeded far before the valley began to widen out, and rounding the point and coming in sight of the road, I was descried by a horseman who galloped up to me. He proved to be a Mexican, and not wishing to form his acquaintance I made a move as if to draw a weapon, when he wheeled his horse, and galloped away. In the afternoon I resolved to travel on the road and avoid travelers by leaving it when I saw them coming. Towards dusk I came to a ranch where two Mexican women were preparing their evening meal. Two men were with them by the camp fire. Being utterly exhausted by my long walk and fasting, I sank down on the ground and was soon asleep, not waking until the supper was being removed into the house near by. I saw that I was not a welcome guest, but the intense cravings of hunger left me no choice but to follow them to the house and draw up to the table unbidden. This table, by the way, was the mud floor of the room we were in, and all gathered around the iron pot in which was a savory mess of frijoles and pork. Some empty plates were sitting by this, also a plate of cakes made of corn, very sweet and palatable. After the meal was ended I was left alone in the dark and spent the night, between intervals of sleeping and waking, stretched on the ground with a brick for a pillow.

My sleep was broken at intervals, caused by the unwelcome reception and unkind treatment, also by the knowledge of two men being in the house who bore me no good will by reason of being an American seaman; also by the knowledge that

they carried the poniard, or knife, and that I carried no weapon of defense and was but one against two. But although a renegade from the path of duty, to a certain degree; from the rightful service of my God, there was at times a consciousness came over me, that He who cared for the sparrow would protect me from harm. And as the morning dawned so it proved.

In the morning I told what appeared to be the lady of the house that I did not have any money, and was grateful for all I had received,—all in as good Mexican as I was capable of using,—and tried to make her understsnd that I would like to have some breakfast.

She, in a pettish manner said, "No intende breakfast."

Concluding that not being welcome there, if I got any breakfast at all I must hunt it elsewhere, I brought peace to the family by going on my way. Traveling a few miles, I came to where there were two houses eight or ten rods apart, one on each side of the road upon which I was traveling. Before coming to the first house, I saw a man come out having in his hand a bottle of agua-ardiente, otherwise, whiskey, or what the sailor styles, "kill me quick;" otherwise, "warranted to kill at eighty rods;" the most vile, pernicious adulterated mixture that any insane man ever put to his lips.

After the customary salutation, he slapped his hand on the bottle, saying: "Bueno, John; Bueno!"

To which I replied: "No, Senor; no Bueno." Being somewhat surprised, I suppose, because coming from a sailor, he again spoke interrogatively, "No Bueno?"

Again I replied, "No Bueno," which brought from him in somewhat of an irritable manner, and very forcibly, "Star Bueno." I shook my head, and repeated what I had said. I tried to make him acquainted with my need of a breakfast. He seemed to comprehend my meaning readily, and replied, leading the way to the house, "Bueno, John."

I might as well right here state my convictions of the man, as I took a square look at him. He was a very large man, about six feet three inches tall, was broad shouldered, and weighed about two hundred pounds. His eye, to my judgment, bespoke cunning, avarice, and an unscrupulous spirit. I concluded that I was in bad hands, but must have something to eat, so I followed him into the house, a one story edifice having two rooms, one appearing to be the kitchen, or room of all work, the other a bed-room. He placed upon the table some cold beans and pork, which appeared to be the relics of the last meal. I was not over fastidious, but ate all that was brought, leaving no remnants.

When about half way through the meal, there came in a man almost the counterpart, for size, of the other one, not however looking so villainous, but still one that the writer would not choose for an associate. After exchanging a few words they entered the bed-room, leaving the door ajar so that I could hear a murmur, but could not distinguish what was said. I concluded that probably it foreboded no good to myself; but the thought did not weaken my appetite, but as before said, I finished the meal. Arising from my seat, and crossing the room I opened the door, taking care to stand on the outside before I said, "John, no teng la plata." He sprang to his feet, and in a voice that betokened disappointment and vexation, repeated what I had said, "No teng la plata?"

I replied, "No, moni gracious Senor." The stock of my Spanish, or Mexican, was about exhausted, but desiring to express my gratitude I did it the best I knew how. I decided before eating that if I told him that I had no money, that that privilege would be denied me, and when did you ever hear of a very hungry man stopping to philosophize?

There was a little fear crept into my heart, when the whispering was going on in the bed-room, that those two men were canvassing the feasibility, or possibility of delivering me back to the ship to secure the reward offered. But not wishing to let them perceive anything of that nature I assumed a bold front, closed the door and walked along unconcernedly in appearance, but could not avoid looking back at intervals as long as the house was in sight, which was probably a hundred yards, to see if any one was pursuing. When out of sight I materially changed my pace from a nonchalant walk to a run, which I continued for some two or three miles until arriving in sight of some muleteers going in the same direction. Coming up to the muleteers who proved to be

Mexicans, some four or five in number, I exchanged salutations and trudged along in their company a few miles, when they stopped for dinner. I kept on a few miles further and came to a house, situated on a small eminence about a hundred yards from the road, which proved to be a groggery kept by a Frenchman who spoke tolerably good English. As I was passing the proprietor came to the door and shouted, "John, come here; come here, John!" Going up to him and inquiring what was wanted, he said, "I know where you are from, we have received the news; but you need not fear, you are safe with me. I will hide you where no one will find you; I have one of your shipmates stowed away now."

Forming an unfavorable opinion of the man, I was about turning on my heel to pursue my journey, but when he said he had a shipmate stowed away, I thought that probably he might be one who left the ship when I did, and a curiosity to know which one possessed me, which caused me to ask where he was stowed away. To which he answered, "Come along with me, and I'll show you." More anon.

A PSALM OF PRAISE.

BY SISTER ELLA M. ROGERS.

O, Lord, how wonderful are thy condescensione,
That I, even I, one of the least of thy creatures,
Can converse with thee!
Thou Infinite One.

Yea, when I meet in the congregation of thy Saints,
The place is holy unto me, because of thy presence;
For, surely thou dost meet
With thy Saints.

In the world we are humble and lowly—often scorned—
Yet Thou art our guest. How great is our honor, O, Lord;
For Thou visitest us,
Thou King of Kings!

To feel thy presence for one moment is joy unspeakable.
O give me utterance that I may glorify thee.
Give me thy Spirit,
That my tongue may have words,

For I can find no language that will praise thee, thou Holy One;
Accept my gratitude and my feeble thanks for thy mercy.
For Thou hast opened my eyes,
And I walk in the light of truth.

Yea, I have sought to walk in the way where thy Spirit led me;
And in my weakness and wanderings I was not forsaken of thee;
And in times of sickness and sorrow thou wast near,
To succor and to bless.

Help me to overcome all foolishness and pride. Grant this request,
That I may be holy in all my desires, and pure in heart,
That I may see Thy glorious countenance,
And know thee as thou art.

Though thorns and briars pierce me on every hand,
I shall no more complain, for suffering draws me nearer to Him
Who suffered for all mankind.
All I ask is for thine aid divine.

O, God, thou hast blest me more than I could ask of thee.
Thou hast opened the windows that "I could hear thy voice,"
And the songs of angels, and sweet harpings
Of them that surround thy throne.

How can I so oft forget thy blessings and the magnitude of thy mercy!
Why didst thou seek me and reach down thy hand with "Gifts,"
For I am unworthy of the least!
O! there is no friend like unto thee.

My heart is established in thy work, and to keep thy law is my desire.
I have known much joy in thy counsel, and peace in my heart
That none can take from me,
Because I have trusted in Thee.

WOONSOCKET, R. I., Feb. 11th, 1890.

REMINISCENCES.

BY SR. L. A. HARTWELL.

LUCINDA A. MERRITT, daughter of Uriah and Lovisa Merritt, was born July 27th, 1807, in Templeton, Worcester county, Massachusetts. Raised by goodly parents of the Unitarian faith, I was taught to live a good, honest, moral, and virtuous life; but was never taught the necessity of a change of heart, and never heard a sermon preached by any other denomination or sect until after I was seventeen years of age. When I was a little over fourteen years old my dear mother was stricken down by a disease which ended her earthly existence in four days. Oh! how lonely and sad I was! But I always remembered her last dying words to me, which were: "O, my daughter, do try and dry up your tears; put your trust in God, and he will take care of you." In a little over three years my beloved father was taken from me. Then I was an orphan indeed, and felt my own helplessness and entire dependence upon my Heavenly Father.

Soon after this my mind became seriously affected, and I felt the necessity of being born again, and of being baptized by immersion, for I could not find any authority for infant sprinkling. At this time I sought an opportunity to converse with our minister on the subject. He told me I must go into company and get rid of those melancholy forebodings, and I would be all right. This did not satisfy me. I commenced going to the Baptist meetings, and in 1828 I united with that church, and had many seasons of enjoyment with them.

In the spring of 1832 I was joined in holy matrimony to Reuben P. Hartwell, and moved to the state of New York, where we had two children born unto us—a daughter and a son. My husband's health began to fail, and in February, 1837, we thought it advisable to go back to Massachusetts and consult a physician we had confidence in, which we did, and tarried through the summer and fall, till the first of November. My husband's health was still failing. The doctor pronounced it consumption, and said he was past recovery, and it was only a matter of time with him. When I learned this I was very anxious to return to our home, and my husband wanted to go as much as I did, although our friends were much opposed to it. We started; my husband's brother going with us to assist, and arrived home safe about the middle of November.

Almost the first to meet us were two Latter Day Saint elders; one my husband knew, Joshua Holman, the other was a man called Benjamin Swett. They conversed awhile and then invited us to attend their meeting the next day, which was held near by. The next morning was a beautiful one. We went to the schoolhouse, and heard them expound the Scripture as I had never heard before. I went home rejoicing, believing it was the everlasting gospel that was preached in the days of Christ and his apostles. I only heard one sermon more before I was ready for baptism. My husband gave his consent for me to be baptized, but did not say he believed the doctrine or ever thought of obeying it. To my surprise the next day he came forward and desired baptism, which was administered unto him, and he was also confirmed. Then we had a season of prayer, and the elders anointed him with oil, laid their hands upon his head and rebuked the disease in the name of Jesus Christ, and bid it depart and trouble him no more, and he was made whole from that very hour, and went on his way rejoicing, able to perform manual labor as if he had never been sick. This was the happiest day of my life, and I thought my troubles were over. But in this I was disappointed, for my trials had only just began.

From that time we began to make preparation to gather with the Saints, and in June, 1838, we bade adieu to friends and neighbors, and started on our journey for Far West, the city of the Saints, and arrived there about the middle of July, in time to share the persecution and expulsion from the state with the Saints. On August 17th I was made the happy mother of another son. From that time our ears were saluted with the sound of bugle and drum, calling the brethren out to stand in defense of their rights. I will never forget the night when our belov-

ed prophet and patriarch were betrayed to the mob. To hear the hideous and savage yells which vibrated through the air, not knowing but what they were murdering them; and in the morning they were taken from the city, not giving their loved ones time to speak to them, and thrust into prison, where they had to remain all winter, while the Saints were compelled to leave the state forthwith.

About the first of April we left Far West, not knowing whither to go, and located ten miles below Quincy, in Adams county, and stayed there until the spring of 1840, when we took up our march for Nauvoo, and arrived there in time for the April conference, where we had the pleasure of seeing our dear brethren, Joseph and Hyrum, who had been delivered from the hands of their enemies. But peace did not long remain, for in June, 1844, brethren Joseph and Hyrum were again taken and thrust into prison, where they were cruelly murdered on the 27th day. Oh, what consternation and fear the people of Nauvoo were thrown into! Lamentation and mourning were heard on every hand. I felt like the disciples of Jesus did when he was crucified, that all was lost, and knew not what to do, so many claiming the right to lead the church, but none having the authority,

In 1846 the rejected church, under the leadership of B. Young, was driven from Nauvoo, and stopped for the winter at Florence, Nebraska.

In the spring of 1847 we followed after and stopped near Council Bluffs, where we became perfectly disgusted with the wicked and abominable doctrines taught and practiced by the leaders, and resolved to follow them no further, but settle down and do the best we could in those dark and trying times. We never lost faith in the gospel, but longed and prayed for the time to come when the church would be reorganized.

In the spring of 1860 did the joyful news salute my ears that Joseph, the rightful heir, had taken his place, and the church was established again in righteousness. The following September I renewed my covenant by baptism, and did rejoice and praise God that I was once more a member in the Church of Christ. I had two children born in Nauvoo and one in Iowa, which made four sons and two daughters. I raised them all to manhood and womanhood. Death had never entered our dwelling until February 19th, 1861, when the grim king of terror took from us our beloved son George, which brought deep sorrow and mourning to our hearts. But alas! it did not stop there. On the 8th of January, 1862, in a sudden and unexpected hour death came again and laid low our honored companion and father; and none but those who have passed through the same can know the anguish and pain of heart we suffered. But I do not feel to murmur or complain, knowing that my Heavenly Father doeth all things right. During the next sixteen years I passed through many grievous trials hard to be borne; but the God in whom I trust has been a present help in times of need.

Passing down the stream of time until September 28th, 1878, I was again called upon to part with my dearly beloved son Dexter, who had been my earthly support and arm to lean upon ever after his father's death. It was hard to bear, but I could calmly say: "Thy will, O God, be done," knowing that my loss was his eternal gain. And now my greatest desire is that I and my remaining children may so live as to be worthy to meet the loved ones who have gone before, where parting is no more. I am now in my eighty-first year and know I must, ere long, go down to my grave; but my faith does not fail me, and my hope grows brighter as I am nearing home. Pray for me, dear Saints, that I may hold out faithful to the end and be worthy of an inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away.

TROUBLES.

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Do we not rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we but willing to furnish the wings;
So sadly intruding,
And quietly brooding,
It hatches all sorts of horrible things.—*Sel*

"WHAT IS MAN."—*Job 7 : 17.*

BY ELDER JOSEPH FLORY.

THE subject under consideration presents before our view an extremely varied scene, as we find man occupying a great variety of positions. From the highest pinnacle of fame, honor, virtue and goodness, down through all the grades of intellectual and moral excellences to the opposite ones of ignorance, superstition, degradation and crime, even in some respects below that manifested by the brute creation.

Man, at the time of his advent into this world is one of the most helpless and ignorant of all God's creation. But he develops naturally, and in the course of time, also, by his own efforts, until his physical, mental and moral characteristics have progressed and developed, and we find him as a being upon the throne, ruling in justice, truth and righteousness, a blessing and benefactor to his race; or, as a despot, cruel and revengeful, a curse to his fellow man and a disgrace to his genus; as a warrior going forth conquering and to conquer in the interest of civilization, liberty and truth, furthering on the cause of man's freedom, happiness and prosperity, both in a civil and religious aspect; or as an ambitious general making conquest after conquest in eager desire for power, wealth or fame, regardless of the cries of the widows and orphans, whose husbands and fathers are slain, in order to accomplish his ignoble purposes.

We see him as a mighty man in philosophy, science, literature, poetry and the arts. We see him crossing oceans and continents in search of that which will contribute to the wealth of the world's knowledge, advance the interests of science and increase the happiness and prosperity of man. He digs into the bowels of the earth to bring up its hidden treasures, and by the triumphs of his inventive genius and engineering skill, he constructs a road-way over which we can pass with the swiftness of the winds, and sometimes reach to heights of altitude among nature's rugged mountain peaks, so as to leave the clouds and storms to spend their fury in the vallies far below our feet.

He has captured and harnessed the lightnings, that they go and come at his bidding; and by their use he has practically annihilated time and distance in his communications with his fellow men, and now converses with them in every quarter of the globe almost as quickly and as easily as the family engage in social conversation. By the use of instruments prepared to receive the rays of light proceeding from the solar and the stellar systems, he has brought the heavens to his door and looks upon the wonders of the divine architecture of other spheres and systems. He has brought to light the hidden things of nature, and we behold in a grain of sand a drop of water or a leaf of the forest, life and animation such as roam in the fields and forest, or inhabit the great and mighty deep. And as we gaze and wonder at the scene before us, we almost involuntarily exclaim, "What next?"

But while we stand and view the scene before us in all of its varied phases, a gloomy darkness comes over it, for we see standing in the pathway of every one a fierce, cruel and relentless character whose name is Death, and sooner or later he deals a fatal blow to his victim who falls and sinks beneath the dark and silent waters of a stream whose depths can not be penetrated by mortal vision, and whose opposite shore is hidden from mortal gaze.

And thus we see all mankind are at last brought to one common level. The king on the throne, the beggar in the street, the wise and virtuous, the superstitious and degraded, are all brought together in the solemn embrace of Death. As we stand and sadly contemplate the scene before us and vainly strive to obtain one glimpse of that which may exist beyond the portals of the tomb, we ask the question, "Is this the end of man?" "If a man die, shall he live again?" While waiting an answer to our question there comes to us from the depths of the tomb only the mocking echo of our own question. But when we turn to the sacred pages of the volume of divine revelation we find for man an origin and destiny which can not be learned from

what we see transpiring around us in this life. There we learn that man's spirit is the offspring of the great Jehovah (Acts 17:28, 29; Heb. 12:9) and his body a tabernacle or temple whose Framer and Builder is none other than he who framed the universe and whose handiwork is seen in every department of nature. (Gen. 2:7; 2 Cor. 5:1-6; 1 Cor. 3:16, 17; 6:19), and that man will be by the power of him who created him, ransomed from the grave and redeemed from death and brought forth through the resurrection from the dead to a state of existence far superior to what he at present enjoys. (Job. 19:25-27; Hosea 13:14; 1 Thess. 4:16; 1 Cor. 15:12-58; Rev. 22). And that man's final destiny—if he properly improves his talents as required of him in God's word—will be one of pleasure, glory and exaltation, such as our present imperfect comprehension can not concieve of. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we knew that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."—1 John 3:2. "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God; and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together."—Romans 8:16, 17.

"God . . hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds; who being the brightness of his glory, and express image of His person, . . sat down on the right hand of the majesty on high."—Heb. 1:2, 3.

When we consider that man can and does attain to such eminence of thought, learning and skill, as history records of him in this life of "a few days and full of trouble," what will he not be able to attain to during that endless cycle of eternal duration which is yet in the future and promised to him by his Maker? Must we not conclude that man with his intellectual powers untrammelled, the boundless resources of the universe at his command, and the infinite duration of eternity to progress in, will attain to heights of intellectual and moral perfection and power that can not be conceived of by our present limited powers? Yea, will he not attain to a perfection of grandeur and glory that will be akin to that of the infinite and eternal attributes of God himself?

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father on his throne."—Rev. 3:21.

"And I looked, and lo, a lamb stood on mount Sion and with him a hundred forty and four thousand, having his Father's name written in their foreheads." —Rev. 14:1. (See also Rev. 22:4).

"And again we bear record, for we saw and heard, and this is the testimony of the gospel of Christ concerning them who come forth in the resurrection of the just; . . . they are they into whose hands the Father has given all things; they are they who are priests and kings, who have received of his fulness, and of his glory, and are priests of the Most High after the order of Melchisedek, which was after the order of Enoch, which was after the order of the Only Begotten Son, wherefore as it is written they are gods, even the sons of God; [Psalms 82:6; John 10:33:36] wherefore all things are theirs, . . . and they are Christ's and Christ is God's; . . these shall dwell in the presence of God and his Christ forever and ever."

"And thus we saw the glory of the celestial, which excels in all things; where God, even the Father reigns upon his throne forever and ever, before whose throne all things bow in humble reverence and give him glory forever and ever. They who dwell in his presence are the church of the firstborn; and they see as they are seen, and know as they are known, [1 Cor. 13:12], having received of his fulness and of his grace; and he makes them equal in power, and in might, and in dominion. And the glory of the celestial is one, even as the glory of the sun is one."—D. C. sec. 76.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER R. C. EVANS.

(Written expressly for Autumn Leaves by request of the Editor.)

SUNDAY, November 5th, 1876, was a bright but cold day. Very little snow was on the ground. Father, mother and I went to morning meeting after which we, in company with about two hundred others, immediately repaired to the home of William Lively where mother and I prepared for baptism. From there we went to the Thames river and in that river, right under the Port Stanley bridge, Elder John J. Cornish, immersed us. I believed then as I do now, that the Christian mode of baptism was immersion, and that "water baptism is for the remission of sins."

I felt the solemnity of the occasion resting upon me, and felt that our Heavenly Father had now pardoned all my sins. My brother-in-law came to see us baptized, but was ashamed to let people see him in company with the Latter Day Saints, so he went on the other side of the river, hid himself under some bushes, and witnessed the baptism.

In the afternoon of the same day at a prayer meeting in the church we were confirmed under the hands of Elders Joseph Luff, and John J. Cornish.

I was now a Latter Day Saint. I felt that as my name was written in the record of the church, that it was also written in the Lamb's Book of life, that I had been translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, that I was now an heir of God and a joint heir with Jesus Christ.

O, how my views had changed! In my dark ignorance in the past I had been taught to look upon God as being a something that had no body, a something whom no person had ever seen and no one ever would see, but as the days glided by I read how Adam saw God and conversed with him in the Garden of Eden; that "Enoch walked with God," and Abraham walked before the Almighty God and prepared a feast of cakes, butter and milk, and a part of a calf, tender and good, and that the Lord and two angels ate of the food while Abraham stood by them under the tree, and when the dinner was over God and Abraham walked together. When they finished their conversation the scriptural statement is, "And the Lord went his way, as he had left communing with Abraham, and Abraham returned unto his place." Again: "And he left off talking with him, and God went up from Abraham."

I read how Jacob declared, "He had seen God face to face." And in case Jacob would think it was not God, but that it was an angel "God appeared unto him again, and God said unto him, Thy name is Jacob. Thy name shall not be called any more Jacob, but Israel shall be thy name. . . . And God said unto him, I am God Almighty. . . . And God went up from him in the place where he talked with him."

I then read the scriptural account of "Moses and Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu, and seventy of the Elders of Israel" who "saw the God of Israel and there was under his feet as it were a paved work of a sapphire stone. . . . they saw God and did eat and drink." After that Moses was permitted to see God at different times as the Bible says, "and the Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend."

I also read in many parts of the Old Testament that many other men were permitted to see God, and when I looked into the New Testament I read that Jesus Christ (whom history describes as being a person with "light blue eyes and fair curly hair, and that he was about six feet in height), was "the express image of his [God's] person," and that he was "in the form of God." I also read both in the Old and New Testament that "man was made in the image" "and after the similitude of God," and thank Heaven I not only read that God had a body, and that men had seen him, both in Old and New Testament times, but that by a perfect obedience to the gospel, I could be made pure, and I read that the "pure in heart shall see God," and that when the storms of this life have ended he will come to earth and they (the pure in heart) shall see God, and that when the storms of this life have ended, He will come to earth and they (the pure in heart) shall be his people, and God himself shall be

with them and be their God, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away. "He that hath this hope purifieth himself." Thank God for such a hope!

It is true that I knew but very little of God, but the little I had learned when a child in Sunday-school and from the few sermons I heard, and revival meetings I had attended, I thought God was a cruel Creator who had created the human family, and that because Adam ate of the forbidden fruit, God was going to thrust all of Adam's posterity into a burning lake of fire and brimstone, there to welter in the seething flames of an eternal hell. But that there was a child born of a virgin, whose name was Jesus Christ, and God made an agreement with this child, when he was grown to be a man, that if he would die on the cross, all who would believe on him would be permitted to live in heaven with them, but that all other people who would not believe that Jesus was God's Son, must go to the fires of hell, there to burn for ever and ever.

I had then read from a book called "The Confession of Faith, the Larger and Shorter Catechisms," these words: "By the decree of God for the manifestation of his glory some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death. The angels and men, thus predestinated and foreordained are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite that it can not be increased or diminished."

These, with other things I had heard, made me think God was unjust and cruel. I confess I was in one sense afraid of God, but I could not love him. I thought if I had been born in order to be sent to hell "by the decree of God for the manifestation of his glory" for something I could not do or could not help doing, I felt justified in saying, "I would pound upon the sooty doors of my infernal prison and make the blackened and gloomy caverns of hell re-echo with my shrieks of, Unjust! unjust!"

I could not say this was not so, but I could say if it was true that God made some for heaven and all the rest for hell, that he did not do justice, and therefore I could not love him. I could not love a man if he were to take his helpless child and put him on a red-hot stove for one minute to hear it scream and see it burn. I would look upon him as a wretch who was not worthy the name of man. How then could I be expected to love a God who would take teeming millions of weak and helpless creatures who were unable to resist his awful decrees and cast them into a fire which Spurgeon says "will burn forever," and that "it is fire exactly like that which we have on earth;" and Prof. Finney says "is so hot that if the damned were taken out and put into a caldron of red-hot potash they would freeze to death instantly?"

But when I heard the Latter Day Saints preach, when I read the Bible and the books of our church, I found that such teachings as above referred to were *false*, that it was nothing but blasphemy, that God is a loving Father who is "too good to be unkind."

I learned that our Savior came and paid the debt of original sin, so that no man will be sent to hell because Adam did wrong, but that man will be judged and rewarded according to his works; "that men will be punished for their own sins and not for Adam's transgression;" that through the atonement of Christ all men may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the gospel.

Oh, how different this doctrine from that which presented God as an unmerciful, spiteful tyrant! In place of viewing him as the eternal foe of the erring and blind, I read that he was and is ever blessing his children, both the evil and the good, and that his dear Son was called the "friend of sinners;" not that he passed by their sins as a thing of naught, but he loved and pitied and wept over erring humanity, for he knew that they would, (if they did not repent and seek forgiveness) be called to render an account for every sinful word and deed, and be punished according to the degree of crime they had committed. The Scriptures taught me that though God would punish man for every sin, yet it would not be because God hated the sinner, but on the contrary because he loved him: and that when the wicked had paid the "uttermost farthing," or had paid the penalty for their sin, that they would then receive a reward for the good they

had performed in life. There has no man lived upon the earth who has not performed some kind act; and the Savior said that even the giver of a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple shall in no wise lose his reward; and he certainly taught that there would be an end to the punishment of the wicked when he said through his servant Paul, that by his atonement every man shall be made alive and be rewarded according to the deeds done in the body; and each should receive a glory in his own order. The apostle has said that God has sworn by himself that every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus is the Christ, to the glory of God the Father. The Savior, while in his ministry here on earth. said, "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. Whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."

The reader will discover by reading God's word that by the atonement of Christ "all men" were to be "drawn unto him." Now from the above quotation and other revelations of the Savior we learn that they who commit the sin of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost are they who once were members of the Church of God, had been drawn unto Christ, knew his power and were made partakers thereof, and after all this suffered themselves through the power of the devil to be overcome, and to deny the truth and defy the power of God. They denied the Holy Ghost after having received it, and wilfully turned from the Lord to follow Satan, and having yielded to his power became, by their own choice, the servants of Satan, and so became the sons of perdition. It is said they "shall not be forgiven in this world, neither in the world to come." They are "the only ones who shall not be redeemed in the due time of the Lord."

Now, if they are never again brought into favor with God, it will not be because "Christ did not die for them," nor desired to save them; but it will be because they crucified Christ afresh and trampled under their feet the blood of the covenant, looking on it as a thing of naught.

But I am of the opinion that, though they be not forgiven "in this world or the world to come," that sometime in the worlds without end over which our Heavenly Father will preside, they may be forgiven; and if not forgiven they may, when they have "paid the very last mite," depart out of their place of punishment, and though they shall not be able to enter into the celestial kingdom, "the Master having shut too the door," and though they may feel the pangs of an accusing conscience in that they were once "children of the kingdom," but because of sin were "thrust out," nevertheless they are saved from eternal death.

Permit me to show by an illustration what I mean by the above. My brother and I contract debts with Thomas Jones. We both gave notes to Mr. Jones. When these notes are due, my brother tells Mr. Jones that he cah not pay the debt, and Mr. Jones says: "I forgive you the debt; here is your note." But I, on the contrary, never go to see Mr. Jones, and when the due time arrives for me to redeem my note, Mr. Jones informs me that I must pay or go to prison and work it out. Now I go to prison, "I pay the very last mite," he has not forgiven me, but I have the right to my note and freedom; hence, though not forgiven, I come out of prison, though not redeemed, in the due time, that is, in the fit, proper, seasonable, right time of the Lord; yet after the due time, or time appointed, I may be redeemed.

I read this promise: that "God would have a desire to the works of his hands." Then all will eventually be rescued from the power of sin and death, and be brought back to God. For all the works of the devil are yet to be destroyed, and Christ shall be the Savior of all men, especially of those that believe. For even those who have sinned much shall be forgiven. Hear the word of the Lord: "For I will not contend forever, neither will I be always wroth, for the Spirit should fail before me, and the souls which I have made."

Thus I learned to look upon Our Father as one who punished man, "not as our earthly fathers, after their own pleasure, but for their profit, that they might be made partakers of His holiness." Though the punishment be severe and the chastening hand of God may fall heavily, "nevertheless, afterward, it will yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby."

Thank heaven! the fire of God's pun-

ishment is applied to the sinner, not because God hates the sinner, but to burn out the dross, and thus refine the gold, thus profiting the sinner by the punishment, in that he is made pure, and fitted for duty in some of the worlds which are without end.

O, how different this view to that inhuman, unjustifiable, horrible and unscriptural conception of Divinity as presented by those who believe and teach that few are to be saved, while all others are to be sent to hell to become material for eternal flames, in order that God might get a little glory.

As the winter months went by, I studied the parables of Christ, as opportunity presented. Christ said the kingdom of God "Is like leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." From this I understand (1) the "leaven" to be the doctrine, or gospel of Christ; (2) the "woman" the church of Christ; (3) the "three measures of meal," "every creature which is in heaven, and on earth, and under the earth," "till the whole was leavened," that is, till the inhabitants of heaven, who we are told are governed by law and "keep the sayings of this book," the word of God, and they of earth, and those who are under the earth, in the pit or prison, will all hear, believe and worship God according to the gospel of Christ.

From the parable of "the lost sheep," as recorded by St. Luke, I understood that as the man would go after the lost sheep, no obstacle would hinder him in his search. Up the hills, over the valleys, through the storm he goes, not turning back when he discovers the lost sheep afar off, straying away from him, but pressing on until he finds it, when he brings it home to the fold again, and calleth his friends and neighbors, saying: "Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost." From this I learned that Christ, "the good shepherd," must reign until he hath put all enemies under his feet, and the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." Death means separation; hence he will work until the last lost sheep, or soul, is brought home to God. And I learned the same from the parable of the lost piece of silver. The woman will seek diligently till she find it. Thus the light and power of the gospel will shine, even to the dark caverns of the prison until the last soul that has been blinded by the power of Satan will be rescued, to glorify God, and prove that Jesus Christ is Lord of all, and the "Savior of all men."

The parable of the "prodigal son" conveyed to me the idea that notwithstanding God's covenant children wander far out into the world of sin, that sometime they will return to their Father's house. Thus the lost will be found, the dead brought to life, and the whole family of mankind be restored to holiness, "but every man in his own order."

It may be thought by some that the above view contradicts the vision of the Palmyra Seer. I am sorry if they should, as I believe the vision referred to to be from God; and if my view is not according to it all I have to say is, I am wrong; but I think the above is in strict harmony with the vision. Speaking with reference to the "sons of perdition," and the punishment to be inflicted upon them, the words "forever," "everlasting," "endless," "eternal" and "perpetual" are used. True; but, dear reader, the Bible writers used all these words, and yet we find that the very covenants, punishment and ordinances declared by God to be endless, eternal and everlasting came to an end. In verification of this assertion I submit the following: "Forever,"—Ex. 12: 14–17; 13:10; 21: 6; 29: 9; 30:8; Lev. 3:17; 10: 9; 24; Num. 10: 8; 18:8; 19: 1–10; Ps. 21: 4; 23: 6. "Eternal,"—Jude 7, with Ezek. 16th chapter, Amos 1: 11.

Much more could be offered in support of the fact that the words, "forever," "everlasting," "endless" and "perpetual" do not at all times refer to duration, but that often when used in the revelations of God refer to the quality. In a word, everlasting, eternal and endless punishment is God's punishment, for the revelations declare, "eternal and endless is my name." "Eternal punishment is God's punishment, endless punishment is God's punishment;" "nevertheless it is not written that there shall be no end to this torment, but it is written endless torment. . . . For behold, I am endless."—P. 100, D. C.

From the above revelation I understand the meaning of the words "endless" and "eternal," when used concerning the punishment of the sons of perdition in the vision, page 212, Doctrine and Cov-

enants, and the words in the vision which saith, "The end thereof, neither the place thereof nor their torment, no man knows, neither was it revealed, neither is, neither will be revealed unto man, except to them who are made partakers thereof; nevertheless, I, the Lord, show it by vision unto many, but straightway shut it up again; wherefore the end, the width, the height, the depth and the misery thereof they understand not, neither any man except they who are ordained unto this condemnation." This, to my mind, shows clearly that there is an end to their suffering, but God has only revealed the end thereof to a few by vision. No others are to know but those few and they who suffer the punishment.

Webster defines the word eternal thus: a, "without beginning or end, perpetual, everlasting; n, an appellation of God." Hence I understand Webster to agree with both the Bible and the Doctrine and Covenants, in that he defines the word eternal to mean just what the above books declare it to mean.

If any apply the first definition given by Webster when used in connection with future punishment, they must also believe that those who are to suffer have always been suffering, for the word when so applied means without beginning or end, and who can not see that this position involves an absurdity?

God is our Father, and to my mind it is contrary to parental love to punish eternally (in one sense of the word) one of the children of the world. If this punishment would never cease, what are we to understand by the word which saith, "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting?" Are we to understand that God will punish the erring ones of his creation from a spiteful motive? No! no! a thousand times no! Rather let us believe that his punishment will burn out the dross, purify the gold, and eventually cleanse "all the souls which he hath made" to acknowledge his goodness and mercy forever. "God is Love." I can not understand a love that is not strong enough for all pardon. As good is stronger than evil, right mightier than wrong, so God is greater than Satan, and will sometime in worlds to come overcome all that is evil and reign over all his creation, as "God over all."

Dear reader, I have endeavored to give you the result of my early teachings and studies as a Latter Day Saint, and the more I have heard for and against the thoughts herein presented, the more convinced I am that the position taken by me years ago is correct. If you think I have been too lengthy, all the apology I have to make is, I love my Father in heaven and my elder brother Jesus too well to permit men to scandalize them to the world as being unkind, unjust, unmerciful and spiteful without my entering a protest. No true man would be silent if he heard his earthly father misrepresented. I love God more because he is more loving, just and merciful than earthly parents, hence I have written the above without one compunctious throb, praying that this my puny effort may serve to point the reader to the God of Love and the Savior who was lifted up from the earth so that all men would be drawn unto him.

(To be continued)

A DEFINITE OBJECT IN LIFE.

BY "LIGE."

ONE of the most unfortunate things in the life of many young persons is the fact that they do not anchor to some well-defined object, or some defined plan of action, and adhere thereto.

How often when the question has been asked of young men ready to step into the arena of life: "What is your aim in life?" Have we heard the reply. I have no definite plan; it will depend on the future! Like a vessel without a rudder driven before the wind whichever way it may blow, and constantly in danger of being wrecked, they drift according to circumstances, until accident forces them into an avocation for which they are not fitted, and what might have been a life of usefulness is ended in wretchedness and obscurity.

No one was ever born an artist, or poet,

or architect. True he may have been endowed with a peculiar adaptability in that particular direction, but adaptability alone would never have made him famous, if it had not been supplemented by united zeal and repeated effort. We believe it to be a fact easily proven, that of the great men of modern times very few showed any especial adaptability during boyhood in the particular direction which in manhood made them famous, unless it was persistence, which showed itself as much in playing marbles as in solving a mathematical problem, or preparing an essay.

It is stated of Edward O'Connor that in youth he was not considered a promising lad. A brother was much brighter and more apt at school, and great things were predicted for him, while Edward was never given a passing notice. Yet Edward became a man of mark, while the brother was never known outside of his own parish.

If one will let his school-mates pass in review before his mind, he will find upon critical examination that of those who have arrived at manhood and are filling stations in life, as a rule the brightest and most promising in youth are not occupying the best positions, but it is those who possess the quality of continuity. Having realized the necessity of persistent effort from want of natural endowments, they have succeeded, while the others, self-confident from natural advantages, have fallen behind in the race. Who that has read the fable of the hare and the tortoise has not seen many applications of it in their observations among their acquaintances?

We can not all become famous as statesmen, or artists, but by mapping out a course and then pursuing it with a determination to succeed, exerting an energy that will surmount all obstacles that may be interposed, we will in the end find a success attending our efforts of which even we ourselves had no conception.

Let every boy or girl, young man or woman, therefore, after careful and prayerful consideration, and advising with those whose advice they are willing to accept, map out their plans for the future, and then, with that plan constantly in view, use every endeavor and bend every energy until it is accomplished.

THE OLDEST STORY.

Under the coverlet's snowy fold
The tiniest stir that ever was seen,
And the tiniest sound, as if fairy folk
Were cuddling under a leaf, I ween.

That is the baby; he came to town
Only a day or two ago;
But he looks as wise as if he knew
All that a baby can ever know.

There he lies in a little heap,
As soft as velvet, as warm as toast,
As rosy-red as the harvest moon,
Which I saw so big on the hazy coast.

Hear him gurgle and sputter and sigh,
As if his dear little heart would break;
And scold away as if all the world
Were only meant for his littleness' sake.

Blink, little eyes, at the strange new light;
Hark, little ears, at the strange new sound;
Wonderful things you shall see and hear,
As the days and the months and the years go round.

Hardly you seem a life at all;
Only a Something with hands and feet;
Only a Feeling that things are warm,
Only a Longing for something to eat.

Have you a thought in your downy head?
Can you say to yourself so much as "I?"
Have you found out yet that you are yourself?
Or has God what you will be by and by?

It is only a little that we can guess,
But it's quite as much as we care to know;
The rest will come with the fleeting years,
Little by little—and better so.

Enough for the day is the good thereof:
The speck of a thing that is lying there,
And the presence that fills the silent house,
With the tender hush of a voiceless prayer.

—Selected.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER GLAUD RODGER.—No. XIII.

COMPILED FROM HIS JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

ON Sunday, the 8th, preached in St. Stephen's Hall, felt well and thankful to the Lord for his love and mercy to me, for good health at this time, and that all my wants were abundantly supplied. O, Lord, remember my family also, and the families of all thy servants, and hasten thy righteous work on the earth that the meek may reap their long expected reward and wickedness cease for Christ's sake.

December 1st, received a letter from my beloved wife, Matilda. She and Glaud, Joseph and Dollie had arrived safe at the land of Zion. They reached there in September, all well.

Oh, what a change since I left home! My daughter married and the rest of my family gone over two thousand miles alone. I hope all for the best. Preached on the 6th in the open air; in the afternoon held sacrament meeting at Bro. Davis', confirmed one and blessed three children.

On the 21st baptized James Cook and confirmed him on the shore at Newcastle.

Bro. Wandell came on the 24th and we enjoyed Christmas day with the Saints. I started on the steamer for Sydney and arrived there on the 27th. Preached and visited with the Saints till the 31st. Thus ends the year 1874, and although we have been greatly blessed, our labors have been, seemingly, very unfruitful. Not many baptized, though many have heard the word. I have been sorry to see among the Saints that some think more of the outward manifestations of the gospel gifts than the inward workings of the spirit of righteousness. May the Lord help us all to see our duty and walk therein.

New Year's day, 1875, I visited the Albert grounds in Sydney. There was a Scotch gathering, a general day of sport, throwing the hammer, leaping with the pole, hornpipe dancing, etc. Enjoyed the day, seeing the feats of the strong men lifting, walking and running.

On the 8th returned to Newcastle, where I found Bro. Wandell very weak. His health had been failing for some time. He had a severe cough.

On the 13th he returned to Sydney. February 15th, received a letter from Brn. Ellis and Aspinall requesting me to come to Sydney immediately. Bro. Wandell was very sick and had been removed to the hospital. I arrived there on the 18th and found him a little better than I expected but in a very bad condition, his limbs greatly swollen. On Sunday we went to see him again; he was no better; he gave up the mission to me in the presence of Brn. Aspinall and Ellis, but had little to say. Visited him on Tuesday, found him some better and with a great desire to return to California.

We thought it best to rent the Australian Hall, as the old party had given it up, and commence our meetings there on the 7th of March.

On Friday I left for Newcastle by steamer, a fearful night, wind and rain, a hard passage, but we arrived safe, the storm still raging so that no vessel would venture out.

March 1st, the storm continued till noon to-day, great floods up the Hunter river, immense loss of property, but not of life; the destitute all cared for.

Met with the Saints at Lambton on the 3d, ordained a teacher and deacon. A good spirit and feeling among all. Left my field of labor for the present in charge of Elder D. Williams and sailed for Sydney. On the 5th arrived safe and went to the hospital to see Bro. Wandell. He was not so well, Sunday, March the 7th, opened the Australian Hall, the Spirit of God was with us, but strange, no attendance although we had placarded the city and put an advertisement in the *Evening News* at quite an expense. We had done our part, leaving the rest with Him who

"In nameless ways is good and kind,
But will not force the human mind."

Spent Monday with Bro. Wandell; no hopes of his recovery. Wednesday wrote to my family, Father Green, Bro. Joseph and others, then returned to the hospital. Bro. Wandell very low. Saturday had the last interview with him, his speech almost gone, but his mind still clear. Sunday, March 14th, 1875, held a short sacrament meeting, then attended the hospital,

and at half-past three o'clock, p.m. saw Bro. Wandell draw his last breath quietly, calmly, and apparently sensible to the last. His best friends in that land were at his bed-side, and O, how glad we all were that we were present to see his last moments! The corpse was removed to Bro. Ellis', and at half-past two o'clock on Monday, we followed the remains to the Balmain Cemetery; had a hearse, two mourning coaches and two buggies—a very respectable and orderly funeral. Then we returned to Bro. Ellis' and I read his (Bro. Wandell's) last will and testimony to the work of the last days. All his duties had been very faithfully discharged and accounts very just and correct. Thus for the first time in life have I been called to part with a traveling companion in death. He has fallen by my side in a foreign land, far, far away from home and the friends of his youth, but while the body sleeps we feel that with the spirit all is well, and we hope to meet in the resurrection of the just. My feelings none can tell. What may be my lot God only knows, but while I tarry I hope to be faithful and useful as a missionary to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, in which my all is centered, ever praying for the favor of a merciful God whose hand has hitherto blessed me to the present day.

August 24th held a debate with Mr. Bull at Stephen's Hall, Waratah, on the question, "Had the Apostles successors?" A large audience and the best attention. Mr. Charles Harper in the chair. At the close a vote was given in our favor.

On the 29th, I preached at the same hall, a good congregation and good attention. Mother Williams, an old sister from Wales, bore her testimony that the same good Spirit was amongst us.

September 1st held a debate with Mr. Bull on the gifts of the Spirit. A good attendance and vote in our favor. Things are looking bright at present, and many near the door.

On the 6th three precious souls were baptized. About fifty met on the side of an outlet of the Hunter river, one of the prettiest places on earth. Peace abounded and it seemed all joy and gladness. The Spirit of God brooded over us and we sung, prayed and spoke of the great latter day work. Many hearts were melted in praise to the great Giver of all good. After baptism we had a repast of the good things provided by the sisters, then spent the afternoon in singing and testimony. The day was warm, cloudy and pleasant, not a murmur, but all was love as the disciples of Christ.

November 1st took passage on board the steamer Collary for Ramond Terrace, twenty miles up the Hunter river, landed at seven p.m., looked round the town by moonlight, then took lodgings at Hart's Hotel. Took no supper, but had a long chat with Mr. ——, chief magistrate. Got on to religion, found him full of conceit. I let him run on Mormonism and many other sects, but to him the Church of England was the most perfect, etc. I did not say who I was, but when he got to the end of his rope I wound him up so tight that he got very angry and called me blind and ignorant, etc. I thanked him for the insult and told him were he a gentleman he would allow others to state their opinions as well as himself, without either considering them blind or ignorant, and so closed the conversation. Went to bed and slept well. Next morning had my breakfast and called for my bill, three shillings and sixpence, (eighty-four cents). Rather poor show here for those without purse or scrip. I then took a seat on the mail buggy beside the driver. We chatted as he drove along at good speed, a pretty good road for twenty miles. He then changed horses and drove over a rough road for twelve miles to Booral. Here were Arthur and Janie my brother John's son and daughter, with a horse all ready for me. We three set out, all on horseback to Renwick's, seven miles; got there about six p.m., had tea, rested a while and at request held a short meeting. I preached on the coming of Christ; quite a number present, all went off well.

Next morning we started at seven o'clock, had not gone far before we saw two kangaroos, one quite large, but they left in haste. Next we saw a goanna about four feet long. This animal is like a lizard with a long tail. We kept on over hill and dale, a rough, rocky road to Bulla Dillah, a small town on the Myall river, took dinner, then over a sorry road among brush and rocky hills for twenty miles. We reached the lake at six p.m. and arrived at the home of my brother John, whose family I had never seen. I

was made welcome, and with a thankful heart was glad to rest.

Just two years to-day since I said good bye to my family in California. Next day had a look at the mill and store and the place around. The mill is on a lake about twenty-five miles around. John's house stands on a hill and commands a fine view.

On the 6th visited some of the neighbors. Sunday, the 7th, I preached in the large shed, had a good congregation and felt well; had an invitation to preach at the house of Mr. Dunn, four miles distant.

On the 9th held meeting in the evening; good attendance and freedom. Thank the Lord, and hope the good seed sown will take root.

Sunday, the 14th, preached; a goodly number present, spent the evening with my brother and family, all felt well, and when I am no more the children will remember my visit. May God bless and watch over them ever is my prayer.

Monday morning rose early and with good will I made a meat-safe. Worked hard all day—timber here is not like the American timber.

The 16th, mail day, reading the news and disasters on the land of America and great floods in England with loss of life and property. The scenery around and on the lake is grand. My health good and hopes bright. Have an appointment to preach to-morrow evening. Some are reading the Book of Mormon, tracts and other church publications.

On the 22d got the *Heralds* and *Hopes* and news from afar. What a feast! Oh, how good it is to get letters from home!

The 26th went on horseback to Mr. Dunn's, was kindly entertained and preached in the evening, a good many being present. One lady came four miles on horseback and carried a baby and had to return in the dark and bad roads.

On the 30th wrote for the mail which leaves to-day, finished a gate I was making and preached in the evening to a good congregation.

December 5th, rode to Foster, a small place, found many friends, delivered tracts, visited the Sunday-school, spoke some to the scholars, and preached in the evening on the "Kingdom of God." An excellent meeting and an invitation to continue. Lodged with Mr. Underwood, school teacher, a fine man.

Saturday 11th, I feel worn out, glad to retire to bed and and rest both body and mind. Through the week I had much conversation, sitting up late at night as well as preaching. Rest was sweet.

On the 13th held meeting in the evening and gave a chance to ask questions, and some important questions were asked and general satisfaction given. Having to leave in the morning, I said good bye to them, but had a pressing invitation to return. On the morning of the 14th, when about to start, Mr. Miles presented me with a letter containing seven pounds (about thirty-four dollars) and the good wishes of all, with the signature of twenty-three names. It was a great surprise to me, quite unexpected. Surely the Lord has a people at Foster; may God reward them for their great kindness. With a hearty good bye I left them and went on my way rejoicing.

The 20th, baptized Mr. and Mrs. Hogg in the Mayall lake and confirmed them on the water's edge.

On the 22d I bade farewell to my brother and family and started on horseback in company with Arthur and Janie. Rode to the grave of the departed wife of my brother John, mingled tears with her children's over the silent dust, then traveled on; passed through Bulla Dillah and on over the rough mountains to Renwicks, about forty miles. Reached there near dark, weary and tired; rested all night, and on Thursday, the 23d, was again in the saddle and rode to Booral with Arthur, leaving Janie at Renwicks—no stage that day—had to go on ten miles further to the half-way house. Chances worse, no horse or any way to proceed only on foot and very warm and sultry. We got dinner, fed the horses, and Arthur returned. I started on foot sixteen miles to Ramond Terrace, came to a house and called to try and hire a horse. Captain Griffin received me as a friend, though a total stranger, and found me a horse and would make no charge. Surely the Lord was with me. I rode fourteen miles, and in the evening young Master Griffin called and took him back home. I lodged at Hart's Hotel. Next morning paid my bill and went on the steamer for Newcastle.

Saturday, December 25th, Christmas. It is two years to-day since we left Tahiti for Sydney. My companion is gone, but

my life has been spared. Thanks to a kind providence who has blessed my course for the past two years. This day spent in visiting and administering to the sick.

On the 31st spent the day at home writing. This finished the year 1875. The Lord has been my friend, and many blessings have I had during the past year, and many things have taken place which will never be forgotten. O, Lord, wilt thou look down upon thy weak servant and pass by my many imperfections and help me to be more faithful in the future that the mission may prosper on the land? And wilt thou, O, God, bless thy Saints and give unto them thy Holy Spirit to guide them and confirm their faith; may they show by their good works that they are thy children, and wilt thou raise up men to teach, men of wisdom and honor to do thy will, that thy gospel may spread in the land to the salvation of many, and thy name be glorified for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

To be continued.

OUR TREASURE IS THERE.

BY "VIDA."

Unspoken the joy in mother's heart,
When baby's first breath is drawn;
Unwritten the pain that takes its place,
When the little soul has flown.
Ah! untold the weight of trust imposed
And felt by its fluttering touch;
But when we feel the same grow cold
And die, we are bearing much.

We read there lieth a beautiful land,
A place by the Maker given,
Home of the souls of our righteous dead,
And, fondly, we call it heaven.

It seemed such a far off, unreal place—
This heaven of which we read—
Until death touched our heart's threshold,
And our baby boy lay dead.

Then the pearly gates seemed open wide,
And the golden streets appeared,
As our darling entered in with joy
From the earth home he had cheered.
"He's sleeping under the sod," we say,
But our eyes lift to the blue
Of the summer sky, so fair above,
And our hope revives anew.

S. B., July, 1889.

TESTIMONY OF SISTER MARY E. PAGE.

DEAR SR. FRANCES:

SOME of your readers may remember reading my request for the prayers of the "Union," published in the Home Column in my behalf, about a year and a half ago.

I discovered a small purple lump on my left side, about three inches below my arm, by feeling an itching sensation. I was not alarmed at first, but in about six months' time it commenced to grow rapidly, and in January last I fully realized that it was a cancer, for the gnawing or crawling sensation was terrible to bear. About that time another spot, a smaller one, developed close under my arm on the same side, and was doubtless a root or branch of the same. I then showed it to a doctor who advised me to go to San Francisco without delay and have it cut out.

I was placed in a trying position. At the rate it was growing, in a few months it would prove fatal. I am a firm believer in the restored gospel, which includes the gift of healing; for I have been healed instantly while the hands of the elders were on my head, when no earthly power could have saved me, and have seen the healing power manifested in behalf of my husband and children, as well as others, many times in a miraculous manner; and yet it seemed as if my faith was not sufficient, although I knew it was as easy for God to heal those cancers as any other disease, but I have always had a dread of

that fearful disease, and no doubt you remember the letter I wrote you at this time, and the encouraging one I received in reply.

On Sunday, the 3d of February, at our prayer and testimony meeting I made a request of the Saints that the next Sabbath they would fast, as I wished to be administered to, also that they would remember me in their prayers during the week that I might be healed if it was my Heavenly Father's will; if not, to be able to say, "Thy will, not mine, be done." I also wrote to Bro. D. S. Mills and told him of my affliction and asked him to remember me at the throne of grace.

On Sunday, the 10th, the branch fasted, I believe without an exception, until after our two o'clock meeting, when I was administered to by Elders Eugene Holt and J. B. Carmichael. I had no promise given, but received such a calm, peaceful feeling—a spirit of resignation. I could put my trust in my Redeemer and say, "thy will be done." We returned home encouraged, but soon after dinner of the same day, the large one (which was over one inch and a half large) itched and burned and crawled worse than ever before, and in anguish of mind and body, I exclaimed, "My God, my God, hast thou forsaken me?" I have not language to describe my feelings. But that was the last time; they never troubled me again but once, just enough to remind me of them, and in a week's time they were smaller and the color not so dark. I received reply from Bro. Mills in about two weeks, acknowledging my letter and expressing sympathy, but he assured me that I should be healed, for while praying for me he saw me (in vision) looking bright and happy, and a sister said, "There are no traces of them now," which is indeed true at the present time. But last summer when I was in Nova Scotia, and told my relatives and friends the marks were still there, and it seemed to make a strong impression on their minds.

My object in writing this is that I am in hopes it may strengthen and encourage some of my afflicted brothers or sisters. Although I was healed before my request was published in the Home Column, or before Bro. Mills received my letter, yet I know it was done in answer to prayer, and I can bear other testimonies just as strong and true as this is, and will if permitted.

SAN BENITO, Cal., Dec. 12th, 1889.

DEAR SISTER:—We trust that nothing will prevent your giving God the glory by means of you testimonies to his goodness. We well remember the letter to which you refer, and our own trouble because of it, for, like yourself, it is a disease we very much dread. Oh! that men would believe, that they would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men! That they would try the Lord and prove him that they might know he changes not.—ED.

THE LAKE OF FIRE IN HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

[By Edward Clifford, in The Nineteeth Century.]

ON Monday morning I rode up to Kilauea. All down the mountain lie coils of hardened lava; sometimes grown over, with vegetation, and sometimes with enormous cracks and rents. Two years ago there was a most terrific earthquake here, and the lava flowed down to the sea in a river. . . .

It is a long, slow ride up the mountains, but when one reaches the highest elevation the view is sufficiently surprising. The traveler finds himself on a curious green plain, from which many tufts of white smoke are rising. It looks as if weeds were being burned,—but no, it is steam coming out of cracks in the ground; and when he goes up to the place he finds it both hot and wet, and crowds of lucky ferns grow there as thickly as possible. In the middle of this plain is the crater of Kilauea, which consists of a barren waste of lava, surrounded by precipices, about nine miles in circumference, and having in its center a black, burning mountain, from which continually ascends a volume of white smoke. By

night this smoke is illuminated, and about a dozen fiery furnaces are seen.

There is a zigzag path down the precipice, which is clothed with tropical vegetation. The ferns and mosses are wonderful, and everywhere grow the scarlet and yellow ohelo berries, which are in season each month of the year, and which tastes something like whortleberries.

At the bottom of the precipice the vegetation ceases suddenly, and the most absolutely abandoned place is reached. What looked a flat plain from the top is now discovered to be a wilderness of monstrous blackish lava, all solid, but in every conceivable form of mud wave and mud flow; often it is twisted into coils exactly like rope, and there are great regions where it seems as if some intelligence had been at work to shape it into tens of thousands of huge crocodiles and serpents and unnamable beasts. These horrors must be seen to be believed in. They often look positively wicked. In some parts the sulphur has its way, and the lava erections are bright lemon-color. One place is like a ruined tower, with a red-hot oven half-way up it, and a perpetual squilching and hissing and fizzing going on. Generally the lava is blackish grey in color; sometimes it is irridescent, sometimes it has a sheen, like black satin, and glitters brightly in the sun. A great deal of it is as hard as stone, but sometimes it is brittle, and is spread out in thin folds like drapery. Under a man's weight it breaks with a scrunch, and down he goes —perhaps for five inches only, perhaps for five feet. It is best to follow closely in the guide's footsteps. There are three miles of lava to be walked over before one reaches the black peaks of the smoking mountain. The ground is often rent with wide, deep cracks, and in some places I found that it was red-hot only eight inches inches below the sole of my foot. Sometimes the crust has heaved and broken; under it is a hollow, and then more lava underneath. The ground is often almost burning hot. Somehow it is not as horrible as one would expect—the sun is so brilliant, the air is so good, and the guide is so cool.

By and by a very big, dreadful crack has to be jumped across—a horrid place to look down into—and almost immediately afterwards the lake of fire is visible and close at hand; and sensible people who are not silly and frightened, climb down and stand at its edge, shading their faces and eyes from the burning heat.

It is round, like a cup, and is about three hundred feet in diameter (as large as a small circus). Its rim is about ten feet high, and it is full of boiling lava. The lava is as liquid as thick soup, and of a bluish-grey color, with occasional greenish tints. It keeps simmering and heaving, and then it breaks in all directions into most lovely vermilion cracks, changing into violet, and then into dead grey.

Nearly all round the edge it shows scarlet, and tosses up waves which are not unlike the waves of the sea, only they are red-hot, and the spray is the color of coral or of blood. Above them there is often a beautiful lilac or violet effect. This violet atmosphere of the fire is one of the loveliest of the phenomena.

Sometimes the edge of the volcano gets undermined with it fiery caves, and topples over with a crash; and all the time a roaring sound goes on, like the roaring of the sea.

And now, as one watches, one suddenly sees a scarlet fountain beginning to play in the middle of the lake. At first it is about two feet high, with golden spray, then it gets wider and larger and more tumultuous, tossing itself up into the air with a beautiful kind of sportiveness—great twistings of fiery liquid are springing high into the air, like serpents and griffins. It really is exquisite, and almost indescribable. I visited the volcano six times, and generally saw some of these fire-fountains; and the roaring, tossing waves at the edge of the volcano never ceased.

Sometimes a thin blue flame broke through the cracks, or roared up through a chimney at the side. All round the lake is a deposit of "Pele's hair," a dun-colored glassy thread, that sticks into one's hand with numberless little points. In some places it lies so thick that it is like a blanket of disagreeable, tawny fur.

It is necessary to look out for a sudden change of wind at Kilauea. I had almost to run one day to escape being stifled with fumes of sulphur. I picked up a lovely scarlet honey-bird, which had rashly flown that way and met a sulphurous death.

My last view of the volcano was at

night, when its color was nearly that of a primrose. Enormous waves and fountains of fire were playing and tossing up wreaths of spray, which sometimes fell almost at my feet, and lay like red-hot snakes till they cooled into pitchiness.

While I was there, the sky at evening was generally very green, and peculiarly lovely in contrast with the orange of the fire. The calm, nearly level, outline of the distant mountain (Mona Loa), and the young, tender moon, made a delightful relief from the fiery terrors in front of me.

I left Kilauea, feeling that I had seen one of the most wonderful sights that the world contains; and I had learned the lesson that even a lake of fire can be beautiful.

FIRE, FLOOD AND FAMINE.

BY WILLAM STREET.

"AND after your testimony cometh wrath and indignation upon the people; for after your testimony cometh the testimony of earthquakes, that shall cause groanings in the midst of her, and men shall fall upon the ground and shall not be able to stand. And also cometh the voice of thunderings, and the voice of lightnings, and the voice of tempests, and the voice of the waves of the sea heaving themselves beyond their bounds, and all things shall be in commotion; and surely men's hearts shall fail them; for fear shall come upon all people."—D. C. 85: 25.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, darkness covereth the earth, and gross darkness the minds of the people, and all flesh has become corrupt before my face. Behold, vengeance cometh speedily upon the inhabitants of the earth—a day of wrath. a day of burning, a day of desolation, of weeping, of mourning, of lamentation, and as a whirlwind it shall come upon all the face of the earth, saith the Lord. And upon my house [the church] shall it begin, and from my house shall it go forth, saith the Lord."—D. C. 105: 9.

My attention was drawn to the above subject which heads this article, and to the revelations just quoted, given by Joseph Smith, while I was reading the article in October number of *Autumn Leaves* about Nauvoo, and truly from my heart I said: "Touch not mine anointed and do my prophets no harm."

War, famine, pestilence, fire, wind, and water during the last twelve years have done their work with such disastrous and appalling results, and with such remarkable phenomena that people have thought the end of the world had come.

The world, as it stands to-day, is in the midst of a fancied security surrounded by grave dangers aside from disease, is made more so by the appaling calamity among the mountains and vallies of the beautiful Keystone State. An entire prosperous city swept away by fire and water, and out of one hundred saloons not one escaped. Thousands and millions of dollars have been contributed all over the land for the poverty-stricken city, and like a ten days' talk amongst the village gossipers, one never hears about it again in the papers. The people of Johnstown were warned to flee, but they heeded not the warning. God has warned the inhabitants of the world through his servants and prophets, but they heed not the warning. Their eyes are darkened by the vanities and the fashions of the world. And gross darkness covers the eyes of the people.

The black plague, or Asiatic cholera, has again broken out in the European countries. This plague began in China, spread over Asia, and in 1348 entered Europe. Six other plagues had made great havoc during the preceding forty years. It spread from the South to the North, occupying three years in its passage. In two years it had reached Sweden; in three years it had conquered the Gog and Magog of Ezekiel—Russia. This pestilence has slain thirteen millions in China, depopulated India, and destroyed thirteen thousand in Cairo, Egypt, in one day. Vessels drifted in the Mediterranean, stranded, and brought the plague to other shores. Rich men and merchants brought their wealth to the churches and monastries, but the monks, fearful of

catching the infectious disease, shut their gates against any such offering. Heaven's wrath can not be diverted by any such offering. Italy lost one half of her people. The Venitians fled to the island and forsook their beautiful city, losing three men out of four, and in Padua, when the plague ceased, two-thirds of the inhabitants were missing.

Upwards of twenty years ago a large vessel stranded on the English coast called "The Royal Charter." A woman loaded down with gold nuggets from Australia, offered all her wealth to be saved, but all her wealth was as dross. She was lost.

A young lady during the flood at Johnstown said to some people:

"Do you think our three story brick house will be saved? My father, mother, and three children are in it."

But the brick house could not stand the flood. They were lost.

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned."

Why? Because the unbeliever is damned already because he does not believe. And the signs, says the "record," shall follow the believer.

Reader, have you obeyed the command?

PATTIE; OR, LEAVES FROM A LIFE.

BY ELEANOR.

CHAPTER XVII.

GOD'S WORD THE TRUE STANDARD OF EDUCATION—(CONTINUED).

"I know that I've had glimpses of a light
Not held by man; I've felt a thrilling touch
Upon my soul, which stirred its lowest depths,
And made the impetuous, chainless life within
Leap upward to a higher destiny."

—*Emily Judson.*

"For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—2 Cor. 4:6.

LATTER DAY SAINTS not only believe the Bible to be a divine revelation to mankind, but most of them profess to have attained to the knowledge of the truth concerning the gospel which it reveals. For this reason I write of the sacred record as known truth, not as though it were something which is yet to be proven as truth. They know that the principle that "all men are born free and equal" owes its existence not only to the "Declaration of Independence," but to the gospel of Jesus Christ. Love for the word of God moved our fathers to carry out the divine principle, "One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren." And they founded this government on this recognized Christian principle. They dug deep and laid the foundation of our constitutional liberties upon the "impregnable rock" of revealed truth. If they were divinely appointed to do this work, and did it in the appointed way, the question for us to answer is, With what material shall we build upon that foundation? Wood? hay? stubble? Or shall we complete the shining temple of freedom with the unalloyed gold of God's pure truth, even the fulness of truth that we have received? To those who believe in the final triumph of this gospel there can be but one answer to the question. But that answer is one of supreme importance to our young readers; for in their hands, to a large degree, must rest the work of building.

All this may seem irrelevant to the story of "Pattie;" but to you, as to her, everything depends on a proper understanding of the work you are called to do.

Modern fiction has not only created divisions between the interests of men in general, but also between social and religious obligations; hence the term "civil and religious." But the religion that we profess knows no distinction except that of temporal and spiritual, or things of time and those of eternity, differing not in kind, but duration and degree. Pattie fully comprehended the temporal part of the gospel, while the spiritual part was yet a mystery to her.

The sacredness of human life and the oneness of human interests, as revealed in the Scriptures and reaffirmed by our fathers in the Declaration of American

Independence, to her mind stood out clear and distinct from the philosophy of fiction. Take, for example, the religion of Buddha, which teaches that an absolute release from existence is the chief good, which lighted the funeral pile and set the juggernaut car in motion, before which millions of lives have been sacrificed.

Yet it is urged that the exclusion of the sacred books of the Hindoo from our public schools in favor of the Bible is unjust discrimination between the Hindoo citizen and the Christian.

But in fact the law of the land acknowledges no Hindoo or Mohammedan citizen. In a national sense they are Christians, bound to obey the Christian law of right, whatever their faith. As citizens they are protected in their lives and liberty, but their pursuit of happiness must be in accord with Christian law and usage which deny the Hindoo's right to find happiness by putting an end to his own or other's existence. It denies the Mohammedan's right to find happiness in his harem, or plural wifery, or female slavery.

As the head of a Christian nation the president annually issues a proclamation for a day of thanksgiving to Almighty God for benefits received. Should he therefore appoint a day for the observance of Hindoo or Chinese sacred rites? or a pilgrimage to Mecca?

The Bible is the rule of life and of law, which all must obey to be good citizens; and the Constitution is the exponent of Christian law as applied to government. How then can the Bible in the schools be contrary to constitutional rights?

Joseph Smith taught that God's laws are always harmonious, and that our duties in temporal affairs can not conflict with those of a purely spiritual nature, when the law of God is faithfully observed.

"Let no man break the laws of the land, for he that keepeth the law of God hath no need to break the laws of the land."—Doc. & Cov. 58: 5.

Not only does this country owe its freedom, political and religious, to the Scriptures, but its intellectual attainments as well. No such intellectual culture and achievements have been attained by any people whose laws and religion were antagonistic to the gospel of Christ. And at no time in our history has there been so many giant intellects and wise statesmen as during the period of Puritan rule, when the Bible was the source of men's learning and wisdom.

It is well said: "Whatever is found to subserve the high and noble purpose of the nation as a liberator of mankind should be sought and diligently adhered to."

Let our student of history answer, what has in the past more subserved such purpose than the Bible? What would in the future better subserve such purpose than adherence to its truth?

I may be accused of transcending the proper sphere of a narrative by the discussion of these things, but from the beginning we have had a distinct purpose in view, for the time has come when this nation is about to decide whether it will acknowledge Christ for its Master, as well as the equality of all men. And the youth of the church must help to make the decision.

Many times in her life story had our Pattie worked out these problems to this solution, that truth is divine, and that an eternal antagonism exists between it and fiction, whether applied to temporal or spiritual affairs. "We can not serve two masters." Nor can we serve the Author of Truth in spiritual matters, while the opposite governs in the affairs of this life. We can not follow fictitious standards of right in that which pertains to our probational development and attain to the measure of the stature of Christ as spiritual beings.

And now we find her standing by the boundary line that divides the visible or natural law from the invisible or spiritual. But here she was compelled to pause, though she felt sure that the heavenly knowledge that she had sought with such persistence lay just beyond. The veil of unbelief still hung between, but in the endeavor to lead her child's footsteps in the paths of truth and peace, her own were also, by a Father's hand, being led thither.

In the court of the temple reserved for women she was waiting. For though she could not look into the holy of holies, yet with unwavering faith she believed that the manna of spiritual life was hid up in the ark of the covenant along with Aaron's blossoming rod and the tablets of

the law. The law and the rod had been her school-masters to bring her to Christ; and now she was waiting for that spiritual bread to be revealed from heaven, of which once partaking she should hunger no more. Surely she will not be sent away empty, nor long be kept waiting.

But until this knowledge was granted she aimed only to teach her child those principles of truth, purity and patriotism therein comprehended, as the natural or moral law; and in respect to the ordinances of the Church of Christ, she taught him their outward form as described in the gospel, not their modern interpretation. So when the child came to her with the old perplexing question of her own childhood, "Why do the churches baptize?" she answered: "They teach that it is to constitute the person a member of the church."

"Does the Bible say it is for that?"

"No; for though a person can not be a member of the church without it, yet the Bible does not teach that as its sole or primary meaning."

"What does the Bible say it is for?"

"Read it and see."

"Where shall I read?"

"Mark 1: 4, Luke 3: 3, Acts 2: 38."

"Why, it says in all these places that baptism is for remission of sins. What is remission?"

"You had best consult the dictionary."

"It means forgiveness, abatement. Why then do not the churches baptize for the remission of sin?"

"Some of them do, but most of them can not understand how sin is pardoned through baptism; therefore they think it means something else."

"What do you think it means, mamma?"

"Just what the word says it does," replied Pattie. Yet how it was so, while still it is said that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," she did not comprehend.

She freely wrote to her friend, Mrs. Thurston, concerning these perplexities and trials of mind, and was urged to resume the study of the Book of Mormon, which she did, feeling that the right understanding of these things was a matter so weighty that no one, living or dead, should prevent, the more especially as she must stand before God to answer for herself, and not another for her.

In her early investigation of the work she had believed the doctrines of the church were in harmony with the Bible, so far as she had become acquainted with them; but of the claims of the Book of Mormon she had formed no definite opinion. It might be true she thought: indeed, prophecy and circumstantial evidence seemed to substantiate its claims. But its internal evidence was not yet manifest to her. She read of a people on this continent practicing Christian baptism ages before the birth of Christ, in whose ministry, as she supposed, the ordinance was first instituted, and officiating in these Christian ordinances were priests after the order of Aaron and Melchizedek, for which it seemed to her there was no precedent in the Bible.

At the instance of Mrs. Thurston a correspondence was undertaken with one of the elders of the church, with the view of obtaining help in her investigation. She was determined to start at the beginning, and every stumbling-block that she had ever encountered in her religious experience was brought up again that she might, if it were possible, have the satisfaction of seeing them settled. She therefore gave him the following subjects for discussion: Baptism for the remission of sin. Laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. The signs following the believer. Predestination. As this latter subject has so often been mentioned in these pages, I will here give a few extracts from the elder's letter on the subject, that our readers may have the opportunity of comparing the light shed upon it with that in chapter thirteen by the Baptist elder:

"God's foreknowledge never predetermined anything; the fact that God knew the end from the beginning did not determine beforehand anything respecting man's salvation. In Acts 13: 48, King James' translation, we read: 'And as many as were ordained to eternal life believed.' Such a rendering destroys the magnificence and beauty of the language of the divine commission: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature; he that believeth and is baptised shall be saved.' In the Inspired Translation it reads thus: 'And as many as believed were ordained unto eternal life.'

"This is in entire accord with the language of Paul (Eph. 4: 30): 'And grieve

not the Holy Spirit of God whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption,' (which of course is unto eternal life), and with the language of the Spirit to John on Patmos, saying: 'And the Spirit and the bride say come. And let him that heareth say come. And whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely.'—Rev. 22:17. Yet these are altogether upon condition, for so stand all the promises of God to mankind. Furthermore, Jesus said: 'And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations, then shall the end come.'—Matt. 24:14.

"Remember, 'for a witness.' A witness that God was ready and willing to save all mankind, and those who would not receive salvation could not offer anything as an excuse, even to say 'I did not hear it, or hear of it.' A witness unto all nations."

The reader will see how superior was the light from this restored gospel, particularly the quotation from the Inspired Translation. This translation of the Bible she had never seen, but the light received from that one passage had shined into her heart, dispelling much of its darkness and confusion.

The correspondence soon ceased, but not so did Pattie's interest; she had as yet received but little solution to the difficulties that she had met with in the Book of Mormon. But now "a light not held by man" was to bid the life within "leap upward to a higher destiny." "The light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

Pattie sought in humility and with much prayer and fasting for a testimony by which she might understand those things, for without an intelligent faith how could she obey from the heart?

With this weighing upon her mind she went to rest one Sabbath evening. Leaving the lamp burning brightly upon the table a few feet away, she lay down upon her bed. She was thinking of the statement in Hebrews 9:22,—"Without shedding of blood is no remission." There seemed to her an apparent conflict between this and the words of Peter (Acts 2:38). She was trying to review what her correspondent had written on the subject. Presently there passed over her spirit a state of holy calm, but not sleep; she was conscious of the inward peace and a feeling of wonder as to what it proceeded from. Then a large open Bible was placed before her, but without touching her (as she lay on her back) and a hand, shapely and white, appeared over the top of the book and turned the leaves to Genesis 4:4, over which appeared a bright illumination that seemed to be reflected on her brain by which she saw and understood, rather than with the natural sight and understanding. And she saw Abel as a priest, before the time of Melchizedek or Aaron, expressing by his offering of the firstlings of his flock his faith in the sacrifice of the Lamb of God for the sins of the world. And this faith in the gospel made his offering acceptable to God. Then the book was opened at Hebrews 11:4, and Pattie read: "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts; and by it he being dead yet speaketh." The thought instantly flashed through her mind that the priesthood and the gospel both existed from the time men went astray. Again the book was opened at Genesis, and Pattie read of Noah, the preacher of righteousness, "saved by water." "The like figure whereunto even baptism doth also now save us (not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God) by the resurrection of Jesus Christ."* Then she was shown Abraham led by the Spirit to leave his country, his knowledge of the gospel plan of salvation through Christ, and his priesthood. Whence came this priesthood and this knowledge or faith in the atonement of Christ? "Verily, verily I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am;" was the answer to which she was referred: "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God."† Then followed the whole of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, the light of illumination following the hand as it turned from place to place. "Since all these had the gospel, what signifies the law?" was the question that occurred to Pattie. "It was added because of trans-

* Gen. 8:20, 21; 1 Peter 3:21; 2 Peter 2:5.
† John 8:58; Romans 3:25.

gression, till the seed should come to whom the promise was made" (Gal. 3: 19), was the answer given. I can not follow all the instruction given, going through the whole of the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelation, showing the connection between the priesthood and the gospel, the one never having existed without the other. Sacrifice and offerings pointed to the one great offering for sin, Jesus Christ, and ceased when fulfilled in him; but the holy priesthood of which he is the head is everlasting.‡ The vision then showed the completion of sacrifice in the death of Christ on the cross, as related in John 19, dwelling particularly on verse 34, and followed by Hebrews 10: 26; 13: 15, 16; 1 John 5: 6.

The last thing shown by the vision was that related in Revelation 14: 1–4. As Pattie read the last words: "These were redeemed from among men, being the first fruits unto God and to the Lamb," the book closed and the room seemed full of voices singing: "Blessing and honor and glory and power unto the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

"Oh!" exclaimed Pattie as the music died away, "I believe the Book of Mormon is true." Then for the first time it occurred to her that this was the testimony that she had prayed for. She arose at once and thanked God upon her knees for the favor granted. From that day nothing ever shook her conviction of its truth. She lived to see some who were then shining lights in the work stumble and fall away. She has seen it assailed by enemies without and within; and she has walked calmly on her way, rejoicing in the knowledge of the truth engraved by the finger of God on her heart and her mind never to be effaced.

To be continued.

‡ Heb. 7: 28; Rev. 1: 6; 5: 10.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

BY A. W. REESE.

AMONG all flowers none are more charming and more beautiful than the rose. Often it is called the queen and the bride of the garden. Indeed, it has been and is to-day, the universal favorite among all florists and lovers of flowers in the world. The rose bushes are natives of Asia, Africa, America and Europe. Some florists claim there are above one hundred distinct species and over two thousand varieties of roses in cultivation. Among them is the Rose of Sharon, in the land of Palestine. There are three vallies called Sharon. The first is between Mount Tabor and the Sea of Tiberias; the second beyond Jordan, in the land of Bashan; but the most noted one lies between Cesarea and Joppa, on the west of the promised land, extending eastward to the mountains of Judea. The soil of this beautiful plain is very rich and productive, and in ancient times was celebrated for its pastures, its fruit trees, vines and flowers; and during the growing season it was elegantly and beautifully adorned with many varieties of flowers, among them the sweet Rose of Sharon, blooming in perfection and filling the air with its sweet and delicious odor. Historians do not all agree in regard to the Rose of Sharon. Some of them try to prove that what Solomon called the Rose of Sharon was not a rose, but some other kind of a flower, such as Oleander, or Hibiscus Syriacus, which some call the Rose of Sharon. One writer says it was the Cistus, which is found growing on the plains of Sharon, and has petals like that of a rose. The reason they give to sustain their theory is that the climate of that country is not adapted to the rose, and at the same time claim that the pink and the white varieties are found growing wild there. Then, if the climate suits pink and white roses, why not suit other varieties of the same species as well? This argument is too weak to support their theory. How can any one dispute for a moment that a cultivated rose would not grow in a land that was so rich in its soil, so mild in its climate, glowing in the sunshine of an almost perpetual summer?

Mr. Tournefort speaks of fifty-three

kinds, of which he said the Damascus and the Rose of Sharon were the finest. I have not found one author who has given a full description of the habitat of this rose. In my long practice as florist I have studied the nature and the habits of many species and varieties, and I have come to the conclusion that the Rose of Sharon which was mentioned by Solomon belongs to the species called Rosa Centifolia, a native of Caucasus, in Europe, and has been in cultivation in the eastern country for a period almost unknown. There are now upwards of one hundred varieties of it in cultivation, all very fragrant and beautiful in form, with their petals curved inward, and their drooping habit gave them a graceful appearance when in full bloom. It was not only highly esteemed among the inhabitants of Persia, Arabia and Greece, but also in the land of promise among the children of Israel; and in the time of David and Solomon it was very extensively cultivated and was found growing in almost every garden. It was the principal ornament in their festival and marriage ceremonies, and the bride was sometimes adorned with white roses as an emblem of her virgin purity. The rose is not only useful for decorating and ornamenting, but it possesses great medical properties which have been used in medicine for many centuries. Some of the most eminent physicians in Europe claim that it is of great value in all diseases of the lungs. The essence from the Rosa Centifolia and the Damask Rose is very valuable for sore eyes, and is an excellent perfume.

Dear reader, let the rose be an emblem or picture of your life: pure, undefiled in the sight of God and man, for the life and the death of his saints are precious in his sight. I must bring my little article to a close by calling your attention to what Job said, that the life of man is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down, he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not. Oh, how true this is! How uncertain is our life! There is but a breath of air and a beat of the heart between us and eternity. Dear friends, it matters not when our pulse ceases to beat, if we have done our duty, our life is hid with Christ in God; and when Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory.

PLEASANTON, Iowa, March 5th, 1890.

MY PERSONAL EXPERIENCE WITH THE EFFECT OF THE MODERN CIGARETTE.

ABOUT six weeks ago a bright boy, with whom we were well acquainted years ago, applied to us for a position as office boy. He had been unfortunate, having lost his former position through unfaithfulness and suspected dishonesty. He had sought other positions in vain, was utterly destitute, had been for months sleeping in a lodging house at fifteen cents a night when he could get the money to pay for his bed, but much of the time wandering about the streets of the city, many times spending the entire night in Central Park, hiding about in secluded places until after the officers had ceased their diligent efforts to rid the Park of such imcumbrance. He had a bad cough, no overcoat, and was so cold and stiff, he could seldom get to sleep on the benches. We refused nearly every day for three weeks to take the boy, because we were afraid he would prove dishonest and be unable to work in a satisfactory manner. He begged with tears to be allowed to come to work and have his food and a place to sleep. The food we gladly bestowed to the weary-worn tramp of less than eighteen years of age. This boy graduated at the Grammar School nearly two years ago. He was utterly destitute, with no clothing except the rags that covered him. He said he had worn the same shirt for the past four weeks, and could go without food for two days at a time rather than without his cigarettes. One of his young men companions, who called upon us to ask for money and clothes for him, said that he was in the habit of smoking two packs of cigarettes each day, and the boy himself confessed

to us that he must have cigarettes, no matter how the money was obtained to secure them. He promised that he would reform and do everything required except to give up tobacco. Every means of persuasion was exhausted to induce the boy to renounce his smoking. We held firmly to our decision never to give him more than food, until he could give up the use of tobacco, as we knew this to be his ruin. After three weeks he consented and promised that he would never smoke again. According to agreement we took the boy into our home and gave him work in the office. With baths, wholesome food, and entire new clothing, he looked and possessed the manners of a college student, but was so nervous and restless while writing, that it was impossible for him to render any satisfactory service. When he had been sent on all the legitimate errands possible, as well as many that were arranged simply for his diversion, he asked, of his own accord, if he could not be permitted to assist the servant man in cleaning the cellar, rather than be required to write in the office. The result of this effort at reform is simply this: The boy was arrested last week for theft. He confessed to the detective that he had carried out several sets of books from the library in the office, that he had stolen money from the proprietor's writing desk; that he had robbed trunks in the cellar, and committed other similar depredations. A number of articles on which he had raised money were redeemed from pawn shops. Most of the books, singly and in sets, he had sold outright to second-hand dealers.

When the proprietor of this journal visited the boy at his cell after he was sentenced to the penitentiary, he said that he would try to reform, and believed that he would never have stolen anything, if he had never learned to smoke—that this habit had unfitted him to be faithful in any position of trust. During the last year this boy has been in the habit of visiting the play-house nearly every night, with comrades worse than himself.

The boys who smoke cigarettes day and night, and frequent ten cent or twenty-five cent shows habitually, soon tire of any legitimate position to earn money. This individual boy, after having left one position, went traveling with a boy friend from New York to Cincinnati, Chicago, and other places, beating their way on trains.

Our object in alluding to this recent episode of experience, is in view of the stern reality that forgiveness is too often bestowed when it is too much trouble to bring miscreants to justice, and as one of the most dangerous evils or mistakes made by good people. If this boy had been brought to retribution at the first, second or tenth offense for stealing postage stamps, money, free rides, and various other boyish tricks, which many good people are inclined to overlook, the greater crimes might have been saved. Have we the right to allow such an offender to go free, because we do not wish to hurt the feelings of his friends, or because we do not wish to implant a stigma on his good name by sending him to the Penitentiary? Must we spare the boy and his friends the seventieth time, and inflict a curse upon the common public, and lead, not one, but hundreds of boys, to future ruin?—inflict the burden of anxiety, and loss of hard-earned property, upon many faithful, good women and men who are ready to give employment to just such poor fellows as this one? Shall we not rather, when we have done all in our power to reform the prodigal son, leave him to the majesty and justice of the common law, and pray continually that the God of Justice and Mercy will keep him, and make this special case one of marked reformation and verification, that punishment for crime is both merciful and just when all other methods and moral suasion have failed? When we have done the very best we can, have we not reasonable hope that such a case as this boy's may be made perfect through suffering of his prison punishment and discipline? When the physical system shall have had time to become thoroughly renovated from the fever and thirst or unnatural appetite for the poisonous cigarette, may the moral nature not be stimulated by an earnest and consecrated desire, and with the divine help be led to a grand and glorious life for the love of God and the good of humanity?

In reading the "Life of Faith and Trust," by George Mueller, of Bristol, England, very many years ago, we were much impressed by the fact that Mr. Mueller refers in this book to the fact of his stealing and carrying the proceeds of

his theft in his shoe after he was old enough to be in college. It seemed to us at the time of our reading this fact, one of the most remarkable stumbling blocks. It appeared to us then that it was incredulous that the man who should have become such an one, honored of God to do the work that Mr. Mueller has done, should have been permitted to have deliberately stolen money; but we have lived to see the day that the knowledge of the fact that George Mueller once stole money, is one of the greatest sources of encouragement and hope for the lives of other, wayward, wicked boys. No one is or has been so wicked that he may not find grace to help and save from sin and its consequences, if he earnestly desires to learn the way, and will accept the terms of salvation just as they are offered by Christ, in the simplicity of His gospel.

—Church Union.

"UNITY."

BY A. M. CADY.

(Read at Young People's Meeting, Pittsburg, Pa.)

ONE principle among those comprising the all divinely created and one so conspicuous among the divine requisites absolutely necessary to the perfect achievement of any design mankind may conceive is, to my mind, unity. Worcester defines it Thus: "The state of being one; oneness; concord; agreement; the quality of any work by which all parts are subordinate to one general design or effect."

Those having given this subject the least thought will be quite ready to acknowledge the superiority of results attained in matters which have had harmonious, united effort expended on them. It can not be denied that desired ends are reached many times, even though much disagreement and everything but "oneness" be manifested; still, such can bear no comparison to those attainments, or decisions, effected in unity of mind and desire on the part of those involved, and which bear no dissenting voice.

Where there is a lack of unity, to a certain extent there will be discord, inharmony, harsh words and harsher thoughts. By all teaching and evidence given on this subject, we know such characteristics are foreign to and not bestowed by the hand of the perfect Being, in whose abode all are subject to the one Voice, and so blended unchangeably into a harmonious existence; but are the fruits manifested when the author of all evil propensities has had admittance and ground whereon to disagree.

I conceive unity to be a law as well as a principle, and embraced in the divine statutes. To us as a body, a church, there is no law more strongly enjoined than to attain to that degree of concord and agreement as to be of "one heart" and "one mind;" then are we the recipients of all that can possibly be ours of peace and understanding of both "the faith" and each other.

Let us examine briefly and note the perfect harmony existing in the "Three Unities" (as we may call them), the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. So closely are they allied that each seems as important and needful as the other. With this law, so prominent in the three principal dwellers in the heavens, it must necessarily follow that all the subjects are also subordinate to this law, else why should there have been the fatal result, when, as the record testifies, Lucifer, Son of the Morning, attempted to usurp the throne and authority of the great God, having first, as we may safely presume, conceived a spirit of rebellion toward God, and being no more in unity with him? The result was the ultimate banishment of him who was afterwards called Satan, together with all his adherents, thus restoring again perfect harmony and oneness among the dwellers in the realms of light.

We accept as ours the never-changing laws issued to us from heaven; therefore, as unity's law is one most inviolate with God, it surely holds due weight as en-

joined on our part. We can not but note how much greater the pre-eminence of unity in godly than in earthly things. First, there comes vividly to mind the one great plan which so entirely affects the whole human race, namely, the plan of salvation. In this we note the Father, who with pity has looked on a wicked people, formulating a plan whereby they may forsake and make restitution for lives misspent. Now is the Son, the beloved of the Father, taken into immediate co-operation with Him, and made the means whereby this "Balm of Gilead," which soothes and restores, is offered to mankind; and last but not in the least less important than the first, comes upon men the Holy Spirit as a seal and testimony of the perfect plan, and to be a most important factor in the great one design, the ultimate salvation of all men. Here is unity indisputably displayed.

Again; as added proof how thoroughly is unity inculcated in God's ways, we present the gospel as delivered to men. Truly, herein is a work in which all parts are subordinate to one design. Although six principles are embraced in the gospel, one is not less important than another; and to gain as an inheritance eternal life, the six unitedly comprise the great "will" and make one whole, unblemished design.

To a believer in God's word, such ample proof is satisfying, convincing; impressing firmly upon the mind a realization of the benefits which would accrue would men but live within this law. How pleasant would be such an existence, but how impossible so long as Satan and sin hold such sway in the hearts of men, causing them to be at variance with each other, and so often to reach that condition of total blindness and indifference to all that is virtuous, charitable, elevating and good which they might be.

But there! I'm wandering from the "text;" so to return: So often I have noticed in our own prayer and Saints' meeting, how many seemed moved to utter in prayer or testimony an appeal that each mind might be in unison as to the purpose of the hour, and each prayer ascend as from one heart. Have we not all at sometime realized the thrilling delight and blessing which always followed when unity has characterized the worship hour; and we have seen the results when, with some much desired end in view, God's people have united their faith and prayers, calling upon Him as with one voice, which has been pleasing to Him, because He has shown His pleasure at the offering by answering and withholding not His blessings. How much more we might be benefitted spiritually and in our association with each other were we to try hard to instill, as an abiding one, the spirit of unity; for, when not among us, there is a marked decrease in spirituality; and discord, though slight, still is discord; and into the heart will creep a little distrust or lack of love for a brother or sister. Paul surely knew of what he wrote when he so earnestly admonished the Saints, "Be of the same mind, one toward the other."

To the young people of the "household of faith" the outlook was never brighter than now. With every possible means of improvement within our grasp, coupled with the desire which we feel to improve, and, indeed, to obey the loving "Come up higher," the result for us can not but be noble. And after the race the desired goal shall be ours, if we but determinedly and unitedly put a willing shoulder to the upholding of such an undertaking, which in its results will be so gratifying to each, and will make us better and more loyal subjects to Him who will have in His vineyard no idle hands; but again, I repeat it, there must be unity of purpose and effort on the part of every one of us, or else failure, so far as working as a body.

May our life's aim be as one in the support and protection of our most holy faith, and in untiring effort to grow intellectually, not forgetting to pay careful heed to cultivate those graces so urgently admonished on our part in 2 Peter 1: 5–7; also imparting of our bounty to those less fortunate than ourselves, and thus afford them support in gaining those glorious heights which, when reached, give entrance to a world wherein is moral and spiritual character, heightened and elevated. Thus we shall be brought to see and appreciate the noble and good in life, and so make of ourselves fitter instruments whereby the plan and design in our creation may not be thwarted, as the adversary so much desires, but at the grand final shall reflect glory and honor to the Creator, and, for us, secure His smiles and approving "Well done."

CUPID BY THE WELL.

(See Frontispiece.)

Ah, the sly god! Having slaked his thirst he deposits his bow and quiver, and seating himself upon the rocky ledge, sports with a winged butterfly in as perfect innocence as though he never sported with human hearts. But, young men and maidens, beware of Cupid in moments like this! Be sure he knows his vantage ground or he would never take things so quietly. Never believe the story of his blindness, for he never slumbers or sleeps.

FETCHING WATER FROM THE WELL.

Early on the sunny morning, while the lark was singing sweet,
Came, beyond the ancient farmhouse, sound of lightly tripping feet.
'Twas a lovely cottage maiden going,—why, let young hearts tell,—
With her homely pitcher laden, fetching water from the well.
Shadows lay athwart the pathway, all along the quiet lane,
And the breezes of the morning moved them to and fro again.
O'er the sunshine, o'er the shadow, passed the maiden of the farm,
With a charmed heart within her, thinking of no ill nor harm.
Pleasant, surely, were her musings, for the nodding leaves in vain
Sought to press their bright'ning image on her ever busy brain.
Leaves and joyous birds went by her, like a dim, half-waking dream;
And her soul was only conscious of life's gladdest summer gleam.
At the old lane's shady turning lay a well of water bright,
Singing soft its halellujah to the gracious morning light.
Fern-leaves soft and green bent o'er it where its silvery droplets fell,
And the fairies dwelt beside it in the spotted fox-glove bell.
Back she bent the shading fern-leaves, dipt the pitcher in the tide,—
Drew it with the dripping waters flowing o'er its glazed side.
But before her arm could place it on her shiny, wavy hair,
By her side a youth was standing!—Love rejoiced to see the pair!
Tones of tremulous emotion trailed upon the morning breeze,
Gentle words of heart devotion, whispered 'neath the ancient trees.
But the holy, blessed secrets it becomes me not to tell;
Life had met another meaning, fetching water from the well!
Down the rural lane they sauntered, he the burden-pitcher bore,
She, with dewy eyes down loooking, grew more beauteous than before!
When they neared the silent homestead, up he raised the pitcher light!
Like a fitting crown he placed it on her hair of wavelets bright;
Emblem of the coming burdens that for love of him she'd bear,
Calling every burden blessed, if his love but lighted there.
Then, still waving benedictions, further, further off he drew,
While his shadow seemed a glory that across the pathway grew.
Now about her household duties, silently the maiden went,
And an ever-radiant halo o'er her daily life was blent.
Little knew the aged matron as her feet like music fell,
What abundant treasure found she fetching water from the well!

—Anonymous.

Department of Correspondence.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR.

BOX 5, LAMONI, IOWA.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March, 1890.

Dear Readers:—I hail with pleasure the new department, because it affords such a golden opportunity for the development of young minds in this direction. Here the young fledgling in literature may safely try its wings, and obtain strength which will enable it to soar to more lofty heights, and scan broader fields in search of the truth upon which it may feed and grow. I trust this advantage will be appreciated and utilized by all, as this is the only way it can be made efficient for good.

I was glad to see the subject of prohibition broached, for I consider it one of the leading questions in the morals of our generation. And it is well that the young in Zion, who are called to be lights to the world, should become thoroughly informed of all its features. From the reading of the letter under this head in the February number of *Autumn Leaves*, I have a suspicion that the argument was advanced more with a desire to see it negated than from a profound conviction of its foundation in truth, or of its forcefulness, thus striving to bring out the affirmative of the question by advancing the negative. Be this as it may, I will try to examine his statements as carefully as I may, and offer a few thoughts in favor of prohibition.

At the first I shall have to question the statement in his premise as follows: "It is well known that most of the intoxicants are manufactured from corn, barley and rye." While this is true in regard to the pure alcohol and alcoholic liquors, it is also well known, and I believe universally admitted, that the "greater part of the intoxicants" sold to-day over the bar are not the product of grains or of the fruit of the vine, but a compound by far the greater part of which is a solution of vile, filthy drugs, and rank, deadly poisons diluted with water.

This is well known by "the trade," and is the lamentation of the drinking class. The wail of the sot goes forth because the pure liquors, such as his grandfather drank, can no longer be found. This goes without proof or argument; but I call attention to some statements under the heading, "The Honest Rum-seller," in the August number of the *Autumn Leaves*, which I assume were written in candor, from a knowledge of the facts.

But suppose we admit that this premise is correct, let us see if the deduction derived from it would necessarily follow as a permanent result; or in other words, would prohibition "reduce the demand for the farmer's product?" Let us assume that it would be possible (and I would to God it were possible) to make an immediate end to the entire traffic, and what is the result? Why, there would be a consternation among the grain trusts, and perhaps a few would collapse, and some of the men who have been overspreading and wronging the poor would become honest producers for their livelihood.

But how would this effect the producer? you ask. If, as we have assumed, this change could be effected all at once (which can never be) that side of the great balanced scale of demand and supply might go down for a time, and so the farmer became the loser; but watch and see if the scale does not quickly recover its balance, and the momentary loss become a final gain. Sometimes we can more easily estimate the tendency and force of mighty rivers by measuring and computing one of the countless little rivulets that make up its resistless force. So we may examine this question for a moment in detail.

Go with me for a walk. We will go through B—— street, as I wish to make a call there. You hesitate? You were through that street once and it was a dingy, loathsome place; the air was stifling with foul odors and the walks were covered with ragged children with meager forms and haggard, dirt-begrimed faces. Yes, but remember this was before prohibition was enforced; and then, those children were made in the same image as you and I, and all their lives they had known no better surroundings than those you would shun. But come, we must be going. Yes, this is B—— street. You did not recognize it? Well, it is changed. But you see these are the same houses, though the windows that were broken and dingy and curtained with old newspapers, are now clean and neatly curtained, and on the sills are beautiful potted plants, giving an air of freshness

and comfort. The yards that were the receptacles of garbage, old cans and broken bottles, have now little patches of flowers tastily planted. We will go in here. We are greeted by a middle aged woman with a pleasant face that bears the trace of care. She ushers us into the room, which still serves for kitchen, dining-room and parlor, and offers us a chair by the window, at the side of which is a stand for flowers. The room is neatly carpeted, and at the farther end is the table with clean covering, and loaded with a plentiful meal which is nearly prepared. All this gives me a feeling of gladness, as I remember the bare floor, the two broken chairs and old table, with a single loaf of hard bread which greeted my eyes the first time I entered this room.

"You will excuse me if I continue my work," says our hostess, "I expect John and the children soon, and I don't like to make them wait. Yes, John has had good health since he left off drink; and he has had his pay raised this month. A smart fellow is John, when he is himself. The children? They are at school. You used always to see them on the walk. Poor things! They had to fare as they could while I was out to work for their bread. I had no time to fix their clothes for school; but things are different now. John works all the time, while I care for the house and children and keep things tidy. We have plenty now, and a little laid by. We shall have a larger home sometime. Must you go? Well, call again. I am always glad to see you."

At the door we meet a group of merry children, their eyes full of laughter and their faces plump with a look of pleasant comfort; but, alas! their forms are still meagre and dwarfed, because, forsooth, the grain that should have been made into bread to nourish their little bodies in the years past was manufactured into poison,* and the money which should have given the children bread was passed over the bar in exchange for that which brought destruction of energy, intellect, ambition, hope, manhood. And was this the business which Christians (?) consented to and voted for? Christ took little children in his arms and blessed them; and did his followers then place this blighting curse upon them?

By the way, let us run into the grocer's a moment. He is a genial little man. "How do you do, Mr. S——. How is business now?"

"Good, Mr. K——; good; never was better. My trade has steadily increased since the new law came into effect; shall have to enlarge my place of business soon. I think of taking the large corner stand formerly occupied by Jones' saloon. Some people say that 'folks must eat anyway; but my experience shows me that where a man only earns six dollars per week, and spends half of it for drink, he don't buy but about half as many groceries as when he don't drink."

"Yes, that is so, I think. Well, good day, Mr. S——. I wish you well."

Now if you please let us make one more call, this time at the large manufacturing establishment of D——. & Co. Mr. D——. is in his office. "How do you do, Mr. K——. Glad to see you. Yes, our business is improving under the new law. We are turning out a better grade of work, and this helps our salesmen, you see, and greatly stimulates trade. Then, too, the average efficiency of our employees is much greater. They not only do better work, but more of it. This enables me to pay a higher scale of wages without reducing profit. Would you like to look through the shop?" We follow him and soon see the force of his statements, for among the large number of men employed we see none with bleared and swollen eyes, with faltering step, or uncertain trembling hand, but all go about their work with intelligence and precision; with a steady hand and clear brain.

Thus we have traced some of the little streams that would swell the great tide of prosperity reaching from shore to shore, which it seems must necessarily follow the banishment of the drink curse from our land. Of this the farmer must receive his full share because he feeds the world.

In a careful consideration of the facts hinted at thus far, we begin to see the great underlying truth of human intercourse; that each distinct avocation, each unit of the great mass of humanity is more or less dependent on every other trade, every other individual life. We may stand on the shore of the Pacific and cast a pebble into its waters, and as the shock of the moving water is communicated through every drop in the measureless bosom of ocean till it reaches the other shore, so is every throb of pain in the great ocean of humanity, and whether we are sensible of it or not, we suffer when others suffer, because it is God's law.

But you say all this is merely a fancy sketch. Do you think it is overdrawn? Let me give you a few figures and facts of history. In the state of Rhode Island during the years from

* Note.—I use the word poison advisedly as it was recently demonstrated through the scientific investigations of an eminent Boston physician that alcohol acts on the system simply and solely as a poison.

1886 to 1889 there was a prohibitory amendment to the Constitution? Because of the influence of a corrupt ring this was openly and wantonly violated, and at best only a feint was made at enforcement. Yet under these very unfavorable conditions, in a state hardly large enough for a county in some of the western states, there was during three years of prohibition an increase of five million dollars in saving's bank deposits. The greatest increase in any three years previous was five hundred thousand dollars, just ten times the amount of money saved by the masses under a nominal prohibition law. When we come to consider with this the added comforts enjoyed and the consequent increase of all honorable business, we begin to think that it may be a desirable state of things. It is estimated that one billion one hundred million dollars goes over the bar in the United States in one year. Of this enormous amount only a small percentage finds its way into the wage earners' hands; while the bulk goes to enrich men who are neither desirous nor capable of conducting an honest business; to whom the terms benevolence and philanthropy have little signification.

What a flood of prosperity would sweep over the nations if this amount could be invested in useful business or expended in developing the waste places in our beautiful country!

Thus far we have touched mainly on the economic side of this great question. There is a moral principle involved which should be of supreme importance in our consideration. Of this I may write at another time; also of its political aspect. I hope to hear from many on this subject. If any fallacy be discovered in my reasoning I shall be glad to be corrected.

G. H. GATES.

DOW CITY, Iowa, May, 1890.

Bro. J. A. Gunsolley, and Brothers and Sisters of the Correspondence Department:—Once more I enter your columns to explain myself somewhat. I notice that some of my brothers and sisters who have answered the argument which I presented, wrote as though they understood that to be my view of the subject. I took that position merely because I was of the opinion that there certainly was no Latter Day Saint who occupied that position; so I took the anti-prohibition side in order to bring out the opinion of others; and I have been agreeably surprised at the success of my experiment.

I notice in the March *Autumn Leaves* the subject of reading fiction sprung. As the writer stated, it is a subject which interests us all more or less. This is a wonderful age for reading fiction. Our Sunday-school and city libraries are flooded with fictitious writings. The Sunday-school libraries, especially, are almost wholly composed of this kind of reading. I have read a few of the books of our Union Sunday-school, and they are composed principally of a mixture of love and religion, more love than religion, however. Such books as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" are books from which we can glean some very valuable lessons.

In considering this subject, other things are to be taken into account besides the fitness of the reading matter. If we did not have enough solid reading matter to occupy our time, I think it would pay to read fiction of the higher class, rather than not read at all. But I think that Latter Day Saints have all they can do to read the church periodicals, Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and certain historical books with which we should make ourselves acquainted. Considering these things, I do not think it pays to read fiction.

VICTOR GUNSOLLEY.

DAYTON, Va., June, 1890.

Department of Correspondence:—I have just read the letter of H. B. Root in *Autumn Leaves* for June. I, too, can see the necessity of such a movement as is therein suggested. I have had some correspondence with Sister Walker concerning this matter, but have not yet been able to formulate a plan that would be successful. This I know, that there are many who would gladly read our church papers if they had them. Many good Saints are deprived of the privilege of reading the church papers because they are too poor to pay for them. Many children are growing up in ignorance of the latter day work—children of Saints too—that might be made useful men and women, if they had the proper instruction in growing up. They ought to have the *Hope* and *Autumn Leaves*. They must have them. I have noticed in my travels that there are hundreds of copies of the *Herald* and *Hope* that are read once, then cast aside, and either torn up by small children or thrown into the waste basket. This I have seen in many places. Not long ago I picked up a copy of the *Herald* that had been thus cast aside, and I found that it contained a copy of the revelation given at the last conference at Lamoni. I put it into my pocket, and in a short time met a sister who did not get to read

the *Herald*, and I gave it to her. It was highly appreciated too.

Now readers of the department, to the work. Think about this matter; write about it; pray about it. Let us devise some plan by which all that desire may read our papers. I will do all I can. I am traveling in the ministry continually, and of course have not the chance to help that some of you have, who have a permanent Post Office address. I can, and will aid in finding where such help is needed, and can furnish several names now, where the papers would be much appreciated.

Now who will come to the front and do something about this? Speak out, don't be afraid.

I await with anxiety further developments.

In bonds,

C. R. DUNCAN.

In reading the above letter we felt the influence of the good Spirit, confirming the belief that the matter is an important one, and that we should put forth an earnest effort for its accomplishment. Let us all make it the subject of sober reflection and earnest and faithful prayer, that the Master may move upon someone to devise the plan of operation.—ED.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Sister Sophia Reams of Sheridan, Iowa, says:

"Thus far I have been a reader of the *Autumn Leaves* since the first publication came out, and am well pleased with most of its contents; yet persons vary in their tastes as to the kind of stories they prefer. My choice is the life of some good man, and not in too many parts; for while I am reading, I like to finish my story. The word "continued" at the close of a story, always make me scowl.

"Those letters from Palestine are very interesting. I can not see how any family of Saints, where there are young people, can afford to do without the *Leaves*. . . .

"Feeling thankful for the privilege we have of exchanging our thoughts through the Department of Correspondence, let us each try to write something. We are most of us young, for it is a young people's magazine, and we are not expected to write as with an old head and a cultured brain. I should like to read a few lines from some young person I know."

W. R. Smith, of Tunnell Hill, Illinois says:

"I shall try to write a few lines to this department, for it is one that I heartily endorse. Dear readers, that is just what we need, an exchange of thoughts, that we may work them over and make them our own If we can not write much, let us write what we can; for by this means we may learn something that we never would have thought of without it. We must try to do what we can for ourselves and friends; and as this department is open to us, let us use it as best we can. . . .

"The State Board of Charities of Massachusetts, in their report of 1869, says that four-fifths of the crimes committed are traceable to this great vice [intemperance]. And Dr. Elisha Harris, after inspecting the prisons in New York, says that he has no doubt that eighty-five per cent of the crimes is traceable to this cause.

"C. H. Joice, of Vermont, in a speech in Congress, stated that three-fourths of all the crimes committed, and all the pauperism of this country and England can be charged directly to intoxicating drink as a beverage.

"An inspector of English prisons in his report says that four cases out of five of the crimes committed are caused by intoxicating liquors.

"We will quote one more statement, that is of President Joseph Smith in a lecture at Des Moines, Iowa, in 1887, that two-thirds of the crimes of St. Louis were traced to this same source.

"We will dwell no longer on crimes that have been committed by intoxicating liquors, and draw your attention to the fact that three-fourths of the cases of idiocy are caused by this great monster; that instead of building our nation up in intelligence by doing away with the liquor traffic, we are dragging it down into ignorance by keeping it amongst us. I will quote two authorities on this, which I deem will be sufficient:

"Dr. Parker, of New York City, states that three-fourths of the cases of idiocy of that city are caused by intoxicating liquors. And Dr. Howe says that three-fourths of the idiots of the United States are due to the same cause.

"Then, dear readers, if these statements be true, let us work together for all that is good, and against all that is wrong; and I am sure that when we do this we will work against the liquor traffic, and will try with our utmost endeavor to fling it from among us. When we do this I am sure that God will bless us in our efforts for all that is right."

Domestic Department.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

"Even from the body's purity, the mind receives a secret, sympathetic aid."

SUMMER HYGIENE.

DURING this heated period of the year, it behooves us to look well to our ways, and to the ways of our household, lest the dark shadow of sickness, or the dread shadow of death, fall upon our flock.

There is so much said by pen and press about sanitation and hygiene, that it seems there is little left to say. Perhaps there is nothing new, but truth is enduring, and bears being told over and over again, till all shall come to its knowledge, from the least to the greatest. Until that day dawns, let pen write and press print its truisms. Let earnest men and women write in its promulgation, and never "weary in well doing," for in due season the merited reward will come.

Before this time many have left their homes for the salt sweetness of the sea air, or the cool, freshness of the mountains. To the many that are left behind (and I believe by far the greater majority are) I would say, take in all the sweetness life can give. If there be some bitter with the sweet, ignore it as much as possible, or if it be possible, overcome it.

One of our Christian duties during this summer solstice is—I can hardly say to keep cool—but to keep as cool as we can.

In pent up city rooms this way seems almost impossible. Yet by using judgment and even limited means, a negative sort of coolness may be secured. To the house-keeper, early rising is not an unimportant factor in this pursuit. Not merely the fact that she rises early, but if by so doing the heating part of the work may be done in the cool of the morning, much is accomplished towards the comfort of the rest of the day. While the air is yet dewy and fresh, let doors and windows be thrown wide to let its soft coolness sweep through the house, cleansing every corner and cooling every cranny. Before the sun has gone far in his daily journey, all doors and windows on the sunny side of the dwelling should be closed, and the window blinds or curtains be drawn down. Shut the cool air in and the sultry, scorching sun out.

If one does their own cooking, an oil or gasoline stove is an important adjunct to the kitchen furniture. Yet even these do heat up to a considerable extent. If we must work over these, every means should be used to keep the fire burning for as little time as consistent with the amount of work to be done. Plan a little before hand, if you have not done so before, and you will be surprised at the result. If gems are to be baked for breakfast, a pudding may be made for dinner and a cake for tea, and all baked with the same fire, and with no more heat than would have been needed for the gems alone.

Now that we are talking of food, much may be said in regard to that.

A quarter per cent more of the discomfort of hot weather is caused by the food we eat, than many have ever thought. A breakfast of greasy potatoes, pork-steak and coffee, does very materially affect the comfort of the eater, but none can say it augments it. The afterwards of such a breakfast is certain discomfort in hot weather.

In our school days we may have been able to recite very glibly the lesson in physiology. We may have been able to tell all about the circulation of the blood, and nature's way for heating the body. We may have known that oxygen is a necessity of life and that carbon is an essential to heat, and yet do we make the knowledge of our school-days practical? Surely not when we close the windows of our sleeping rooms at night, shutting out God's pure air and oxygen we learned to be an essential element in keeping the blood pure. There has been for a good while a great hue and cry about the night air being injurious. I sometimes wonder, if God did not make the night air for the benefit of human kind, what did he make it for? Surely He would not make the atmosphere of this world a beneficence and a blessing through the day, and a poison at night! Our Creator is too good for that. I believe more of the impurity of the night air comes from the ignorance and uncleanliness of some members of the human family than it does from the Giver of good and perfect gifts.

Supposing the night air is malarious, what do we gain by shutting it out? In shutting out God's air, what do we shut in? This pertinent question should be taken home to ourselves and answered by each one for themselves, Still a thought on it may not be amiss. I have known of a family of six persons sleeping in two small

rooms opening into each other. The windows religiously (?) closed, lest the baby take cold! It is a wonder if that baby don't take something infinitely worse than a cold.

All night long those six persons lie there breathing the exhalations from each other's lungs, taking in impurity at every inhalation, till it would seem to the thoughtful mind that the air (if such a stagnant, putrid, polluted gas could be dignified by the title of air) in those rooms must be fully as poisonous and objectionable as any out-door air can well be. I believe more pulmonary diseases are caused by this habitual closing of sleeping room windows, than in any other way. The climate may be delightful, the out-door air soft and invigorating, but if we refuse to profit by it, who shall say we are guiltless? Night after night we breathe our own breath over and over, till all oxygen is exhausted and the atmosphere is heavy with carbonic acid gas, say nothing of the poisonous effluence from the body. It is said that four pounds of waste matter is excreted from our bodies during the night. Add this to the carbonic acid gas, and we have a sum whose amount is startling, and where is death? Are we criminals or not? Are we committing slow suicide, and is our Creator to blame for not giving us stronger constitutions? Is it infanticide that takes our little ones from us, or is it an inscrutable Providence? O, the little graves made through human ignorance and carelessness! O, the aching hearts and desolate homes caused not so much by our lack of knowledge, as by the lack of its prayerful practice. And God bears the blame of our misdoings. . . .

Then do breathe the air God gives for that purpose. It is the elixir of life and binds more to longevity than Ponce de Leon's fountain of youth. Indeed, I'm not so sure but the fountain so long sought, is like the Kingdom of God, very near to us, even within our very doors, if we will only let it in—a very comprehensive if. However essential "the wine of God's sunshine, the dew of His air" may be, there are other things to be considered if one would live a comfortable, healthy, happy life, during the summer solstice. And this will be considered in our next.

—Woman's Magazine.

PLEASANT PEOPLE.

Says Mr. Thackeray about that nice boy Clive Newcome, "I don't know that Clive was especially brilliant, but he was pleasant." Occasionally we meet people to whom it seems to come natural to be pleasant; such are as welcome wherever they are as flowers in May, and the most charming thing about them is that they help to make other people pleasant too.

The other morning we were in the midst of a three days' rain. The fire smoked, the dining room was chilly, and when we assembled for breakfast, papa looked rather grim, and mamma tired, for the baby had been restless all night. Polly was plainly inclined to restlessness, and Bridget was undeniably cross, when Jack came in with the breakfast rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his rubber coat and boots in the entry, and came in rosy and smiling.

"Here's the paper, sir," he said to his father with such a cheerful tone that his father's brow relaxed and he said, "Ah, Jack, thank you," quite pleasantly.

His mother looked up at him, smiling, and he just touched her cheek gently as he passed.

"The top of the morning to you, Pollywog," he said to his little sister, and delivered the rolls to Bridget with "Here you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go yourself this beautiful day?"

He gave the fire a poke and opened a damper. The smoke ceased, and presently the coals began to glow, and five minutes from the time Jack came in, we had gathered around the table and were eating our oatmeal as cheerily as possible.

This seems very simple in the telling, and Jack never knew he had done anything at all; but he had, in fact, changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room, and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people.

"He is always so," said his mother, when I spoke to her about it afterward, "Just so sunny and kind and ready all the time. I suppose there are more brilliant boys in the world than mine, but none with a kinder heart or sweeter temper. I am sure of that."

And I thought, why isn't it a disposition worth cultivating? Isn't it one's duty to be pleasant, just as well as to be honest, or truthful, or industrious, or generous?

And yet, while there are a good many honest, truthful, industrious and generous souls in the world, and people who are unselfish, too, after a fashion, a person who is habitually pleasant is rather a rarity.

But the beauty of it is, as I said before, that pleasantness is catching, and such people will find themselves in the midst of a world full of bright and happy people, where every one is as good natured and contented as they are.

—American Farm News.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

How to Cook Spinach.—Spinach is the best of all greens. It is called by the French the broom of the stomach because it will keep that organ in such excellent order. Spinach, like all other greens, should be thoroughly washed, then put to cook in slightly salted boiling water. Boil rapidly until quite tender. If left uncovered while boiling, it will retain its fresh green color. When done, place the spinach in a colander to drain, and while it remains there chop or cut until quite fine, unless, as some prefer, it is chopped before putting into the boiling water. When it is well drained, place it in a sauce pan with a lump of butter and a little salt, heat it up and serve It is a common idea that all greens should be cooked with meat. When cooked in this way, each leaf is covered with a film of grease and a much less wholesome dish is obtained.

The following dish is said to contain every element necessary for the support of the body—Take ¼ lb. macaroni; boil until soft; put it into a buttered dish, cut it into short pieces, then pour over it a sauce made as follows: One cup and a half boiling milk, one tablespoonful of butter, a heaping tablespoonful of flour, half teaspoonful of salt and pepper if desired; stir the butter and flour together until they bubble: stir in the salt and pepper, then add the milk gradually, after which pour over the macaroni. Sprinkle over the top one-half cupful grated cheese; over this sprinkle one cupful of cracker crumbs, to which add a little pepper. Bake until the crumbs are a light brown.

Cream Pie—Make a rich custard; if possible use cream, if not use rich milk and some cream with it; bake this in a puff paste; while it is baking whip a coffeecupful of thick sweet cream till it is as light as it can be, and when the pie is taken from the oven put the whipped cream on top.

Orange Float.—Take one quart of water, one cupful of sugar, the juice and pulp of two lemons, five sweet, juicy oranges, and four tablespoonfuls of corn starch. Put the water on to boil. Moisten the corn starch with a little cold water, stir it into the boiling water, and cook slowly for ten minutes, stirring constantly. Take from the fire, add the sugar, lemon juice and pulp. Cut the oranges into small pieces, remove the seeds, pour the boiling corn starch over them and stand away to cool. Serve cold with sugar and cream.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Mosquitoes—In the evening, burn sugar on coals, which may be held on a shovel, in the various rooms occupied, and you will be freed from annoyance by mosquitoes during the night. Or leave an uncorked vial of pennyroyal on the window-ledge, or on a table at the head of the bed, and mosquitoes will not trouble you

To Exterminate Fleas—Sprinkle chamomile flowers in the beds and fleas will leave.

To Remove Dandruff.—Into a quart bottle put a quarter of a pound of flour of sulphur, and fill the bottle with rain water. Let it stand for several hours, shaking occasionally. Strain off the clear liquid and wet the scalp with it every morning. In a few weeks every trace of dandruff will have been removed, and the hair become soft and glossy. Before using give the hair a good brushing with a bristle brush

Care of the Feet—Persons who are troubled with feet which at times emit an offensive odor, in spite of all known preventives, will be glad to learn of the following simple remedy which we have obtained from one of our eminent physicians. It is usually the case that those who are troubled in this way are subject to excessive perspiration No amount of bathing and washing remedies the evil complained of. The softening of the skin between the toes and leakage of the fluid lymph suggest an astringent application, but even a strong solution of sulphate of zinc will be absorbed, producing swelling and more or less distress, but oxide of zinc not only possesses the proper astringent property, but effectually arrests the discharge, disinfecting the parts, and effecting a complete cure of the offensive malady.—*Hall's Journal of Health*

Ingrowing Toe-Nails.—Some people suffer the utmost pain from ingrowing toe-nails. If the flesh has fully imbedded the edges of the nails, and the tissue has become hypertrophied about it, cutting and paring seem but to aggravate the matter. When this is the case drop a very little pure carbolic acid along the borders of the inflamed tissue, and let it soak down beneath the nail. The pain will cease as if by magic, and the irritated flesh will soon make a healthy clough. If now the nail be scraped or filed very thin in the center only, and from that back to its root, carefully leaving the edges alone, the growth will be directed towards the middle, and a complete cure will result.—*Journal of Health.*

BE CIVIL.

NOTHING can be more valuable to a young man or woman than civility, and it is the duty of every parent to inculcate it both by precept and example. No parent can afford, under any circumstances, to say an uncivil word to a child. The respect which perfect courtesy inspires is the only basis of that love which alone holds a child to obedience and clearly defined right-doing during the critical time of youth when the deterrent power of fear, which in childhood might be potent, is no longer effective.

In shop or counting room, office or home, it is not only an invaluable possession, which all may have and none can afford to be without, but it also brings that equipoise of personality which enables one to be always at the best. Inbred, springing from the heart a confirmed habit, civility endures; beauty perishes as time and change pass by her, but civility rises superior to both.

—Selected.

Editor's Corner.

CIRCUMSTANCES which we could not control compel an omission of an installment of our serial this issue. We wish, however, to call your attention to the circular enclosed and ask you to become our helpers in this work. Some fifty names have already reached us, together with earnest wishes that we may prove successful in our undertaking. With your assistance we can, without it we can not. Before you lay the circular down, please answer this one question, "Will you help us to place these books in circulation?" It will be necessary for you to act promptly, for if we do not receive sufficient encouragement soon, we shall turn our attention to other matters.

WE are pleased to learn from various sources that the LEAVES are still, as they have been heretofore, welcome visitors at many a fireside. In our next will be a continuation of "Notes from Jerusalem," and also extracts from an address recently made in London by Joseph Rabbinowitz.

WE give place in the "Corner" to a gem of thought, the more worthy of careful perusal, because of the source from whence it emanated:

NAPOLEON I. ON THE PERSON OF CHRIST.

A CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF HIS ALLEGED UTTERANCES.

Dr. Alexander Mair publishes in the *Expositor* a critical study of the authenticity of the declarations imputed to Napoleon when at St. Helena on the subject of the Christian religion. Dr. Mair thinks they are genuine, and believes that he has cleared up the difficulty about the differences between the French and the English versions of the conversation. He publishes a new translation, from which, as it will be new to most of my readers, I make the following extracts:

"One evening at St. Helena," says M. Beauterne, "the conversation was animated. The subject treated of was an exalted one; it was the divinity of Jesus Christ. Napoleon defended the truth of this doctrine with the arguments and eloquence of a man of genius, with something also of the native faith of the Corsican and the Italian. To the objections of one of the interlocutors, who seemed to see in the Savior but a sage, an illustrious philosopher, a great man, the Emperor replied:—

"'I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man.

"'Superficial minds may see some resemblance between Christ and the founder of empires, the conquerors, and the gods of other religions. That resemblance does not exist.

"'I see in Lycurgus, Numa, Confucius, and Mahomet merely legislators; but nothing which reveals the Deity. On the contrary, I see numerous relations between them and myself. I make out resemblances, weaknesses, and common errors which assimilate them to myself and humanity. Their faculties are those which I possess. But it is different with Christ. Everything about Him astonishes me; His spirit surprises me, and His will confounds me. Between Him and anything of this world there is no possible term of comparison. He is really a Being apart.

"'The nearer I approach Him and the more closely I examine Him, the more everything seems above me; everything continues great with a greatness that crushes me.

"'His religion is a secret belonging to Himself alone, and proceeds from an intelligence which assuredly is not the intelligence of man. There is in Him a profound originality which creates a series of sayings and maxims hitherto unknown.

"'Christ expects everything from His death. Is that the invention of a man? On the contrary, it is a strange course of procedure, a superhuman confidence, an inexplicable reality. In every other existence than that of Christ, what imperfections, what changes! I defy you to cite any existence, other than that of Christ, exempt from the least vacillation, free from all such blemishes and changes. From the first day to the last He is the same, always the same, majestic and simple, infinitely severe, and infinitely gentle.

"'How the horizon of His empire extends, and prolongs itself into infinitude! Christ reigns beyond life and beyond death. The past and the future are alike to Him; the kingdom of the truth has, and in effect can have, no other limit than the false. Jesus has taken possession of the human race; He has made of it

a single nationality, the nationality of upright men, whom He calls to a perfect life.

"'The existence of Christ from beginning to end is a tissue entirely mysterious, I admit; but that mystery meets difficulties which are in all existences. Reject it, the world is an enigma; accept it, and we have an admirable solution of the history of man.

"'Christ speaks, and henceforth generations belong to Him by bonds more close, more intimate than those of blood, by a union more sacred, more imperious than any other union beside. He kindles the flame of a love which kills out the love of self, and prevails over every other love. Without contradiction, the greatest miracle of Christ is the reign of love. All who believe sincerely in Him feel His love, wonderful, supernatural, supreme. It is a phenomenon inexplicable, impossible to reason and the power of man; a sacred fire given to the earth by this new Prometheus, of which time, the great destroyer, can neither exhaust the force nor terminate the duration. This is what I wonder at most of all, for I often think about it; and it is that which absolutely proves to me the divinity of Christ.'

"Here the voice of the Emperor assumed a peculiar accent of ironical melancholy and of profound sadness: 'Yes, our existence has shone with all the splendor of the crown and sovereignty; and yours, Montholon, Bertrand, reflected that splendor, as the dome of the Invalides, gilded by us, reflects the rays of the sun. But reverses have come, the gold is effaced little by little. The rain of misfortunes and outrages with which we are deluged every day carries away the last particles. We are only lead, gentlemen, and soon we shall be but dust. Such is the destiny of great men; such is the near destiny of the great Napoleon.

"'What an abyss between my profound misery and the eternal reign of Christ, proclaimed, worshiped, beloved, adored, living throughout the whole universe! Is that to die? Is it not rather to live?"

—The Review of Reviews.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

BY ISABEL WILDER.

O, Lord, thou hast commanded all
Thy people here, both great and small,
To search the Scriptures earnestly,
For they do testify of Thee.
Yes, if we seek, we'll surely find
An open door for all mankind
To enter, and Christ's presence share.
This door is found by fervent prayer,
And he who does this message bring,
Was sent by Christ, our heavenly King.

Go kneel in prayer at close of day,
Ask God to show the narrow way;
Seek Him with heart and mind and might,
And He will show thy way aright.
Pray with that faith that God will own,
That faith delivered by his Son;
Then, ask the Father, for we're told
He'll answer prayer now, as of old.
Oh! seek Him in thy day of youth,
And He will fill thy heart with truth.

My soul delights to ever be
In sweet communion, Lord, with Thee.
I know that trials I must bear,
If I, at last, a crown would wear.
Oh, teach me, Lord, to bear with grace,
Temptations here, and win the race.
And then, at last, when crowns are given,
I may receive one, there in heaven,
And be with loved ones gone before,
And dwell with Thee for evermore.

PANAMA, Iowa.

LOVING WORDS.

Loving words will cost but little,
Journeying up the hill of life;
But they make the weak and weary
Stronger, braver for the strife.
Do not count them only trifles!
What to earth are sun and rain?
Never was a kind word wasted,
Never one was said in vain.

When the cares of life are many,
And its burdens heavy grow,
For the ones who walk beside you,
If you love them tell them so.
What you count of little value.
Has an almost magic power,
And beneath their cheering sunshine,
Hearts will blossom like a flower.—Sel

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

From an old English parsonage
Down by the sea,
There comes in the twilight
A message to me;
Its quaint Saxon legend
Deeply engraven,
Hath, as it seems to me,
Teaching for heaven;
And on through the hours
The quiet words ring,
Like a low inspiration—
"Doe the nexte thynge."

—Unknown.

A CHAPTER ON FRAMING.

Do you know how pleasing and restful is a landscape in oil, framed in a wide, perfectly flat frame of dark stained chestnut? If not, just try it on the next painting you have framed, then hang it on one of your walls, which is covered with dark warm paper, and see how delightfully the color of the wood will blend in with the picture and the wall, and what a relief it will be, after the Kiralfy like glitter of the tinseled boxes, in which we have been wont to entomb our choicest paintings.

You have a lovely water color, a bit of beach, and beyond, a stretch of sea as blue as the sky above it Don't swamp the dainty thing in a wide staring white margin; try instead a mat of the prevailing tone of the picture, the blue, which comes in exactly the right shade, in the dull-finish ingrain wall paper; then outside this put a narrow frame of dull-finish ebony, and see if the effect does not please you.

Perhaps you are framing a flower study of gorgeous coloring. Get some silk of the most emphatic color in the study, lay it in folds for a mat: this gives a bit of perspective, then outside your silk place a frame of wood, roughened with the chisel and colored in dark bronze.

A famous French etcher frames all his etchings in dark blue mats, with narrow black frames. The effect of the cream color Japan paper on which the etchings are printed, the blue of the mat, and the black line of frame is very pleasing.

Avoid for etchings or anything else dead white mats: use soft greys, or, better still, deep cream shades. Photographs will stand stronger colors for mats, and charming effects may be gained by using mats of the ingrain paper in soft greens, old blue, terra cotta or yellow, always with a narrow, rather than wide frame of cherry, oak, or ebony

Frame your pictures with their hanging place in mind, with a view to harmony with the walls on which they are to hang, and the drapery and upholstery about them. Don't introduce too many colors into your frames. A good rule to follow in framing colored pictures, is to use a shade of the pronounced color in the picture as the prevailing color in your mat and frame. If you want perspective, gain it by shading on a flat frame, not by sinking the picture into a box that stands out from the wall like a mass of gilded stucco.

Surely the picture is the feature, and the frame should be only accessory.

Simplicity of effect seems a most desirable quality in picture-framing. Use expensive materials if you will, though you will find that the pleasant result depends more upon the coloring than upon the other qualities of the material used. Combinations of metal effects are sometimes very happy; for instance, a frame for a marine subject may be made of chestnut, silvered, showing the grain, and then dusted over with pale green bronze; the effect is exactly that of the sea-green water with the shimmer of the light upon it.

Again, a high-colored sunset, in a similar framing, of chestnut gilded and washed over with a rose color, deepening into red at the outer edge, is beautiful; it extends the coloring and interest of the picture, without attracting attention to the frame

Some of the most commonplace materials may be worked into framing. A coarse sponge paper made originally to put under carpets is extremely pretty for mats. Another paper which came into existence as a packing for bottles may serve a more æsthetic purpose, by being treated with gold or bronze, and used for covering a frame for some pretty figure etching.

You can have a pine frame made of the desired size, and of thin wood, by your carpenter; then get some of the matting that comes around tea boxes, stretch it over your frame, wet it to flatten it, then tack neatly in place; when dry, you can paint the matting with metal paint, or in plain color of dark warm red or a dull green. Have a glass fitted, and you will find that you have an extremely pretty frame.

You can get up a variety of pretty effects, with similar pine foundations, covering the wood with folds of silk, or cretonne, or with some of the Chinese chintz, which is very effective and costs very little.

Wonderfully pretty framing for small etchings and photographs may be easily made. Get some of the ingrain paper, in colors to suit the intended surroundings, cut it into mats, have glass cut to the same size, put in your picture, add a card-board back, and bind the whole with paper of the color of the mat or of a darker shade. If you are clever with your brush, you can make these little pictures even prettier, by a bit of decoration on the mat, a tiny marine in the corner, a conventional flower design, or any drawing suggestive of the picture itself.

One word about the hanging of pictures after they are well framed. Flat frames should be hung flat against the wall; in fact most pictures look infinitely better hung flat, than they do tipped forward as if they were about to fall upon one.

Avoid wires, and hang your pictures by pretty cords, or tiny chains, using two picture hooks instead of one, making your cord go straight up to the moulding, keeping to the lines of the room, and not making unpleasant angles with the corners, and, paradoxical as it may seem, above all things hang your pictures low.—*Home Maker*.

PANSY EDGING.

Make a long chain, quite a half yard longer than the flannel skirt, sacque or article you intend to sew this edge on. At end, turn and crochet a double crochet, stitch in the 4th loop of chain, then five more d. c. in each succeeding loop of chain, and now

you have six d. c. stitches on your chain. So far, so good. Now make a chain of nine, turn and with only a half crochet stitch, put in 4th link of chain, now make a chain of three, and (being particular to keep your long chain underneath, that is, keep your thumb of left hand on top of the long chain) crochet this chain of 3 with a half stitch into the ring you have made at first. Now 3 more chain and catch with half stitch into first ring, and again the third time 3 more chains, and catch with half stitch into the ring, now you have three new circles, into which you are to crochet ten stitches, the first and last ones to be half stitches; but the middle eight are double crochet stitches; this makes the three petals of pansy. At the second pansy you crochet, you must join it to the first one at the 5th stitch of first petal, to 2d of preceding one, and so on to the end of pansies.

But now you have made the three petals complete, you are to do what I call climb up the back chain, by crocheting six half stitches, catching the last one of the six in the third stitch of the last petal you did before "climbing," and now you are ready to crochet, as at first, six double stitches along original lengthy chain, and then start in to make another pansy.

FUN WITH PEANUTS.

A bag of peanuts, some wooden toothpicks, a box of pins and a sharp knife, two or three tiny Chinese parasols, and pen and ink for marking the faces, are all the materials necessary These, with a little ingenuity, will make a great variety of peanut people and almost every kind of animal. A little care and taste in selecting the peanuts will soon show what great adaptability there is in them.

A thick, fat nut, with very little curve near one end, will, with the aid of toothpicks for the legs and pins for the arms, make the "froggy who would a-wooing go." Bits of soft dough or putty stuck on to the ends of the toothpicks will, if held in one position long enough—that is until it stiffens—make the feet solid and the queer little creature able to stand alone. Plaster of Paris will do even better if it is to be had, as it hardens quickly and will hold the doll firmly in place on the cardboard or thin board used for a foundation.

The pugilists are made in the same way. It is better to fasten them securely to the foundation before putting on the knobs of dough which answer for a set of boxing gloves, as these are rather heavy and the people are apt to topple over if they are fastened on first.

A long, slim peanut should be selected for "my lady" who goes abroad under the shelter of a gaudy Chinese sunshade. A three-cornered colored bit of paper, stiff enough to hold its shape, may be used for a bonnet by fastening to the head with a bit of glue or paste, while the parasol is held in place by tiny threads, and glue if needed. A little experience will show how to manage.

Select the largest and fattest peanut for a boat; cut off about one-third, and fasten securely to the foundation before placing the occupants. Another sunshade, a bit of blue cloth for a pennant, toothpicks for oars, and you have a very amusing toy.

The "little pig who went to market" is easily arranged, as is Little Red Riding Hood or any other character which chances to please the little ones. One or two trials will show the possibilities of these common materials and will prove most entertaining and amusing.

PRESERVING NATURAL FLOWERS.

Two ways are followed for this purpose. For single, frail flowers, place them in a deep pasteboard box, face down, and carefully pour over them fine silver or seaside sand; the stems must be kept upright. Fill the box with as many layers as it will contain, taking care that the flowers do not touch each other; place the cover on the box and set away in a dark place. They will dry and preserve their color beautifully, and can afterwards be wired and arranged in bouquets, to be placed under a glass globe or framed in a deep frame. Success depends upon great care They should be picked when they are dry Pansies preserve very nicely in this way.

Another way, which makes them look like wax flowers, is to dip them in melted spermaceti, being careful that it covers the whole flower. Thick-leaved flowers, like the tuberose, do very nicely with the preparation. With colored flowers, the color shows through in a faint tint, which is very pretty.

THE WEEDS AND THE FLOWERS.

I wish I had a garden all my own
Of rare, sweet flowers, and where the vine has grown
To cheer the passer-by, and bless me, too,
With occupation and with health's bright hue.
No land have I but this small patch of weeds,
A door-yard, such as every housewife needs;
A garden, such as would fain enjoy,
Is mine in dreams alone, not for employ.

Reflecting thus, I snatched a weed, in haste,
And said, O, why this strip of ground be waste?
I'll set them from a box, now full of roots,
The red Petunia, then new little shoots
Will spreading grow, and here, at my back door,
I'll have a dozen blossoms, if no more.

'Twas strange how many straggling weeds I found,
All growing strong and covering the ground.
And as I pulled the weeds and placed with care
The plants I loved, and left them smiling there,
These lines came in my mind as quick as thought.
I give them here, and you may read or not;
I like them, for to me they're strictly true,
And bid me take of life a fairer view;
They teach me that we might have brighter hours,
And see life's weeds supplanted by flowers.

—Vick's Magazine.

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. III. LAMONI, IOWA, AUGUST, 1890. No. 8.

THE CHRIST IN AMERICA.

BY W. C. C.

DID Jesus visit America? This question to a Saint would seem to involve an element of skepticism. Such is not the intention of the writer. My object is two-fold. First, to discover from a rationalistic standpoint fresh evidence of a fact admitted by all members of the church, but, so far, only attempted to be proved by its standard works; my second object is to awaken in the minds of the searcher after knowledge a new avenue of research, that by development and extension may possibly reveal vast hidden mines of collateral testimony to the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon. These possible mines may be best entitled here, The Myths and Legends of the Aboriginal Americans.

Before entering particularly into our subject, let us take a brief general survey of the field in which lies our special topic. It is imperatively necessary in the study of legendary lore to have an approximate knowledge of the composition and character of the people among whom they are current.

The aborigines of America may be divided into four classes. First—The lake dwellers of Titicaca and the adjacent territories; the temple builders of Central America, Yucatan and Mexico, and the mound builders of the Mississippi valley. Second—the Inca civilization of Peru as it existed at the time of the conquest. Third—the Aztec civilization of Mexico and Central America. Fourth—the North American Indians. If anything like a correct history of native American nations shall ever be written, I think it will be found that some such a division as we have made here will be demanded. I know this classification will upset many of the theories heretofore held by those who have investigated the subject, but that can not be helped. If my conclusions are incorrect, as shall be demonstrated by future events, none will be more ready to retract and start afresh than I. But I trust that time and extraneous evidence will show that all the facts, whether written or monumental, tend to prove that the first settlement of this continent was at or near the northern extremity of South America; that from thence a homogeneous civilization radiated into all the surrounding countries, including Peru, Central America and Mexico, and extending into what is now the United States of America, building to a greater or lesser degree like temples and monuments, and having a similar language and literature; and that this primitive civilization was nearly if not entirely blotted out at the time of the discovery and settlement of America by Europeans, leaving ruins and monuments, many of them unknown to, and all of them unexplainable by the then inhabitants of the country. Do not understand me as saying that there was no race relationship existing between these four subdivisions. Such relationship may have existed, and probably did exist, but it was so remote that all knowledge of each other was nearly if not completely obliterated, and each designated civilization was as separate and distinct as though it had sprung from an altogether different primitive origin.

For instance, the Book of Mormon says that Jesus visited America. I shall undertake in this paper to show from the imperfect notes which I have made from time to time in my study of the Aztec

nation, that there is very strong evidence in the traditions and legends of that people to prove not only such a Messianic visit, but that neither the Aztecs themselves, nor their ancestors near or remote had personal knowledge of it, but had preserved a history of the event only by the adoption of the myths of the previous inhabitants of the country; thus going to illustrate the idea that I wish to make plain here, that the Aztec civilization was entirely separated from that of the people inhabiting the land of Mexico and Central America at the time of Christ's ministry here.

A word now with reference to the so-called Aztec nation. The Aztec civilization dates from about B. C. 800. The chronologies of that period are so imperfect and contradictory that it is impossible to fix the exact date or even approximate to it with anything like certainty; but we can come near enough to warrant us in concluding that it began not earlier than the date given, and may have been a century or so later. But the first settlement was not made by the Aztecs, but by an allied nation called the Toltecs, who after a brief supremacy were succeeded by another related people, known as the Chichimecs. This nation was in turn succeeded about the beginning of the twelfth century by the Aztecs. There were other small tribes possessing at times more or less power and influence, and occupying distinct neighboring territories that are referred to by writers sometimes in such a way as to often confuse and mislead the reader, but when properly understood as compared with the nations I have named, they were not of sufficient importance to interfere materially with the statement that these three successive dynasties comprised in the main all that was of paramount interest to the student of Mexican aboriginal history during this period.

It has been generally supposed that the Aztecs were the natural descendants of the ancient inhabitants of Mexico and Central America. This is a mistake. All the evidences of this old civilization goes to show that it advanced from the south, and thence disappeared in a northerly or north-easterly direction, not all, however, accompanied them in their exodus. How many remained is uncertain; not considerable, however, either in point of numbers or intelligence, as but few were found by the Toltecs on their arrival, and those few were so deficient in mental development as to be unable to give any definite account of themselves or to intelligibly interpret the hieroglyphical inscriptions found on the monuments left by their progenitors. It is now almost a settled fact that the Toltecs, the Chichimecs and the Aztecs all came from some land to the north-west of the city of Mexico. This fact has puzzled antiquarians more than any other problem relating to the ancient people of America. Scores of theories have been advanced with reference to their origin in view of this fact, and yet we appear to be as much in the dark as when they were first discovered by Cortez and his companions. For my own part, I think that they were descendants of those Hagothites who went north and were never heard of more, as recorded in Book of Mormon, page 378, verses 3 and 4. It seems to me altogether probable that they sailed along the shore until they entered the Gulf of California; thence up that gulf to its head, where of necessity they must come to a halt, and there founded a community, spreading out eventually over Southern California, Arizona, New Mexico and Northern Mexico, and that the extensive and curious ruins in that region of country that have puzzled so many travelers and archæologists, were the works of their hands. In like manner the Peruvian civilization of the Incas, after hundreds of years of a kind of Abrahamic isolation from the parent stock, and under the leadership probably of some such a man as Moses or Samuel of the old world, or Nephi or Alma in the new, influenced also more or less by climatic and other natural surroundings, developed a people that, at first glance, would seem to be altogether distinct and separate from the surrounding tribes, whereas they were all of one common stock, and differed only in the character and extent of their development.

To my mind the grand central idea set forth in the Book of Mormon is the belief in Christ, and, of course, the plan of salvation. From Lehi down to the latest prophecy in the book, that seems to have been the great hope of the faithful. Now with that idea made so prominent in the history, why is it that there is an almost

utter absence of any mention of such a character as generally understood in the traditions and myths of the people with whom the first discoverers came in contact in the settlement of America? It is noteworthy that the Catholics were constantly on the alert to discover evidences of Christianity having at sometime been taught here. Their failure to make application of any of the myths that might have related to the personality of Jesus can be accounted for from their imperfect understanding of the Bible prophecies and promises with reference to His visit to this continent. So when they discovered a cross and other symbols that, to a devout Christian would have at once aroused speculation as to their origin, and when afterward they found the ordinance of baptism being administered, and learned of the belief of the natives in the doctrine of the resurrection from the dead, instead of seeing in these an evidence of a personal Messianic ministry here, they at once jumped to the conclusion that such Christian instruction as had been given here, instead of being by the Divine Head of the church, must have been by His disciples, and it was claimed that James the apostle was the principal missionary responsible for this work. However, no matter how imperfect their knowledge of what they saw, or how rude their application of these observations, it is noteworthy and should constantly be borne in mind by the Latter Day Saint that these early settlers saw enough to convince them beyond a doubt that Christianity had been taught here. They could not understand the several stages of civilization which they saw, nor the great difference that separated the various tribes; nor why, while most of the antiquarian evidences seemed to indicate in an unmistakable manner that the principal migration into the country came from the south, yet that the great ruling dynasty belonged to a people coming from an opposite direction. They could not understand the wonderful, almost child-like faith and reverence shown by the people irrespective of age or rank for their principal deity. God alone could give the key that would unlock these and many other mysteries. We shall see how that key is doing its work as time passes and the due time of the Lord arrives for Him to accomplish his purposes.

To a Latter Day Saint it would seem to be unaccountable, if Jesus did make his personal appearance here, why the inhabitants had no recollection as shown by their traditions of Him or his work, especially when this query is supported by the fact of the wonderful natural phenomena preceding and attending His advent, the manner of His appearing and the marvelous powers displayed by Him while on this continent. It would seem that these things would so indelibly impress themselves on the minds of the people as to render a recollection of them ineffaceable from the memory of all future generations. And yet we have been taught that because no such recollection exists, therefore the claims made for His appearance here must be a fable.

But when we come to the Book of Mormon, and see that those to whom Jesus ministered on this continent journeyed into the north country and those to whom the oracles of God were committed and in whose hands were the sacred and secular histories of their progenitors were totally destroyed, and that, if any were left in the land where the Christ originally ministered, they must of necessity have been of an unlearned and inferior order, we can readily see why no memory of Him had survived his disappearance. And when we are now informed by the traditions of those who inhabited this land when it was discovered and settled by Europeans, that instead of their being descendants of that ancient people they were an outgrowth of an entirely different lineage, and that whatever knowledge they may have possessed of such old inhabitants they must have received from the rude traditions of the inferior and unlettered remnants left behind by the southern nation in its northern exodus—we can see additional grounds for a reasonable solution of the vexed question. The Nephite exodus occurred in A. D. 400. (See B. of M. 324: 2.) So four hundred years or more had elapsed from the time of their exodus and the appearance of the Toltecs, the bearers of the first so-called Aztec civilization, a longer period than has yet elapsed from the discovery of America by Columbus to the present. When we consider the wonderful changes that have taken place in our own civilization in that space of time we can more readily understand some that may

have transpired in the history of the Nephite remnants, and be prepared to accept as at least reasonable the conclusion, that with this inferior race, much, if not most of the events of the period of their history preceding the exodus had either been very much modified in their myths and traditions or altogether lost and forgotten.

But it is evident that the great event in that history had not been forgotten. The miraculous appearance of the crucified Redeemer, His short but successful ministry, His equally sudden and mysterious disappearance, and the prophecies and promises with reference to His second coming are all, to my mind, clearly traceable in their myths and legends. What the name by which he was originally known may have been, we have at present no means of knowing. Quetzalcoatl, the name given him by the Toltecs, was a compound one, signifying child of the sun. This designation alone at once suggests some interesting speculations as to their reasons for applying it to Him.

First: The Aztecs were sun-worshipers. That is, they recognized a great ruling spirit in the universe which, by its very nature was the source of all power and wisdom, the great creative, sustaining and controlling agency in nature. Primarily they were not idolaters, but from time immemorial, they had symbolized that Great Spirit in the sun as the most perfect embodiment of the qualities of the Deity as they understood them. Now, hearing of this new God of whom they had not previously heard anything, what more natural than for them, instead of permitting him to supercede their own time-honored deity, to make him the second in order of rank, or child of the sun.

Second: It is a historical fact that the Aztecs named one of the soldiers that accompanied Cortez Touatiah, "the child of the sun" from his fair, ruddy complexion. Their traditions said that Quetzalcoatl was white with light hair and beard, a remarkable contrast to their own dark skin and black hair.

Third: But to my mind the most reasonable hypothesis by which to account for the name, is that the ancient people spoke of him as the Son of God, one of the titles under which he had introduced himself to them. The Aztecs making the best application of this idea possible to them, in view of their imperfect knowledge of him and his character, simply adopted him into their own religious system as the "Son of the Sun," or "Child of the Sun," which would be equivalent to the Son of God.

Latrobe in his short sketch of travels in Mexico, says Quetzalcoatl was referred to by the ancient inhabitants of the land as "born of a virgin." Where else but from an actual contact with Jesus could they have been likely to have obtained that idea. Other nations, it is true, have similar legends with reference to their national deities, but it is now generally accepted as true that their legends were more than likely adopted into their religions after and by reason of a knowledge of either the prophetic or historical account of the Christian Messiah. But here was a nation, having a detached existence for hundreds of years prior to European occupation from all other nations existing on the face of the earth, and yet adopting into their national religion one of the most unreasonable tenets, one that has been the most hotly contested by skeptics, and one that would be among the last to suggest itself to the average human mind that can be conceived of. Latrobe also says he was known as "at once king, priest and law-giver," and as "a precious stone of suffering and sacrifice."

So fully and perfectly do these quotations coincide with like references to him in both the prophecies of the Old and the history of the New Testament accounts that did we not know to the contrary, we might suspect that they had been borrowed from them. But on the contrary they had for years been among the traditions of the ancient people, and since the advent of the Aztecs had been among its written histories, so that no possible reason can be adduced for causing us to think that they had been grafted into their religious myths as a result of their knowledge of and instruction in the faith of the conquering nations.

Prescott, volume 3, page 35, says he was personified by the lands under the gulf. Two reasons might be assigned for this. First: Their traditions stated that he came from the east, and when he disappeared he went in that direction. The Aztecs, like the Jews, not knowing of

any other land than their own, might very readily have concluded that he was an inhabitant of the sea, or more properly, the lands underneath it. Second: The Book of Mormon gives an account of a great cataclysm, occurring at the time of the death and resurrection of our Lord, by which a large scope of country was swallowed up by the sea. The Mexicans in the imperfect state of their knowledge concerning the Son of God, to my mind, confounded the traditions with reference to his coming and the convulsions attending his final ascent, and so they impersonated him.

Again; the walls of the temples dedicated to his worship were embellished with figures of serpents. This could not have been the result of teachings derived from a contact with other believers in him, and it may well puzzle many to see anything in this circumstance tending to prove his Messianic character. But when we come to study more closely into the legends and symbols of the ancient inhabitants, we can see what I conceive to be a very good reason for causing us to think that these characters were emblematical of the Christ.

Orton especially says that the serpent among the aborigines was the badge of the apothecary art. We know that the North American Indians have a peculiar liking for the use of representations of this reptile in the incantations attending the ceremonies for the cure of disease. This being the case, what more natural than for the Aztecs to conclude from the accounts they get of his own claims of being the Great Physician, as well as the traditions of the miracles and wondrous works, performed by him, that he must indeed have been a very great medicine man, and make the places set apart for his worship the house of The Great Physician?

But one of the most significant facts concerning this remarkable personage was that, though he came suddenly and mysteriously and established his claim to the reverence and veneration of all future ages by such marvelous manifestations of wisdom and power, he nevertheless is said to have stayed but a short time and disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as he came. But unlike any other great character in their history, he told them that he had not permanently abdicated in dominion, but, on the contrary, he would come again to assume his sovereign rights, and would forever remain with them. So forcibly did he impress this thought upon them that there does not appear to have been a time subsequent to his disappearance, when the ruling dynasty did not quake at the mention of his coming, keeping themselves in readiness meantime to surrender up to him his government, should he appear. This can but refer to the second coming of Christ in a slightly modified form, and coincides perfectly with the Book of Mormon account he himself gave of that great event. The modifications, be it always remembered, being accounted for in this instance, as in nearly all others, by the fact of the Aztecs not being the legitimate successors of the nations to whom he ministered. It has puzzled many students to account for the effeminacy and lack of energy displayed by the hitherto powerful and warlike Montezuma, when with his countless and disciplined soldiery, he was confronted by a few hundred Spaniards under Cortez, and, instead of resisting, meekly marched at the heels of the invader like a trained dog, from his own well defended palace to the enemy's stronghold, and voluntarily submitted himself to an imprisonment that ended only with his death. Montezuma was a priest before he was a king, and hence was of necessity educated in all the learning of his day. He was probably the best informed man in his realms in the legendary lore of his people. It is certain he was thoroughly acquainted with all the myths and traditions with reference to Quetzalcoatl, and, from the most authentic sources we are fully warranted in the conclusion that his otherwise unaccountable act of submission was because of his firm faith in the theory that Cortez was the long looked for returning Lord.

Thus I have given in brief the few points that have occurred to me as being most prominent in proof of the Messianic character of Quetzalcoatl. The works that have reached us, that give any idea of his history, are full of suggestions of the extreme fruitfulness of the original histories of these old nations on this interesting subject, and a more careful study of that original source may settle the question beyond controversy.

In hopes that some more searching effort may be made than has been possible for me under my circumscribed condition, I leave the subject for the present.

June 28th.

A BROKEN HEART.

Sunlight and shadow over hill and lea,
An eminence by a stately mansion crowned:
A fountain flowing joyously and free,
And monarchs of the forest standing round.
Nature and art their forces had combined
To satisfy the ever longing mind.

Down in the dell beside an emerald spring,
Whose bubbling waters laughed aloud in glee,
As overflowing free and unrestrained
They danced along toward the northern sea,
Two forms reclined beneath a maple's shade—
Two lovely forms, matron and blooming maid.

"How sweet is life, how fraught with every good;
The very air is filled with joy and mirth.
I do not see the wrongs of which we hear,
Nor understand how evil here has birth."
So spake the maid in her exultant health
And happiness,—bright heritage of wealth.

"Ah! so it seemed to me, when eighteen years
Had left their record in my book of life;
But eighteen more merged me in grief and pain,
And left me vanquished on the field of strife.
This life at best mingles the joy and pain;
But as we sow we'll surely reap again"

"Tell me, I pray, if I may be so bold,
The story of thy life. I've wondered oft
Why hair like this bright tress of fine spun gold
You gave me once—so pliable and soft—
Should rival now the whiteness of the snow;
But if 'twill grieve thee, I my wish forego."

The elder sat in silence for awhile,
Gazing into illimitable space.
And shades of pain and bitter grief meanwhile
Flitted across her sad but lovely face
That bore such contrast to her snow white hair;
She must in youth have been most wondrous fair.

"I crave your pardon," sad and low she spake,
As one who stands beside a new made grave,
And finds himself quite suddenly awake
To loss of all that happiness e'er gave.
O, graves of buried hopes, the saddest graves
That tears bedew, or sorrow's hand e'er laves!

"If I comply with your expressed desire,
'Tis but to guard you from so sad a fate;
To teach your youthful feet to shun with care
The pitfall I saw not until too late.
Forgive me if I wince and writhe in pain,
In laying bare some hidden wounds again.

"Just at your age I linked my life with one
Who seemed the fairest of earth's noblemen.
Men did him honor, and fair woman's smiles
Paid tribute to his seeming greatness, then.
I took the gift, in all my haughty pride,
As though my due, nor could have been denied.

"Ah! life's ethereal sky was cloudless then;
Her sun so bright,—surely it would not set;
And all along my pathway—flowers rare;
Their flagrance lingers round me even yet.
The picture was too bright for mortal eyes,
For this is earth, alas! not Paradise.

"All might have ended well, had it not been
For lurking foe concealed with subtlest grace
Within the winecup's most bewitching glow.
That has the power all goodness to deface.
And change the noblest handiwork of God.
To the most craven, scourged by tyrant's rod.

"For a long time this weakness he concealed:
Nor dreamed I of such dark abyss of woe.
But faults of mine, perhaps, standing revealed.
Made him dread less, faults of his own to show.
At last the truth o'erwhelmed me like a flood:
The bitter truth that froze my very blood.

"About that time there flew into our nest
A precious birdling from the world of light.
It nestled sweetly, warmly in my heart—
Ah! never mother knew such wild delight.
And in my joy I cried all will be well;
This gift will save him from a drunkard's hell.

"And for a time I felt I almost knew,
(Hope is so strong within the human breast)
The prophecy I longed for would come true.
And in that comfort found a welcome rest.
Alas! no earth power can such boon restore:
A manhood lost seems lost forevermore.

"On, on we went from honor to disgrace,
From affluence to bitter craving need,
Till every friend seemed glad to hide his face—

Ah! that's a wound that makes the sore heart bleed.
All earthly friendship seems, alas, to end
When most we stand in need of earthly friend.

"Our little boy grew on as best he could
With lack of childish joy, and scanty fare.
His face, so sweet and gentle, bore the marks
Of deepest sorrow and corroding care.
For ten long years I taught him what I could;
He bore such loads as childhood never should.

"For a long time our efforts had, combined,
To keep the wolf from entering our door.
I baked such things as I had thought would sell;
From day to day he took our little store,
And sold it out on each incoming train,
And thus replenished our scant board again.

"One bitter night, that stands forever out,
Emblazoned on my memory's darkest page;
When hosts of hell their efforts had combined
With might their fallen victim to outrage.
The father wakened from a drunken sleep
With cries of woe that even made me weep.

"'Rum! rum! more rum, I tell you; do you hear?
Go, boy, and buy me rum,' he wildly cried.
'There is no money, father dear,' he said,
Then crouched in piteous terror by my side.
The father raised a glittering ax on high,
While insane fire gleamed from his bloodshot eye.

"'I'll take your heart's best blood,' he madly said,
'Unless this moment you my wish fulfill.
How dare you disobey this my command?
Go beg, or steal it, howsoe'er you will,
And next time see that money is laid by,
Or, by the saints, I'll know the reason why?'

"The ax uplifted, ready to descend,
Inspired no fear within that little breast.
He sprang erect,—fire flashing from his eye,
And bravely stood!—emotion all suppressed.
'I'd beg for mother's bread, he firmly said,
'But steal I would not; no, not if I died!'

"I caught the swift descending blow, and fell;
And falling thus, I saved my darling's life.
I knew not more until a piteous moan
Awoke and pierced me like a cruel knife.
'O. mother, wake!' my little darling cried,
'Oh. mother, if I only, too, had died."

"'May God forgive! What right, what right had I
To take into my keeping that sweet child?
To wake to life a bright, immortal soul.
So like Thine image, undefiled?
And give him naught but cruel stones for bread.
May God forgive! I better had been dead.'

"We watched together through that dreadful night,
My arm was broken, but it mattered not,
'Twas easier mended than a broken heart;
And that night's work could never be forgot.
At every sudden sound we shrank in fear
And terror, lest he should again appear.

"But he came not. And since then I have learned
He thought me dead, and fled in frenzied fright.
But I must drink the cup e'en to the dregs,
And bear the sequel of that cruel night.
The Lord of Glory, seated on his throne,
Received my precious jewel for his own.

"I knew I was not fit for such a trust,
And in my heart I gave Him thanks sincere.
But, oh! the flesh is only sordid dust,
And for a time it seemed too hard to bear.
Day after day I saw the frail bark glide
Nearer and nearer to the other side.

"The last night of his pilgrimage below,
He lay upon his little bed of pain,
He took my hand. 'Dear mother, you must know
I ne'er shall see the morning dawn again.
Nay, do not weep, you surely should be glad;
There's nought in this to make my mother sad.'

"'I only wish that you could go with me',
(A shadow passing over his bright face),
'For you will lonely be when I am gone,
Missing me from my accustomed place.
But soon you'll come,' he said, and sweetly smiled;—
'For God loves e'en a drunkard's wife and child.'"

She writhed in bitter agony awhile,
Then bravely said: "Your pardon I beseech.
The days that followed I can not describe,—
They were too sad for any human speech.
O, there are depths of overwhelming woe
In human life, no one but God can know!

"He was not all to blame; I took the vows
In thoughtless disregard of duty's call;
Nor e'er invoked the Father's guiding hand
In this the most important step of all.
I basked in happiness—her brightest spell—
'Tis woman's lot to do and bear as well.

"I struggled blindly in my rugged path,
Learning my lesson in the saddest way.
But now I place my hand in His, divine,
Looking forever toward celestial day.
And thus I wait, hoping the time may come
To guide my husband's wayward feet towards hom.e"

—Selected by Sina.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

BY M. T. SHORT.

THE following definitions of faith are found in Webster's Academic Dictionary: [Lat. *fides*, from *fidere*, to trust]. 1. Belief, reliance on testimony. 2. Firm belief, on probable evidence of any kind, especially in regard to moral truth. 3. That which is believed on any subject; especially a system of religious belief. 4. Adherence to duty and fulfillment of promises. 5. Promise given.

St. Paul says, as translated by order of King James, two hundred and eighty years ago, "Now faith is the substance (marginal rendering, ground or confidence) of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

In the inspired version the term "substance" is still further changed, by the translator, to the more expressive word "assurance." Righteous Abel was assured that God would be pleased with and accept his sacrifice, offering, and gifts. Noah had all confidence or assurance, that temporal and eternal salvation, would come to his household, through constructing, and manning the Ark. Abraham, the father of the faithful, endured as beholding the invisible God, his dear Son, and the city. The import of the word is near akin to belief, and it has been substituted, by Jesus Christ, and inspired scribes, to good effect quite frequently. The abstract word, faith, has been modified, qualified and intensified by such expressions as, No, weak in, little, thy, our, your, the, great, all, walk by, full of, live by, door of, household of, one, unity of, shield of, breastplate of, continue in, boldness in, depart from, fight of, kept the, in, by, with, without, assurance of, rich in, prayer of, end of, steadfast in, through, words of, mutual, precious, most holy, etc., etc.

Through this great adamantine fulcrum famines have been both invited and removed, the tide of battle has been reversed, pain has been mitigated; acute sorrow has been assuaged; personal and national calamities have been averted; the solar system came to a halt; the parting waters obeyed; the ravenous beasts became docile; fire lost its power to harm; death stood rebuked; and the dismal grave yielded up its inmates. Through intelligent, trusting, unshaken faith, effects have succeeded cause, in both the workshops of nature, and the realms of grace.

The visible and unseen world teems forth an endless variety, and a multiplicity of blessings, all to be duly appropriated, utilized, and enjoyed by the faithful. While it might be claimed that the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms throw wide their portals for all mankind, it holds good their wealth, and ravishing beauty, their enlivening odor, and delicious tastes, contribute more to the ecstatic delight of the refined, pure, spiritual Christian philosopher, than unregenerate pleasure seekers, to say naught of the low, the base, the vile, and the depraved. No one can manipulate the unseen forces unless faithfulness is his girdle, shield, pillar and staff. Through a heaven born divinely nurtured belief, the Almighty is not only approachable, but accessible, and will manifest himself to those of strong minds, submissive, and devoted spirits, courageous, and undaunted hearts, in every form of Godliness that would be for their best good. Through such, miracles are wrought; the sick are healed; the gospel is proclaimed to the poor and needy; sinners are warned and rebuked; aliens are duly adopted into the "one body;" church government is administered in love, mercy and wisdom, angels are entertained; God's intelligence is forthcoming, and the gates of Paradise stand ajar.

For the lack of saving, active, living faith, many indeed eke out a miserable, ignorant, vicious existence, and die like brutes all unwept. Doubts and fears are the skeptic's heritage; while misery raving, wrath, pollution, and destruction are but the accompaniments, inevitables, and ends of his lot. As one evil takes its position within a long train; so any good thing is not content to remain in isolation, but is interwoven, interlocked, and mingled, and blended with the sweet sisterhood of all graces. The expressions, "stand fast in the faith," "stand fast in one spirit," "stand fast in the Lord," mean, evidently, that a person should believe, receive, obey and adhere tenacious-

ly to the pure gospel. When a "door of faith" is unlocked, and thrown open, a "door of hope" flies back on its hinges. As the one comes in, the other arises to salute, greet, and embrace the ever welcome quest. When one flourishes the other grows green; and as either dies, the other expires.

Our standard lexicographer is better in defining words that appertain to this life than explaining terms that belong to theology. Here is how he expounds hope: 1. Desire of some good, with at least a slight chance of obtaining it. 2. That which furnishes ground of expectation. 3. That which is hoped for. Synonymous meanings: Confidence, expectation, anticipation, trust, belief. Verb Intransitive: To desire with expectation.

The Bible tells more what hope does than what it is. When the gifted apostle to the Gentiles spoke of "the hope of Israel," "the hope of glory," "the hope of salvation," "the hope of eternal life," he treated upon something that was both sure and certain, even "as an anchor of the soul . . . entering into that within the veil."

Mr. Noah Webster's doubtful phraseology would hardly comport favorably with the absolutism of the ancient inspired orthodox hero. His second and third definitions are utterly at fault. "For we are saved by hope; but hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth why doth he yet hope for?" "But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it?"—Rom. 8:24, 25. Then take his synonyms I might have all "confidence, expectation, belief, anticipation," that there would be a sanguinary war, a desolating plague, or a wide spread famine in the land, all in my day; but I could not hope for any such a thing, unless I actually desired to behold those catastrophes. I might trust in a brittle staff, lean upon it, break it and pierce my hand in falling, but such misplaced confidence is not hope. "Behold I say unto you that you shall have hope through the atonement of Christ and the power of his resurrection, to be raised unto life eternal."—Moroni. The Book of Mormon also states in this seventh chapter of Moroni that man "can not have faith and hope save he is meek and lowly of heart; if so his faith and hope is vain."

Charity next claims our attention, and is "the bond of perfectness," "the enduring, pure love of Christ," "the everlasting love of God." An individual may have a "disposition to think favorably of others and do them good," in order to secure their smiles and receive greater good. "Liberality to the poor" may be prompted by sinister motives, which doubtless led the inspired penman to observe: "And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." "Alms" may be given with a blast of trumpets, all to be seen of men, for popular applause, or to gain some pecuniary advantage, or bad enough, and worse, to aid the redoubtable reporter. Mutual courtesies and beneficiaries exist among the worldly folks, and there is a bond of union between thieves; but, it hath been said, "When rogues fall out, honest men get their dues." Anybody under the benediction of charity will be kind, patient and forgiving when the vilifier is at his nefarious work. Envy, arrogance and haughty pride will be far from such an one, and resignation, fortitude and grace will dwell in his inmost being. The "Golden Rule" will be his motto, and the "silver cord" of affection will be the chain cable of his soul. Thus sceptered and crowned he will seek for the peace, happiness and prosperity of all, and minister to alleviate and cheerfully serve others, nor fret, murmur, or complain of the good fortune, health and success of his neighbor, brother, or even an unrelenting enemy. The charitable passer by will receive more delight from a beautiful landscape, a golden field of waving grain, a richly laden orchard of aromatic fruits, the grazing denizens of the pastures, or the radiant poultry of the barnyard, than the morbid, miserly, lordly owner in fee simple.

The wild bestial train, the migratory gregarious flocks, the silvery finny tribes, the forest solitude, the desert rose and the endless ramifications in the great laboratory of universal nature, all, all contribute to the felicity of the heart that is full of love. We can sojourn in a cave, so to speak, along with owls, bats, toads, lizards and serpents of slimy mold; or we may locate adjacent to a swamp, where the bullfrog croaks, the heron and bittern and stork wade about, and where the mist, fog and miasma, *i. e.*, Dr. Hiram

W. Thomas' devil dwells, or, sure, we may abide on the mountain top, where we will catch the first harbingers of day, and glow in the last rays that bathe the spires, not made with hands, in an ambient flame of vital force, ecstatic bliss and spiritual, glorious, heavenly light. If we form the acquaintance of God, he will be for us, in us and with us, and the darkness and the light are all the same to him.

The creations, constellations and solar systems are numbered, upheld and controlled by His omnipotent hand, hence, let us ever trust our eternal being to his care.

As we call up the reminiscences of bygone years and fairly revel in the halls of memory, as we tread with elastic step and glad heart adown the corridors of time, while the eternities go and come, let a hopeful gratitude, a happy fortitude and unswerving fidelity crown all our days, and, thus and so, we will ever abide in the amaranthine bowers of the good Lord's unfailing, unchanging, supernatural, everlasting grace. And now abideth faith, hope and charity; and as the glad new year is fairly upon us may we embrace them, claim them and adhere to them. Moreover, let these three-fold virtues, or graces, be our nourishment, apparel and miter.

To those that bear and forbear, hope, believe, trust, serve, love and abound in every good word and work and endure patiently, meekly and faithfully to the end, present evils can not thwart them, an opposing world can not permanently harm them, and all the vile demons under the whole heavens can not pluck them from out our Heavenly Parent's providential care. Disciplinary trials and the refining crucible of suffering, but tend to lift us heavenward, and are but the sweet angels of mercy in compassionate disguise.

To all that fervently adore their Maker, seeming evils work out absolute good, and everything may and will, in this manner, be turned to a happy, thankful, delightful account. The nearer we get to the rod of correction, the chastisement of our peace, the lighter the blows will fall, for, be it ever remembered, the merciful God doth not afflict willingly, therefore we must suppose only where there is a necessity. Lord, evermore we do most humbly, fervently thank thee for the saving grace of thy love; the enlightening power of thy word and law; the best gift of thy bosom companion and well beloved Son, and the sanctifying, hallowed influence of thy abiding, comforting spirit. Amen.

LEAVES FROM PALESTINE.

BY ABIGAIL Y. ALLEY.

MRS. M. WALKER, *Dear Sister:*

I ONCE more resume my notes, after so long a time has passed. We were in the Harem describing the mosque El Aksa. All the arches are painted. Some of the windows are very good, but hardly equal to those in the Dome of the Rock. A great part of El Aksa is covered with whitewash, but the interior of the dome and the portion immediately under it are richly decorated with Mosaic work and marble casing. The arabesques and mosaics are similar in character, though of different design to those of the Dome of the Rock. During the restorations made in the present century, some paintings of a very poor order were introduced.

The principal objects of interest in this mosque are the tombs of the sons of Aaron, a stone slab in the pavement near the entrance. The pulpit at the southern end is exquisitely carved in wood, and is inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. It was made at Damascus by a native of Aleppo and was brought here by Saladin. The wood is Cedar of Lebanon and the work was ordered by Nureddin. Near the pulpit (west) is the praying place of Moses, and at the back of the pulpit is a stone which is said to bear the imprint of the footstep of Christ. Close by here are two pillars close together, so close that only medium sized people can pass between them; but every pilgrim is supposed to try; those who succeed being sure of a place in heaven, but for those who fail the case being doubtful. In the eastern end of the mosque is the so-called Mosque of

Omar, a tradition affirming that he prayed there when he first entered the city. In this mosque there is a cistern called the Well of the Leaf, the water of which is pure and bright. A curious Moslem legend attaches to this well. It is said that Mohammed gave a prophecy that one of his followers should, while alive, enter paradise. During the caliphate of Omar a worthy Sheikh Ibn Hayian, came to this well to draw water, when his bucket slipped from his hands and fell in. He went down after it, and to his infinite surprise came to a door which he thrust open and found it led into a beautiful garden. He wandered about in it for some time, picked a leaf and returned. The leaf never withered, but the door has never since been found. Devout Moslems still look upon the Well of the Leaf as one of the entrances to paradise.

Leaving the mosque by the eastern door (to which place our boots have been taken by an attendant), we proceed to the south-eastern corner of the Harem and descend by thirty-two steps to the so-called Cradle of Christ, a small vaulted chamber to which many legends attach. It was here the infant Savior was brought to be circumcised; here dwelt Simeon; here the virgin was entertained for some days as his guest.

From this room we descend to Solomon's Stables, a vast succession of pillared and vaulted avenues, bearing, as some suppose, all the marks of the builders of the first temple, the bevelled stones corresponding with the sculptured representations of the stones used in the construction of Solomon's Temple. Others think that the drafted stones are but an imitation. Here, better than anywhere else, will be seen how the valleys were leveled up to make the vast platform for the temple. Whether King Solomon's Stables were here or not can not be ascertained. It is stated in 1 Kings 4: 26, that Solomon had forty thousand stalls of horses for his chariots; and there can be no doubt but that his palace must have been somewhere close to his place, which was used as stables by the Knights Templars. The rings to which their horses were attached may still be seen.

Returning to the Harem and proceeding along by the east wall, we come to a stairway, and ascending the wall, get a remarkably fine view. Below is the Valley of Jehosaphat, a mass of graves and memorial stones—the dead of all generations filling up the valley. It is the wish of all devout Jews to be buried here, for to this place will the Messiah come when the prophecy of Joel is fulfilled (3: 2, 12): "I will also gather all nations, and will bring them down into the Valley of Jehosaphat, and will plead with them there for my people, and for my heritage Israel, whom they have scattered among the nations, and parted my land. . . . Let the heathen be wakened and come up to the Valley of Jehosaphat, for there will I sit to judge all the heathen round about." A good view is obtained of the Kidron, Absolom's Pillar, the Tombs of St. James and Zachariah, the Mount of Olives and Garden of Gethsemane. Close by is a broken column protruding from the wall like a canon. Moslem tradition says that when Mohamed comes to judge the world (that is his disciples), he will sit on this wall, and when a thin cord has been attached to the columns and stretched across the valley to the Hill of Olivet, all who would reach paradise must cross it. It will be as thin as a hair in some parts, and each one who would pass over on it will have to carry the burden of his sins as fetters. The guilty will fall from the cord into the gulf of hell; the just, supported by angels, will cross in safety.

A little to the north is the Golden Gate, or according to tradition, the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, where Peter and John cured the lame man (Acts 3: 1, 2). There is, however, much more reason to suppose that it corresponds with the gate Shushan, referred to in the Talmud. Through it one could see the high priest, who burnt the heifer, and his assistants, going out to the Mount of Olives. There appear to have been steps on arches leading down from this gate into the Kidron towards the east, and leading up again past the southern end of the present Garden of Gethsemane. It was through this gate, according to tradition, that our Savior entered Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. It is now walled up, a tradition being extant that when the Savior returns to earth a second time, it will be through this gate He will make his triumphant entry into Jerusalem, and wrest it from the Moslems.

Continuing by the east wall, a small

mosque is seen called the Throne of Solomon. It was here, says a legend, that King Solomon was found dead.

Looking westward, near the northern wall is a small chapel with a white dome, marking the spot where Solomon gave thanks upon the completion of the temple. By going out of the gate at the north-east corner of the Harem, about half way between it and St. Stephen's gate, may be seen, through a breach in the wall, the traditional Pool of Bethesda.

The most beautiful structure in all Jerusalem is probably the Kubbet es Silsileh, or Dome of the Chain, said to have been the model for the Mosque of Omar. It is also called the Tribunal of David. The tradition attached to it is that a chain was suspended from heaven and stood on this spot, and when two disputants could not settle a quarrel, the chain moved towards the one who had the right on his side, and so the litigation would be settled. Another tradition is that every witness in a great trial was brought here. If he could grasp the chain, his evidence was true; if a link broke off, he was a perjurer.

The Kubbet-el-miray, or dome of Ascension, marks the spot where Mohammed ascended on his wonderful journey to heaven.

One very interesting spot between the Dome of the Rock and El Aksa is a marble fountain called El Kas, or the Cup, beneath which are vast reservoirs, into which the water from the Pools of Solomon was conveyed. They are hewn in the solid rock, and are approached by a staircase, also hewn in the rock. Was it here that Solomon placed the brazen laver? The cisterns are called the Cisterns of the Sea, or the King's Cisterns. "Solomon made a molten sea of ten cubits from brim to brim, round in compass, and four cubits the height thereof; and the thickness of it was a hand-breadth, and the brim of it like the work of a brim of a cup, and it received and held three thousand baths."—2 Chron. 4: 1–5.

And now that I have told you the most interesting parts of the temple, we will visit also the most interesting parts of the city of Jerusalem. We will start from the Jaffa gate for Babel Khulil, or Gate of Hebron, or the Friend, it is all one name. This is on the west side of the city, close to the north-western angle of the citadel. It consists of a massive square tower, the entrance to which from without is on the northern side, and the exit from within on the eastern. Entering Jerusalem by this gate, a large open space is reached, where a kind of fair is always going on; venders of sweetmeats and fruits vieing with dealers in more substantial articles of food. On the left is a line of shops and cafes, and on the right is the Tower of David, called by Josephus the Tower of Hippicus, and forming part of the citadel, a strong and conspicuous structure. The upper part of this tower has been often rebuilt; but the town is evidently ancient, the stones being of immense size and beveled after the manner of the Jews. Here David erected a fortress which was the stronghold of Zion in all after ages; and it is probable that these immense stones belong to the earliest period of its history, and may have been laid by David, if it be the tower of David, or the Tower of Hippicus, built by Herod, or both, it was standing here when our Savior was a vsiitor in Jerusalem, and his shadow may have rested upon it as he walked in Zion. There is a fine view from the top. Zion street passes by the east side of the tower, running north and south. We follow it south to the Gate of David, or Zion's Gate, on the summit of the ridge of Zion. This height was held by the Jebusites until David took it by storm, and David dwelt in the fort, and called it the City of David (2 Sam. 5: 9). It was the highest point within the limits of the city, being 2,540 feet above the Mediterranean. Here, or hereabouts, David's house was built; the household for his families was here; and here was the place for the Ark of God, before the Temple was built. Opposite the gate is the Armenian Convent, one of the richest and largest in the city, with several large tamarisk trees in front, said to have been planted by Herod. Within the Convent is the Church of St. James, the place where, according to tradition, St. James was beheaded.

JAFFA, Palestine,
May 28th, 1890.

WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY.

BY "FRANCES."

CHAPTER XXV.

WE pass briefly over the intervening years until by the flight of time, we draw near the bloody tragedy enacted in Carthage Jail on the 27th day of June, 1844, which was to prepare the way and make possible the great Latter Day Apostasy. Of the causes leading up to this event our pen is silent, save to express the belief that Joseph and Hyrum Smith were betrayed by false brethren. The prophet protested against his brother's going with him, for he knew only too well that he was going to his death; but the love in the heart of that brother was stronger than death, and his only answer was, "Joseph, if you go, I shall go with you."

Many now living will remember the morning they rode out of Nauvoo. This place had grown up under the hands of diligent industry and faithful toil, until a city met the eye, where a brief space before nature had reigned in solitude undisturbed. True the dwellings were not palatial, but they were both neat and substantial, while crowning the eminence of a high plateau, in the very center of the city, stood the temple, erected by loving hands, and which should have been dedicated to the worship of God. Alas! alas! how would the faith have been riven from the hearts and the energy from the hands of those toilers, could they have known how soon "not one stone should be left upon another." As the temple at Jerusalem, from which Christ cast out those who sold doves, was polluted by those who were once the children of God, so was this edifice, which should have been sacred to his worship, polluted by those who had entered into Covenant with God to walk in newness of life and obey all his commandments.

It has many times perplexed the mind of the writer to understand how it was possible for this people who had the truth, who knew the way of the Lord, and who time and again were the recipients of his grace and witnesses of his power, to turn so soon from the truth! While we have contemplated the marvelous rapidity with which the restored gospel won its way, not only in America, but all over Europe and the Islands of the Sea, until it numbered its actual converts by the tens and hundreds of thousands, we have asked ourselves the question, But for the apostasy what would have been the result? We are constrained to believe that millions would to-day be rejoicing in the truth, and yet other millions would be following this grand army for the loaves and fishes. Success is quicker seen in this world than honest endeavor, and thousands would have flocked to the church for popularity. This is no mere picture of the imagination, but one which the rapid growth of the church, despite every effort put forth to check and crush it, fully justifies.

We said that many would remember the morning when Joseph and Hyrum Smith rode out of Nauvoo. Hands are yet nerved with vitality which that morning clasped theirs in a lingering farewell pressure, and eyes yet look forth upon life and its changing scenes which then were bathed in tears.

But what shall we say of the home-coming? How describe the sad and silent procession which at evening, not many days after, wended its way into the silent city—silent save for the sobs of grief, of questions spoken with bated breath, and the steady tramp of the sorrowing multitude as they pressed nearer and nearer the returning dead.

Not a heart of man, woman or child, but bled that day, and the wail which went up to heaven was more bitter than David's lament for Absalom.

And well it might be, for could the veil of the future have been held back and the people have seen that which lay before them, which was closing in around them, they would have turned away from the spectacle aghast, and like one of old, would have exclaimed, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

Let us say to our readers that our stay with the church is about to end. In a very feeble and imperfect manner we have attempted to depict some of the scenes of its early history, and that we have not done them justice, none feels

more sensible than we. We have treated of one of those unwritten histories handed down in many a family, and only of occurrences which in the main we know to be true. That events many times more thrilling and tragic could truthfully be narrated, hundreds who are yet living can testify. Our object has been to give a plain, unvarnished statement of facts, and to present to our readers, as far as we were able, the mental and moral qualities of a few of those who embraced the work in its first rise. Had an abler pen than ours essayed the task, it might have found ample scope and abundant material for placing before the world evidences of mental power and reasoning faculties second to none in the land; but this remains yet to be done, for before uneducated men of God in this ninteenth century, the wisdom of wise men has perished and the understanding of the prudent has been hid, and it will yet be recorded for the encouragement of others.

After the death of Margery, Daniel gave himself entirely to the ministry, never seeming to seek or desire rest. From a distant field of labor he wrote to his mother, "I have found in proclaiming the gospel, a sweet peace and rest which I had never hoped to know again, and often am comforted with the feeling that Margery is near me. Of late, however, I have a great desire to see you all once more, and if Providence does not prevent, I shall make my way towards home, and may be with you by the latter part of summer."

With the waning of the summer months he came—came to find the great change so brief a time had wrought, and remembering the dying words of Margery, he entreated his father to leave Nauvoo and save his family from the evil influences which he was forced to believe were at work for ensnaring the innocent.

"But for her warning, mother, I never could believe what I am compelled to admit; but I have not forgotten the promise I made her, and I will escape from the pollutions of this place. But first, mother, I must see you and father away from here."

Are there any who will read this that will not remember how difficult a task it was to escape from the thralldom of those spiritual tyrants? Daniel did not do this until his own life had been sought, and even as Margery had told him, one was murdered in cold blood by his side, and he compelled to flee, not daring to turn and look upon the face of the dead.

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea we wept, when we remembered Zion.

"We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion."

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."

"If I do not remember thee let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

From the time when this touchingly sweet and pathetic poem was written, it has been the admiration of the learned, the comfort of the humble, weary ones of earth, and in the dark and cloudy day of later Israel's dispersion and captivity, it found a response in thousands of toil-worn and weary hearts. How came they in a strange land, both former and latter Israel? Disobedience had brought them there, and while the disobedient wended their way to a "salt land" with singing and dancing, not thus with the scattered ones, for with heavy hearts they found it impossible to sing the songs of Zion in a strange land.

In a small village situated far up among the hills of Pennsylvania, in an upper chamber, overlooking the windings of a clear, beautiful river, one of those exiles lay dying. It was the early hour of morning, and the eastern sky was faintly tinged with rays of light, growing brighter and brighter as the sun came nearer into view. Daniel—for it was he—lay with his face to the east, gazing upon the view through the open window long and silently. By the bed-side sat Mrs. Clark—changed since we first knew her, but with the same deep, thoughtful eyes and placid brow as of yore, though there were lines about the mouth and face betokening much sorrow—lines not there when we met her last.

"Mother, put the curtain further back," said Daniel, "and let me see the sun when he rises, for I shall not live to see him rise another day."

Without replying, she rose slowly and did as he requested, and then arranged his pillows, placing his head in the best position to obtain a view of the distant hills.

"'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even forever,'" he repeated slowly. "There is comfort in knowing that the mercies of the Lord are sure as the everlasting hills. Those distant hills remind me of the mountains of Jerusalem. I am glad, mother, that my pilgrimage is so near its close, for I long to enter into rest."

"Your faith is firm and unwavering, is it not, Daniel?"

"Yes, mother. I have been tried, but thank God, like Job I can say, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' Precious knowledge! I shall soon test its reality —shall soon pass the river and enter into the city. I regret to leave you and father in your loneliness and old age, but be of good cheer, for the Lord will comfort you: and you, mother, will live to see his work again established in the earth."

"Pray God I may, for then I would be ready to go," she added with great earnestness.

"It will surely be, mother, and there was a time when I longed to live to see it, but of late, since I have been so ill, I have lost this desire, and I now long to depart and be with Christ. Margery, too, and the baby seem to be waiting for me, and the vail is so thin that at any moment I feel as though it would part and let me in."

For a time he lay silently regarding her, for her head was bowed and her face averted. He seemed to realize all that she was suffering, and he longed to comfort her. "Mother," he said, and his voice was very tender, "you have known much sorrow, and many hardships have fallen to your lot, but there is a blood-stained throng standing near the throne of God, who came up out of great tribulation. For this reason they stand next the throne. All tears are dried there, and there is no more sorrow. Cheer up, mother, for he will strengthen you to endure to the end."

"God bless you, my boy," she said. "You have always been a loving and dutiful son to me, and my heart is torn with pain to think of parting with you now."

"It will not be for long, mother, and now call father, for I have something to say to him while I have strength left."

Mr. Clark came, and for some time Daniel conversed with him in reference to the work of God and the future of the church; then the rest of the family came in, for it was evident the final moment was very near.

But why linger over scenes at once triumphant and painful? Triumphant to him who feels the everlasting arms beneath him, and knows that for him to die is gain; but sad indeed to the little band whose numbers are now so small, where death has so often entered, claiming the brightest and best, the staff and stay of those now far down the vale of life. Called early into the work of the ministry, Daniel had been faithful to the trust imposed upon him. He had fought a good fight and had kept the faith.

In a beautiful spot everlooking the clear waters of the Monongahela they laid his mortal remains to rest. There let them return to dust in the dark and silent bosom of mother earth! Kindly and tenderly she shelters her weary children, waiting with them the final redemption of herself, her sons and daughters from the fall, when He who redeemed them "shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first." "Comfort ye one another with these words," said one of old, and to-day, through the long lapse of centuries they come down to us heavy with the fragrance of hope, and precious as the oil which ran down upon Aaron's beard. "The dead in Christ shall rise first!" What did not the ancient saints endure in order to obtain this better resurrection!

"They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented; of whom the world was not worthy; they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth."

How had this family wandered since first we met them, and for what? We answer, for the same hope which has inspired the people of God in all ages—that hope which led them to refuse deliverance from trials by the faithful endurance of which they knew they should obtain the promise.

"Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years."

One other page from this history and we close. One year after the death of Daniel, a little handful of Saints were met together in a room in the same village for the purpose of prayer and testimony. It was a calm, peaceful Sabbath day, and a quiet rested upon all animate nature. Over the little assembly a solemn feeling of awe settled, as they listened intently to the testimony of an aged man, who, bent and feeble, leaned for support upon the post of a bed from which he had risen to bear his farewell testimony to the truth of the latter day work. Those were there who knew of the heavy trials through which this aged man had passed, and they listened intently, fearful that a word of his dying testimony might be lost. The evening sun shone in through the open door and rested tenderly upon his white locks, while a faint breeze just lifted them from his shrunken temples. Two are yet living of those who composed that little band, and by them neither the scene nor the testimony will ever be forgotten.

"Gird up now the loins of your minds, beloved Saints, and put your entire trust in God, for the Lord will remember his people, and he will raise up a leader for them and bring back the scattered ones who are now dispersed over the face of the earth. Yea, he will bring them back, and they shall build again the waste places of Zion which have been thrown down, and with everlasting mercy he will comfort them. As for me, I shall soon be gathered to my fathers, for my hours on earth are numbered. I go to my rest, and my dying counsel to you is, 'Hold fast to the rod of iron.' We have not followed any cunningly devised scheme of man, and our faith has not stood in man's wisdom. Sorrow, dispersion and weeping may endure for a night, but the morning is near and healing is on her wings. 'Let not your hearts be troubled,' dear wife of my bosom and children whom I love. I leave you in a strange land, far from kindred and home, but the God who spake to me years ago concerning the coming forth of this work, the God who has led me all my life long, has given me assurance that he will be with you, and in his care I leave you. Be faithful in his service and he will never forsake you. I have seen the flock scattered as sheep without a shepherd, but God has his eye upon them and will gather them up, and 'at eventime there will be light.' Fear not, beloved Saints, but put your trust in God. Fully realizing that I shall soon appear before him, I have longed with great desire to leave my dying testimony with you. This is God's work. Be faithful to the end and he will reward you with everlasting life. Amen."

The trembling voice ceased, and loving hands helped him to the pillow, and at his request they sang one of Zion's songs, but their hearts were heavy, and its notes died away in smothered sobs. It was not easy for faith to triumph when hearts were wrung with bitterness, and the last prop and stay of life for some of those was being removed.

Slowly the hours wore on, and one by one the friends sought their homes, for Mrs. Clark desired to be alone with her husband. Darkness settled upon the earth, but the darkness of despair was closing round her heart, and her silent cry to heaven was, "Let this cup pass from me." This was not to be. But again why linger? Rest came to the sufferer and they laid him by the side of Daniel, while the living went back to take up the burden of life anew.

Mrs. Clark now found herself a widow in the midst of strangers, without a home or means of support. Many times she asked herself the question, "Shall I be able to stand and keep the faith?" She had always leaned so implicitly upon her husband that she often felt it would be impossible, but that she would falter and fall by the way now that his strong arm was no longer to protect and support her, his counsel to direct and cheer her; but she lived to test and prove the truth of His words who has promised to be "a father of the fatherless and a judge of the widows," and to know that he will never suffer any to be tempted above what they are able to bear. Though life to her was no flower-strewn path, she lived to rejoice in the reorganization of the church, and to spend many hours in peaceful communion with His people before she passed away from earth; and many are yet living

who were strengthened and cheered on their way by her testimonies. Before she entered into her rest she was permitted to see the crown which awaited her, and died triumphantly rejoicing in her Redeemer.

In her beautiful poem, "The Graves of a Household," Mrs. Hemans has said:

"They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one house with glee;
Their graves are sundered far and wide,
By mountain stream and sea."

And the description will apply to the family of Mr. Clark. But at the last great day, when "the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout," we are assured "the dead in Christ shall rise first." Small matter then, where shall be resting "the earthly house of this tabernacle," for he who lived and died to establish this gospel will bring with Him those who are his, and then shall all those who have suffered trials and persecution for his name's sake know the meaning of those words, "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

The End.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S PILGRIMS.

BY ELDER E. STAFFORD.

LEADING the way to a rail pen having corn in it and covered with fodder, he lifted some of the fodder and exposed to view a colored man that used to help what is termed in a man-of-war the "sick-bay steward." As soon as our eyes met I said, "Hello, Jack, what are you doing here?"

To which he replied, "The same as you are doing here, I suppose, Ed."

The saloon keeper having left us to ourselves, I enquired of him when he left the ship.

"The day after our boat's crew did."

"How did you get away?"

"Well, you know I was assistant to the sick-bay steward, and he frequently sent me ashore to get some knick-knacks for the sick; he did so yesterday, and I forgot my way back, turned my face this way and here I am."

"So I perceive, but how did you come to take up with this fellow?"

"I came along here, and seeing that I was hungry and dry, I thought I would get something to eat as well as to drink."

He told me that he knew from my rig where I was from, but I need not fear for he would stow me away where I would be all safe.

"Well, Jack, do you want to know the opinion I have formed of him?"

"Yes, but I think he is a jolly good fellow and means all right."

"You and I differ there, Jack, I am of the opinion that he would stow us away just long enough to inform the officers of our whereabouts and pocket the money offered for our delivery."

"O, no, I can not agree with you there, Ed!"

"You can do as you please, Jack, but I am going to put further space between me and San Francisco."

"If you are determined to go, Ed, of course I'll go with you."

Going back to the groggery, Jack informed the keeper of his intention to leave, but he would not listen to it. We stood in danger of being caught, he said, but while with him we were perfectly safe. He set tumblers on the counter for two, perceiving which I informed him that I did not indulge.

At this he gave me a searching look, which I thought I understood, changed color, and shook his head at me.

Jack having finished his quota, I urged him away under the fearful prognostications of the doggery keeper.

As we journeyed along conversing, I asked him how the officers regarded our unceremonious leave-taking?

He said that the boy who waited on the ward-room table told some of the conversation held by the officers at the next meal, which was to the effect that we deserved our liberty, for we had earned it. The second lieutenant was heard to say that if ever he had to go in-

to action against an enemy, he would like a ship's crew made up of such men. The commodore was also heard to say in his cabin that we deserved our liberty. Jack said also that the captain was very wrathy, and when he saw that nothing would stop us, he caused one of the big guns to be run out and loaded with shot, intending to give us a taste of that, but before he could get ready we had entered among the merchantmen, which checked his design.

Between sundown and dark we arrived where there were two houses by the roadside, the inmates of which we learned were Mormons. This was some four miles from Santa Clara Mission. Jack, having a little money, had bought some crackers at the place last mentioned, which served to allay the gnawings of hunger. I did not make myself known to these people, lest they should think I was laboring to palm myself off as a Mormon to secure a night's lodgings. They did not ask us, nor we them, to take shelter under their roof, but we lay down on the ground, and it being warm weather, we took no harm.

We left next morning without receiving an invitation to partake of their "bread and salt," and the writer could not banish the idea that these were the most inhospitable Latter Day Saints he had ever met.

About nine o'clock we were going through the square at Santa Clara, where at the door of a groggery were two men in conversation. As soon as they saw us the elder of the two beckoned for us to come there. Yielding to his request, we went over, when he said: "I know where you are from, but you need not be afraid of me, you are all right with me." He continued: "You are going up to the mines, I presume?" and receiving an affirmative answer said, "I am going to start for there after dinner with a mule team; I am well supplied with tools to dig, and also with provisions; I will, if you are willing, take you up there, furnish tools and provisions, if you will allow me to come in as a partner. While I thought that if he was telling the truth it would be a very good offer for us, I had my misgivings that all was not right.

We both, however, agreed to the proposition, upon which he invited us to the bar to drink. I declined drinking, which caused the man to give me a peculiar look; shaking his head and pointing his finger at me, saying: "You rascal, you are up to something"

I could not see why he, a perfect stranger, should talk in that manner, and it truly made me think that he was up to something.

The two men and Jack imbibed several times, and lingered longer than was agreeable with my feelings, but still I thought of the ride to the mines—how much easier than going on foot—and this served to keep me still.

At length he and his companion shook hands and parted, and we three went to his house on the outskirts of the mission. He lived in a log house built on the common, close to which was a ten acre field of corn.

It was about noon, and I expected that we might be invited in to take dinner, of course calculating the possibility of a female having the desirable dinner ready to sit down to; but, "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee." It was so in this case; every sign in the house betokened bachelorship. There was no female, no dinner; neither did the man himself attempt to make any.

Soon after our arrival another biped made his appearance, entered the house and sat on a chair, every now and then casting "sheep's eyes" at Jack and me, which gave me to understand that something was wrong.

In a little while I noticed four Indians in close proximity to the house. Twice one had passed the door close to where we were sitting, Jack next to the door, myself on a chair next to him. I could stand it no longer, and whispered to Jack to ask him when he was going to start for the mines.

Having done so, Jack received in return: "What do you mean?"

"I mean that you told us you were going up to the mines this afternoon with a team, and we would like to know how soon before you will be ready to start?"

"I never said anything about going to the mines with a team," was his rejoinder.

"You certainly did," said Jack.

At this the man sprang to the head of the bed, drew out a revolver and exclaimed: "You black rascal, I will teach you to tell me that I lie."

Jack sprang from his chair to the door

as soon as the movement toward the bed was made, the other white man starting after him, and though I was expecting something of such a nature to turn up, I was not so quick to act as Jack. But when I saw the man draw back the hammer of the revolver, and not having any weapon of defense about me, I jumped for the door.

A hasty glance showed that Jack, the white man and four Indians had gone to the right of the ten acre field of corn, and served to lead me to go round the other side of the corn. The only door in the house fronted the way the others had gone, so that taking the opposite I had to go round the house, and did so to divide the attention and make it as favorable as possible for both Jack and myself. Having got about two or three rods from the corner of the house, and about six or eight rods from the left hand corner or the corn lot, he came round the corner and shouted: "Stop, or I will fire!"

I looked over my left shoulder, saw the muzzle of a navy revolver pointed right at me, and I said to myself, "I know what you are after, but if you take me it will be when I have not power to move. Legs, do your duty!"

I know not why he did not fire, but by the time he got to the corner of the fence I was a considerable distance from it, and although he pursued me, I soon distanced him.

Coming to the other corner of the field I saw Jack about two or three rods from the opposite corner, running on the main road, pursued by two Indians—the other two and the white man had not yet come in sight, but did shortly.

The fence of the corn field and the two roads that my shipmate and pursuers and myself and pursuer were running on would, at the place where I expected to come up with him, form an equilateral triangle.

Putting on all the speed possible consistent with my breathing powers, I came up with Jack, or about a rod behind him, and the same distance ahead of the foremost Indian when I entered the road he was on, about five or six rods from where the road forked, the left hand fork leading to the open country, the right through tall mustard to the timber. I caught up to within a yard or two of him as he came to the forks, and saw that he was taking the road to the open country. I said to him: "Jack, take the other road, it is the best one for us."

He replied: "No, this is the one."

I answered: "That leads to the open country, and you will be caught as sure as you take that."

He still persisted that that was the road to take, and realizing that we were outnumbered three to one, and they had weapons (at least I knew one had) and we none, I concluded I could do him no good, and both would be apt to fall into their hands, and therefore resolved to take the timber road, and said: "I can not take that road; good bye, Jack, if I never see you again."

"Good bye, Ed," was the response.

After running on the timber road for some distance, I thought I could not hear much noise behind me, and looked over my shoulder to discern how many were in pursuit. I discovered that only one man (an Indian) was in sight, and after running a few steps I said: "It never shall be said that I ran from one man;" and suiting the action to the word stopped, turned round and folded my arms, waiting for my pursuer to come up.

He ran a few steps after I had turned round and came to a halt within about three rods of where I stood. We both stood looking at each other about five minutes, when he turned and took the back trail.

After I had watched him out of sight I began to look for a place to hide, being sure that he would return, bringing others with him. I knew enough of Indian character to know that I must move cautiously, and to avoid discovery must make as little trail as possible.

Making for the timber not far distant I came to the banks of a small creek which was skirted heavily with brush, interspersed with timber. The creek had very little water in it, and what there was consisted of small pools of filthy water covered with a yellow scum. Discovering by one of those pools a tree growing out of the bank, whose trunk, as it emerged from the ground, formed a sleigh crook, and just close enough to the water to admit of a man's head to go under so that he could keep his mouth out of the water and breathe. I sat down on the bank, pushed my feet cautiously forward and slowly wormed my whole

body up to my neck in that filthy, slimy pool, and laid my head on the ground under the butt of the tree, which was as tight a fit as I would choose; and in not a very enviable position I awaited further developments.

The reader may, if so disposed, imagine what my feelings were concerning my companions in that uneasy bed. I had but fairly ensconced myself therien when I heard twigs snap and bushes rustle, but it was my good fortune to avoid discovery. Knowing the character somewhat of the Indian, I did not emerge from my hiding place for sometime after the noise of search had ceased. At length my desire to leave my uncomfortable quarters overcame my caution, and crawling out, there was no small amount of scraping and pulling up of grass to wipe the mud and slime from my garments.

This being ended, and while I was considering what the next step would be, there came to my ears the sound of horses' feet on the gallop, which I concluded must be on the other road. Ascending to the lower limb of a tree where I could view the open country, I discovered the winding of the other road that my shipmate had taken; but only a solitary horseman was in sight, the footfalls of whose horse had saluted my ears. To the writer's vision the horseman appeared to be the Indian who had followed him in the brush but had turned back, and the conjecture was that he had gone for a horse and lariat and had concluded that I had gone on the road to San Jose and that he would overhaul me. I concluded to take that road, as I knew no other—the one in the timber having come to a terminus—and threaded my way as well as I could through the mustard in the direction of the road. Arriving there, I concluded to follow it and keep my eyes and ears open to watch and listen for travelers on horseback and to dodge in the mustard if about to meet any one. I had to hide several times while travelers passed by.

Arriving at a house on the outskirts of San Jose, I called to get a drink of water, rapped on the door, and while waiting for an answer there came up to me a man on horseback, whom I had seen a few rods from the house talking with a man that was laying the foundation of a large brick house, and he asked: "What do you want?"

I thought in a peculiar manner, so that for a moment I did not know how to take it; but taking a more minute look at him could discover nothing that looked bad in his countenance and answered: "I only called for a drink of water; you surely won't refuse a man that."

A smile lit up his face and he replied: "Oh, no; I meant do you want work? I believe," he said, "I can give a good guess where you are from, for the news has reached here of the manner of your leaving the ship, and has created some excitement and no little talk. But if you want to go to work, I need a man to tend the mason. I was going to town to hunt for one. You need not be afraid to go to work for me; I am an old sea captain and I never betrayed a shipmate yet, and am too old to begin to learn new tricks. I can give you an outfit that will disguise you so that your own officers would not know you."

I asked what wages he was paying; as for the work I had no fears of that, having had considerable experience mixing mortar, and concluded I could give satisfaction in that line."

He replied: "I will give you seventy-five dollars a month and board."

According to what I had heard I thought the wages not quite up to the mark, but concluded under the circumstances I had better work for a month or so, as it would not do to go to the mines with nothing to live on and to buy tools to work with. The bargain was struck, I was duly disguised and installed as chief clerk to a mason, a kind hearted, easy going German, who, it appeared to me, at the rate he was going and should no other one be employed, would finish the building somewhere between that time and the day when the archangel would sound his trump.

To be continued.

THE brain is a vast nerve center, situated in the skull. It is there not simply as an instrument of thought, but to keep the heart in action, to regulate the work of the stomach, and to see that all the physical functions are properly performed.

PATTIE; OR, LEAVES FROM A LIFE.

BY ELEANOR.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DECISION.

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide
In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side."

"Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified."
—Lowell.

"We are of God: he that knoweth God heareth us; he that is not of God heareth not us. Hereby know we the spirit of truth and the spirit of error."—1 John 4:6.

THE "irrepressible conflict" that began in Eden between the spirit of truth and the spirit of error still wages in the world, and sometime in the life of every individual and every nation, truth is sure to present the question put by Joshua to the man with the drawn sword: "Art thou for us or for our adversaries?" If not a captain of the Lord's hosts, may every youth of the church prove himself a valiant defender of the truth once delivered to the Saints, who will not yield one inch of territory to the occupancy of the enemy, who will firmly maintain every stronghold of right, and above all, never fear to acknowledge the name of our Sovereign Master; for only in that name will truth conquer. Let no one be deceived into thinking that he may cast his influence for the right, and yet not let it be known which side he favors; for there is no neutral ground in this war between right and wrong. They who have really attained to the knowledge of God are always found marshalled under the banner of truth; and it is thus known to whom they belong—of what spirit they are. No Latter Day Saint can afford to be found numbered among the adversaries of truth, whether it be a matter that concerns our temporal or eternal life; religion concerns both. Be not turned aside from the straight path of integrity by the slur cast at the "overrighteous." There is no such thing as being too good, too honest, too upright, for those who would be perfect in Christ Jesus.

The character of the nation for good or evil is molded by that which molds the individual character of its citizens. It is the aggregate of individual life; and if the wicked rule, it is because the forces of evil outnumber the forces of truth. This is not saying that there are a greater number of evil people in the land than of good and upright ones who sincerely desire the right to succeed, but, as has before been pointed out, there are many whose judgment is so warped by the false ideas of right, consequent on their early training, wherein the interests of others are made to subserve their own.

We can never be one with Christ until the oneness of human interests for which he prayed is accomplished; and this can only be brought about by the gospel of love, "For he that loveth God, loveth his brethren also."

We are taught that in the beginning of the world man and woman were made "one flesh," and that from them God "hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth." The design of the gospel is to restore this original oneness and equality of humanity by taking away the enmity and division. This unity and love was most earnestly insisted upon by Christ and the apostles; but this teaching was nullified by the tradition of fables, because the freedom and equality of all in Christ did not please those who claimed the right to rule, to hold in subjection a part of the race for self-aggrandizement. How hard it has been for even those who professed to follow Christ, to comprehend that gospel of love that all men are created free and equal. That declaration was forced from our fathers by the logic of events, not through a real knowledge of the truth as it existed in Christ, or they never could have perpetuated slavery. They never would have promulgated those soul and body destroying doctrines of John Calvin, in company with that declaration.

The Jewish nation, first chosen to bring about this restoration, failed in its mission because it rejected from its faith this brotherhood of men, this gospel of love, purposed in the kingdom of Christ; and thereby they rejected him from ruling over them. And therefore was the gospel given to the Gentiles.

The American nation, established on nearly the same pattern given to ancient

Israel through revelation, was elected to fulfill the work of emancipation. Charged with the duty of enlightening the world under the light of the restored gospel, shall she, too, fail in her glorious destiny?

Youth of the church, it is yours to decide, for national policy is the reflex of individual decision; and the time is at hand when our country, as a nation, by act of her people, is about to decide for Christ, or anti-Christ.

The Jews, as a consequence of rejecting the light of truth, have become an outcast and degraded people; but they have lived under the promise of restoration, when the fulness of the Gentiles is accomplished. This restoration I believe will be accomplished in one of two ways, which will depend on the policy pursued by this nation of wild olive trees. If true to her calling of enlightening the world through the gospel of liberty and love of humanity, the sons of Israel will be of the nations thus enlightened and restored; but if Christ and his law are rejected by us, the wild olive branches will be cut off and destroyed, and the first or natural branches will be restored to their privilege. "For God is able to graft them in again." And they, having learned wisdom by the things which they have suffered, will prove obedient at last.

Young men of the church, will you think of these things when you are called upon to decide by your votes the great political questions of the day? Will you remember that you are either hastening the day of universal redemption, or the downfall of the Gentiles as enlighteners? Think not that because a question may seem to have no direct bearing upon our religious faith that therefore it has none. The gospel of truth can not make men better by merely governing their opinions concerning a future state of existence; it must govern in this life also. It is a practical gospel, designed to enter the practical concerns of this life, or it is of no avail as an enlightener, or liberator, to us or to the world. And unless each act of our life is governed by the precepts and principles of the gospel, we are in reality enlisted among the forces of evil; tenfold more evil because we know the truth but do it not.

Pattie's religion, although governed by a deep spiritual nature, was never of the emotional kind; she had little regard for the religion that depends on feeling; nor was she satisfied, as we have seen, to rest her hopes on opinion, or faith even. Taught by her needs to put into practice the precepts of her faith, there had developed therefrom the knowledge of the efficacy and adaptation of the gospel to her temporal wants. And while she obtained from this a certain amount of joy and peace, yet she felt that all this was but the bread that perishes; that she had deeper wants than these which the temporal law could not reach or satisfy. But now she had received by revelation a knowledge of that which no wisdom of man could teach her; even the hidden wisdom which God ordained before the world, the eternal priesthood of his Son. Without beginning or end, yet delegated to men by authority of which they act in his name. Pattie could answer now as confidently as did Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." She knew him now as the great High Priest of our profession. As Jesus told Peter that flesh and blood had not taught him this, but his Father in heaven; so it was in like manner taught to Pattie.

There has been some discussion among us as to whether the manner of gaining this knowledge—revelation—is the rock on which Jesus said he would build his church, or whether it referred to the thing revealed. Pattie understood it as the eternal priesthood held by Himself as the Christ, and delegated to Peter and others for the salvation of men. It was on and through the authority of this priesthood that he would and did build his church. It is by this authority that the church is now being builded, not that of Peter alone, but of all whom he has called as he did Aaron. (See Heb. 5:4). This is indeed a rock on which we may safely build, and which will stand all assaults of storm and tempest. But it seems evident that not all who embrace the faith attain to this knowledge, and where it is lacking such Saints are unstable, liable to be swept from their faith, as the storm sweeps away the house built upon the sands.

Pattie now understood the propriety and the need of the Nephites' administering the ordinance of the gospel by the authority of the Melchisedec priesthood, which is after the order of the Son of

God. (Heb. 7:3). For there is no other name under heaven whereby men can be saved but in the name of Jesus Christ. And to none has he ever given authority to act in that name, before or since he came in the flesh, than to the holy priesthood, after his own order, whether they officiated for the people by blood or water. But a knowledge of the truth always carries with it the responsibility of exercising our free agency and deciding for ourselves whether we shall be obedient to it or not. Obedience is the proof of knowledge. "My sheep hear my voice and I know them and they follow me," said Jesus. The apostle tells us: "And hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his commandments. He that saith I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him. But whoso keepeth his word, in him verily is the love of God perfected: hereby know we that we are in him."—1 John 2:3-5.

But to Pattie obedience involved sacrifice, not only of friends, kindred and church association, but also of her beautiful home. It meant the going out again among strangers to fight for a place and existence. Was she equal to such sacrifice? In human strength, no. But in his name through which she was called to light and everlasting life she could do all things: "He that taketh not up his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me," he had said. She must be worthy of him if she would be found with him. She knew well the misrepresentation that would be made of her motives by those who had done so much for her; and I leave my readers to imagine the trial this was to her grateful, sensitive heart. But this too must be a part of her sacrifice. Did not her Lord for her leave the glory of his Father's house? Did he not become despised and rejected of man for her sake? If he had borne this cross for her, what was she that she could not bear it after him? Her home was his gift; could she not resign it back at his call, and trust him to provide for her in the future as in the past? Aye, with a larger, broader trust, because she had tested his goodness and faithfulness and knew in whom she believed. Yes, she would go.

Pattie was not long in making known her decision to Mrs. Thurston, and that lady at once wrote to her that her own home was open to Pattie and her boy whenever they should come to her; that she was feeling the infirmities of age, and would be pleased to have them with her. This was in the summer of 1880, and the next spring was the time proposed for their departure, as it could not be arranged sooner.

Meanwhile Mrs. Thurston sent her a copy of the Inspired Translation of the New Testament, and Pattie took up the study of this in the company of her boy, who was now in his eleventh year, and becoming every year more of a companion to his mother, the result, she believed, of careful, consistent training; for Pattie not only continued to interest herself in his studies, or whatever for the time being interested him, but she had taken him into her confidence and sought to interest him in her own pursuits. Thus she would manage to have an hour's reading with him before his bedtime. Sometimes it would be a book of his own selection, and sometimes of hers. She did not confine this reading exclusively to religious subjects, nor yet to children's literature, believing that a child's mind should have mental food somewhat in advance of its own capacity in order to expand and to stimulate thought. History and the political and current news of the day often formed a part of these evening readings. But whatever it was, the Bible was their law book and standard of reference for all questions of right.

Nor was literature alone that in which they showed a common interest; she tried also to cultivate in him habits of industry, teaching him to make up the garden beds, to plant, weed and water them, cheering him with the thought that he was helping mother and gaining useful information for himself. And all his boyish amusements found a sympathy in her that added to his pleasure.

Pattie had listened to the lament of mothers that their children grew away from them as they grew up, and she recalled the homes where she had been employed, in many of which the children's absence from home was regarded as a positive relief. How often she had seen them turned from a room with a harshly spoken, "Get out of here and don't bother me." How often had mothers said to her: "I shall be glad when my children are grown and can take care of them-

selves." And now that they were grown and showed a disposition to take care of themselves the cry was that they cared nothing for mother now.

And Pattie had thought that if her little Willie grew away from her, it should not be for lack of sympathy, now that she had a home. A child's love is holy, and if parents make no effort to fix it upon themselves, they deserve to lose it, and in after years to bewail their poverty of heart.

The little child's heart is full of love that must gush out towards somebody or something, and when the sympathy of a Christian parent draws that love to himself, he can influence the young soul against the evil and undeserving, because he is to the child a model of excellence by which it compares others.

And Pattie considered it to be time well improved to answer the child's questions, talking familiarly and tenderly with him, helping him when he desired help, reading with him, and thus unconsciously to the child directing his tastes in the character of his reading. In the same way she determined the character of his sports by showing an interest in them. And I venture to say that there is no surer way than this of binding a child to the parent and making a friend of him for life.

She neither thought nor let him think that she was wasting time, when at his request she laid down her work, and putting on her hat walked with him down to the brook where a few sugar maple trees fringed its banks to look at a miniature arch that he had constructed to play at sugar making. And seated on a rock in the shade where the clear cold water went dashing and singing past her feet, to tell him a story of sugar making time in the grand old woods when she was a little girl. No, the time was not wasted she knew, when she left the lad happy and contented at his play, and returned strengthened and rested to go on with the work. Or when the snow came and coated the hill with a smooth surface she did not think it loss of time or dignity to seat herself on his sled for a slide with him, now and then.

So the time wore on, and New Year's day, 1881, had arrived. It was Saturday, and the day passed with Pattie much as other days had done, until evening. She had finished her work and was sitting by the kitchen fire thinking, half sadly, half pleasantly, of the near approach of the time when she should meet the dear friend whom in her affections she regarded as a mother; but mingled with her pleasing anticipations were the sad reflections that in going she was leaving the only home that she had ever called her own. Her reverie was interrupted by the entrance of a neighbor who had come from the post-office with the mail. He handed a letter to Pattie which she took eagerly, as she was expecting one from her friend. The letter was postmarked Plano, but it bore the sad, sad news that Mrs. Thurston was dead. Their meeting was deferred until they should meet in the church of the glorified in heaven.

(To be continued)

REFLECTIONS.

Oh, the power that lurks in the scandalous tale,
The wispered word, the suspicuous story!
Even though true, what can it avail
To scorn thy weak brother and in his shame glory?

Does it make your own heart more noble and kind,
Does it make your own life more replete
With beauty and goodness and feelings refined,
The story of sin to repeat?

Did it ever uplift a downfallen one,
Make him wish for his faults to atone?
Our Savior has said, "Let him without sin
Be the one that shall first cast a stone."

CORTLAND, Neb., Aug. 1884.

The Master's law is the law of love,
And with that, fixed in every heart,
Our earth would be like the heaven above,
And sorrow and sin would depart.

We're too hasty in judging our fellow men,
We reprove them in anger, not love;
We forget we have tried again and again
The kind loving Father above.

But as we believe that day by day,
Our repented misdeeds are forgiven,
Let us treat each other the same fair way
And endeavor to help them gain heaven.

RUTH.

HOLY UNITY.

BY E. D. WALDORF.

Once, with fervent faith, we find
Christ praying to the Father,
In perfect unity to bind
His Saints on earth together.

Like as the Father and the Son
Are one in holy kind,
So should his children all be one
In faith and heart and mind.

That the world, so dead in sin,
So full of blood and strife,
Might see the spirit thus within
Show outward signs of life;

And be convinced that Christ the Son
Was by the Father given,
That both are God, the two in one,
The same in earth and heaven;

That God the Father, Christ the Lord,
And all for whom he died,
Should in the Spirit and the word,
In unity abide.

The Spirit with its holy life
As imaged by the dove,
Can not abide with carnal strife,
But only dwells in love.

Opinions are the eyes that see
A subject all the same,
And thus do kindred minds agree
To bear a given name.

They are the slender, brittle, threads
That tie the sep'rate parts,
That draw together many heads,
But can't unite the hearts.

Not thus the holy unity
That's given from above;
The essence of divinity,
The fellowship of love

Makes all the living members move
In perfect harmony,
Obedient to their head above,
The Lord, His Majesty.

Then let us all remember well
For this one thing to pray,
That the prayer of our Redeemer
Be answered in our day.

So may the Lord, our King Divine,
Whose throne is in the sky,
Give unto us one heart and mind,
And singleness of eye.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER GLAUD RODGER.—No. XIV.

COMPILED FROM HIS JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

CHAPTER XIV.

JANUARY 13th, 1876, Bro. Ellis and I walked from Terallia to Castle Creek, where we met others, fourteen in number, and went in a boat down the smooth water to the place of baptism, in the solitary woods. We sat down under the trees and sung several sweet hymns, and breathed a prayer of thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father, then prepared for the solemn ordinance. I then baptized six precious souls into the church. All was still save the singing of the birds, and the scene was grand, while the pleasant sun shone down upon us through the branches overhead.

February 7th I started to open up a new field on the Manning River. Went on board a steamer, had a rough passage of thirty-six hours, one hundred and ninety miles. I was very sick, but landed safe and took lodgings at a hotel. Rented the Town Hall and put out advertisements. Preached with good liberty to good congregations. I knew no one and had to stay at the hotel. I visited the surrounding country and preached in every place I could obtain, called at houses on the road, sometimes entering into conversation and leaving tracts. Although among strangers, they were friendly and often provided me with means to defray my expenses. I often met with opposition, but the Lord was with me.

On the 23d I lodged at Mr. Ballard's, a nice family and very favorable to the cause.

March 9th, crossed the river and walked seven miles to Cundleton, calling on some by the way and sowing the good

seed. Found, one mile from here, Mr. Murdoc, an old brother who had joined the church in Glasgow, Scotland.

On the 19th rode to Kimbriki and preached in the evening to a well filled house. Lodged with Mr. Beattie. Next day met the Rev. W. C. Hawkins, and attended his lecture on Mormonism; had a few words after and agreed to meet him in debate on the Book of Mormon; feelings rather hurt.

On the 28th, writing a reply to Mr. Hawkins in the *Manning Times:*

To the Editor of The Manning Times,

MR. EDITOR: — Your correspondents seem to be sadly put about because Mr. Rodger has come into the Manning River district preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ as found in the Old and New Testaments, as the hundreds who heard are witnesses. We contend for the "faith once given to the Saints," the faith of the Holy Scriptures; and many, since our arrival here, are beginning to look more earnestly into the "law and the prophets," and are judging for themselves between the light and the darkness. We have exhorted all to pray, to turn from sin, and obey the commandments of the Lord Jesus. For this, sir, we have brought down the wrath of the Rev. W. C. Hawkins, clergyman of the Church of England. Would it not be well for this gentleman to take the admonition of Paul to Timothy, second chapter and twenty-fourth verse: "The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those who oppose?"

We have from his pen a long article on the Book of Mormon, copied from the writings of some one opposed to the Latter Day Saints. What has that to do with man's salvation as has been taught along the Manning by Mr. Rodger in no less than twenty-six well-filled houses, which congregations are all witnesses that the Book of Mormon was never held forth as essential to the welfare of man in a better world? What passage of Scripture has this clergyman brought to prove the doctrines of this church false?

"To the law and to the testimony, if we speak not according to this then there is no light in us." But if we, sir, are to be judged by the writings of our enemies, what church will stand? Is all that has been written by the enemies of the Church of England true? And as for the Book of Mormon, he can be but a poor judge, for he declared last week before a public congregation at Kimbriki that he had never read five pages in it—a book that contains over five hundred pages.

Solomon says: "A wise man will hear a matter and then judge." But why, sir, has Mr. Rodger become the victim of his wrath? Has he been guilty of any immorality? What has he done? "Oh! he is an apostle of Joe Smith." Now, sir, this is untrue. Mr. Rodger is not an apostle, never said he was.

Again he says, "It is necessary to believe in Joe Smith and the Mormon Bible." Now this is another mistake. Mr. Rodger does not believe it necessary (to salvation) to believe in Joseph (not Joe) Smith, or the Book of Mormon (the Mormon Bible as he is pleased to call it), and has never taught any such thing. But to believe in Christ and keep his commandments. And then he says that Mr. Rodger has taught that "the Bible is incomplete, and that it requires the Book of Mormon to complete it."

He makes another false statement. Mr. Rodger teaches no such doctrine, neither is such a doctrine held by the church of which Mr. Rodger is a member; and this Mr. Rodger told Mr. Hawkins to his face before the public audience at Kimbriki. It will be well for him to remember there is a God in heaven who will deal justly to all. I came here to preach the gospel and defend the truth, not in a war of words in a newspaper, but in the public congregation, and expect to continue on the Manning for some time, and I would say to all "Prove all things and hold fast that which is good." "The bit of the public mind," perhaps, from his pen, sir, shows to all who read it what spirit it is of. In reply, Mr. Rodger never pretended to work miracles, or have the gift of tongues, or the gift of discernment. Such statements are untrue.

As regards capturing the silly people of the Manning River, I think they are mostly able to judge for themselves, almost all being readers of the Bible. As for learning, true we have nothing to boast of, neither are we ashamed to say we were called from the plow, and can tell the simple truth as the unlearned fishermen of old. Often times the learn-

ing and wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. Mr. Rodger, though at present alone, is not going to be driven from the Manning River district. No sir! The days of the Inquisition are past, and men are not to be priest-ridden at this late date. There are many noble minds along the Manning who love the truth, and the truth shall make them free. Then we shall see who is dealing out "poison." When he, sir, calls the doctrines of Christ poison because taught by the Latter Day Saints, it is time he laid his gown and prayer-book aside to search the Scriptures and learn the first principles of the gospel of salvation "as given in the first dispensation."

I intend (God willing) to lecture on the Manning and give the facts of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, and what it is. Till then let all suspend judgment. Hear both sides, then judge a righteous judgment, honestly between God and yourselves.

I am, sir, etc.,

G. RODGER.

Lecturing on the Book of Mormon has aroused the spirit of the evil one, and the enemy of truth is fighting hard against us through newspapers, etc. Oh, that I had a good companion to help me in the hour of need, but I will trust in God.

May 1st, writing to the paper:

To the Editor of The Manning Times,

SIR:—Another, "Layman," seems to have fallen into an error held by many Bible readers. That is that the Bible is the gospel. Paul says, Our gospel came not unto you in word only but in power and in the Holy Ghost and in much assurance, (1 Thess. 1:5). Again I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation (Rom. 1:16). Again, life and immortality were brought to light through the gospel (2 Tim. 1:10). Enoch was translated, and never tasted death, hence changed from mortal to immortality, (Heb. 11:4), therefore must have known the gospel. The gospel was preached to Abraham (Gal. 3:8); also the gospel was preached to the children of Israel in the wilderness (Heb. 4:2). Now all these had the gospel before Moses began our Bible. Is not this sufficient to show any reasonable man that the gospel is not a book, whether Bible or Book of Mormon? When the angel spoken of in John's Revelation, 14:6, brings the gospel to preach to them that are on the earth, he does not bring the Bible nor the Book of Mormon, but the keys of power to administer the law of God contained in the Bible, also found in the Book of Mormon, which authority has been lost through a transgression of the pure law of the gospel as given by Christ. If that great prophecy has not been fulfilled in our day, then we must look for it in the future. Then we may expect to hear the gospel law taught as Christ and his apostles taught it in every particular. Faith, repentance, and baptism by immersion (not sprinkling) for the remission of sins, with the promise of the gift of the Holy Ghost, (see Acts 2:37–39; Mark 16:15, 16; Matt. 28:19; Acts 10:47, 48; Luke 3:3; Acts 19:1–6; 8:12–18; Heb. 6:1–3). After reading these and all the teaching of the apostles, "Layman" may then apply his anathemas to whom they belong, and not to the Latter Day Saints who preach and practice as written in the law, and let him remember that every revelation given of God is not a new gospel. Christ gave the gospel to his apostles and commissioned them to preach it to all the world, but when he gave John his great revelation of the future, it was no new gospel, although given over sixty years after the gospel commission, and although the Lord has seen good to reveal the history of his dealings with a portion of the house of Israel whom he led away and located in what is now called America, as found in the Book of Mormon, it is no new gospel, neither does its teachings in any way conflict with the Bible. Let all interested get the book and read it carefully and prayerfully, then judge.

Yours, etc.,

G. RODGER.

The 10th. I have continued to hold meetings, have always found a few friends and means enough to clear expenses.

On the 16th baptized Mr. Luther Ballard; opposition is still raging.

To be continued.

PAN'S REVENGE.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

THE legend runs that, at the hour of the agony of Jesus on the cross, when he cried out, "It is finished," certain mariners heard a wailing voice sound over the sea, '*Great Pan is dead!*" Immediately the Oracles became silent, for Paganism had expired.

Across the waves there swept a tone
As if the dying gods made moan.
The mariners (with faces white,
And parted lips, and hush of fright),
The while they furled their sails, stood still with dread
As wailed the dolorous cry: "*Great Pan is dead!*"

There came, borne on the wild winds free,
A sob of mortal agony
From One, who, more than mortal cried
"'Tis finished!," as the sad day died:
Then wailed Olympus to the answering sea,
"Lo! thou hast conquered, man of Galilee!"

One summer, on a wondrous night,
Whose round moon flooded with her light
The modern city's Papal dome,
And crumbling ruins of old Rome,
I sat upon the Coliseum's wall,
And dreamed how earth's great empires rise and fall.

I thought how, through the day just gone,
From church to church I'd wandered on,
Had seen in rite and heard in prayer
Old Pagan Rome still living there:
And as I mused, my lips moved and I said,—
"And is it true Christ lives, and Pan is dead?"

When, rising on the evening wind
From Tiber's banks, where he'd reclined
The sultry afternoon all through,
Pan* came; and on his reed he blew
The same old music that the gods had thralled,
Or charmed the nymphs to follow where he called.

And as he piped, I seemed to hear
The winds as voices in my ear:—
"I take more shapes than Proteus; they
Who thought the great god Pan to slay
But little dreamed, when they had sealed my doom,
That I should spring new christened from the tomb.

"For still the city is my home,
And I reign over 'Christian' Rome.
What boots it that the names are new,
While rites and prayers and service due
Are paid as when the yellow Tiber rolled
Past the Pantheon with its dome of gold?

"The thronging Pilgrims come from far
To Peter's grand basilica;
But wearing Christian Peter's name,
Stands Tonans Jupiter the same,
Exalted still within the highest place:
They kiss his foot and sue his ancient grace.†

"Though under other forms it be
Still reigns my mystic trinity:
And Isis-Mary from the Nile,
On Horus-Jesus‡ still doth smile.
The goddess-mother and the Virgin birth—
My old-time dream—still dominate the earth.

"When comes the winter solstice, all
Still hold my Saturn's carnival;
The sun-god's birthday sets the date,
And with his rites they celebrate
Their Jesus' unknown birth; the wood-god's tree
Still lures to town the sylvan deity *

"Still Easter† keeps alive the tale
Of her who, rapt from Enna's vale,
The sad earth mourned through wintry hours,
Till back from hell, all crowned with flowers,
She came, the goddess fair of light and bloom—
Earth's prisoned life burst from her frozen tomb!

"My Buddha's 'vanity of life,'
His hermit, fled from child and wife;
The fear of nature:‡ and the awe
Of magic put in place of law;
The mumbled prayer, the pessimistic wail—
All these tell o'er again the old-time tale.

"High o'er the altar and the door,
On darkened windows painted o'er—
That fitly shut out natural light—
My emblems still my soul delight:
The naked church, if stripped of what was mine,
Were bare of symbol, robe, and rite, and sign. §

---

* Pan was the wind-god. He slept through the heat, and waked to play his pipe at evening. He also stood as representative of universal nature.

† The so-called statue of Peter is really a bronze statue of Jupiter Tonans, the Thunderer.

‡ The Virgin mother and her child belonged to more than one pagan religion. In one case, at least, the statue of them is ancient Egyptian re-christened. This particular Mary and Jesus is really Isis and Horus.

* The Christmas evergreens are a relic of the pagan worship of a wood-god. By bringing the trees into the houses it was supposed that he would be induced to follow.

† It is well known that the origin of Easter is the Spring's resurrection. See story of Persephone.

‡ The vanity of life and the doctrine that all matter is evil,—these ideas are importations from Oriental paganism.

§ Every rite and symbol of Christianity may be found in the older religions.

"Their heaven is not so fair the while
As was my blest Elysian Isle;
And never pagan oracle
Voiced such a god as built their hell.
My heaven was human; I knew no air
That echoed with a measureless despair.

"But for their wondrous Nazarene,
That star-soul, lofty and serene,
Their whole religion is my own:
I sit, baptized, on Peter's throne.
While rite and dogma and the priestly power
Usurp Christ's place, still lasts my ancient hour."

A spirit's mocking laughter blew
The crumbling gates and arches through;
While low the wind sank, and the moon
The temples mellowed with night's noon:
And in the arena's shadows down below
Fought once again the shades of long ago.

I lived the "Christian" centuries o'er,—
The papal pomp; the Corso's roar;
The purchased sin; the banished thought;
The hindrance to man's progress wrought;
The real Christ still 'neath the Church's ban,—
And then I said: "*Thou art revenged, O Pan!*"

—"The Arena."

1 See Greek and Roman doctrines as to future life.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER R. C. EVANS.

(Written expressly for Autumn Leaves by request of the Editor.)

I WILL now proceed to give the reader an account of some of the leading facts connected with my personal experience as a Latter Day Saint.

Just one week after mother and I were baptized several others were also baptized. At the confirmation of them, Elder John Shippy spoke in tongues to two persons, one of whom was my mother. In the interpretation of the tongue my mother was informed that two who were near and dear to her by the ties of nature, would be baptized before the rising of the sun. I confess that my parents' faith, as well as my own, was sorely tried at this time, for Elder Shippy had never seen one of our family save father, mother and myself; and not one of our relatives would enter a Latter Day Saints' meeting, nor would they permit us to speak to them concerning our faith. It was now 11:30, p. m., and yet the revelation said before the rising of another sun (before morning) two who were near and dear to my mother would be baptized. The meeting closed. Some doubted, a number repaired to their homes feeling sad, while a few remained to see if any one came to be baptized. At last all were about to leave. I never shall forget the look that poor brother Shippy had on his face. When just as the last of us were about to leave, he said, "Let us pray." If ever I saw a Mount Carmel and an Elijah, it was on that occasion. As this modern Elijah raised his hands to heaven, he prayed that God would at this time prove that "I am thy servant, and that I have but spoken thy words." He ceased praying, his face was white, his voice calm and sweet, and turning to mother, he said, "Fear not; only believe; for *this hour* thine eyes shall behold thine offspring in the waters of baptism."

Immediately there were voices heard out on the street, and soon my brother William entered the house with a parcel under his arm.

My mother saw him and cried, "O, Willie, is it you?"

He replied, "No, mother not this time."

After him came my sister, Lizzie, and her husband, William Pugsley. The last two named prepared for the water, and thus, as the Lord had said, before the rising of the sun two of mother's dear ones were baptized.

This William Pugsley was the same brother-in-law of mine that only one week before had hid in the bushes to witness the baptism of mother and me, he being ashamed to be seen with the Saints.

Doubtless the reader will wish to know what had wrought the change. I will tell you as I heard my sister relate it, as she now sits by me. "When William passed the Saints' Church that night, he had no thought of ever becoming a Saint. He went to the Methodist Church, remained to the prayer meeting after church, was prayed for, and went forward to the 'mourner's bench.' He there made up

his mind that he would reform, and become a Christian.

"After we returned home, we knelt in prayer together for the first time in our home. Influences were brought to bear upon us while in the room that I need not here relate; and we there decided to seek an elder and be baptized into the Latter Day Saints' Church, for we were now convinced this was the way of the Lord. We felt delay was dangerous, so, though near midnight, we prepared for baptism. We went to Bro. J. J. Cornish's house, and were informed he was down at the river baptizing. The rest you know."

Some time after, I have forgotten the date, my brother William was smitten with a deadly fever. All that money could purchase, and human skill and kind hearts could do for him was done, but he continued to grow weaker. At last he consented to have the elders administer to him, as the law of God directs. They came—Elders John Shippy, J. J. Cornish and G. Mottashed. They anointed him with oil, and prayed over him, (see James 5: 14, 15), laying their hands upon him as the Savior said (see Mark 16: 16–19). He was blessed according to the promise, and the following day arose from his bed, and was soon about his work. He soon decided to be baptized, but his wife opposed it, and so he concluded to wait. A short time after this his wife was eating, when something lodged in her throat. Aid was summoned, but every effort to relieve her failed. Her throat swelled and became inflamed and she began to think death was near. Then she began to call upon God for mercy, promising to obey him, if he would spare her life. She was relieved at once, and both my brother William and she were baptized.

Soon after I joined the church Bro. A. Dempsey procured for me a situation in the wholesale confectionery establishment of Perrin & Kennleyside. Here I worked for some time, and then went to work in a dry goods store, where I formed the acquaintance of some who led me from the straight path I had chosen to walk in.

There had been some trouble in our branch, which made known to me that men whom I thought were head and shoulders above a mean action, became jealous of each other, and for a time the London branch seemed as if it would all go to naught. I grew careless, became with many more discouraged, listened, was tempted and fell. Again my voice was heard in the theater, and my feet upon the ball-room floor.

I tried hard to forget the past, but could not. Often I would smile upon the stage when my miserable heart gave the lie to my smiling face. I tried to hide behind the flimsy excuse that I was as good as those that professed more than I did; but each night as I retired I felt I was a coward. Brother R. May and others came to talk to me, and once an officer of the branch told me if I did not quit going to dances, and singing and acting on the stage, that they would have me cut off from the church.

"All right," said I, go ahead."

But they had mercy on me when I cared not for myself, and no court of elders was called.

After awhile I left the store and procured a situation in the firm of A. Kennleyside, confectioners. I worked there one year when I took charge of the lozenge department, and received first prize at the provincial exhibition for my work. This encouraged me much.

One night I went to a grand ball, took as my partner a celebrated actress, and after carrying off the first prize for waltzing, I felt happy and had, I thought, for once got rid of the awful warning of a faithful conscience. But all of a sudden, while engaged in a circle dance, I heard a voice. I tried to listen, and a feeling of wretchedness came over me. I stopped dancing, excused myself, went out of the ball-room, entered a bed-room and was alone with God. Oh! the experience of that night shall never be forgotten as long as the flowers of memory bud and bloom. I was surrounded by many friends, every pleasure the vain world could give me was mine, yet alone in that room I was miserable and sad. I felt that all these things were empty and vain; and there, on my knees, in the dark, I asked God to pity and pardon a wretched, wandering boy. God there proved to me that he had not forsaken me, and I was encouraged to try once more to fill my place in the church of God.

I returned home, and when mother met me next morning in the breakfast room, she saw there was a change, and spoke of it, when I told her what had trans-

pired. Then, if never before, I saw how much mother loved the church of God and her boy who had wandered from it.

Kind influences were brought to bear upon me, both in our home and at the church. I started to go to Sunday School and to attend a young men's prayer meeting. In process of time I taught a class in the school, and finally was elected president of the young people's prayer-meeting. Much good was accomplished in those meetings, and some of the seed sown has borne fruit. From them have gone forth those who have grown to be plants of renown in the garden of the Lord.

I wish to relate another fact which proves that God is unchangeable, and that the son of Mary was not an impostor, but that God has, and does confirm the true believer and follower of Christ, and that those who obey the gospel in these latter days may become the recipients of the blessings promised by the Savior in the sixteenth chapter of Mark, and elsewhere. My niece (the eldest child of brother and sister Pugsley of whom I have spoken before), when a child of three years of age met with a painful accident, which would have resulted in her death had not our Father in heaven glorified himself in showing his power. It happened this way: My sister (Sr. Pugsley) purchased a poisonous liquid from a drug store, that she might take iron rust out of some clothing. She emptied the contents of the bottle into a cup, and while she went to the next room to build a fire, she placed the cup on the table, leaving the child alone in the room. She returned to the room and was horrified to see the child drinking from the cup. She screamed and the child dropped the cup, but not until it had drank a quantity of the poison. She called for my mother who was in the front part of the house, and people hearing her scream, ran in, and soon there were some twenty persons in the house. The poor child's suffering was awful. She struggled till the blood rushed out of her eyes, ears, nose and mouth; her muscles all contracted, and her body turned a dark blue color. For a few moments all stood bewildered, till my sister called for the consecrated oil. She tried to pour some oil in her mouth, but found her teeth were locked fast. They brought her a table knife to pry the child's teeth apart, but in vain. At last she poured the oil on the baby's head, and prayed. These are the words she said: "O God, I have obeyed thy gospel, and thy Son, our Savior hath said, 'These signs shall follow them that believe, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them.' Heal this my child, and thus prove to these people that thou hast restored thy gospel to earth again, and that I have been accepted of thee. Amen."

As she opened her eyes she placed the child upon the floor; and in a few minutes she washed the blood off its face and hands, changed its clothes, and the child was seemingly as well as if nothing had transpired. My mother and sister and a number of others who were present and saw this miracle are still living, and are all willing to testify to the truthfulness of this statement. It may be well to state that my sister and her husband took the bottle which had contained the poison up to the druggist from whom it had been purchased, and he stated that one teaspoonful of the poison was enough to kill a man.

I could occupy much space were I to state to you all the miracles which I saw performed in those early days of my life as a Saint, but I will forbear, that I may the sooner reach the end of my story.

After working for the firm of A. Kenleyside and company for one year and nine months, they failed in business. I was now out of employment, but obtained a good recommendation from the firm, and made up my mind to go to the states; but Mr. Perrin, for whom I had first worked at the confectionery business, hearing that I was out of employment, drove up to our house and offered me a good situation. I accepted his terms and went to work at once, continuing in his employ till I left to go out into the ministerial field.

And now I come to one of the greatest events of my life. Soon after my return to the church and school, in the winter of 1879, there came to our Sunday School a young Miss of sixteen summers. Lizzie Thomas was her name. She was born and educated in the city of London, but she knew little of the life that surrounded her. At the time of which I write she had never attended a ball room, dancing party, or a theatre. Her books and her home were her chief enjoyments. A light,

graceful form rarely seen save as reproduced from the imagination of a painter. Her hair fell in light silver curls down her neck and shoulders, and her eyes were of a soft blue; her voice was soft and musical, expressing individuality seldom seen in one so young. Miss Thomas was wondrously gifted by nature, not only in mind and person, but in heart. She was as little like the fashionable young ladies I had met in the ball-room or the opera as it was well possible to be, partly because she had hitherto been secluded from the great world, partly from the care bestowed upon her training. Her father died while she was a small child, but her mother was still living and a firm believer in the fulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

From the first time I met this young lady I desired in my heart to become acquainted with her, for I thought to be privileged to be in the society of one so noble, could not help but be a blessing. I presume she thought to be in the society of the pure and good was the best place for her. Months passed before we spoke to each other, but at last an opportunity presented itself, and I embraced it.

The church was crowded one Sunday night and the doors were thrown wide open. It was dark and raining hard, and as she came out of the door, her foot slipped, and she fell forward. In less time than it takes to tell the story I was on the spot; and before she had reached the ground I caught her and saved her from the fall. She looked up, recognized me, and thanked me for the timely assistance rendered.

I managed to struggle out the words, "Don't mention it!" and releasing her, passed on into the darkness.

After that night we acknowledged each other's presence when we met, and let me add, those meetings were none too frequent for the writer.

The months passed away as a dream. As I thought of the silver curls, the gentle voice, the plain grey dress, the unassuming character of this girl, I seemed to wish to be in her presence all the time. Those soft blue eyes spoke a language I had never heard before, and I learned fast the sweet lesson which comes to all true hearts some time in life. The bud of pure love soon blossomed in the garden of my affection, and life was a joyous dream—the dream which, if rudely brobroken, changes our beautiful world into a desert waste; if realized, makes this earth an Eden of delight. Mine was realized.

On the 9th day of June, 1881, we were married. Elder W. H. Kelley, now of Kirtland, Ohio, and Rev. Mr. Copeland, of this city, were the officiating ministers. We were married in the Saints' Church in this city. Hundreds of people came to witness the ceremony, a large majority of whom could not gain admittance to the church. Over eight years have passed away since that night, but though our sacrifices have been many, our trials not a few, yet the sunshine of peace has ever beamed upon our little home. The rose of love still blooms. May it never wither neath the blast of an unkind word. Lizzie has yet to speak her first harsh word to me, and I have tried to be worthy of her; but I still think I have the best of the bargain.

When we were married Lizzie taught a class, and I was the superintendent of the Sunday-school. We both remained with the school for years, and now when it is so we can attend we do so; for we consider they have a responsible position who teach the youth to "Remember their Creator." May God ever bless the Sunday-school, for it is the nursery of the church.

I wish to relate my experience with tobacco. I used this filthy weed for years. My brothers and sisters of the church had often talked to be about using it, and at times I felt it would be better for me were I to abstain from it, but it seemed to be hard to say no.

On a bright summer afternoon in 1881 I was walking down the street with my coat open and my fingers in the armholes of my vest. In my white vest pocket could be seen three fine cigars, and in my mouth was another. I walked along, my face toward the sidewalk. I was thinking of my duty toward God, and as I chanced to raise my eyes the sight that met my gaze is still fresh on the pages of my memory. A small boy, perhaps eight years old, was coming towards me *with a cigar in his mouth.* I felt disgusted, but a second look revealed to me that this boy was a member of my Sunday-school. In a moment, I thought, "I will wait till he comes near me and then I will give

him a good talking to." But quick as lightning my better self seemed to say, "Richard, how old must that boy be before he will have the right to do wrong?" I answered, "Age gives no one the right to sin." I was whipped, for conscience seemed to whisper, "If you tell this boy that it is wrong to use tobacco, what will you say if he tells you that he has learned to use tobacco from his Sunday-school superintendent, who now stands before him with one cigar in his mouth and three in his vest pocket?" While this was whirling through my mind the little fellow saw me, I presume, turned his face and passed on, thinking perhaps that I had not noticed him. I was glad he had passed me by. The work was accomplished. I felt it to be my duty to warn the school against the evil of tobacco. I could not as long as I indulged in it myself, and it troubled me. When I was alone in my room I bowed in silent prayer, asking the Lord to help me to overcome this evil. I arose, determined by the help of him who stilled the waters of Galilee, to lay aside tobacco. I had a number of cigars, a large plug of tobacco with only two pipefuls taken from it, a costly cigar and cigarette holder, and a very fine pipe that had been presented to me. These were all collected, placed in a box and laid away, and with a heart full of gratitude to my Heavenly Father I can now say eight years have passed away, and never from that hour till the present have I used tobacco in any form, and I trust I shall never fall a victim to that physical, mental and spiritual destroyer again. I can not say that even now I hate it, though I know how hurtful it is, for at times I love to inhale the fumes of a cigar as I pass one who may be smoking; but this, like the ball-room and the theater, is displeasing to God, and I keep from them all because I wish (like one of other days) "to be about my Father's business," and do those things that please Him.

October, 1881, Elder John H. Lake, of the Quorum of the Twelve, came to preside over the "Canada Mission." When I learned that he was about to make his first appearance in London, by the request of the secretary of the branch, I wrote an article for publication in the city papers. In the article it was stated, "Apostle John H. Lake would preach in the Saints' Church." Bro. Lake arrived and I called to see him, and at first was favorably impressed with his appearance. In a few minutes he referred to the notice in the paper, condemning in an unmistakable way the writer of the notice for calling him an "apostle." Not that he was ashamed of the calling; "but," said he, "the people of the world will come to meeting expecting to see something wonderful, and when they get there it will be only me, a man striving to point my fellow men to the cross; and no matter how good the sermon may be, the people will go home disappointed." I learned a lesson from this rebuke; it was this: High sounding titles will avail us nothing. If we honor the office and calling conferred upon us, the office and calling (or He who placed them upon us) will honor us.

I was called by the Spirit, according to the law, to the office of a priest in the Aaronic priesthood; and after a prayerful study over the matter, I expressed myself as being willing to be ordained. Accordingly on the afternoon of the 3d day of July, 1882, I was ordained under the hands of Elders John H. Lake and James A. McIntosh.

I now proceed to give you the history of the first, and I think so far as I am individually concerned, the best sermon I have ever preached. I think I shall never forget it. The benefit I derived from it I trust will last me as long as I live. It was as follows: The afternoon of my ordination Bro. Lake requested me to preach at night. I wished to be excused, but he would not hear of my declining, so I promised to preach. Prayer meeting closed. I hurried home and decided to preach on the God-head. I had Orson Pratt's works containing the Gibson and Woodman Discussion on the God-head. From this I compiled a number of quotations, and had chapter and verse, and, though I prayed earnestly for divine assistance, yet I thought, "If God does not bless me, I know this nearly by heart, and will get through all right anyway." I went to church with my sermon in my hand. Bro. Lake conducted the opening services. After being presented to the congregation I arose feeling nervous. The first word I spoke was not what I intended to say. Then followed my text, taken from Genesis, but I said it would be found in

Exodus. As soon as I made this mistake I knew it, and worse than all, I felt that all present knew it. I tried to talk for ten minutes and sat down, the worst whipped boy, I imagine, the reader ever saw. Elder Lake arose, said something about "Little boats should keep near the shore," told his experience when he first began to preach, and closed the meeting.

I returned home and retired a sad boy. I will not attempt to give the readers an account of my thoughts, only that I would have denied my calling if I had had the courage to do so, and I stated to some that it was the first, and it would be the last time I would attempt to preach. The week passed away, and Sunday came again. I went to church, arrived a few minutes after the time appointed to open the meeting. As I entered the church I discovered that it was full of people, and many of my old-time friends were present. The president of the branch, Elder Edgar Harrington, came forward and whispered, "Brother Richard, we are waiting to hear you preach this morning; more than two-thirds of these people have heard of your ordination and have come to hear you preach."

I refused. He reasoned kindly with me. I could not deny that God had called me, and I finally consented to preach. He accompanied me to the pulpit, and after singing and an earnest prayer by Elder Harrington, I arose, trembling from head to foot. I never shall forget my feelings as I opened the large Bible before me, for this time I had decided to open the Bible and take for my text the first verse my eyes fell upon, and trust in God for the rest. I open the Bible at the 119th Psalm, and my eyes rested on the the 9th verse:—"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word."

This verse was my text, but I feared to lift my eyes to look at the people till after I read this verse, when I felt the Spirit of God rest upon me, and my poor stammering tongue was unloosed, and I talked for one hour and twenty minutes. Many of the friends of other days were affected, and the Saints felt strengthened in God; and I was made to realize that which I think has saved me from falling beneath the weight of the applause and flattery which unthinking friends have heaped upon me; namely that I am but a weak, ignorant creature, and that only when God is with me by his Spirit, can I work successfully in the gospel field. Often, even now, when I hear people talk of efforts I am permitted to make, do I call to mind my first sermon, so carefully prepared, and the second one, preached under the favor of God.

I have written this my experience in order to show the reader how I can preach when I preach in my own strength; and though it is humiliating to have to confess my weakness, yet I trust the eyes of some who are starting out in the ministry will scan these pages and profit thereby. If one soul shall profit by my hard earned experience, I shall count myself well paid.

(To be continued.)

REVELATIONS TO THE CHURCH.

BY C. H. PORTER.

SINCE my connection with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, the subject of receiving revelations by the church had often presented itself to my mind and I had, on a number of occasions, asked questions relative to it, yet had failed to get as clear an understanding of the matter as I desired.

While attending the Annual Conference at Lamoni in April, 1890, it became known that a revelation had been given to the president and was being examined by the quorums. This provided me the long desired opportunity of knowing the exact method by which revelations were accepted by the body. I awaited with patience the time when it should be placed before the quorum of which I was a member, hoping that all doubts might be dispelled from my mind, and that the inspiration of revelation might settle the same forever. In due time all the quo-

rums of elders were requested to meet in the basement of the Saints' Church for the purpose of examining the revelation.

Bro. R. M. Elvin, president of First Quorum, was chosen to preside. Having called to his assistance the presidents of the other quorums present, the objects for which we had met were briefly stated, after which the revelation as a whole was read, then examined by sections. Each section was carefully examined and compared with previous revelations. Every brother in the assembly was deeply interested and solemnity born of responsibility rested upon all.

The question now was, "What shall we do in regard to the revelation before us?"

I had listened carefully and sought diligently for light to guide me in arriving at a conclusion; but my mind seemed dark. The question that presented itself to my mind was, "What evidence have I that this is a revelation from God?" I had no objection to urge against it. It evidently was in harmony with what had been previously given. This alone did not satisfy me. I wanted to be convinced. In fact, I wanted confirmation by the Spirit of Truth that it was indeed a revelation from God to his people.

At this moment some one said, "Let us pray." Moved by the one impulse we all bowed before our Father and besought the guiding influence of his Spirit. After a season of prayer, in which several of the brethren earnestly petitioned for light to guide us, we arose from our knees. I had prayed very earnestly that God would vouchsafe unto me knowledge that would satisfy the longing of my soul; but still I felt not a ray of warmth or light. Everything seemed dark and uncertain to me, and the question again arose, "Can I conscientiously vote to receive this as a revelation from God without further evidence of its divine character?"

Bro. Elvin arose, and addressing the elders, said: "Sometime ago I received a manifestation by the Spirit that a revelation would be given to the church upon the subject of which the revelation before us treats," and told how he had taken the precaution to write what had been revealed to him, and had given the document into the hands of another party that the evidence might be remembered.

While he was bearing this testimony the Spirit rested upon me, and revealed to me that the testimony of the brother was true, and also that the revelation before us was from God unto the church. How clear everything now seemed! How I was made to rejoice! Whereas before all seemed dark and doubtful, now light, joy, and conviction had burst in upon me, and I fairly trembled with the force of the Spirit of truth that rested upon me. Whereas before I was unable to decide in regard to it, now I desired to testify of its truth.

I arose to my feet three or four times with this great desire in my heart, but each time the president recognized some other brother before me; finally some one behind me said, "Mr. president, let this brother speak."

The president then noticing me said, "What is it, brother?"

I related how my mind had been changed from darkness and indecision to light and knowledge, thereby adding my testimony to that of the brethren. Others also spoke, for the spirit of testimony was given, and we all seemed of one heart and mind.

The vote was taken, and all the quorums of the elders present unanimously agreed that the revelation before us was the voice of God unto his church.

The day following, the revelation was accepted by the body. It was read slowly and carefully from the stand by Bro. W. W. Blair, after which it was received by each quorum separately by rising vote, commencing with the First Presidency and passing to each quorum in their order, until all the quorums had accepted it, which they did unanimously.

It was then presented to the church as a whole, and accepted.

A spirit of awe seemed to pervade the assembly, and when some one said, "Let us sing, 'We thank thee, O God, for a prophet,'" a chord of feeling was struck which vibrated in harmony through every heart there assembled. Not loud and boisterous, but soft and musical, floated the sweet melody of that inspiring hymn of praise and thanksgiving, until every soul seemed to be filled with the spirit of praise, so beautifully expressed therein.

The prophet of the church, sitting before the congregation, overcome by the waves of feeling that moved him, many of the elders with tears of joy, which they were unable to control, running down

their cheeks, the intense feeling displayed by the congregation while singing, all testified in tones that were unmistakable of the loyal faith of the church. A living faith in God and his work was there manifested such as I had never before been an eye witness to. I shall remember as long as life and reason remain with me the scene I then beheld; and never again can a doubt enter my mind in regard to God speaking to his people through the medium of his prophet.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.—THE DAY OF OUR NATION'S BIRTH.

BY C. DERBY.

THE nation was small one hundred and four years ago, numbering about three millions of people. It was but an infant, but it manfully struggled for its freedom. Its resources were few. Its friends were not many; but its foes were great and numerous. But the God of battles, the God of justice, the God of equity, the God of freedom, undertook our cause. He nerved the arm of the struggling infant. He directed its energies and gave it the victory. He did more—He inspired our fathers with wisdom to frame a constitution, broad enough and strong enough for a mighty nation to stand upon. Yes, for the world! A constitution that would not only enable it to shield itself from outside foes, with all their bitter envy, but from the insidious and more deadly attacks of foes that might be found lurking within, a constitution that would guarantee to every man, woman and child the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, irrespective of the condition of birth, wealth, rank or station.

To this glorious constitution, under God, we owe our growth as a nation, and our prosperity and liberty as a people, and as individuals. To it we owe the peace and happiness that fill and surround our homes. It is this constitution that renders our lot as American citizens pleasurable, enjoyable and worth having, for truly in the language of one of old, "The lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places; yea, we have a goodly heritage." And let us never, as a nation, nor as individuals forget that these blessings are the gift of God! Should that day ever come when we forget the Almighty hand that has fought the battles and guided the feet of this youthful nation, from its infancy to manhood, and showered upon it such abundant prosperity, such prosperity and greatness that no nation upon the face of the earth has attained unto, in so short a period—should that day of forgetfulness ever come, it will indeed be a day of gloominess and thick darkness, a day of sorrow and perplexity such as has not been known, and could not be known among the rest of the nations. Our most sacred rights will be forfeited, and our liberties trampled under foot, and the worst and bitterest thought of all will be, "Our own ingratitude has struck the blow; our feet have trodden down our liberties, and we have proved ourselves utterly unworthy the precious boon the God of heaven has bestowed upon us."

Then let us cherish the memory of God's love and goodness toward us, and each one do his part to jealously guard the constitution, not merely as the bulwark of our individual rights and liberties, but as the bulwark of the rights and liberties of all who truly and loyally seek shelter within its ample folds.

The only way to do this is to stand as a rock in the ocean, for right, God's right, our right, the right of all mankind. Cultivate, cherish and practice justice, not only in our legislative halls, our judicial courts, and in the executive chair, but in our own hearts, our own homes, in our marts of commerce, our workshops, our schools and halls of education, and in our intercourse with each other as individuals. No man can afford to be unjust to another, be that other ever so vile, or ever so weak. The golden rule, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you," is the one sure defense

against wrong, both to the individual and the nation. When nations have adopted this rule they will learn war no more. The world will be at peace, righteousness will rule, and Christ will be universal King.

We must teach our children the arts and sciences, in fact every branch of human knowledge, and while we are thus training the brain and hand, let us not neglect to train the heart and mind in the way of righteousness. Solomon says, "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

We shall make a fatal mistake if we depend upon the mere development of the intellect in the rising generation to fit men and women to bear the burdens of life, to fill their places in this great republic and to bear off triumphantly the great task we must eventually leave to them as citizens of the grandest republic the world has ever known. We must guide their minds, we must inspire their hearts with a true sense of the obligations day by day resting upon them. We can not do this by mere theory, even though such theory be given of God. We must practice what we teach, show by example that we believe our own teaching, and thereby prove our love for the truths we are teaching them. It is not enough to say well; we must do well or our teaching will be vain and we shall stand convicted of neglecting the highest and grandest part of our duty as parents, guardians, and as citizens of this great republic.

We must frown down every species of wrong, whether to God or man, and this brings me to the great question of intemperance. There can be no greater foe to our nation than intemperance. It cripples the intellect, it enervates the body, reduces to poverty, brings shame to the family, grief to the heart, and destroys the soul. It renders him who indulges unfit to perform the holier duties of father and husband. It destroys his usefulness as a citizen and thereby weakens the nation of which he forms an unworthy part. It renders him unfit for the society of men and women and separates him from his God, and thus destroys his soul. If this is its work upon the individual, what will it be upon the nation? Just as the community or nation is greater in extent and importance than the individual, so would the damning effects be multiplied and magnified. Hence the man or men who would promote intemperance in anywise, or by any means, is an enemy to his country, and is paving the way for its destruction, because he is seeking to corrupt our youth, bringing them into a bondage a thousand times worse than ever cursed our fair land, and thereby insuring the destruction of the glorious fabric which, under God, our fathers have reared and handed down to us with the stern and inflexible injunction that we should hand it down untarnished to our children. Citizens of America, shall this demon of intemperance destroy the fairest heritage of the children of men! God has forbidden it. Shall not we? Our wives, our children, our God call upon us to arise in our might, in His might, and drive this common foe of God and humanity from our land. We can do it by refusing the accursed draught, spurning its alluring but damning charms, and by setting an example before our children of sobriety, uprightness, purity and truth.

Another enemy to our liberties is the corruption of politics. Men selling their influence for sordid gold are among the worst of our country's foes. They should be shunned by the pure and true unless they can be brought back into the path of purity and honor. Beware of such a man! No matter if he hypocritically uses the name of Deity, belongs to a church, or in the ten thousand ways known to such creatures seeks to hide his deception while he sows the seeds of discord and destruction. Remember, the man who will purchase your manhood and honor will sell his own to the first man who offers his price. He is a born traitor, and only awaits the opportunity to sell his country, or his country's God. Would we preserve our liberties, maintain our rights and establish more firmly, if possible, that form of government God has blest us with, let us individually and as a nation stand for the right, educate our children in all that is good and useful, all that benefits humanity or gives glory to God. Let us educate the heart, the mind, with all the physical and spiritual powers. To this end we say, God bless every institution of learning intended to benefit the race, and while we glory in our common school system, in its

freedom from sectarian influence, let us second its usefulness at our homes, and if possible increase it by aiding the teacher in every proper way, encouraging the children to study and learn, and also to properly behave in the school as well as at home; then we shall aid the teacher and our children too.

Neither must the Sabbath-school be forgotten. It is an institution divine in its tendency, and hence must be divine in its nature. We believe that it is among the grandest and greatest institutions in the world for the moral and spiritual growth of the rising generations, developing that which is good in every heart and imparting to them such light and knowledge as shall strengthen them, not only to rightly appreciate the blessings of such a government, but to do good to their fellows and to the whole race, and also glorify God and thereby secure the perpetuity of the nation with the perpetual enjoyment of its God-given institutions and liberties. And in conclusion I pray that God may so bless and inspire the members and officers of every part of our government from the federal head through all the departments, and of every state in the Union, with the spirit of wisdom, equity and justice, that our government may not only in name but in reality be the bulwark of liberty for man, and the asylum of the oppressed of all lands, and be a beacon light of truth, justice, equity, honor and liberty to the whole world, and forever be the abiding place of peace and the name and glory of our God.

TO GIRLS IN THE OUTER WORLD.

THE intense bashfulness afflicting many girls when they go out into the outer world, comes often from a self-consciousness. For this there is but one cure: forget yourself, and do not imagine all eyes upon you. In fact each one of us forms a very small part of this lovely world, though one can hardly think so in our secret thoughts.

Study repose of manner; do not play with your fingers, twitch your feet, or move about when talking. If you blush, do not imagine it a fault when it is really a sign of modesty. Learn to be good listeners if you would be thought bright, but do not be afraid to give your opinion when asked for it. Respectful attention to older people, patience with little ones, and a kindly consideration for those of our own age, are charming traits in a young girl. Do not be in a hurry to become a fully fledged woman; "youth has charms of its own unknown to maturity."

Half of your awkwardness disappears if you know what to talk about, and in order to do this, keep posted upon the current topics of the day. These can be gleaned from newspapers, magazines and from mingling with intelligent people. It is not necessary to read the sensational news contained in the papers—we "can not touch pitch and remain undefiled"—but glance over the national and state news, reviews of the latest books; know whether we have a democratic or republican president, yet do not hold forth upon such subjects like an embryo politician.

Above all things cultivate a low, sweet voice—"one of woman's charms"—and a persuasive style of speaking. If naturally sarcastic regard it is a fault to be eradicated. In general conversation speak kindly to all, and be not too fond of the pronoun *I*. Personal experiences are not specially interesting unless to an intimate friend.

Consider a day lost when you do not accomplish a kind act or learn something new of places, persons or things. If you can, secure a college training; but if not, become through personal study an intelligent, well-bred girl, unselfish woman and faithful friend, and with such among us this world grows nearer our ideas of Arcadia. Sometimes I think that a truly unselfish woman is the "pearl of great price" that we read of; she is as much of a *rara avis* as these wonderful black pearls valued far above diamonds. A splendid field for this attribute and self-sacrifice is

offered in the family circle, as brothers and sisters are proverbially selfish and exacting.

Probably you are tired of hearing about the use of slang; but in regard to its coarseness there can be no doubt, and a true woman is never coarse. Refined thoughts and actions bring a refined look, which redeems a positively plain face, so that by yielding to our personal vanity —and we all have it or we would not be human—we may cultivate a desirable trait, which otherwise might be too much of an effort, and a modicum of vanity causes us to make ourselves pleasing to others.

—Selected

Department of Correspondence.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR.

BOX 5, LAMONI, IOWA.

HENDERSON, Iowa, April, 1890.

Dear Readers:—We read in the April number a letter from Bro. Ralph Smith, giving several instructive ideas in regard to young people's prayer meeting. I can say that I heartily agree with him on this subject, and would be very glad, if there were enough young people of this branch to hold such meetings, but as there is not, we all meet together, old and young.

It always makes my heart rejoice to hear the young Saints rise to testify to the true work of God in these the latter days, and see them trying to live as true Saints should. Be careful what kind of company you keep; let your associates be of good moral character. The young men that spend their evenings in loafing around town, playing games, and drinking, until the late hours of the night, are not fit associates for those who desire to serve God. With the home circle is the safest place for the young to pass their evenings; in the society of home friends with good books to read, and music to enliven the hours, boys, as well as girls, ought to be happy and satisfied. All should acquire a taste for reading good intellectual books, and try to fill the mind with correct ideas of life and its duties. And to make home pleasant the greater portion depends on the younger ones. We must be kind, affectionate, and always be pleasant and cheerful, and do not fail to *do* kind deeds, and be ready to help each other at all times. Stay at home and read to your father and mother, and talk to them in a kind, pleasant way, and lighten the burden of their lives. How much happier you would be and the more good you could do! "To be happy is to be good," It seems sad, indeed, to see the young man that is going down to a drunkard's grave, leaving broken hearts behind him; leaving a tender, loving mother, a father, sister, perhaps a trusting wife, to mourn his downfall, and with it all, to remember that this boy might have lived a better life. How many times they have prayed that he might live a Christian life, so that when the death knell should sound he might be a fit subject to enter the kingdom of heaven!

Dear girls, do not spend so much time on the streets of your cities, but stay at home and read good books that will enlighten your minds, and so educate yourselves, that when you meet a person of learning, you may be able to carry on an intelligent conversation. Help attend to the household duties. Don't leave it all for mother to do, but feel an interest in your home. Try to make it cheerful and inviting. Don't shirk all the heavy burdens onto your mother, who has toiled day after day, and worked hard for you. She has denied herself many pleasures, and stayed at home to care for home duties, that you might go out into society, and enjoy the pleasures of this life.

Devote part of your time to helping her at home, and in retnrn she could give you words of advice, words of love and counsel that will bear fruit in your character in time to come; and in after years you could look upon it as the happiest time of your girlhood days.

And if you are among those that have musical instruments in the home, give part of your time to your music; so that you may be capable of interesting your young friends, in a way that, above all others, gives the most pleasure, and fills our very souls with joy; for to those who love it, music is the sweetest and best of all earthly pleasures. I do not know as

I ought to call it "earthly pleasure," as it will be one of the heavenly pleasures too.

Do your best to make home a happy spot, where the loved ones will gather together, and all will be peace and joy. "He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home." Let us all try to live in a way that the world may be better, because we have lived in it, and some one, happier to have known us. Always have a kind, cheering word for the sorrowful, and for those that are poor, weary and oppressed. Let us strive to live true, noble men and women.

"If only we strive to be pure and true,
To each of us all will come an hour,
When the tree of life will burst with flower
And rain at our feet, the golden dower
Of something grander than ever we knew."

BERTHA HOUGAS.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June, 1890.

Dear Readers:—Once more I take my pen in hand to address a few lines to you through the Department of Correspondence. I am glad to see so much interest manifested and hope it will continue unabated.

One thing, however, I am rather disappointed in, and that is to see such unanimity on the question; or perhaps I would better express it by saying, having subjects presented upon which there is but one opinion, or nearly so.

Now, I understand the object of this department to be an exchange of ideas upon given subjects for mutual benefit and improvement; but how shall we be benefitted if there is no diversity of opinion? or how arrive at just conclusions? To be of one mind does not signify that we are right; majorities are often in the wrong. Then let us have both sides of a question presented in their strongest light, so that we may pass judgment without being fanatical.

I trust I shall not be understood as wishing a spirit of discord to enter into our department, for such is far from my desire; but I do want the spirit of debate, which to my mind is as far from being discord as light is from dark.

The May number the subject, "What are proper amusements for those professing to be followers of the Meek and Lowly One?" is presented, and I think it is the best theme yet presented to accomplish the object of this department, for it is one upon which there is an almost endless number of views, which, if presented, may cause us to arrive at a solution of this vexed question.

Webster defines the word amuse as, "to delude; divert; to entertain," etc: but I hardly like the definition, for we can be amused and not be deluded, diverted or entertained, and we can be deluded, diverted or entertained, and not be amused. But it is not my intenion to discuss the definition of the word, but to present in my humble way some thoughts upon "Proper Amusements."

I have before me the June number of *Autumn Leaves*, in which some opinions are advanced upon the subject, and I propose to examine them, not from any desire I have to find fault, but in the spirit I have spoken of, namely, debate; and I want to do it without hurting any one's feelings, for I do it in all kindness, and with a view only of promoting the object of this department.

Sr. Bailey thinks it would be proper amusement to read and study the Bible. Now while we may derive pleasure from this, still I hardly think it would come under the head of amusement. To me the Bible and study are far removed from amusement.

She also mentions some things which she evidently does not consider worthy of a Christian, namely, cards, chess, checkers, billiard and pool playing; also dancing. I can not agree with her. Add to the above list theatre going and you have what I consider terms almost synonymous with amusement. And can a Christian indulge in them and his Christianity remain unsullied? I answer most emphatically, Yes, according to my idea; for it is not their use but their abuse that constitutes wrong doing; and we can certainly use them without abusing. I may be looked upon as holding altogether too liberal views upon this subject, but I think I am right, and am open to contrary arguments. Let us examine them in the order named.

I fail to see where there is any harm in a game of chess, checkers or cards, when properly played, which I understand to be for amusement only; but when we make them the instruments of gambling, or play simply to defeat some one else, or gloat over them and irritate them, then the abuse and also the harm commences.

Billiards and pool have become so closely allied to saloons that we can hardly think of one without the other. Why is this? I answer, Because they are abused. I can imagine them as a very proper home amusements, and that is their proper place.

Next in order comes dancing. Why is it objected to to-day? Because it has been abused. Restore it to its primitive form, and a great deal of opposition to it is removed, and I believe it could and would be enjoyed by Christians.

Theatre going is also looked down upon and called a waste of time and money, and productive of immorality, because it has been abused; but who is to blame for it but the people themselves? They have demanded this class of dramas, and have gotten them. Who ever received harm by witnessing the late John McCullough's production of Virginius and their like? Do they not arouse many noble impulses, and create a dislike for villainy? A great many people who object to theatre going have not the least scruple about going to an enterment of very similar character if given for the benefit of some church or charitable institution.

I am aware that considerable prejudice exists in regard to cards, etc., at the mere mention of which some will hold up their hands in horror, and say they are the cause of gambling. There never was a bigger mistake. Gambling is the mere carrying out of the desire to obtain something for nothing, and this we see exemplified on every hand. Some would scorn the idea of gambling with a deck of cards, but would not hesitate to take a chance in a lottery. Is that not gambling? Others who would shun either of the above could conscientiously engage in a "wheat deal," and never see or wish to see a bushel of it, and this, to my mind is the very worst form of gambling. And yet another class who can see wrong in all the above will not hesitate to take a chance in a raffle, if it is to be for the benefit of the church. Does that make it any more or less than ganbling?

"Oh!" says one, "that's different, the end justifies the means."

Rather a queer argument, to say the least. A sin is a sin, no matter how or where committed, and to seek to shield it in the name of charity or religion is doubly reprehensible. We hear a great deal of the crimes committed over a game of cards, and it is all charged to the cards. Can not the card player as consistently point out the crimes committed in the name of Christianity and charge them to religion? and which would show the largest number of crimes, religion or cards? Both arguments are wrong, for it is not their use, but their abuse that is wrong. Charge the crimes where they rightly belong, to the evil thoughts and passions of man.

It is not the use of liquor that is causing people to clamor for prohibition, but its abuse. Ask a physician if it has any use, and he will tell you, "Yes." And so I claim for the amusements mentioned, that they are powers for good till abused.

While we hear much about the evil influence of cards, is nothing good ever said about them? Yes, there are many who will testify as to their efficiency in dispelling a "fit of blues." And if they never did any other good, that would be a grand work; for I believe of all things mortal man is subject to, "blues are the worst;" and I doubt if, while we are under their influence, we can serve God in spirit and in truth.

How many of the readers have not heard the story of the sailor who used a deck of cards for a Bible, and every card to him had a biblical significance? He could not read, and those mute cards spoke to him in a way that nothing else could.

Our conscience should be our guide in seeking amusement. Let us listen to that, and we shall not go wrong.

"Blessed is the man who condemeth not himself." I am aware this is often quoted to justify wrong-doing; but I understand it to be, if our conscience has never condemned us, then we are truly blessed. But it is like an alarm-clock; it must be listened to and acted upon, or else the time will come when we will fail to hear it, and thus be brought under condemnation.

Some may get an idea that I indulge in the above named amusements quite freely, and that they are hobbies of mine that I can not, or will not give up; if so they are wrong. I could give them all up without much of a struggle.

I have not taken part in a dance for seven or eight years; have not played cards, checkers, pool or billiards in eight months. Chess I can't play, and have not been in a theatre for five months.

I have merely tried to express my views upon the subject; and if you think I am wrong, it is your duty to point out what you consider my errors.

May God help us in this, as in all other things, to come to a perfect knowledge, is the prayer of your brother in Christ,

FRED C. MOLYNEAUX.

CABOOL, Mo., April 1890.

Editor Autumn Leaves:—Economy is something we all ought to notice. We should be saving. What little money we have, we should know how to use. It does not look well to see any body dress too fine—more than their means will allow. You can dress decently, but don't go to extremes. If you have a small income, or have to earn what little money you have by hard labor, you should know how to use it. You should be careful about what you buy, and do not buy anything you do not need. If you

have plenty to eat and good clothes to wear, you will be as well satisfied as if you had $1,000 in the bank, for you could not do any better. This all you need. I do not say for you to not try to make money, for you do not know how soon you may be disabled, so you can't work for yourself, then a little money to live on the rest of your days will come in good play.

If this finds space in the columns of the *Autumn Leaves*, you will hear from me again. I am fifteen years old.

Yours truly,

HARRY M. ATWELL.

LAMONI, Iowa, June, 1890.

I hope the editor and readers will excuse me for writing again so soon, and I will try and not intrude too often; but the subject of amusements seems to be of great importance, and if I can write anything which will be of use to any one, I shall be satisfied.

There is a great variety of amusements to-day; and chosing the good and leaving the bad seems to be difficult, as there are so many opinions regarding the quality and tendencies of the various kinds. Although our natures require enjoyment, it is within our power to cultivate a desire for good, or evil. Some think there is no harm in certain kinds, while others think there is; still others think there is no harm in any kind, so long as we do not go to excess; but to what extent we can indulge without excess seems to be a disputed point. So it is in all kinds of amusements. I shall not attempt to decide which is right, or wrong; but as we are here to prepare for a larger and better field of action with the pure and good, and our future depending on our mode of life here, I think we should be very careful in our choice. I think the following is a very good rule to go by:

"All amusements, of every kind, that tend to enlighten our minds or increase our knowledge, sociability, or health, are safe for us; but if they tend to draw our minds from that which is good and keep them on things wherein is no profit, we had better let them alone, even though it may cost us an effort." We find many of the pleasures of the present day to be very enticing, and it seems very hard to resist them, but temptation must be placed before us in an enticing form or it would be no temptation to us, and, therefore, no reward for overcoming.

There is another point that I wish to write of, that is, some can partake of worldly amusements and not experience any bad results, therefore they think there is no harm in indulging in them; but many others, seeing their example and how little it affects them, believe they can do the same without serious results, but when they arrive at the same point, they are too weak to stop and are led on to the bitter end. Therefore I think we ought to give up all things that are not for our good, even if we do not see any evil results therein, for others may be led to follow in our footsteps, and great harm be wrought, as their natures may be weaker on that particular point (although stronger on many others) and the results be very harmful.

I could give many examples that I know of, some of which have given me food for a great amount of study, but my letter is too long already, so I will close. Wishing success to the right, I remain, your brother in the one faith,

PETER M. HINDS.

RIDGEWAY, Mo., April, 1890.

To the Department of Correspondence:—I read somewhere, though I can not now remember where, this expression: "It is worth living a whole lifetime just to behold for once the sun as it sinks to rest behind the western hills." Perhaps to some this may seem rather an erroneous idea, whilst others of a more nature-loving disposition are more willing to admit the truthfulness of the saying. Let all think as they may, there is not a sight pertaining to this world more beautiful than the setting sun as it gradually sinks to the western horizon, leaving behind it a thousand rays of light and color, painting the sky and clouds with tints of the most delicate shades. It is because it is so common a sight that we do not appreciate it more. If we were in any way deprived of the sight of that great round blazing ball until half our life had passed away and then could be placed where we could behold for the first time the luminous body suspended in mid air, slowly sinking while the very heavens seemed ablaze with its radiance and brilliancy, do you suppose anything would cause us for one instant to remove our wondering and enraptured gaze from where it rested, eagerly and longingly devouring the sight? No. We would watch it as long as one little speck remained in sight. But now it is gone, and we turn our eyes from the west to the east, when there we see what seems for an instant another sun chasing through the pathless heavens the one just gone from sight. But as it gradually rises it is of a paler hue than the other, and while not so luminous and dazzling, yet it is that beauty which artists try to paint and of which poets sing. It is that on which young lovers gaze and sigh, and for which the tiny

hands of baby reach out to grasp. Who does not love the full orbed moon as it rolls in majesty through the star spangled heavens? And who can look upon it without feeling an awe and reverence for the all-wise Creator who placed it in its sphere for the use of man? But are all the beauties which God has given us placed in the heavens?

Withdraw your wandering eyes from yonder heights and come with me. Just now gentle spring is putting on her dress of green. How fresh and sweet everything appears! And as we let our eyes wander over green hills and groves dotted here and there with the white blossoms of the plum-thicket; and as we inhale the delicious odors and listen to the chorus that is poured forth from hundreds of tiny throats, how can we help exclaiming, "How good is God!" But let us pass on. Our path lies through varied scenes. Beautiful flowers for awhile attract our attention; and we stop to admire the form and coloring of each lovely petal. Now we pass strong oaks which lift their towering branches toward the heavens. On this side we see the tiny rill as it leaps down the mountain side, and on that side behold the placid waters of the broad river as it flows on toward the mighty ocean. Before our view rises the vast mountains whose snow-capped summits reach above the clouds. But the beauties of these everlasting hills I will not attempt to describe, for I have not the time nor the space. Every foot of surface possesses some of the sweetness and beauty of nature. And as we stand upon some elevated place and look down upon the mighty ocean, our souls seem lost in thought, and we feel like exclaiming, "How wonderful are all thy works!"

I fear that many of us do not look on the bright side of life. We are too much taken up with the cares and vexations of life to heed the blessing with which our Heavenly Parent has surrounded us. Indeed he has given us a beautiful world for a home while sojourning here below. Around us, above us, whichever way our eyes may turn, we may behold the gifts of His love. We can see them in the modest flowers that bloom around our feet; in the tiny cloudlets that sail through the deep blue sky; in the beautiful trees whose whispering leaves cast their cool shadows around us; in the sweet-voiced birds that flit from tree to tree in our native groves; in the tiny sparkling rill, with its cool, refreshing waters with which our thirst is quenched; in the beauties of the heavens that shine upon us both day and night; and in thousands of other things that show the love and wisdom of him who reigns on high.

Why not accept these blessings and love and admire them? for in so doing our minds and thoughts would naturally turn to the Giver; and every time we think of Him and raise our hearts to Him in love and thankfulness we are that much better. Then why not teach ourselves to love the beauties of nature? Pass them not unheeded as we glide down the stream of time, and we will be better prepared for eternity when time is no more.

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears."

SINA WIGHT.

Editor's Corner.

WITH this number we complete our serial, "With the Church in an Early Day." Many times while engaged in the preparation of its pages, our heart has been lifted to God in thankfulness for the privilege of bearing witness to the truth; of presenting to the world the fact that long before the name of Joseph Smith as connected with the latter day work was heard of, God revealed to many the fact that the creeds of men which were fettering the various sects were an abomination in his sight, and that he would soon restore the gospel to the earth in its purity and power. Not this alone, but he showed them the *man* who was to be the instrument in his hands to establish the work, and when they saw that man, they knew him. What are we to learn from this? Let it not sound irreverent to you, for we assure you it is not spoken in that spirit, but this is what we learn, what from a strange combination of facts we are constrained to believe, namely: if Joseph Smith was an impostor and a deceiver, then the powers of the world to come, controlled by the Father and the Son, have been lent as a party to that deception.

We take the position that it can not possibly be otherwise, and support the position by these facts: In the days when Christ promulgated his gospel he promised to confirm the word, and he fulfilled his

promise to the letter. When Joseph Smith was sent he was charged to preach the same gospel, and Christ gave the same promise in regard to confirming, and thousands of living witnesses will to-day attest in all truth and soberness that it has been so confirmed to them. If like cause will produce like effect, how can any one possibly avoid the conclusion.

Whether this bit of authentic history is to be preserved in book form for our children or not, now rests with you to decide. We would infer from Bro McDowell's letter in *Herald* of July 19th, that the objection of "too much money asked for, too many new fangled notions," etc., is being urged against the enterprise. Would it not be well enough for those who are not in favor of advancement to quietly step one side while the car moves on? We know not whether these books will be published, and indeed we have small concern in the matter, for if they are not intended to do good we hope they never will be. We shall make an earnest, faithful effort to get them out, and when that is done we have done our part. We often wonder in our own mind if there will not be many a strange revelation at the final day when we discover what we might have done, if only we had had the will to do it! But one thing is very certain, a brighter day is dawning for the young of the church and no power of the adversary will be able to stay it. God is inspiring the hearts of faithful laborers to enter into this department of his vineyard, and many, very many of his faithful servants, like Bro. McDowell, are holding up their hands, and the car of progress will never be staid—never! Happy then than man, that woman, who is laboring in harmony with the will of God. The cry is constantly sounding from one end of the line of battle to the other, "Onward and upward!" and valiant soldiers—soldiers "who would rather die than yield"—are every day filling up the ranks. Take courage, then, all you who love truth and righteousness, for the day of deliverence is near.

We are thankful to Bro. McDowell for his notice of Bro. Kelley's book, "Presidency and Priesthood," * which (as we have not as yet had time to read the work) we take the liberty of reprinting from the *Herald*, for our confidence in his judgment upon such matters is stronger than in our own.

PRESIDENCY AND PRIESTHOOD

* "Is a good work and worthy of careful study. As a book for reference it is excellent. It is 'up to the times' and a much needed production. Every family of Saints ought to have a copy—and loan to friends. Young members of the church especially should read it as an unbiased writing of important historical facts of a wide range of ecclesiastical matters, devoid of theological dryness, but pithy and forceful. The style is clear and comprehensive. I have found young members, while comparatively well posted in the doctrinal tenets of the faith, are lacking in research and understanding upon the all-vital point of divine right as attaching to church polity.

"This book examines that and shows in kind yet unmistakable language the true yet unenviable position occupied by the sects of Protestantism as well as the crude and distasteful platform of Catholicism. If fathers and mothers in the church truly care for the eternal good of their children, put this 'Presidency and Priesthood' work in their hands. It will make also a good birth-day present and Christmas gift to some friend. Sectarianism has its winsome ways, wary, intrusive, full of pretended Christian blandishments, popular niceties, cunning drawings; but what of the great underlying principles of divine right as attaching to their institutions? Humanity don't run heaven, nor manipulate at will the kingdom of Almighty God Its gates can not be pushed ajar by human hands, and so surely as this is true, then the Holy One must of necessity have the controlling power, governing by the revelations of His will through the Holy Spirit and angelic ministrations the affairs of His own kingdom or church. It is of such vast and immeasurable consequence that every individual member of the church old enough to read should, if they properly care for the maintenance of citizenship in God's kingdom, read, and read thoroughly such writings as are referred to, and what the church has to offer."

Those who read the "Leaves" of this issue will be pleased with the testimony contained in Bro. Porter's article entitled, "Revelations to the Church;" and we wish our young people to remember that the testimony is in perfect harmony with the instructions God has given to his people: "Ye shall ask of the Father in the name of Jesus, and if he give not unto you that Spirit, you may know it is not of God."

This promise is given to the faithful ones who have with them from day to day the witness of the Spirit of truth which is to lead and guide them into all truth. If we go astray, it is because we have forsaken the pathway of light, and are groping in darkness, for light and truth go hand in hand.

We give our readers with this issue a charming bit of landscape found on the Pacific coast, near the old mission of Monterey. Beside the calm sleeping waters of the quiet bay, upon the furthest jet of the peninsula, stands a light-house, while the cross, emblem of life eternal, stands in bold relief upon a crag of rocks, planted there years ago to mark the spot where the pious missionaries landed.

Of this quiet nook one has written: "Here the spring comes very early, and throughout the year there comes no frost to scar the garden leaves. Geraniums grow head-tall, hanging in heavy masses over the oaken paling, cottage-eaves are hidden by clambering honeysuckles, and by the garden path the

creamy calla lilies bloom through all the misty months of winter"

In our next we will give a picture of one of the old mission buildings.

THERE is much contained in the poem, "Pan's Revenge," which we have selected from the "Arena" for March This new magazine, published at Boston, and edited by B. O Flower, promises to become a rival of the "Forum" in public favor.

WE are pleased to give our readers the very latest and thoroughly reliable news from Palestine in the following letter:

JAFFA, Palestine, June 30th, 1890.

MRS. M. WALKER, *Dear Sister:*—The railroad is getting on finely. All things are progressing as fast as it is possible in connection with the work on it. I have the honor to be personally acquainted with one of the directors of the work. You will perhaps be surprised, as I was, to hear his name is Frederick Smith. He is a learned man, speaks five languages besides his own, namely: German, English, French, Italian, Turkish and Arabic. He likes the *Herald* and reads it most diligently, and I hope to see him one with us in the kingdom of God in the near future. I shall be able to write you all the particulars as the work progresses on to completion, for he has promised to help me to all the information he can, and he is, as you may say, the backbone of the work. They can do nothing without him I was thinking what a splendid elder he would make, especially to go to Turkey. He has lived in Constantinople, and in many other parts of the world, but has never been to America. I do hope an elder will come here in the near future. Since they have given up the colony I get quite lonesome about it. I was so pleased to think I should have some of the dear Saints here with me in my exile from my native land. It would have been so nice to have some one of my own country to talk with. But let the will of God be done, as he will not withhold any good thing from us I put perfect trust in him, his loving care is so apparent to me, and since I have kept the hour of the Prayer Union it seems to me that you are all nearer and dearer to me than ever before. Although inexpressibly dear before, this makes us to become one in spirit, perfect in the love of God. Give my love to the dear Saints and remember me in your prayers, as I also do you always The weather is delightful here so far of the spring, with plenty of bathing. The people come from Jerusalem to bathe in the sea. With love to you I remain your sister,

ABIGAIL Y. ALLEY.

ANY one having AUTUMN LEAVES for August, 1889, January, February, March, April and June numbers for 1890, and mailing them to the office here, will receive credit for the same.

Domestic Department.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

"We can not live in conformity to spiritual laws while in open violation of the physical."

SERVICE.

Her hands were strained and callous,
Her forehead lined with care;
She knew that she was busy,
Forgot she once was fair.
The very lines she moved in
Were those of toil, alone,
No grace of look or gesture
In word or way was shown.

And something seemed to whisper,
"How quickly from your face
Has gone your maiden beauty,
And from your form its grace!
What guerdon is availing
To compensate for all
The grace, the mirth, the beauty,
That 'fore your tasks must fall?"

But, "Be it so," she answered;
"Better the roughened palms
Than hands forever folded
In soft and selfish calm
Better the care-lined forehead
Than the smooth, seamless brow
O'er listless brain—or furrows
Sorrow or fashion plow.

"Better the task-bowed shoulders
Than comelier ones that shirk
All dear and daily service—
God's hallowing burden—work.
Better the wearing duty,
The toil of ministering,
Than years that pass, and never
Toll for their passing bring.

"I would not have denied me
Life's richest, noblest good,
The privilege and guerdon
And crown of womanhood—
The joy that is in serving
The blessing none may miss
Whose willing feet are going
On homely ministries.

"And when depressed and weary,
My life seems hard and drear,
And a low reminder
Of all I miss I hear.
I answer, low and trustful,
The path of service is
The way Christ trod; His presence
Is in such ways as this." —Sel.

SUMMER HYGIENE.—NO. II.

ONE'S coolness and comfort depend largely upon the food one eats. We all know, as I said before, how nature heats the body. She needs carbon, sweets and fats to build her fires in our blood, and when we take these elements into our stomachs, we are not only furnishing her with kindling wood, but fuel to heat a furnace, if these foods are partaken of largely and frequently. The Esquimaux lives largely on fats and oils; all very well when you consider the icy frigidity of his home-land. Surely if he knows enough to take such food to keep him warm, we should know enough to abstain from such articles of diet when we want to keep cool.

What shall we eat? If we must have meat in hot weather, let it be lean. Roast mutton or lamb, served cold, are the least objectionable, perhaps, of all meats. Mutton, well boiled, is a dish not to be despised. Poultry or game may be used for a change, while fresh fish is ever desirable for summer diet. Though after all, that as well as other foods may be spoiled by cooking. Fish rolled in cracker crumbs and fried in plenty of hot fat, may be good on a sharp, cold winter morning, but is not the very best thing for the burning days of July and August. To my notion, fish is better baked than fried; and it is no mere notion that it is better so for a summer dish.

Cereals should enter largely into the warm weather diet. They form an almost limitless realm for the cook's ingenuity. Oatmeal, graham, cerealine-flakes, corn-meal, hominy, grits, pearl-barley, cracked-wheat, etc., all make nice breakfast dishes, cooked in the form of mush. Granula forms a most excellent food, simply soaked in milk. This, as well as most of the other cereals mentioned, make nice puddings — by the addition of milk, eggs and sugar.

The nicest rice pudding I know of is made in the proportion of one cup of rice to eight cups milk, sweetened to taste, grate a little nutmeg over the top, and add a good lump of butter. This needs baking two hours, and therefore is not as desirable for a dinner dish as it would otherwise be. It is delicious, and deserves a place in the bill of fare whenever fire is needed for that length of time.

Gems may be made of oatmeal, graham, rice, corn-meal or gluten, as well as of white flour. The other cereals are preferable to the white flour, as they contain much more nutriment. White flour at its best is a very insufficient food.

I often wonder that gluten and whole wheat flour are not more used. They make nice bread, and contain all the elements of a perfect food, and should they be used largely, better health, stronger nerves and muscles, would be the result. There is more real nourishment in a breakfast of oatmeal mush, whole wheat bread and fruit, than in beefsteak, fried potatoes and coffee, customary thinking to the contrary. Every fruit in its season should be partaken of freely. They are nice enough in themselves for a dessert, and save much work if served fresh with no appendage of indigestible pastry.

Lemonade is the drink par excellence for hot weather, if not iced, and sugar is used sparingly. In bilious complaints the patient will sometimes be able to take lemon juice and water without any sugar, with excellent results.

Look well to the ways of your household in that suitable food is provided, and fresh air is supplied in abundance. Try the plan of the hot weather diet, and see if the result will not justify the means.

It is hard to keep a sweet temper on a sour stomach. It is difficult to keep the heart with diligence when the furnace fires of the blood are at feverheat, made so and kept so by the injudicious use of fat meat, pastry and sweets. Take all the rest you can.

. . . .

See to it there are no decaying vegetables in the cellar, or festering filth at the back door. If nothing else can be done with old clothes, burn them up. It is much better than that the precious life of some loved one should be burned to the socket by a fever caused by filth. Keep the body clean. A cold bath in the morning is better than purgatives, pellets and patent medicines. Let the clothing be loose, with plenty of room for the free action of all the physical organs; not only should such dress be for children, but for those of older growth. It is such a pity we outgrow so many childish things—comfortable clothing among them. Let the children rise early and play out doors, and then give them a long sleep during the midday hours, and a good long play spell in the cool of the day. I don't believe there is half as much danger of their being out after the dew falls, as there is when the sun is at its zenith. So if you are afraid they will wet their feet and spoil their shoes, why take off shoes and stockings, and let them feel the cool softness of the grass on their dimpled feet. They will go to bed and sleep sweetly after such a day, and the thought of childhood's freedom and the wise lessons of their mother's management, may be a blessing to them in after life; at least it will be a sweet memory, and the mother herself will be one of those we read about, whose "children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

—The Woman's Magazine, pages 370, 371.

The opinions in regard to suitable food for the different seasons, expressed in this article and by many eminent writers are in exact accordance with the teaching of the "Word of Wisdom," given of the Lord, through Joseph Smith, in 1833, for the benefit of the Saints.

We read there that all grain is good for the food of man, but wheat more especially; also all vegetables spoken of as "wholesome herbs," and "that which yieldeth fruit whether in the ground or above the ground." To these is added "every fruit in the season thereof," and all to be partaken of with prudence and thanksgiving. Of meat, the Lord says that he has ordained flesh of beasts and of

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

SCENE NEAR MONTEREY LIGHT-HOUSE AT POINT OF PINES.

(See page 391.)

the fowls of the air for the use of man, but that it is to be used sparingly; and it is pleasing to Him that it should be used only in times of winter, or of cold, or famine. That we should abstain from it at any time comes to us not in the form of a command, but the loving Father wisely, kindly counsels us as to what will bring us the greatest physical good, as a great and good physician might advise his patrons as to the way of health. It is pleasing to Him that we use it only in times of cold or famine.

Do we question why? Because He desires that our bodies shall be kept in a state of health and purity, that they may be fit dwellings for the Holy Spirit, and that we may be able to make the most of our mental and spiritual powers, which in a degree are dependent on the condition of the body: and He, understanding the requirements of our physical natures, understanding also the nature of those things which he has given us for food, knows that meat or much fat of any kind is not suitable for our bodies in warm weather. One author says: "One condition alone calls for the use of fats in daily diet, 'Long continued exposure to excessive cold.'" He then goes on to give the scientific reason for this in the fact that when all moisture freezes, the air is nearly pure, and contains a large per cent of oxygen. To meet this in the lungs requires abundant carbon, and oils furnish this most readily. Food containing a large proportion of carbon, and thus supplying heat, should be avoided in warm weather, and only those be used which will build up the tissues of the body and are of easy digestion. Fruits supply acid which aids digestion, and are very valuable in warm weather diet, which is their special season.—Ed.

"Moderation is better than a doctor." "Always rise from the table with an appetite and you will never sit down without one."

Oatmeal Drinks.—First put into a large pan a quarter of a pound of fine, fresh oatmeal, six ounces of white sugar and half a lemon cut into small pieces. Mix with a little warm water; then pour over it one gallon of boiling water, stirring all together thoroughly, and use when cold. This makes a most refreshing and strengthening drink. If preferred, raspberry vinegar, citric acid, or any other flavoring may be used instead of the lemon. More oatmeal may also be used if preferred. Second—Six ounces of the oatmeal, four ounces of cocoa and eight ounces of sugar, mixed gradually and smoothly into a gallon of boiling water. Use when cold.

A little raw oatmeal allowed to soak for a few minutes and settle in water used for drinking will make it less injurious when the weather is warm and persons are tempted to drink too much. It may be objected to at first, but to most people it soon becomes pleasant.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

"Sunshine over the hill tops
Kissing the crimson clover;
Sunshine over the lily-buds
That the yellow bees hang over:
Sunshine over the dimpling hills
And over the rippling river,
And I would that the sun and the summer day
Might shine and last forever."

The following conceit for a book of remembrance was suggested by an article we saw some time since in one of our daily papers, and brought to mind a few moments ago by a friend who said "do you remember our last summer together? What an ideal time we had. But the days have gone and it is only a memory." We had roamed over Mackinac Island together and made acquaintance with every cave, winding path, and pleasant nook. We knew where grew the dainty ferns of different kinds, and maidenhair, the pigeon berries and everlasting moss. The lichen too with scarlet drops on its grey breast; and the fungi, upon which you could make beautiful pictures by using a fine needle for your brush. It seemed to me that such a book as I had read of would be a pleasant remembrance of that summer time, and I give a sketch, or rather suggestion, of what it may be, for the benefit of those who would like to "go and do likewise."

This souvenir is to be of birchen bark, or if you like it better, of heavy, rough paper with ragged edges, and tied at the back with ribbons, on which pine-cones and tassels, or Juniper berries, are to be painted or embroidered. The cover shall bear a little sketch of one of the favorite haunts of the island, with this inscription from the Word: "He hath made everything beautiful in His time," and turning the page, this:

"To the sessions of sweet silent thought,
I summon remembrance of things past."

On every alternate page is to be placed a cluster of pressed flowers, or leaves, and an appropriate legend or bit of poetry on the opposite page. The gold, bronze, and silver paints will be pretty to use; and odd lettering, making each page as unlike the other as possible. First, I send you daisies,

"They come and go
In the woods and fields and by roadsides grow,
Everywhere, everywhere seeking to show
The unceasing love of the Father's care,
Who gives so lowly a thing such share
Of the beauty he sheds o'er earth so fair.
Still preaching so,
Where'er they go,
That men may know
By the breadth of the hills and dales they sow,
How wide His love and His mercies flow."

Then bits of moss of various kinds which will be sure to recall the cool, shady glens from which they were gathered, and poppies from Poppy-Cottage.

"Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And from the craggy ledge
The poppy hangs in sleep."

Again:

"I found it, love, see! see!
A lucky four leaf clover."

Next the ferns. We plucked them where lo, when the days were yet quite cold, their curling fronds were peeping up from out the mould.

"Where in the middle of the wood
The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud."

Then a cluster of "golden buttercups and grass and leaves." And

"Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares."

And

"This spray of Ivy,
You know its gradual clasp
Uproots strong trees, and towers
Fall crumbling in its grasp.
So God's dear grace around us,
With secret patience clings,
And slow sure power that loosens
Strong holds on human things."

Opposite some gayly tinted Autumn leaves and evergreens comes this message: "I gathered these in the glen of Ferns, when 'the murmuring pines and the hemlocks were indistinct in the twilight.'"

Then last of all, the flaming golden-rod, that brightens up the woods until the days grow cool, and this dainty bit:

"The woods are all aglow
With the wealth of golden-rod,
And everywhere the purple asters
Bend and wave and nod."

A little search reveals how many beautiful things have been said about flowers, and it is worth while to attempt one of these little books if only to become familiar with some of these requisite thoughts.

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills. No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

LAMP SHADE.

A novel arrangement for a lamp, in a room where shaded light is required, came to my notice a short time ago. Fasten a long brass hook in one side of the room, from which suspend a palm leaf fan, covered with moss-green plush, and edged with a cord. In the center of the fan, fasten by the handle, with a slender wire, a tiny lamp, which may be bought at any of the city stores. A large pink bow of ribbon ornaments the handle of the fan. This is a most appropriate gift for an invalid. When the lamp is turned toward the wall, the fan makes an excellent screen for the eyes.

A SUN-BONNET.

A contributor to The Housekeeper tells how to make a pretty sun-bonnet. The head piece should measure five fingers in length, by two in width. The crown is four fingers square, rounded at the top, and sloped enough on the upper side to make it stand higher at the top than at the sides. The skirt is made of two widths of the goods, three fingers in depth. Face the head piece and skirt with a facing three inches wide, and embroider it with white linen floss, using any pattern you fancy. Make a stiffening or lining for it, as for quilted bonnets, only iron the head piece to it while it is wet. Make the starch very thick, and put the pieces together, ironing them till dry and smooth. Then bind the ends, and stitch once across the back side of it. Begin to gather the crown five inches from the bottom; baste it to the head piece with the seam on the inside. Hem the skirt at the top, and gather it so as to form a little ruffle. Tack a piece of tape crossways inside the crown to hold it up, and keep the bonnet from slipping over the face.

A WILLOW CHAIR

Which has become quite soiled may be converted into a "thing of beauty" by the use of enamel art paint, which comes in such lovely tints, and at small expense. Unless the chair is of dainty shape, being more ornamental than useful, I would not paint it white. Pale yellow, old rose, old blue, or coral pink, would be more satisfactory.

A DAINTY SACHET BAG

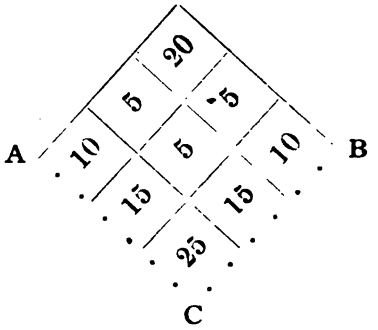
Is made from one-fourth of a yard of the finest quality of bolting cloth. Fill the bag about three-fourths full with the contents of dried milk-weed pods, scented with some good perfume. Make a hem one inch deep, and feather-stitch it with yellow embroidery silk, then edge the top of the hem with wide, soft lace, and tie about six inches from the top, with many loops of narrow yellow ribbon.

GRAINS FOR ORNAMENTING

Should have long stems, and be tied half way up with satin ribbon two inches wide. Millet may be tied with yellow, and wheat with pale green, and may be tacked up, laid on the sideboard or mantelpiece, or put into a vase. An old torn straw hat may be bronzed or folded over and partly filled with rosy apples and placed in a turned over position to display the fruit.

WATERLOO.

This is a game that is very suitable for camp or picnic, as the implements are easily procured at the seashore or in the country. Select a clean, level piece of ground about forty feet in length, and at one end lay out this plan, three feet square, scooping the dirt out of each division about two inches deep;



The figures are printed simply to assist in explaining the game and can easily be remembered. Along the two sides marked with dots drive a row of lath or stakes of any sort, two feet high and six inches apart, leaving an opening six inches wide at the point marked "C." The two other sides remain open. Twenty-five feet back of the corner "C" and parallel to a line drawn from "A" to "B" make a mark six feet in length and drive a stake at each end. This line is the base line and the player must stand within the stakes and with one foot back of it while playing. Now for the implements. Twenty-four small stones as near flat as possible, half of one color and half of another, are all that is required. If the game is played at home iron washers about an inch and a half in diameter can be procured at the hardware store and painted. Each player plays three stones and then gives way to the other. When the twenty-four plays have all been made one game is ended and points are counted from the stones remaining in the field, each stone counting as many as the square in which it lies is marked. If one player should land a greater number of stones in a division than his opponent has in the same one, the opponent must remove his from the field and lose the counts from them so removed, but a player need not remove his own plays if his opponent's greater number were in before he played. If a stone strikes one of the stakes the play counts but makes no points. Five, seven or nine games constitute a set, and the winner may be selected by the number of games secured or by the aggregate number of points made, as may be agreed upon.

The game may be made easier by placing the field on a gentle slope or by reducing the distance from the base line, but in no case should the height of the stakes be lessened nor the length of the base line lengthened. Any number of persons may play by having different colored stones for each player.—Sel.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

MISSION SAN CARLOS DE MONTEREY.
(Pacific Coast).

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. III. LAMONI, IOWA, SEPTEMBER, 1890. No. 9.

EXTEMPORE SERMON

BY ELDER JOHN LANDERS, AT LAMONI, IOWA, JULY 20TH.

(Reported by Elder E. Stafford.)

THE service opened by prayer by Bro. James Whitehead as follows: "Our Father in heaven, we once more prostrate ourselves before thee to call upon thy Holy name, and we thank thee that thou hast so mercifully preserved our lives, and hast blessed, hast comforted and protected us in all the affairs of life. We thank thee for the glorious hope of the gospel; for it is the power of God unto salvation, unto all them that believe and obey it. Now, Father, we have been singing praises unto thee, and we ask thee in the name of Jesus our Redeemer, that thou wilt clothe thy servant, our aged brother, with the spirit of inspiration from heaven. O, do thou fill him with heavenly light and truth and love, that he may speak under the direct influence of thy Holy Spirit. Then, Father, each one will receive his portion in due season. We give him into thy hands, and pray that thou wilt bless him with that portion of thy Spirit that is necessary, so that he may declare thy truth in demonstration and with power, so that we all may be edified together, and built up in the gospel of Jesus. We feel, Father, that thou wilt hear our prayer. O, that every heart may be lifted up to God, that each one's breathing may be, 'Father, grant that thy Spirit may so dictate to thy servant proper instruction that we may grow up to full men and women in Christ Jesus.' Thou wilt bless him, our Father; thou hast prolonged his life upon the earth, and wilt preserve him until he has finished his work, then thou wilt take him home to dwell with thee in that glorious paradise that thou hast prepared for all thy faithful children. Bless each one with an understanding heart, and grant that we may have a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and we will ascribe all power and thanksgiving unto God and the Lamb, now and forever, Amen."

Brother Landers, after another hymn was sung, arose and read for the morning lesson, Proverbs viii, and then said: You will find the words of my text in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 83, par. 7: "And now, a commandment I give unto you, to beware concerning yourselves to give diligent heed to the words of eternal life; for you shall live by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. For the word of the Lord is truth, and whatsoever is truth is light, and whatsoever is light is Spirit, even the Spirit of Jesus Christ; and the Spirit giveth light to every man that cometh into the world; and the Spirit enlighteneth every man through the world that hearkeneth to the voice of the Spirit; and every one that hearkeneth to the voice of the Spirit, cometh unto God, even the Father; and the Father teacheth him of the covenant which he has renewed and confirmed upon you, which is confirmed upon you for your sakes, and not for your sakes only, but for the sake of the whole world; and the whole world lieth in sin and groaneth under darkness and under the bondage of sin; and by this you may know they are under the bondage of sin, because they come not unto me; for whoso cometh not unto me is under the bondage of sin; and whoso receiveth not my voice is not acquainted with my voice,

and is not of me; and by this you may know the righteous from the wicked, and that the whole world groaneth under sin and darkness, even now."

The Lord has renewed his covenant to man six times before our day, and the seventh time in our day. And now six days in the week men labor, and they have the seventh for rest. God has decreed and ordained, from eternity, that when the earth has fulfilled its six periods it shall enjoy its Sabbath of rest. Every time this covenant has been introduced on earth it has failed to bring peace on earth and to destroy wickedness from its face; and God has established it the seventh time to bring about his act, his strange act, to destroy wickedness from off the face of the earth, and to restore everlasting peace and joy to the sons of men. And he has decreed that this dispensation to man shall prosper, shall perform the work for which it was placed on the earth; and it can not fail. Therefore the Lord here tells us: "A commandment I give unto you, to beware concerning yourselves to give heed unto the words of eternal life; for you shall live by every word that proceeds out of the mouth of God." Any one of us, privileged to be born into the kingdom of God, was not born a full grown man or woman. We were born or baptized as we were born on this earth naturally; we were not born full grown men in Christ, but babes, and have to grow into men and women in Christ Jesus. The Lord Jesus says (Matthew 5): "Be ye perfect as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," and when every one who obeys the gospel arrives at that state of perfection, wickedness will be taken from the earth, and every soul will be filled with God and Christ, and with his glory. I want to say, in placing this doctrine before you, I shall first produce some reasons why we shall live by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God; and the first reason is, that we are bought with a price, and a price that no human being can compute, even that of the precious blood of the Lamb; and it is necessary that every one should depart from his iniquities, and be prepared to dwell with God in eternal life and glory. Seeing that we are bought with a price, it becomes us to be faithful to our Master's interest, and to be faithful and diligent in discharging every duty, in order that we may bring to pass much righteousness upon the earth, that his Spirit can abide with us while we are upon the land of the living.

This is one reason, and another reason that I assign is that God has a purpose, and he reveals that purpose to every one whom he receives, and that purpose is to work with all the power he has bestowed upon us to show the world of mankind, as well by our acts and conduct as by our teachings, that he has sent unto us his everlasting covenant, which is to prove victorious in God, to the destroying all manner of wickedness, and to usher in everlasting righteousness.

This purpose ought to move our gratitude to God sufficiently to cause us to perform every act with all the power in us to advance his cause in the world. I have traveled many miles, and I have been glad to see the face of a Saint, many times. In many places in my travels I have been led to inquire if there were any called by such a name living there. "O, yes; they live here." "What is their deportment; what is their character; are they good citizens?" "Yes; only they don't join our churches. We have nothing to say against them as citizens; they visit their neighbors in times of necessity, and they are the best kind of people; we can not say a thing in the world against them."

What power can prevail against such a people in presenting the gospel truth and righteousness to their fellow men? There are not many men who have passed through the mill as I have, and I must say that I have seen very few Saints whose character was spotless, that were not as firm as a rock, as the everlasting hills; they could not be moved by any power brought against them; they knew what they had subscribed to. Well; I bless the God of heaven that he has permitted me to preach this day.

A man *knows* something after obeying this gospel. He gets a certain knowledge that he never forgets. He never forgets the time he was born of God; never forgets the time when he was filled with the love of God. He felt that he could die for his brother. I remember it well; I shall never forget it in the world. This is another reason why we should be diligent, that we may advance the glory of

God; advance this work in the world, promote it with all the power we possess.

I will say right here, every son of God that lives his religion has power with God, and it is known by his acquaintances that he is possessed of the power of God. There is not a man that lives his religion anywhere upon the earth, that has obeyed the gospel of the kingdom, but what he has manifested unto all the people around him, who have not obeyed it, that he knows more than they know, and he has an assurance and hope with God that they have not.

I do not know that I shall get through with all that I meant to say.

I call your attention to some of the words of the Lord here. He tells us we shall live by every word which proceeds out of the mouth of God. I want to call your attention to some thoughts found in this book that I hold in my hands, and see what is said here in the thirteenth chapter of John, thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth verses: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another, as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." We can perceive by this declaration that the Lord Jesus designed that the Saints should display a greater love towards each other than was known among the classes of people by whom they were surrounded, professors or otherwise; hence he says; "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, you shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." And he says: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if you love one another." And in the fifteenth chapter of John, thirteenth and fourteenth verses, he says: "This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." He again renews the commandment; it was something of importance, or else after he had given it once he would not have renewed that commandment again. It is an important point in our religion; it is a thing we most need; it is that which every Saint wants the most of; if they want anything in the world, it is this thing.

We can all remember, as I said before, when the Lord fills us with his love in the service of God. If you obey the gospel, if you are buried in water, and come forth out of the water, and receive the laying on of hands, you will receive the gift of the Holy Ghost; for the promise is to all who obey. If the Lord did not fulfill that promise, he has falsified his word, and we would not know whether we were accepted of God or not. But we know that he has fulfilled his promise, and verified the word, and we know that it is not in the power of man to bestow that Spirit; but it is of God, and we know that when he does bestow it, we feel to love every creature on the earth. Jesus says here, in the fifteenth chapter of John: "This is my commandment that you love one another, as I have loved you;" and then he says "greater love can no man have than that he lay down his life for his brother." If you love as God has loved you, you will, to the end of your lives, love one another. When a man loves his brother so as to give his life for him, he would not be able to give anything else of higher value in the world. God has said, "Ask and you shall receive." He don't say you *may* receive; he says "ask and you *shall* receive." Now if when we have felt that love of God to be in our souls we have asked our Father above, believing we have then received the Spirit of God in our hearts, and felt the power of it, which has made us know of the things of God. I know it, and so do you just as well as I do.

In the old edition of the Book of Covenants, section twelve, paragraph five, the Lord says: "But verily I say unto you that in time ye shall have no king nor ruler, for I will be your king and watch over you. Wherefore hear my voice and follow me, and you shall be a free people, and ye shall have no laws but my laws when I come, for I am your lawgiver, and what can stay my hand. But verily I say unto you, teach one another according to the office whereunto I have appointed you, and let every man esteem his brother as himself, and practice virtue and holiness before me. And again I say let every man esteem his brother as himself; for what man among you having twelve sons, and is no respecter to them, and they serve him obediently, and he saith unto the one, be thou clothed in robes and sit thou here; and to the other be thou clothed in rags and sit thou there,

and looketh upon his sons and saith, 'I am just.' Behold, this I have given unto you a parable, and it is even as I am. I say unto you be one; if you are not one ye are not mine." We can see now that the law of the Lord is the same, in the one as the other, and is as binding on us as it was on the ancients.

I want to say again, when we read this book it tells us that the ancient saints had all things common. They sold their possessions and laid them at the apostles' feet, and distribution was made to every man. When that was so, the dead were raised to life, and the sick were healed, and mighty works were wrought by the hands of the elders of Israel in those days, and greater power was manifested than is manifested now. But if we live our religion there will be no diminution of power. God has decreed it shall produce the same faith; it can not be otherwise; it must be so, and the sooner we come to an understanding and draw nearer to God, living by every word which proceedeth out of his mouth, the sooner will this fruit be borne, and how much more swiftly would this work go through the world. And there is sufficient in the church to move the cause of Zion in mighty power throughout the world, if the people would pay their tithing; and as I said before, it would be for our best interest, our advancement in this world, and that which is to come. We should be glad to do so every day of our lives; and if we did do so what power the elders would preach with, to the world wherever they go, and every soul who obeyed the gospel would be willing to do their part, on the right hand and on the left, and the elders sent to gather in the outcasts of Israel would be greatly blessed. My prayer is that you will all have these things at heart, and live by every word which proceeds out of the mouth of God. That this may be the case and the truth may prevail over all the world, that men may be constrained to say that this is the power of God, is my prayer.

I know that these things would be so, my brethren, and while I speak by the power of God I know it is so. It would not be possible for me to stand before you as I have today, and talk as I have talked unto you, if not sustained by the power of God. I don't know anything about weariness [he is ninety-six years of age] nor faltering in my voice. The Lord requires me to talk, and I want to say unto you, precious Saints, that if we would indeed walk in the path that God has marked out for us, to be one, in every sense of the word in which God designs that we should be one, then the power and glory of God will rest upon us. God has said a house shall be built in Independence, Jackson county, and this generation shall not all pass away, until it is done, and the glory of the Lord shall rest upon it. Can we erect it in our scattered condition? We could not acquire the means to do it. We have got all we can do in the world, and it seems we have nothing to spare. We could not build the house of God now; the first thing required of all Saints is to come up to their duty. Adam said that the holy priesthood should be on the earth in the last days. I am not dependent upon imaginary thoughts for this. I know it by the power of God—and man has by transgression brought a curse upon the earth, and the prophet has said, "Bring all your tithes in my store house, and prove me, and see if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there will not be room to contain it." And by doing this God has said the earth shall be restored, shall bring forth its fruit, and he will remove the destroyer for your sake. And if this was done could it be possible to build the house of God? By no means. The people of God must first become holy and pure before God to have power with God and man.

By the prayer of faith will the earth preserve its fruit, and by the prayer of faith, the Saints will be able to accomplish everything required for the marriage supper of the Lamb, and the people that live on the earth must prepare that.

And it must be that the earth will be restored or it could not be so. There will be a mighty force at that marriage supper of the Lamb. There will be Enoch and his mighty host, and all the resurrected dead; they will make a mighty host, and it will need a great feast to be made for them. That this people may be prepared for that feast is my prayer.

I know that this people is accepted of God, and if they will walk in humility before the Lord Jesus of Nazereth, the

power of God will rest upon them beyond all that they can think of; they will be remembered of the Lord, and the prayer of faith will be answered, and he will bring in everlasting righteousness upon the earth.

God has established this cause for the benefit of man, and we all ought to work in it for the benefit of man.

I pray God to bless you all and give you strength each one to be like him. May we stand shoulder to shoulder and be obedient to every word God has given us.

I want to find a text in the Book of Mormon; it is in the 2d Book of Nephi, 11th chapter and 15th paragraph: "But the laborer in Zion shall labor for Zion; for if they labor for money they shall perish." This word of God is as true as any other, and I want every elder that labors in Zion to labor for Zion and not for money. They will perish if they labor for money. I hope that the truth of God may be impressed in your minds that you may labor for the Lord in bearing off this glad news. Thank the Lord, O my soul! Amen.

ETERNITY OF MIND.

BY J. F. M'DOWELL.

IN our third lecture we treated of the mind's retentive powers and law of justice, gravity, force and motion, or relation of mind to matter.

"Whence springs this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?"

writes a certain author.

"The principle of curiosity, or strong desire for knowledge which is implanted in the mind of man, and the noble intellectual faculties for acquiring it with which he is endowed, are evidences and proofs of his immortal destination." Man is a veritable god among all sublunary objects. He stands the highest, the noblest, and the best. His endowments are wonderful and marvelously attractive. His sovereign earth power, his unconquerable powers, his erect stature, his high conception of governmental powers, his exalted knowledge of natural existence, his faculties for legislation in the world's supreme courts, his abilities for national commercial intercourse, immense business transactions, enginering skill, etc., are all evidences of his eternity of duration—the infinity of mind!

Any man, however ignorant and untutored, who may be made acquainted with some of the interesting details of geography; with the wonders of the ocean; the many rivers rolling into its depths; the lofty ranges of mountains which stretch across the continents and lift their immaculate heads up into the clouds; the many volcanoes, tornadoes, waterspouts; the beautiful and diversified landscapes; the many tribes of animated beings that grace the earth, instead of being satisfied with all this he eagearly grasps for more. His knowledge must increase, his information must be enlarged still more, and his mind expanded upon these wonderful themes. Let him have unfolded to him some of the discoveries made in relation to the constitution and powers of the atmosphere, electricity, magnetism, and galvanic fluid, the chemical changes and operations that are incessantly going on in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, and his curiosity becomes strongly excited to penetrate still further into the wonderful works of nature. Some men may have this desire small, but if so it is because the same has been blunted and stupefied by indolence and sensuality. Beasts of the field are seemingly satisfied with their daily routine; and what pleased them on yesterday will afford pleasure to-morrow. But man's mind is ever on the alert for new and varied fields of thought, invention and discovery. If man perishes in the grave, then why all this effort, why all this study and research? It, too, shall perish with him. But upon the other hand, the "mind"

being eternal in its duration, existing either in or out of the body, having attained to a high degree of knowledge here shall enter upon other scenes with the same and make eternal progress. For as mankind are not prone to remain in infantile ignorance, but as the years come and go they find him advancing in thought, increasing in ideas, expanding in mental ability, progressing in studies, enlarging his capabilities for increase of information, his perceptive faculties become enlarged, and manhood finds him laden with intellectual powers, perhaps most ponderous. Then after all these years of study, after all these months of hard mental labor, after all these lofty acquirements, shall it be said, shall it be insisted upon, that the man and his labors shall lie down in the grave and become dust! Or shall the thinking principle soar from out the body and wing its flight to other spheres, carrying with it all its treasures of knowledge and continue to advance in the obtainment of knowledge that the apparent infinitude of mental penetration and intellectual endowments seem so wonderfully to promise here?

The moral powers with which mankind is endued form a strong presumptive proof of his immortal destiny. It is obvious that "man was formed for action, as well as for contemplation." For this purpose we find there are interwoven in his constitution powers, principles, instincts, feelings and affections, which have a direct reference to his amelioration in virtue, and which actuate him to make effort for the promotion of happiness in others. These powers and principles, like the intellect, are open for great improvement by attention, exercise, trials, difficulties, and expansion of the intellectual views. We read in history that of all the characters of the heathen world illustrious for virtue, Aristides appears to stand in the foremost rank. Rollin says, "An extraordinary greatness of soul, made him superior to every passion. Interest, pleasure, ambition, resentment, jealousy, were extinguished in him by the love of virtue and his country. . . . He rendered the government of the Athenians amiable to their allies by his mildness, goodness, humanity, and justice." We read that "Damon and Pythias were knit together in the bonds of a friendship that all the terrors of an ignominious death could not dissolve. . . . Such characters afford powerful demonstrations of the sublimity of virtue, of the activity of the human mind, and of its capacity for contributing to the happiness of fellow intelligences to an unlimited extent."

These statements are true, and lead us to conclude that as nature in all her varied departments manifests unbounded benevolence in the bestowal of her rich stores, and as man knows of no time since the world's history began when she did not supply the demands of earth life; so may we naturally conclude that the universality of this bounty presents unto us an infinite gift of endless duration; and the same principle, or attribute, being found in man as an intelligent attribute, and also universal, that it shall also be eternal or endless, and is of that character as to bespeak its alliance with eternal action and the product of life; that man's mind in which the conceptive thought exists is bound to express itself as of eternal duration; that virtue and benevolence are not of time only but of eternity. The knowledge of eternal principles, the exemplification of those principles by intelligent existences, strongly presuppose that such can only be the outgrowth of an eternal mind capable of producing the results of an eternal thought and purpose, seen to endure for countless ages, and reaching forth into futurity with the impress of eternal promise of their continuance! There is no history extant containing statements of a time when the eternity and indestructible property of mind did not have a universal sway, as a universal belief among all peoples, tribes and nations. There are events recorded of times when in certain localities the effort was made to obliterate from the public mind the belief in such; but it never has been accomplished. For the most bold and defiant of atheists have been awed and startled at death's hour when terrible darkness covered them, and unspeakable fear seized upon them.

The universality of this belief does argue something in its favor, from the fact that it can not be attributed to heathenish origin, or a belief that originated with ignorance; for highly civilized nations have warmly embraced it, and urged its reasonableness; and, moreover, it would be to offer an indignity to supreme intelligence to say that mankind were first

ignorant, then wise; for wisdom is not an outgrowth of ignorance, but ignorance exists from a departure from wisdom's ways, and the ignoring of wise action.

However depraved and darkened any nation has become, there has existed among that people a brilliant mind that stood high above the rest of his fellows as a beacon light, and from such illustrious persons has shone upon his benighted fellows, not new light, but light reserved, and new impetus has arisen and advancement again made. We read that "when Demosthenes had gone for shelter to an asylum from the resentment of Antipater, who had sent Archias to bring him by force, and when Archias promised upon his honor that he should not lose his life, if he would voluntarily make his appearance, he replied 'God forbid that after I have heard Xenocrates and Plato discourse so divinely on the immortality of the soul, I should prefer a life of infamy and disgrace to an honorable death.'"

A belief in this blessed doctrine has enabled men to endure the pains and torments of the rack, the faggot and the flame. They have braved the storms of sea and perils of ocean; they have traversed land and pushed their way into the climes of benighted people to tell the story, and teach them how to attain unto the highest blessings of an immortal state. Nor have they deemed the sacrifice of their earth-career too dear to engage in such noble service, since they "desired a better country," and felt assured that death would introduce them to "an exceeding great and eternal weight of glory."

The vast retentive powers of the mind argue its eternity of duration. Cyrus is said to have been able to call every individual of his numerous array by his own name.

"Mithridates, who governed twenty-three nations, all of different languages, could converse with every one of them in their own language." Dr. Wallis, in a paper in the Philosophical Transactions, informs us that he extracted the cube root of the number three, even to thirty places of decimals, by the help of his memory alone. "Maglia Bethi, an Italian, had read all the books that were published in his time, and most of those which were published before, and could not only give an account of what was contained in each author, but could likewise from memory quote the chapter, section, and page of any book he had read, and repeat the author's own words, in reference to any particular topic."

> "Say; can a soul possessed
> Of such extensive powers,—deep, tremendous powers,
> Enlarging still, be but a finer breath
> Of spirits dancing through their tubes awhile,
> And then forever lost in vacant air?"

We know that the mind, or soul, or spirit, just as you may be pleased to call it, appears to be capable of making a perpetual progress towards intellectual and moral perfection, and of enjoying felicity in every stage of its career, without the possibility of ever arriving at a boundary to its excursions! The mind is not confined nor limited to any one class of thought, feeling or action; but is as broad, free, and diversified in its mental and moral pursuits as are its broad and diversified surroundings. In these it strongly partakes of infinity, and manifests its unlimited powers that a principle, substantial in its make up, encased in its dissoluble tenement, could possibly manifest. Says a celebrated essayist: "How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created?" Asks another author: "Is it possible we have talents never to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified? May it not be that this world is the nursery for another? and that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity." This we admit.

Let us now notice force and motion. We stand before a large Corliss engine; we hear its wondrous throbs; we witness the turning of its ponderous wheel, executed without the slightest variation. We ask ourselves, is the power in that wheel? No; the wheel is inert matter. We ask is it in that boiler of steam? Not necessarily so, for steam, without the necessary appliances, does not produce such results. Is the power in the fire? No. Fire is only the rapid union of oxygen and carbon producing carbonic

acid; and fire does not always produce such results as these. But wherein lieth the power? Why does this engine puff, this machinery whirl and produce these wonderful fabrics? The only answer comes: The cause is thought. Thought in it all; "thought in the brain of Watt conceived a plan by which to utilize steam; thought constructed the mighty engine; thought arranged the machinery; thought superintends it now; and thoughts of active, vigorous thinkers have produced all these wonderful results." Motionless, lifeless matter is but the tool in the hands of substantial, living, acting thought! All the movement of inert matter is the result of the application of force, and force is the result of the mind's will. All the movements of the planetary system are the results of force by mind power, and originate with organized intelligences.

Liebnitz taught that the soul's power to act proves it to be a substance; and that it is the ultimate analysis of the bodily substance. Kant sought to demontrate that the soul exists in space, but not in time, and that it is an incorruptible, immaterial, intelligent substance endowed with personality. Plotinus taught that the soul is separable from the body, that the soul is the image of intelligence, as intelligence is the image of God. Epicurus taught that the soul is a material organism composed of exceedingly fine atoms, but that it is distributed throughout the whole body. He taught that something can not come from nothing, and that existence can not become nonexistence, and hence its eternity.

Thomas Aquinas taught that the immortality or eternity of the soul follows from its immateriality (as he calls it), and hence that it can not be destroyed, or destroy itself at dissolution. William of Occam taught that the soul is a substance, separate from the body, and yet present in every part; and he established his doctrine of separate existence on the antagonism between sense and reason.

Aristotle taught that there is an intellectual element in the soul which existed before the body, and hence had a divine origin, and is eternal.

Lactantius taught that the soul can exist apart from the body, and will continue to live after the death of the body, since it partakes of the nature of God.

Sir John Davies held that the soul is a spirit; that it is not produced, but created; that it is united to the body, not as a harper to the harp, but that it is diffused throughout the whole body.

The doctrine of eternal duration of spirit was held, as we have previously stated, by the heathen nations. We find it in the Hindoo Vedas in prayers like the following: "Oh, Maruts, may there be a strong son, by whom we may cross the waters, on our way to the happy abode." And again: "Where there is eternal light, in the world where the sun is placed, in that immortal, imperishable world, place me, oh Soma, . . . where the sum of our desires is attained."

These are a few quotations from men who lived amid the mazes of the past. But notwithstanding this, however mystic may be their words, or crude their ideas, yet they reflect the light of living, glowing truth, a bright and happy thought, and an incontrovertible fact! How wonderful the light that gleams from out the embodiment of reason! How beautiful the hope of life beyond! But O, how dark the thought of annihilation! How absurd the theory, how much adverse to reason, how damning and pernicious its effects and results!

Annihilate one atom, then may the soul, the spirit, the mind of man be annihilated. The one is impossible; the other equally so!

Do you say the testimony of man is nothing? It is something and weighs heavily, when coming from men of profound study, thorough research, and critical investigation. The opinion or statement of the learned is more of worth than the opinion of the illiterate on this question. If not, why search we for text books on any topic?

Rev. Dr. Fisher of California once said to Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald, editor of the *Nashville Christian Advocate*,—I copy his recorded statement—"I have been out of the body." The words were spoken softly, and his countenance deepened in its solemnity. "It was in Texas. I was returning from a quarterly meeting where I had preached one Sunday morning with great liberty and with unusual effect. The horses attached to my vehicle became frightened, and ran away. They were wholly beyond my control, plunging down the road at a fearful speed, when, by a slight turn to one side, the wheel struck a large log. The next thing I knew I was

floating in the air above the road. I saw everything as plainly as I see your face at this moment. There lay my body in the road, there lay the log, and there were the trees, the fence, the fields and everything perfectly natural. My motion, which had been upward was arrested, and, as poised in the air, I looked at my body lying there in the road so still, I felt a strong desire to go back to it, and found myself sinking toward it. The next thing I knew I was lying in the road where I had been thrown out, with a number of my friends about me, some holding up my head, others chafing my hands, or looking on with pity or alarm. Yes, I was out of the body for a little, and I *know* there is a spirit-world."

GLEANINGS FROM THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH MISSION.

BY ELDER JOSEPH DEWSNUP.

"He is the Freeman whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves besides."—*Cowper.*

ELDER CHARLES DERRY had, years before the present call, held high and trustworthy positions in the church controlled by Brigham Young. As president of the Lincolnshire and other English conferences he had labored diligently and faithfully, blessing and comforting those to whom he ministered according to the light he had received. In due course of time he had crossed the ocean, and plodded across the plains, suffering the privation and discomfort incident to the journey in those days, in search of the beautiful and true, only to find the fruit of his anticipation turn to ashes when placed within his grasp. Like thousands of others he arrived in Salt Lake City only to find himself deceived by the cunningly devised plans and slimy sophistry of the apostacy. Bewildered, he staggered and fell, becoming spiritually unconscious, and thus lay for a time, until after a period of rest and recuperation, spiritual consciousness returned and the clarion note of gospel truth again sounded on his ears, reviving in him the holy fire and spirit of the past. True to his instincts, he again buckled on his armor and with the call of the Master sounding in his ear resolved, God helping him, to press on, true until death.

"Patriots have toiled, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly, and their deeds, as they deserve,
Received proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic house,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever during brass,
To guard them, and to immortalize her trust.
But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,
To those who, posted at the shrine of truth,
Have fallen in her defence. A patriot's blood
Well spent in such a strife may earn indeed,
And for a time insure to his loved land
The sweets of liberty and equal laws;
But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,
And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim,
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar, and to anticipate the skies.
Yet few remember them. They lived unknown
Till persecution dragged them into fame,
And chased them up to heaven. Their ashes flew
No marble tells us whither. With their names
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song;
And history so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this. She execrates indeed
The tyranny that doomed them to the fire,
But gives the glorious sufferers little praise."
—*Cowper.*

As the first missionary elder to England since the Brighamite apostacy, Bro. Derry had before him a herculean task, for the name of Latter Day Saint had become a hiss and a by-word among the people. However, as soon as circumstances would permit, he turned his attention to his relatives and friends, with whom he had labored before his migration to Utah, hoping to convince them of the errors into which they, in connection with other members of the Utah church, had fallen. He found, however, that those who still remained loyal to the church of Brigham looked upon him with distrust and had but little inclination to hear him, preferring the special pleading and sophistry of their leaders, and avoiding contact with one whom they considered apostate to the faith. On the other hand those who had been severed, or had withdrawn from fellowship with that body felt

no desire to run the risk of again being deceived. While to those who had not had previous experience with the latter day work, the name of Mormon was synonymous with evil and deception, and they consequently steeled their hearts against the Lord's servant and his message, because of those false teachings and their followers "who privily had brought in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and many had followed their pernicious ways, by reason of whom the way of truth had been evil spoken of, (Peter).

Times had indeed changed since those seven missionaries first commissioned to bear the tidings of great joy to England had delivered their God-instructed message on the busy streets of Preston some thirty years before. Then the way had been prepared and men's hearts among the "common people" beat in sympathy with the gospel message then delivered. The reception of Elder Derry was indeed a cold one, born of suspicion and distrust, his position often approximating to that of the Master, who had not at times a "place to lay his head." Our brother seemed to have labored for a time in the "black country," South Staffordshire, traveling from town to town, and village to village, with an apparently rejected message, sometimes compelled from lack of means and human sympathy to lay his weary body down by the road-side, or take up his quarters for the night in an out-building or hay-rick for want of better accommodations; often weary and foot-sore, sometimes dismayed, but never hopeless; often cast down, but never forsaken. Thus with personal suffering and extreme privation was the gospel standard of the Master again raised in England by this meek and faithful representative of our God-inspired and commissioned ministry.

For several months Elder Derry thus labored, calling upon those whom he thought most likely to have interest in his message. Among others to whom he was thus directed may be mentioned our esteemed brother, the president of the English Mission, Elder Thomas Taylor, of Birmingham, who had then recently returned from Utah, where he had been resident for several years. The claims of the Reorganization were presented and discussed, after which the interview closed. During a subsequent visit, just prior to Elder Derry's return to America, an incident occurred during the interview, not without interest when viewed in the light of after events, and will be best told in the words of Elder Taylor himself who thus writes:

"After entertaining him (Elder Derry) as best I could, I accompanied him part of the way to where he was staying. He had been urging me very hard to take up the work again, but all to no purpose. When we were about to separate, he laid his hand upon my shoulder and said, 'Bro. Taylor, you will have to come; the Lord wants you, so you will have to come.' I had then not the slightest idea of uniting with the Reorganized Church, but on the contrary at the time thought that Bro. Derry did not understand me, for I was then still smarting from the effects of the Utah deception."

The call, however, was the call of God, and the man thus designated by the Lord's servant was destined to 'come,' and, in the providences of God, play an important part in the re-establishing of the Church of Christ in England.

Shortly after the foregoing incident Elder Derry returned to his home and family in America and was succeeded by Elder Jason W. Briggs, then of the quorum of the twelve, who labored for some time in South Wales in connection with Elder T. E. Jenkins, subsequently transferring his attention to Birmingham, England, where he appears to have labored with some success, a number having received the gospel under his ministrations. Among others may be mentioned Elder Wm. Owen, first president of the Birmingham branch; also Elder Thomas Taylor and Sr. Louisa Taylor, his wife. On the 18th of September, 1864, the Birmingham branch was organized with eighteen members, most of whom had previously belonged to the old church, but had declined to follow in the footsteps of the apostacy. Soon after the organization of the branch, the membership directed their efforts to the conversion of their former associates in the Utah church, several of whom became connected with the Reorganization. The labors of Elder Briggs were continued until the latter portion of 1864, when he returned home, and was succeeded by Elder Samuel Nevel, who also labored for some time in the vicinity of Birmingham and in several

parts of Derbyshire, baptizing two in the former and several in the latter place. About the close of 1865, or the opening of 1866, Elders J. W. Lewis, George Hatt and T. Standeven arrived in England as missionaries from America. Elder Lewis labored for some time in the south of England, baptizing both at Plymouth and Portsmouth, and organized a branch in London, April 8th, 1866, with brother Henry Sheed president. While Elder Lewis was thus engaged in the south of England, Elder George Hatt was laboring in North Staffordshire, and succeeded in organizing a branch at Hanley, one of the chief towns of the potteries, in the same year that Elder Lewis had organized the branch in London. Bro. Hatt also baptized several in the neighborhood of Birmingham, where he appears to have been much respected by those amonst whom he labored. He returned to America sometime during 1867, and was succeeded by Elders Longbottom and Hansen, of whose labors but little seems to have been recorded. In the following year Elder Jason W. Briggs returned from America accompanied by Elder Josiah Ells (also of the quorum of the twelve) and Elder George M. Rush, who was subsequently appointed to labor in Scotland.

During the absence of Elder Briggs in America, the work had made much headway in Birmingham, over sixty having been baptized, many of them men and women of unswerving integrity and much ability, amongst whom may be mentioned Elder H. C. Crump, since deceased.

The first conference of the Reorganized Church in England was held in the Zion's Chambers, Birmingham, September 6th and 7th, 1868, elders J. W. Briggs, Josiah Ells, T. E. Jenkins, Wales; Thomas Taylor, Birmingham; C. D. Norton, London, and about twenty others from various parts of the country being present. During the conference Elder Jenkins was appointed to preside over the church in Wales and Elder Thomas Taylor over the Birmingham district. Elders C. D. Norton and Henry Sheed were appointed to labor in London, and Elder John Seville in Stafford. Elders Briggs and Ellis were sustained as joint presidents of the European Mission. The publication of a church paper, the *Restorer*, edited by Elder Briggs, was also resolved upon. Shortly after the close of this conference "An address to the Saints of the British Isles," from the pen of Elder Josiah Ells was circulated amongst the Saints through the columns of the *Restorer*, in which the writer very ably presented the claims of the Reorganized Church and showed most conclusively her harmony in teaching, doctrine and practice, with the Scriptures of divine truth. A series of tracts were also published about this time by the presidency and distributed chiefly by the sisters of the Birmingham branch, who had formed themselves into a "Tract Circulating Society." They were in the providence of God the means of publishing the word to many, and accomplishing much good.

The word preached had also taken root in Penston, Scotland. Elder G. M. Rush writing from that place on the 22d of September, 1868, reports that he had baptized seven up to date. Although laboring under many disadvantages two more were baptized on the 1st day of January, 1869, and in the letter announcing these additions Bro. Rush says, "I am still working for my living, and when I get a shilling or two ahead, I am off until it is done, then back again to work." I mention the foregoing incident so that we may have a fuller appreciation of the disadvantages under which the pioneer brethren of the Reorganization in England have had to labor, besides showing a manifestation of cheerful zeal worthy of all commendation.

A conference of the Welsh mission was held at Merthyr, South Wales, on the 25th and 26th of October, 1868, under the presidency of Elder T. E. Jenkins, at which Elder J. W. Briggs, twenty-two elders, two priests and one teacher were present. Reports were read from eight branches, representing a total of 141 members in connection with the church in Wales. During the session of this conference Elder John Elias Hughes was appointed to labor in North Wales, which field of labor he has continued to occupy. Up to the present Bro. Hughes is, in the writer's opinion, a faithful Latter Day Saint, a man who has striven to honestly represent the interests of the church in the northern portion of the principality, traveling from place to place, laboring with his hands for the bread that perisheth while he is imparting unto others the spiritual food revealed in the gospel of

Jesus Christ. He is by nature and education a gentleman. His English is somewhat broken, but when speaking on gospel themes in his mother tongue is eloquent to an inspirational degree, at least so the writer concluded when upon one occasion he had the pleasure of hearing him preach to a few of his countrymen on the side of "Tut Hill," Caernarvon.

Another conference was held in the same place in April of the following year. The reports seemed to have been of a very encouraging character, and bespeak a satisfactory progress made by the church in Wales, considering the difficulties which had to be met and surmounted.

Elders Briggs and Ells continued their labors amongst the branches, ministering to the spiritual needs and necessities of the membership, as circumstances permitted, much instruction in reference to organization and discipline being required. Branch officers were of necessity but imperfectly informed in regard to these matters and often required the advice and counsel of those who understood both law and procedure. After laboring in this direction for a time, as well as otherwise watching and caring for the interests of the church in the mission, Elder Briggs finally returned to America in October of 1868, leaving behind him a blameless r cord and a spotless reputation.

After the departure of Elder Brigg the responsibilities of the mission d volved upon president Ells. He seem to have remained but a short time aft his colleague, returning home in Febr ary of 1869. Before leaving he placed E der Thomas Taylor in temporary charg of the English mission, the appointmen being afterward approved by the gener conferences up to the present year. Elde John Seville of Stafford was also ap pointed to labor in the Welsh mission Elder Jenkins having resigned in conse quence of ill health. After the departur of Elder Ells the *Restorer* was disco tinued, having but a short and not ver brilliant existence. Its demise left th mission without any local representativ paper, and the Saints were consequentl dependent upon the *Herald* as the recog nized official paper of the church for in formation and communications from th local brethren in their official capacities.

NOTE.—The writer is indebted to th courtesy of Elder C. H. Caton, secretar of the English mission, for much of th information in connection with the work of the Reorganization in England up t 1876.

(To be continued.)

SOCIAL PROGRESS AND SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT.

THE widespread agitation of the pres-ent is one of the hopeful signs for the future triumph of civilization, yet of the manifold plans and theories advanced, none seem to us adequate to meet the demand of the present condition of society. To us, the hope of the wretched millions who curse the day when they first beheld the radiant dawn, lies more in awakening the moral sensibilities of the people than aught else. Education along the lines of the man's spiritual nature, must be the key-note of future endeavor, if the prophecy of the optimist is to be crystallized into a practical reality. Let us not be misunderstood by Spiritual instructions. We do not mean dogmatic theology, which upas-like has cursed the ages; strangling the noblest impulses in the grandest lives of every generation. True Spirituality dwells in the radiance of a broad, all-incompassing love; for in point of fact, in the spiritual world love is to the soul, struggling upward, precisely what the sun is to life on earth.

Love is the law of spiritual growth; its presence in the soul dispels selfishness, even as the morning sun dispels the blackness of night; and it must be remembered that selfishness more than anything else, lies at the root of the misery of the multitude today. The conscience of the rich and favored classes has been so effectively lulled to sleep by the elastic platitudes of fashionable Christianity, that the day seems to have long since departed which witnessed the Church, in the front of the battle for the poor, the oppressed, and the down-trodden victims of society

id circumstances, over which they have id absolutely no control. At present ie pulpit too frequently essays to enter- in those who dwell in palaces, and reck ot of the people's want and woe, or the our's great demands. Had the Church cognized her divine mission, that of de- eloping the moral nature and unfolding ie spiritual element in men's nature, recisely as Science and research has de- eloped and unfolded the intellect; had ie addressed herself to the conscience of ie people, holding up at all times the ighest ideals and impressing the purest nd noblest deeds, that have blossomed long the pathway of human endeavor; ad she made the world feel and know he beauty of justice and honor, of chari- y and benevolence, of hope and courage; ad she ever cultivated the profound rev- rence for truth and that freedom of hought that dares to search for the hid- len treasure in the bowels of the earth, n the heaven-painted mountain side, or n the eternal galaxy of the heavens;— nd on the other hand, had she always aught the responsibility man owes to nan, and the enormity of the sins of im- norality, of injustice, and indifference to he needs of the humblest of earth's chil- lren; we say had she kept this divine mission in view, and not lost sight of her true functions, society today would pre- sent a far different aspect. Then we should not find the thousands of men able to move in fashionable circles, who have wantonly trifled with the most sacred treasure known on this revolving ball, and shuffled off as a worthless thing, or thrown aside as a useless toy, a tarnished soul, once pure as a dew-kissed flower; nor would we find thronging our great cities, multitudes of men consumed with one burning desire, namely, to make wealth without the labor of earning it, to amass fortune, though they know it to be at the expense of the homes and happi- ness of their fellow men.

These merciless speculators, or legal- ized gamblers, who after wrecking the hopes and fortunes of thousands by cornering life's necessities, not unfre- quently make donations to rich churches, or charitable institutions, seeming to imagine that if they help to support the ruined lives they have made, they will be justified in continuing to ply their nefarious trade. Often one of these rich idlers will throw to the starv- ing a few crumbs of his wealth, as an anesthetic to quiet his conscience, which in spite of a settled determination to heed it not, nevertheless, sobs within the chambers of the soul,—within the hearing of the brain, and will not be com- forted, because a wrong is being done other lives, which bringing anguish, and not unfrequently stimulating crime, is also crushing out the divine principle in the soul of the evil doer. Here is a lesson that must be taught. The bribing of the conscience will never atone for a wrong committed; the whole course of life must be changed; the evil must be abandoned.

Again if the spiritual development had been as zealously taught as dogmatic the- ology, society today would not be honey- combed with that pious hypocrisy which upholds ancient error, and sneers at hon- est investigation; not from conviction, but for policy. We do not here refer to honest believers in any doctrine, but the fashionable followers of popular thought, who, when driven to the wall with argu- ments, confess their disbelief in the creeds to which they subscribe, and admit that their convictions are in perfect accord with broader thought. The Nicodemuses of today are legions; their influence for good, used on the side of light and pro- gress, would be incalculable; they cringe before the broken shrine of error for business interests, or for caste in society.

Still further, if true spirituality had been inculcated by the church, the war- ring religious sects which fiercely regard each other, oftentimes the embodiment of hate, would have been an impossibility; for spiritual development rests on love, and world-wide good-will is as far from dogmatic theology, as East is removed from West.

Only hints are these of evil conditions which the Church as an ethical institution should have overcome; and which since she has forgotten her mission, falls to the individual to overcome; that society may be reconstructed on the lines of equality. This, then, seems to us to be the para- mount duty of the hour. The education of the spiritual, or the development of ev- ery moral attribute in man's nature: and this work devolves on every one who has felt the impulse of a nobler life within his being; who has caught a glimpse of a ho- lier state; or heard the rustle of angel's

wings. We would not decry any of the worthy efforts that are being put forth to better the condition of the people, and reduce crime, and the temptations that lead crimeward; but in all this work we feel the vital importance of educating the soul of the people—of appealing to the conscience of mankind.

—T. Parker Edwards in "The Arena."

IT IS GOOD TO READ THE STORIES.

BY ELDER CHARLES DERRY.

It is good to read the stories of the pilgrims for the truth,
As they forward march to battle, the veterans and the youth,
Raising high the sacred banner, while its truths they do unfold,
Truths that are far more precious than are diamonds, gems, or gold;
Truths that reveal the God of mercy, justice, truth and love,
That reveal a living Savior who pleads our cause above;
Truths that bring us to salvation from sin and Satan's ire,
Through His blood, the birth of water, and the baptism of fire,
While the Holy Ghost doth witness that we are accepted in
Our Father's gracious family, and cleansed from every sin.

It is good to read the stories of the veterans of the cross,
Who for the sake of diamond truth, having counted all things dross,
Have despised all earthly honors. and contemned all worldly fame,
And chose to fight the fight of faith in Jesus' glorious name;
Going forth as did their Master, not expecting, here, reward,
Enduring thirst and hunger, imprisonment and the sword,
And keener still if possible, bitter scorn and dire contempt
From those they humbly seek to save from hell's imprisonment—
While despising all earth's riches are content to lay up treasure
Where God's own hand shall safely guard, and give them righteous measure.

It is good to read the stories of those young and stalwart men,
Who in life's gleaming morning have forsaken the haunts of sin,
And braved the ire and hatred of a scorning, frowning world—
Enlisted in the cause of truth, with its banner broad unfurled,—
To see them meekly bearing the contempt and scorn of hell,
That they to a poor dying world, redemption's tale may tell.
It brings a joy and pleasure such as earth can not afford,
To see these mighty warriors doing battle for the Lord.

It is good to read the stories that drop from woman's pen,
Stories of truth and righteousness to cheer these noble men;
How nobly women suffer, how firmly they have stood,
While hell's fierce darts were hurled around, they bravely stemmed the flood.
I see them proudly standing by the veterans of the cross,
And holding up their weary hands lest truth should suffer loss.
The mother and the maiden with armor pure and bright,
Are striking strong and stalwart blows in the thickest of the fight.

God bless the aged veteran and nerve his arm with power,
To level the strongholds of sin in this the eleventh hour.
God help the youthful soldier to keep his sacred armor bright,
Nor lay that glorious armor down until he wins the fight.
God bless that aged matron, that youthful loving wife,

That sweet and gentle maiden who consecrates this life
To the service of the Master, as Mary did of old,
For they have chosen the precious part, more precious far than gold.
May they live to tell the story of Christ's redeeming love,
Till the earth is filled with glory—the bright glory from above.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER R. C. EVANS.

(Written expressly for Autumn Leaves by request of the Editor.)

SOON after I was ordained, I was elected presiding priest of the London branch, and I endeavored to perform my duty as best I could, in which God blessed me. Often I would preach in the London church, then drive out to St. Johns, preach there in the afternoon, and then to London East at night. Nearly all one summer I would preach in St. Johns and Lambeth every alternate Sunday afternoon. Usually Bro. O. W. Cambridge would drive me out, and if he could not, I would hire a horse, and when I could not do that, some few times we walked the six miles and back again in time to preach in the open air in London East. Often after my Sunday's work was accomplished, I could hardly speak above a a whisper. While thus engaged, I learned that a "Bible Christian" minister by the name of L. W. Wicket had delivered a lecture on "Mormonism." I learned from those who were present that he had all the calumny and scandal contained in the works of Howe, Beadle, Stenhouse and Hyde against Joseph Smith compiled, and stated that he was willing to prove anything he had said; and further, that he had his lecture in manuscript form and he was willing that any person should examine it. I went to his church, took part in his prayer meeting, and after meeting requested the privilege of reading the manuscript of his lecture on Mormonism. At first he refused to allow me to see the manuscript, but when reminded of his promise in public, he said, "Well, if you are determined to see it, why, you must come to my house." I went, and with me a brother who wrote as fast as I cared to read. Much that he stated in his lecture concerning Brigham Young and the Salt Lake abominations was true, but about all that he had to say with reference to Joseph Smith, the Book of Mormon and the church from 1830 to 1844, contradicted the plain statements of history. After I had finished reading, his reverence said, "Well, sir, is there anything false in that lecture?" I replied, "Yes, sir. I wish you to understand that I am not here to defend Brigham Young, or the doctrines that he taught, or the church over which he presided. Much of that which you have to say concerning him may be true, but the statements you make here in this paper with reference to the Book of Mormon, Joseph Smith and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, I am prepared to prove are false. You have either ignorantly or wilfully misrepresented the teachings of the Book of Mormon, the origin of it, the doctrine of the Latter Day Saints, and the character of the prophet, Joseph Smith. If you are ignorant of the true facts, I shall be pleased to do all in my power to place works in your hands that you may be properly informed. If you have wilfully misrepresented the facts, I am here to say that I shall leave no stone unturned to disabuse the public mind with reference to the subject, so far as I have power to work for the right."

He confessed in that room that had he known at the time of his delivering the lecture what he had learned since, that he would not have spoken of Joseph Smith or his work as he had, but that his main object in delivering the lecture was to expose Salt Lake Mormonism. I thanked him for the admission, and told him that the proper place for such a confession was in his church before the people to whom he had made the false statements. He seemed surprised and said, "Sir, do you wish me to go before my people and confess that I am a liar? Why, what influence would I have over them if I were to confess to them?" I replied, "Mr. Wick-

ett, I had not thought of calling you a liar; but, sir, if you have lied, you ought to confess your fault before those in whose hearing you made the false statements. I think, sir, that you owe it to them, to the sacred memory of the dead, and to the Latter Day Saints; and now, sir, you must either confess to your people that you have misrepresented Joseph Smith, the Book of Mormon and the Latter Day Saints, or meet me on the platform and defend your statements, or I will advertise you as a coward and a defamer of good men." He again refused to either confess his faults or meet me, and told me to do my worst.

I accordingly consulted with the proper authorities, published an article giving an account of our meeting and the refusal of the reverend gentleman to meet us in debate, and announced that I would lecture on the following subject: "Was Joseph Smith a prophet of God, or a blasphemous and daring impostor?" Elder J. A. McIntosh arrived in the city the day of the lecture, came up to the factory where I was working and said, "Go in, my boy, I will stand by you, and God will give you power, for you are on the side of right." This encouraged me, and when I knew that Elder McIntosh would be there I asked him to preside over the meeting, which he did.

The hour arrived and the church was full. The reverend gentleman had been kindly invited to be present, through the the columns of the press, but he was made conspicuous by his absence. I was blessed of God in presenting the truth, and lectured for two hours and forty-five minutes. Though the church was crowded, not one left the house.

As this story is growing lengthy, I must draw it to a close by saying that after several lectures on both sides, the reverend gentleman took to the papers, calling on "the boy" to follow, and we did to the end. This, by the way, is where I was first called "the boy preacher." That name still clings to me, and there is one thing connected with it that makes me happy. It is that, though only a poor working boy, God stood by and enabled me to defend his word, his church, and his prophet. Through these lectures and letters, many heard the gospel and not a few were baptized into the fold of Christ.

It would not be just for me to conclude this incident without stating that Elders George Mottashed and J. A. McIntosh (while he remained in London) did all in their power, both with their pens and on the platform, to help me in the work of justice and truth. The work of God flourished in these parts, though the reverend gentleman lost his health and for years had to suffer. I will have occasion to refer to him in the future, so will proceed with my other work.

Thus I labored on, till in the spring of 1884, was called by the Spirit in accordance with the law to the office of an elder, and on the evening of the 26th of May, 1884, I was ordained to the office of an elder under the hands of Elder John H. Lake and George Mottashed, and was elected presiding elder of the London branch, which office I held till released in 1886, to go to the missionary field.

Soon after my ordination, was called upon to administer to an old lady, a member of Mr. Wickett's church. Administered to her deafness, and she testified at the time, that before taking my hands off her head, she could hear the closing part of my prayer, and from that hour her hearing has been better. The old lady was so overjoyed at the time that she told me that her pastor, Mr. Wickett, told her he would never speak against Joseph Smith again; "for," said he, "while I was ridiculing Joseph Smith and the oil which he anointed the sick with, I turned deadly sick, and have not seen a painless hour since." The old lady and her married daughter now live but two blocks from my home, but by her request her name is withheld. Be this true or false, it is a well known fact that Mr. Wickett took sick and suffered long, and finally resigned his position as pastor of the church; but if correctly informed, he is preaching again in a small country church.

I shall now proceed to furnish the reader a few of the evidences received that the signs promised by the Savior follow the true believer in the gospel in the latter days.

One night while preaching in London Bro. W. Cambridge came up and requested me to go and administer to an old gentleman who had never been to our church, and had heard but little of the latter day work. Bro. Cambridge had conversed with him some, and he desired Bro. C. to

bring an elder, for he believed if he was administered to as the Bible teaches he would be healed. I did not wish to go, as he was a stranger to the church and to me; however, I went; Brn. O. W. Cambridge and Willian Corbett accompanying me. We entered the home of the old gentleman, found him a helpless invalid, who had been confined to his room for ten months. He had been working with a gang of men, and had had a very bad fall, alighting on his back. He was carried to his home and the doctor could do nothing for him. They said his spinal cord was fractured; that he would never be able to get out again. He could not keep still, but would keep moving his hands and feet, and in fact his whole body. He was a pitiful sight to behold. I talked with him, and afterwards his family, and with the brethren before named bowed in prayer. As we prayed the Spirit of God rested upon me, and I arose, anointed him with oil, laid my hands upon him, offering a short prayer, asking our Father to heal this man. I shall not attempt to describe the feelings of all present, but let me say that in a moment that poor, decripit old man was walking and praising God, declaring "I am healed." He rested well that night, and next morning he went to work, and up to the present enjoys good health; at least, I saw him not long since and he was looking hale and well.

Another case of an unbaptized believer being healed by the power of God. Mr. Edwin Poil, a relative of Bro. Wm. Runt of this city, took seriously ill. The affliction was in the brain, and nothwithstanding all that human skill could do was done, he still continued a raving maniac. Elder George Mottashed and the writer were sent for. We administered to him as the law of God directs, and as soon as we took our hands off his head he spoke to us, recognized who we were and what we had been doing for him; and from that time to the present he stands a worthy and respected citizen, in his right mind.

Dear reader, I could continue to relate a number of cases where God healed the sick under my hands and those of my brethren. Dozens of cases could be related of where the doctors have said the sick must pass away, that God by his power, through obedience to the law, has raised the infant baby and the aged sire to health again; but lest my sketch be too lengthy we must pass on to other subjects.

While presiding over the branch at London I labored hard in the candy factory, often working fourteen hours a day, and then perhaps would go and administer to the sick; yet my health was good and I scarcely knew what pain was, and when my holidays came, would go out and preach for a month or, perhaps, two weeks at a time, and in this way preached in different parts of the Canada mission. Such trips have cost me in lost time and traveling expenses as much as forty-eight dollars, yet God smiled upon our little home, and we always had enough and to spare.

When I first began to leave home to preach I went to the other side of Chatham. While there Bro. E. H. Gurley came, and I preached with fair liberty. Being invited to go to a house near by, and leaving my few friends in the orchard, and being informed that tar and feathers were in waiting for me at the house, I went trusting in Him who had told me when ordained that every arm raised against me would fall powerless. Entering the house, they surrounded me, and we had quite a talk. Bro. Gurley and others in the orchard hearing loud talking, thought I was being cared for by enemies, and said: "Brethren, I can't stand this any longer," and off he came to the house, determined to do what he could for my safety. By the time he reached the house I was preaching to a crowd of attentive listeners. They who were my bitterest enemies were moved to tears. A number of those present are now in the church.

About this time the work opened in St. Mary's. Bro. Robert Brown having moved in there, I, in company with Bro. Frank Falkner, called to get a parcel from him. He prevailed on us to remain that night and preach, stating he could get a house full in an hour. We preached, and soon after returned to St. Mary's, and began work in earnest.

Much could be written concerning our work in St. Mary's, but two incidents will suffice. One night I dreamed I would baptize five before leaving; at least this was my interpretation of the dream. But after preaching every night, Sunday night came with no signs of any being baptized. Preaching my last sermon, I was about to leave the following

morning so as to get to my work at the factory. Bed-time came, and I was sad. Members of the Brown family knew of my dream, and I could not bring myself to believe I had been deceived. Some members of the family went to bed, but I laid down on the lounge, saying: I will wait here, for I still look for the fulfillment of my dream." At half-past eleven, when all but two of the family had retired, the door bell rang. My heart leaped for joy, and before leaving I had baptized five of one family, a young man and a woman, making seven in all,—all grown people. It was in the month of January, and the ice was coming down the river in torrents, making it dangerous to enter the raging, swollen stream. Through the darkness we traveled to the river. We stood on the bank, and felt that it would only be by the power of God that we could baptize in that river. We sang and prayed and then entered the raging flood. I am not alone in bearing this testimony, that as soon as my feet touched the water the way opened before me, and though tons of ice were all around us, not one piece touched us. After we came out of the water some of those on the shore, one a Roman Catholic, testified that just as I touched the water, they saw a bright light coming down the river and it remained over the part of the river where I was baptizing, till after I had reached the shore. My work in St. Mary's was blessed of God, and many true hearts there throb with the love of God.

I never shall forget how I often worked five nights a week till ten o'clock, and after working sometimes ninety hours in one week in the factory, would rise at five a.m. Sunday, drive to St. Mary's in all kinds of weather, preach three sermons, baptize, and then drive to London, reaching home at two or three o'clock Monday morning, so as to get to my work sometimes at four a.m. God grant that the seed sown in those days may yield a golden harvest when the reaping time comes.

I wish to relate another evidence of God's love and power, as witnessed by a number as well as the writer. It is as follows: Maggie, the eldest daughter of brother and sister W. H. Grey of Hibbert, Ontario, was taken very ill, and medical aid was sent for. The medical attendant soon discovered that her ailment was a stoppage of the bowels, caused by displacement. He applied the usual remedies without effect, and finally called another physician to consult. The two decided that nothing could be done except to relieve the pain, unless an operation was performed. As the parents of the patient were not favorably disposed to such a course, the medical attendants left with very little hopes for the life of the suffering one. Not so with the parents. They had faith and hope in a more than human skill. They sent for Elder S. Brown of St. Mary's, and telegraphed to London for me. We hastened to the bed-side of the suffering one and were informed that the girl had been suffering for nine days. Her screams at times were pitiful to hear. We entered the room, bowed in prayer, and in the name of the suffering one of Gethsemane besought our Father to honor the promise of the Savior where he said, "They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." We then anointed her as the apostles did, laid our hands upon her head and prayed over her; and He who could not pass by unblessed the woman whose pale, wan hand touched the hem of His garment heard our prayer, granted to the child instant relief, and in a short time the bowels resumed their normal condition, moved freely, and the patient at once recovered.

The *Mitchell Recorder*, *London Free Press*, and other Canada papers gave their readers a full account of it at the time. I have a copy of the *Free Press* of August 24th, 1885, before me containing an account of the above.

I could continue writing for hours and then not relate all the blessings God conferred upon his people under my own observation as a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Each day brought fresh evidence to me that, weak and ignorant working boy as I was, He who careth for the lilies was watching over and blessing my feeble efforts; and not till my fingers clasp white flowers under a pall, shall I cease to work for the good of my fellow man, and praise God for his power and love to me, an ignorant lad.

I now bring the reader to the year 1886. Little has been said concerning our home, and will not now, as I presume he would not be interested in that as much as in my work in the ministry. Let me say, however, that all went well in our home.

Our first born lived but a few hours, but we laid her away 'neath the whispering leaves, hoping to meet the pure spirit in a land where the flowers of life never wither 'neath the frost of death. Ere two and a half years had passed away our hearts were made glad by the advent of a little boy, who was blessed under the hands of Elder John H. Lake, and named "Willie."

The year of which I write, 1886, I was getting fifteen dollars per week at the confectionery works, and my over-time often brought me fifteen dollars per week. Was now foreman of the lozenge, licorice and chewing-gum departments. All was going on well and all that could reasonably be desired in life was mine.

One day I was called down into the office, and was requested to sign an agreement to work for three years at an increase of salary. I told my employer that if he gave me time to consider, I would give him an answer in a few days. My reason for not accepting his terms was this. It had been thought by some that the time was near at hand when I would be sent out into the missionary field, and I knew if I signed an agreement to labor for Mr. Perren, I must in honor fulfill it; and I thought, Now I will speak to no living person concerning this matter, but will fast and pray before the Lord, that he may guide me. I did so, and about one week had passed away when Bro. Richard Howlett spoke in prophecy to me informing me of the whole matter that had been in secret presented to the Lord, instructing me to prepare for the field, for I was about to be sent there. Now Elder Lake and I had talked over my going into the field, and I had told him whenever it was manifested to me from the Lord that he desired me to devote my entire time to the ministry, I was willing to leave wife, child, home and salary, and follow where the Lord would lead me. Under the direction of the president of the Canadian mission, I now wrote to the General Conference that I was willing to take the field.

When the general conference convened at Lamoni, Iowa, April 6th, 1886, I was appointed to ministerial labor in the Dominion of Canada. My certificate was forwarded to my address, April 20th, 1886, signed by Joseph Smith, president, and H. A. Stebbins, secretary of the church.

Now came my trial. I was now called upon to leave the factory and fellow workmen where and with whom I had labored for years. I had worked hard and received small pay in this factory, but of late my income was good and my work was not hard. My work for four years had been more to see that others did their work right than to do it myself. I had presents in nearly every room in my house given me by those for whom and with whom I labored; but all must be left behind. Mr. Perrin (my employer) presented me with letters of recommendation, the work hands gave me a pleasant little surprise at my home, and I thus severed my connection with a firm and many friends who did me justice. Next I came to the London branch, resigned my position as president, teacher in the Sunday-school and trustee of the church. Again a surprise awaited me. My little home was filled with Saints and I was made the recipient of a number of presents, chief among them my precious Bible that has been a blessing to me since while far from home and friends.

And now came the hardest trial of all; to say farewell to Lizzie, little Willie and home! Lizzie had been always first to help me in every good work; had taught me much in the way of reading, writing and spelling; in fact, had been a star in the darkest night of my experience. In the midst of billows and tempest she ever appeared as a white calm, a rainbow instead of a cloud. I saw the path of duty, so did she, and without a murmur we agreed to walk therein.

One evening I was reading a Lamoni paper and saw my name had been presented to the conference by the presidents of the quorum of seventy for ordination in the first quorum of seventy, it having been presented to them that I should act in that quorum before the Lord. I read further that the conference confirmed the call, and resolved that Apostle John H. Lake, president of the Canada mission, ordain me to the office of a seventy, on his return to Canada. After prayerful consideration on the matter, I consented to be so ordained, and was on the 12th day of May, 1886, ordained. Soon after I received a license as a member of the first quorum of seventies, signed by Heman C. Smith and E. C. Brand, secretary and president of said quorum; and on Friday,

June 11th, I left home and loved ones for the field. Henceforth I will only return home to rest when sick or weary, and to visit a few days at a time; for as long as my health will permit, my calling bids me labor for the Lord, as the poet has said:

"'Tis a war that calls for valor, 'tis a conflict with the world;
There can be no furlough granted, never must the flag be furled.
We can never cease the conflict, till the summons home be heard;
We have all for life enlisted in the army of the Lord."

(To be continued)

TRUTH VERSUS WAR AND IGNORANCE.

BY B. V. SPRINGER.

Can ye lengthen the hours of the dying night,
Or chain the wings of the morning light?
Can ye seal the springs of the ocean deep,
Or bind the thunders in silent sleep?
The sun that rises, the seas that flow,
The thunders of heaven, all answer, "No."

Can ye drive young spring from the blossomed earth?
The earthquake still, in its awful birth?
Will the hand of time's dial backward flee,
Or the pulse of the universe pause for thee?
The giant mountains, the streams that flow,
The pulse of the universe answer, "No"

O, cruel despots, your doom they speak,
For God is mighty, as ye are weak;
Your night and your winter from earth must roll;
Your chains must melt from the limbs of soul.
Ye have wrought us wrong, ye have brought us woe;
Shall ye triumph ever? We answer, "No."

Ye have builded your towers with gems impearled,
On the broken heart of a famished world;
Ye have crushed its heroes in desert graves;
Ye have made its children a race of slaves.
O'er the future age shall the ruin go?
We gather against you and answer, "No."

Ye laugh in scorn from your gilded towers,
But weak are ye, for the truth is ours.
In arms, in gold, and in pride, ye move:
But we are stronger, our strength is love.
Slay truth and love with the curse and blow?
Truth is Eternal, and answers, "No."

The winter night of the world is past;
The day of humanity dawns at last;
The veil is rent from the soul's calm eyes,
And Prophets, inspired, and Seers arise;
Their words and deeds like the thunder go,
Can ye stifle their voices? We answer, "No."

It is God who speaks in their words of might;
It is God who acts in their deeds of right.
Lo! Eden waits like a radiant bride,
Humanity springeth elate to her side.
Can ye sever the twain who to oneness flow?
The voice of Divinity answers, "No."

FREMONT, Ind., April 6th, 1890.

WHY SHE QUIT DANCING.

BY CELIA.

BY one of the windows of the high-school building of N. stood a fair haired girl of some eighteen summers. Her finely chiseled features and high forehead betokened that she belonged to the refined and intellectual class. As she stood there gazing out upon the wintry landscape, she seemed deeply absorbed in her reflections. Not far from where she stood bending over her book sat the slight form of a maiden, somewhat less fair but none the less comely. Her brown, wavy hair was combed back from the smooth brow and coiled low on her neck. Her plain dress showed that she did not belong to the wealthiest class, yet her ruddy cheek and bright eyes told of a prize she owned far better than silver and gold. Just now as she bent low over her book, intent on her reading, her eyes were hidden by the drooping lids. Should her eyes be raised for an instant from her book, a casual observer might note the brightness thereof, and, not looking fur-

ther, judge at once too lightly of the firmness of character; but let one who can, look deeper into the soul through those blue depths and there will be seen, although a willful mind, a deep regard for right when once convinced which way is right. Her task at last being finished, she crossed the room to where her companion stood, and laying her hand on her shoulder, aroused her from her reverie:

"I have finished my lesson and now I am ready for a talk with you," she said, looking kindly into her companions eyes.

"Are you going to the ball to-night?"

"I am, and O, I think we will have such a nice time;" and her blue eyes, which but a minute ago sought her book with such earnestness, now sparkled with the anticipation of the coming pleasure.

"No. I am not going, Nellie."

"Not going! Oh, do; you know there is to be just a select few of our own class, and we will have such a nice time together. I shall miss you very much if you are not there. Why are you not going?"

"Well, Nellie, I will tell you my reasons. You know that I made a profession of religion not long ago and joined the Baptist Church, and I think it would be very unbecoming besides unchristian-like for me, professing to be a follower of Christ, to be seen in the ball-room."

"I belong to a church, too, but I can't see the wrong in dancing at a nice, well-conducted dance. If I could I would never dance another step."

"I don't believe you would, Nellie, and I hope some day you will see as I do. But come, there is the bell, we must go to our studies."

That afternoon seemed long to Nellie. But at last four o'clock came and she was soon out on the street facing the storm of sleet and snow which beat against her cheeks, yet her eyes were bright and her step light as she passed merrily along. Once home and supper over she entered her room to prepare for the evening. There hung her white dress neatly ironed and ready for use. She took it down and looked with admiration on its thin folds and ruffles of lace. Just then the howling winds from without smote upon her ear and a shiver ran through her slender frame. "What a dreadful night!"

She laid her dress down and stood gazing at it for a few minutes, then with some vehemence she exclaimed to herself, "No, I will not wear it. I know we girls were all to dress in white, and they may if they wish, but I for one am going to act sensibly at least. I can't think going to the dance is wrong, but I do know to wear this thin dress on such a night as this would be very wrong and unwise."

With these words she hung up the dress, donned a thick dress and appropriate wraps, joined her escort, entered the carriage and was soon on her way to the hall of pleasure. That night seemed one of the happy times of her life. All night she tripped lightly to the sweet strains of music, and ever and anon the gay laugh and flattering words of her companions were borne to her ears. One by one the hours sped away and the night seemed to pass too quickly, and the first grey streaks of the approaching dawn told it was time to think of returning home.

"Could any one have enjoyed themselves better than I have!" exclaimed our friend as she once more found herself in her room. "There is nothing I enjoy so well as dancing, yet some think it is wrong, especially for church members. O, why do they! I belong to the church, but I can't see what harm there is in such amusement when it is carried on rightly. If I could be convinced that I am wrong, though I liked it and enjoyed it many times more than I do, I would give it up; but as long as I see no harm in it I will dance." Coming to this conclusion she dismissed the subject from her mind and let her thoughts return to the gay scenes of the evening just passed.

Several weeks passed, but they were short, happy ones to her whose heart was light and free and whose eyes had not yet been dimmed by the tears of sadness.

Once more she was on her way to the ball-room, gay with the anticipation of another happy evening. Two hours sped by and her gay words and merry laugh told how well she was enjoying herself. But all at once a change came over her. She had taken her place on the floor with a young gentleman(?) and while waiting for the rest he made a light remark about religion and religious people. Quick as a flash the blood mounted to her forehead and a retort to her lips. But before the words were uttered she thought that if she was not talking against religion she was acting against it and she had no room

to reprove him, and these words passed through her mind: "I had better cast the beam out of my own eye before I pick the mote out of my brother's eye." Those few careless words uttered by her companion had thrown a new light upon the subject. What was she doing—she who professed to be a follower of Christ, a Latter Day Saint, a girl claiming to love the only true church of God? What kind of an example was she setting before her young companions? How was she letting her light shine that those seeing her good works might glorify her Father which is in heaven?

There were Baptist girls in town and Methodist girls who thought too much of their religion, and had too much respect for it to enter the dancing hall and partake in its revelry; yet she who claimed to yield to that great plan of salvation set up by Christ and his apostles—she who claimed to have so much greater faith and light, was found in the halls of pleasure whirling in the giddy dance. How thoughtless she had been!

"What shall I do? Can I give up this pleasure?" were questions she was pondering in her mind when she took her seat; and then she questioned herself again: "Which do I love best, the Church of God or the pleasures of the world which will vanish like the bubbles in the air? Am I walking in the paths of the righteous, or following in the ways of the ungodly? Am I following the example laid down by Christ who suffered and died on the cross to raise mankind from his fallen state?"

While yet undecided she was asked to assist in the next quadrille. With some hesitation she took her place on the floor, but before that set was half through she had made up her mind it would be the last one she would ever dance. When she again took her seat it was with a firm, resolute look on her face. Going at once to her companion she told him she wished to go home, and while donning her wraps she was surrounded by a bevy of girls who at once plied her with many questions as to the whys and wherefores of her strange conduct.

"I will tell you sometime, girls, but not to-night," she said, as she left the wondering group and started for home.

In a few days afterwards she was called upon by two of her companions who wished to know why she had left them so suddenly at the above mentioned time.

"Well, I will tell you. You know I am a church member, and you also know of what church. I have come to the conclusion I am doing wrong and have resolved to give up dancing."

"Oh, we know how long you will give it up; that is till the next dance," said one of the girls, laughing.

"You will see," said Nellie.

"Yes, I know we will see you dance at the next ball."

Some time after that a note was handed her from this same girl, containing an invitation to a supper and an evening entertainment to be given at her father's house. Unsuspecting anything, she went. Entering the sitting room where a number had already assembled, she at once took part in the general conversation. Presently the sound of music came from an adjoining room and in another instant a pair of folding doors were opened and "Partners for a quadrille!" smote upon her ears. She could hardly believe her eyes. She sat in mute surprise until a voice at her side said:

"Will you assist me in this dance?"

"Please excuse me, I do not dance any more."

Many times during the evening her young friends insisted on her taking part in the amusement of the evening, but she remained firm and refused all their entreaties and persuasions, thus showing them that she meant what she said. And to-day if she is asked why she does not dance she gives the following reasons:

First, it is not setting a good example.

Second, it causes me to be in the society of those not belonging to the best classes.

Third, it throws me in too close proximity with the opposite sex.

Fourth, it causes me to keep late hours and also violate other laws of health.

Fifth, it leads one's mind from noble thoughts and higher aims.

Sixth, it is the step-stone to many other vices.

Seventh, in the ball-room a young girl meets with temptations nowhere else found.

Eighth, and last, but not least: it leads one's soul further and further from its Master until sometimes it is lost forever.

PAST AND PRESENT.

BY MATTIE RODGER.

In fancy I'm back
To the days that are gone,
And softly I'm singing
A lullaby song.
I hear the sweet voices
Call "mother" once more,
And I hear little feet
Patter in at the door.

I see the tall swing
On the old oaken bough,
And the children are saying
"It will not fall now;
We can swing all we want to;
I know it will last;
For papa climbed up,
And he tied it so fast."

On top of the hill,
Is a miniature farm
With wee sticks around it
To keep it from harm;
At the foot, near the stream,
Is a tiny white mill,
And when the wind's blowing
It never stands still.

How happy the little ones
Are with their play,
Till father comes home
At the close of the day;
I see them around him;
Though tired he may be,
No one's more indulgent,
More patient, than he.

Ah! where are the children,
That once happy band?
Some of them have passed
To the bright spirit land;
The others to woman and
Manhood have grown,
Away from each other,
With homes of their own.

They are all in the faith,
As I prayed they might be,
And steady, industrious,
A blessing to me.

And where is their father?
That servant of God
Is peacefully sleeping
Beneath the green sod.
Ever ready and willing
To join the brave host,
He shrank not from duty
And died at his post.

In far off Nevada,
With no kindred near,
To drop on his lone grave
A sad, silent tear.
And now I am waiting
To cross the dark stream.
The present is lonely,
The past like a dream.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER GLAUD RODGER.—No. XV.

COMPILED FROM HIS JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

MARCH 2d, went on board steamer for Melbourne, and after sixty hours steaming with fair weather we arrived safe. I was again in a land of strangers, knew no one, and five hundred and seventy-five miles from any I could call Saints or brethren. After some trouble I found a friend in Mr. Samuel Cant, a Brighamite elder. He and his family made me at home, though my mission was strange to them, having heard little of brother Joseph or the Reorganization. I attended their meeting of only the family and one other. I was not called upon to speak, so remained silent, but after meeting gave tracts and conversed freely. During the week visited other places and tried to make known the truth. Took a severe cold and was laid up several days.

On the 9th went to Melbourne, three miles; lodged at a restaurant. Still a very bad cough.

May 6th, visited several and walked seven miles to a small settlement; found some honest people and made an appointment for meeting.

On the 15th went to Queen's Ferry, called on Mr. McIntosh and left tracts.

The 16th, walked to the Hill settlement but could find no place to preach, neither to stop, so returned to Grantville, having walked twelve miles, and lodged at a hotel. Rose early next morning and walked seven miles, wet and tired. I saw no chance of doing any good there; the people have little care for anything only this world. A dark place and many drunkards.

Sunday, 25th, preached at Queen's Ferry, Western Port. A good spirit. Lodged with Mr. Selman, a very respectable American family. Remained and visited around till June 2d, then preached to the largest congregation had there for some time. A few seemed interested.

The 9th, took tea with Mr. McIntosh, who bought the Book of Mormon.

The 30th, I feel dull and sad. My future prospects to see many obey the truth in these parts are slim indeed, but I trust I may do some good and pave the way for an elder some future time. O, God, may I be found worthy to receive thy holy Spirit as my constant guide!

August 3d, baptized Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh in the bay of Western Port. Over four months ago I left New South Wales to open up the work in Victoria, and these are the first fruits of my hard labor. I have good meetings and many are believing, but slow to obey. This is a cold, damp climate and my health has not been good, but the Lord has been my helper in every time of need.

September 8th, baptized three.

The 13th, sailed for Hastings; got there at midnight; slept on the boat; next day rented the hall; preached twice on Sunday; had an attentive hearing and a good feeling among the people, and my expenses paid. May the Lord bless the word.

On the 16th, took stage to Melbourne, forty miles: visited cemetery, gardens and the mission; also the picture gallery. Some grand sights.

The 22d, held two meetings in the hall at Hastings; good attendance; friends took up a collection and handed me—more than cleared expenses. Next day all in a stir; people holding debate in several places upon our faith, and many inquiring for facts regarding the latter day work. During the week I visited a good deal and answered questions about the Book of Mormon, etc.

October 7th, sailed from Sandridge, two miles from Melbourne, on the steamer *City of Adelaide*, for Sydney. Had a pleasant trip and landed there safe and well.

REFLECTIONS ON LEAVING MELBOURNE.

Our life as a dream, it passeth away,
And we'll awaken ere long to eternal day.
Shall the dream be forgotten in that future state?
No; but much of its history we ne'er shall relate.

There's the black and the white, the record of time;
And the angel of conscience can read every line;
Eternal it stands; Oh! how solemn the thought!
A guide to the judge in the day of our lot

The mountains may melt and the sea be no more,
And the sun cease to shine on the bright pebbled shore;
The earth pass away as the vapor of morn;
On eternity's page our record is borne.

We may sink with the damned to the regions of woe;
Or rise with the blessed, having conquered the foe;
Worlds may pass away as smoke in the air,
Still the page of our life stands eternally there.

Janury 1st, 1879, I spent the day with Bro. Buckman. We went to the Highland gathering. Thousands were there, many in the highland dress; in the evening had a pleasant time at Bro. Ellis's. Oh! may this year be rich to the Saints with blessings and may my life be preserved to return home before another season, if it is the Lord's will! My heart is full with thanksgiving and praise for my present good health and every comfort I need temporally.

I will say for my brother David that, although we could not agree on the subject of religion, he was very kind and good to me. My father had left my name out of his will because I had joined the Mormons, and when he died my brothers John and David were left executors. They considered it injustice, as sons of the same parents were willing to, and did divide with me before I left Australia. They said it was mine, and although not a great deal, it would help me to buy a small home. Mattie and I had often said we would part with all we had to help spread the gospel; we did so, and now the Lord has again supplied us with means to replace that which we have sacrificed.

March 22d, I have not been idle the last ten weeks; have traveled much; baptized a few, and bidden farewell to the Saints.

Baptized one at North Willowby on the 23d, and gave my last address to the

Saints in that place. We parted in tears, but with the hope of meeting again. Time was precious. I had much to do in answering letters sent with money and good wishes. The Saints all kind, and cheerfully aided me to go home; collected altogether eighty-seven pounds—about four hundred and twenty-five dollars. This, I think, is near the amount.

On the 27th I went on board the steamship *Australia*, taking good bye with my brother and a sister and many of the Saints. It was a trying time, perhaps never more to meet. I was alone, no one on the vessel that I knew, and this made it more sad in the hour of parting. They all went in a boat to the heads, and there we saw the last waving of the white handkerchiefs. O! how it reminded me of the time when I stood on the back of the car and waved my handkerchief till I lost sight of my home at Washington Corners, five years and six months ago! It was a morning of great trial, and required strong resignation to bear up. It is past; we look now to a day of meeting after our task is done. They went back to Sydney and we bore off to sea. May we all meet in the kingdom of God is my earnest prayer.

AND NOW FOR FRIENDS AND HOME.

My dearest wife, these many years
I've left thee desolate and forlorn;
"Though lost to sight, to memory dear,"
None else but thee my heart can charm.

Ah! recollection's tangled cords!
The history of a wandering life!
Its smiles, its tears! Still joy affords
A future meeting, dearest wife.

The mighty billows loud may roar,
And tempest rage in awful storm;
My God shall bring me to that shore,
And thou shalt lean upon this arm.

Then let thy prayer to Him ascend,
Who rules upon the mighty deep,
That angels may on me attend,
In waking hours or locked in sleep.

And surely I can ne'er forget
The one most near unto my heart,
Who's waited still and murmured not,
Though long the years since we did part.

We had a pleasant passage to New Zealand; reached Auckland bay and drew up to the wharf at one o'clock a.m., April 1st. I visited the town. It is a pretty place; streets well laid out, and everything green around, and very healthy. Saw many of the natives. We left the wharf and the fine harbor at seven p.m. and went to sea. A delightful moonlight night; all seemed cheerful, music and dancing by a few, others playing cards; continued fine weather and a steady breeze.

The 5th, passed the cape by the island af Tutawillow, one of the Navigator group—a wild looking place. Saw some natives in a canoe, but did not stop. Going on our course, crossed the equator on the 11th; very pleasant, cool breeze blowing; the passengers were very respectable and agreeable; tracts seemed to take well among the readers; and much conversation on religion.

Arrived at Honolulu on the 15th. Staid till one o'clock, noon of the 16th; took on board sugar and fruit. Honolulu is a scattered place of twenty-five thousand inhabitants; the natives seem smart, intelligent, and good workers; much business and stir in the city. Saw the king in royal state. He has a fine band of musicians, a standing army of two thousand, and about four hundred police force. His servants wear blue livery. A general salute was given by the British man-of-war. Indeed the time was to us interesting and amusing. At sea again; head winds, sometimes rolling severely; a good deal of sea-sickness.

On the 23d we entered the Golden Gate of San Francisco at sun-down; did not go on shore till next day, then I met Bro. Monkam, got my luggage all right and drove to his house.

Safe again in California, my old home is only thirty-three miles from here, and it seemed that I ought to hasten there. I visited the Saints at Oakland and preached on Sunday; went south and visited Bro. Butterfield's family, also Grandma at Salinas; preached twice at Watsonville, then went to Santa Cruz and met with Bro. Meeder and old friends. Preached at San Jose at Bro. Burgess' house. Long will I remember the kindness of Brn. Betts and Smith on my departure for Iowa.

May 22d, bidding good-by to many noble souls whose hearts are true to the cause, I started on the long journey homewards. Met with good company and time bore us on in safety over two thousand miles.

On the 31st we reached Council Bluffs, having traveled in nine days over nearly the same road that we went over with an

ox team twenty-seven years ago. At Leon I took stage for Davis City, ten miles of very rough road and a heavy rain. Arriving there I called on Bro. Cunnington whom I had known in England. He had gone to conference but I was kindly entertained by Sr. Cunnington.

June 1, at nine o'clock a.m. I saw my two dear boys. They had come for me. Glaud was not so much changed, but Joseph I did not know. We started in a wagon for home, about eight miles, where I met the rest of my family. Thank God for his love and favor—all spared in life and health to meet again! My little girl did not know me, and only for her golden, curly hair I should not have known her. It was some time before we could get well acquainted. I said then, "Five years and seven months is too long to be away from home." Glaud's wife and two children were present, also Janie's little girl, all added since I left home. This is a new country, and the surroundings seemed very strange to me.

To be continued.

PATTIE; OR, LEAVES FROM A LIFE.

BY ELEANOR.

CHAPTER XIX.

AMONG THE SAINTS.

"But like a river calm and clear,
A stately river full and free,
Whose broad expanse serenely spread,
The blue sky's mirror well may be,
Yet with a steady current's force,
Is ever hastening to the sea;
No vexing wind, no ebbing tide,
No shallow sources quickly dried.
Have power to s ay its onward course:
Such is the peace thine heritage shall be;
Peace like a river gives thy God to thee."

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you."—John 14: 27.

BY the death of Mrs. Thurston Pattie was deprived of her prospective home, also of the assistance of her friend in obtaining her employment. If she went, she must go alone among utter strangers, and win her own way, knowing all too well what that meant; but she knew also through the same experience that He in whom she trusted held the key to all hearts, and not for an instant did she falter or draw back. She felt that "now was the accepted time," the only opportunity that ever would be offered her.

Mrs. Thurston had bequeathed her household and personal effects to Pattie, together with a small sum of money, by which she would be enabled to live until she could determine whether it would be practicable to maintain herself at Plano, or could decide on her future course.

It was about the middle of March when Pattie and her son bade farewell to home and friends, and departed for untried scenes. And, no doubt, it seemed to many a foolish whim.

They arrived at their destination in safety, and went at once to the house formerly occupied by Mrs. Thurston, which still remained as she had left it. The arrival of our travelers was anticipated by a sister in the faith, who met them at the depot and accompanied them to the house, which had been warmed and lighted for their reception, and supper was awaiting them on the table. With what strange emotions Pattie looked on the objects about her, many of which were familiar to her, and all of which seemed to bear the impress of her friend's personality!

All the things her hands had cherished,
Every book that she had read,
All her work laid by and folded,
Speaking mutely of the dead.

But oh, how she longed for one sight of the dear face, one clasp of the dear hand! Why could she not have been spared for a few months more to greet her! was the wail of her sick and lonely heart.

Strange indeed it may appear to the superficial observer, that a heart so attuned to love and friendship should be compelled to pursue life's journey apart from both except for the brief periods that had served but to teach her how sweet was love and friendship. Almost

a feeling of bitterness crept into her heart, but she remembered for whose love she had left all; and like one of old she heard him saying: "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee." Was He seeking to draw her heart to himself because he knew its devotion to the object of its love, and knew, as she did, the danger lest the earthly love should cause the heavenly to seem less precious? She was almost startled at the thought. For it was a part of her early religious training that God loved her simply because she was his creature, and for nothing at all within herself. True, "He first loved us," but might it not be that he saw within her a nature whose love and devotion which purified, and spiritualized, should be worthy the Master's use?

Comforting thought! well could she adopt the language of the poet:

"In such a marred and shattered thing,
O perfect heart canst see
A nature fit at any cost
To be a friend to thee?

Is that the meaning of the word
Which says thou *lovest* me?
By the deep stirring of my heart,
Its yearning after thee,
By all the longing of the life
That leaneth unto thee.

As human friend with human friend,
Can I so think of thee?
Like human love with human love
Will heavenly rapture be?
Such more than human blessedness
Be meant in truth for me!

Oh, bring the glorious vision down,
Let it commune with me
Till for thy dear love's sake at last
It teacheth me to be.
Even me—unworthy, worn and sad,
A *comfort* unto thee!"

Finding that rent on the house was paid in advance for some months, she remained in it. The general conference of the church was to convene in Plano on the sixth of April, and Pattie opened the house for the entertainment of visitors, who filled it to the limit of its accommodations; and among whom she formed some pleasant friendships that still continue.

Sunday, April 10th, 1881, was a day that should be for Pattie a memorial day, commemorating the happiest and most solemn event of her life—her baptism and confirmation into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints; to enter her name on the long roll of saints who had known and walked with the Lord of heaven and earth, in holy communion, since the beginning of time. The ordinance of baptism was administered to her by Elder H. A. Stebbins; and in the afternoon of the same day she was confirmed under the hands of President Joseph Smith and Elder Stebbins, the former pronouncing upon her the blessings and immunities of the covenant of peace made to Abraham and manifest in Christ; praying that she might be made partaker in the blessings of the gospel, the fellowship of the saints, of the angels, and of the Son; and pronouncing upon her the gift of the Holy Ghost, to be with her evermore to guard, guide, comfort and sustain her; that as during all her life she had tried to serve God, she should henceforth have peace from Him. And the blessing was realized even before the hands were lifted from her head. She felt an influence of wonderful power descend upon her and pass through her frame, filling her soul with a strange new sweetness and peace—a peace that was not transitory or illusive, but which remained constantly with her, growing and increasing as she grew in knowledge and grace, which not even the years of trial that were yet to be hers could mar or shake. Soon after this, at Pattie's request, Elders Lake, Briggs and T. W. Smith laid their hands upon her ears, after anointing them with oil, and prayed for her restoration to hearing. There was no effect observable until she attended the next service at church, when she found that she could hear sufficiently to distinguish the tones and inflections of the voice, but not the words. The speaker was suffering from some disorder of the throat which rendered his enunciation so indistinct that the audience had difficulty to hear him. After this was a day of fasting by the conference, for her; and Pattie felt very confident of being healed; but when they met at prayer meeting and she was about to join in their petitions at the throne of grace, there was presented to her mind such a view of the blessings which she had realized in the past through her affliction; and of those that still might be realized; and it seemed to her that the choice of these blessings or the blessing of hearing was set before her, but she could not choose. She could only pray that according to His wisdom

and foreknowledge God would grant that which would render her most efficient in his service. She never heard more; and she has felt content to leave it so.

In October of that year the Saints' Herald publishing house was removed with its employees to Lamoni, Decatur county, Iowa; and Pattie, after due deliberation and consultation, accompanied them there, where she invested the remainder of her money in a house and lot, on which she contracted a debt of about three hundred dollars. The Saints were successful in obtaining employment for her; and then Pattie set herself to a harder task than she had ever yet undertaken, the paying off the debt on her home. Day and night the song of the sewing machine told of unflagging industry.

The new town, or settlement, was but two or three years old, and the people generally had all they could do to establish homes for themselves; and for the first year or two after her arrival it was exceedingly difficult for Pattie to make a living and pay anything on her place, though the Saints were as kind and helpful as they were able to be. Her boy when out of school was doing what he could towards his own support in the little chores that he could find to do. His home training, meantime, continued much the same as that begun years before; his love of books increasing with his years. In July, 1883, he was baptized and confirmed a member of the church, and Pattie felt that he had twice been given her from the Lord, and he was hers for this life and for the life to come, his mother in the flesh, and in the gospel. He could never grow away from her; the bond between them death would not sever. Two years after this, when he was in his sixteenth year, he was received in the Herald Office as an apprentice, and soon began to help his mother to pay for her home.

About this time the "Mothers' Home Column" was started in *The Saints' Herald*, and Pattie at once tried to lend it the support and encouragement that she thought it deserved, foreseeing the aid it would be to those mothers who desired to be mother's in Christ to their children. She saw the need of church literature that would turn the hearts of the parents to the children, and the hearts of the children to the parents; for there seemed to be danger that the children were not only growing away from the parents, but from the church also. It was a want which Pattie not only recognized, but heard the command ever sounding in her ears, "write." Her heart leaped to obey, but her hands were tied to the business of supplying the needs of this life. And more than this, the little strength that had been hers was beginning to give way.

> "Too little rest, too little sleep,
> Too many hours to sow and reap.
> At last, disease and pain:
> The strongest rope parts strand
> by strand.
> Beneath a ceaseless strain."

Yet she kept on and prayed that it might not give way altogether until their home was secured, which it took two years more to do.

The Home Column was soon followed by an enlarged Sunday-school paper, and this by a magazine published monthly in the interest of the young. And now arose the question: What shall be the character of the contents therein provided for the young. Not a church, not a Sunday-school in the land, as far as was known, but furnished the youthful minds under their care with works of fiction as a part of their spiritual food. Was this wise and proper? Will God hold guiltless for so doing those to whom he hath committed the oracles of truth in this last dispensation, with the solemn injunction to redeem the time, because the days are evil? Especially will he be pleased to have his church furnish the lambs of the fold with food calculated to stagnate the mind instead of cultivating the reasoning faculties? For thinking and reasoning are the first steps towards enlightenment; and preeminently the church of Latter Day Saints claim their mission to be one of enlightenment, and we deem that man's case hopeful who stops to think, to reason, and from thence to prove.

Shall we follow in the footsteps of the world and other churches, or shall we make an entirely new departure in youthful literature by giving to them that which will make them wise unto salvation?

Not the cut and dried sentiments that will teach our children to be Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, or Latter Day Saints, according as the affiliations of the teacher or parents may be; but placing before them the word of God, not as a

book full of dark mysteries, but of revealed wisdom and truth which we must teach them to make the criterion of all faith; and for every doctrine which we proclaim, every theory advanced, give them the proof by which they may compare and decide, God himself through revelation being the judge, keeping ever before them the true standard of right—the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of men; that they may carry these principles into their lives and help roll on the stone cut out without hands—eternal liberty and truth. There are many thousands of children and youth belonging to the families of the church which we represent. Is it not best that we send them forth to their duties in the world with minds thus developed, cultured and fortified to grapple with any and all questions; and not merely chained to the faith of their fathers by unreasoning affection and reverence for the church in which they were brought up? Love and obedience will follow with knowledge more surely than without it. But how shall we begin to cultivate ground already overrun by the thorns and brambles springing from the defective literature with which the world is overrun? How get them to think, to weigh, to consider? How shall we proceed to rectify the vacuum left in mind and morals by the literary intoxicants of the day?

Is this stifling opiate, this subtle poison, this seductive influence, whatever it be, that is discerned as the effects of habitual novel-reading, due to fiction as fiction? Or is it that the romance chains the attention so effectively that moral beauty and questions of truth—if there are any within it, are overlooked, unheeded, in the delicious consciousness of pleasure that the mind only retains, and by long continued indulgence leaves the mental faculties and moral perceptions wrecks that never can be built? That these are the sad consequences there are too many such wrecks to testify. And is it not the natural desire and effort of the enemy of righteousness to stifle and stagnate thought and investigation? We certainly believe it is. But now comes the question: Are these results mainly due to fiction, or are they also consequent upon story-reading of the realistic as well? Who is not familiar with that trite saying that "truth is stranger than fiction?" But is it possible that the strangeness of truth will put to sleep the perceptions of the mind as described above? Is it capable of dulling the conscience to questions of moral right? Is it needful to story writing that there be an element of grossness and criminality within it in order to its attractiveness? If so, will it not answer to some extent why novels have the pernicious results complained of? There are millions of unknown lives of self conquest and cheerful sacrifice of self upon the altar of that which is esteemed duty. Have these no mission to perform? To urge that these are not attractive and will not be read is but the public acknowledgement of the already degraded tastes of the reading community.

Such stories might be considered childish were they the creations of imagination attempting to portray an ideal life; but when it is known that they are real histories wrought out in flesh and blood, their influence for good must surpass the highest attainments of ideality.

But the question that the friends of our new magazine were called to consider was not the comparative merits of the ideal, or the real *in fiction;* but shall we leave the field of fiction altogether to the novelist and romancer, and teach the children the truth, exemplified in the lives that they see around them?

One writer takes the ground that because it is not possible for us to know the truth about human life in its entirety, that therefore, though every detail be true in itself, yet because they are selected and mixed together in wrong proportions that do not correspond with the proportions as they exist in life, the result makes the story unreal, untrue.

This is all true enough if our object is that of an artist to paint *life as it is;* but I dissent from the idea that it is necessary to mark every detail of a life in its exact proportion and place, in order to render it a true guide to the young mariner on the trackless waste. For example, is the life of Christ less true, less real because we have such meager details? Was it possible for the historians of his life by the admixture of disproportioned details to paint a life that should be in its beauty and harmony an inspiration to humanity ever since; that has retained its meaning through all the changing ages that intervene?

His was an inspired life, it may be said. But is it not possible to make the lessons of any life of which we may treat an inspiration? to present them in such a manner that will illustrate the truths they are capable of teaching, and this, too, without other details than is necessary to set them forth?

If there is one lesson above another that the life of Jesus of Nazereth teaches us it is that we have no time to spend in the pursuit of pleasure. The church is needing all the most earnest efforts that can be put forth for the salvation of the young.

To cure a moral evil it is no more necessary than it is possible to exhibit the depths to which that evil can reach; for could we through the medium of either the truth or the imagination explore the lowest depths yet descended by vice, we would still be in a position whence either could scan still darker depths. None but the mind of the Infinite can reach every detail of human life in its entirety, and deal them out in the exact proportions which He has dealt them. But does it necessarily follow that human history is untrue because of limited comprehension? The affirmative answer to that question includes results so far reaching that the wisest would hesitate to affirm. All these and many other aspects of the question were discussed by those who were instrumental in the undertaking; and to Pattie the question was one of absorbing interest, for to its solution she looked to determine the direction of what she expected to make her life-work.

To be continued.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S PILGRIMS.

BY ELDER E. STAFFORD.

MY employer, a German, whose age seemed to be about forty years, had been the captain of a vessel whose owners lived in Germany. He had concluded to quit the sea, and had married not long before gold was discovered in California, and settled down in San Francisco, where he remained until the gold fever visited that place, and real estate took an astonishing leap upwards; when a company of men who had an eye to business, taking a fancy to the site on which his house stood, paid him a fabulous price for it. After this he moved his household goods to San Jose, built the one story frame house where I had called for a drink of water as a temporary tenement, until he could build one more costly and of larger dimensions. The foundation of the latter was laid on two sides about a foot above the ground when I commenced work.

I had worked in the disguise aforementioned about two weeks, when two men came up to me, and one of them addressed me in the Mexican language. I recognized the voice to be that of one of my shipmates who left the ship in the same boat with me. Upon my replying to him in English, if he counterfeited astonishment he performed his part well. He protested that he thought I was a Mexican. I enquired of them where they had been since they left me alone, sick as I was, to do the best I could, and cared not whether I lived or died? The one acting as spokesman appealed to the other to state, if he did not volunteer to help carry me until I could help myself, but was overruled by the rest. He stated they had all been working in the Red Woods, and had been cheated out of their pay, and that the two had separated from the balance, and were there on hand for work, and their means were exhausted. I never could bear malice, or seek revenge for injuries done, especially if penitence was manifested. I had been acquainted with two Americans, brick makers, who had a yard about a mile from my stopping place, to whom I sent my shipmates to enquire for work, and they had the good fortune to obtain it. They worked there about a month, when we three concluded to start for the mines.

Our road passed the San Jose Mission down to the bay, in order to get round a chain of mountains which separated the

San Jose from the San Joaquin valley. At noon of the first day after starting we ate dinner at a ranch with a party of naval officers. One of my shipmates, with myself, not having been at sea very long, could easily assume the landsman's role, and our speech would not betray us; but the other shipmate, having spent a longer time at sea, could not speak many words without interlarding them with sea phrases, and our counsel to him was to keep still so as not to betray us. I sat next to the principal officer, and engaged with him in commonplace topics, and enquired if he was en route for the mines. He answered in the negative, and stated that he and his brother officers were after four seamen who had deserted the day before. His story ran thus: "Yesterday morning a midshipman and four sailors went on shore [at the place that is now called Oakland] from a sloop-of-war lying at anchor in the bay. When about to return to the ship, having pulled a few boats' lengths from the shore, at a given signal they seized the midshipman and threw him overboard, and tried to push him under the water with their oars and boat hook. Thinking they had finished him, they returned on shore and left the boat on the beach."

I do not remember of his telling how the discovery was made, but it must have been discovered from the ship, for it would be in plain sight of the ship's crew and the quartermaster's telescope, which is in constant use.

The officer continued: "Such actions can not be overlooked. The ordinary mode of desertion has some extenuating features attending it under the present gold excitement; but the action of these men is a criminal one. We are after them, and will use every exertion to overhaul them and bring them to punishment, and we think that every law-abiding man acquainted with the circumstance will assist to capture them."

We heard that they were captured, court-martialed, and swung at the yard-arm, but can not vouch for the truth of it.

There was no incident worthy of record transpired on our way to the mines. After traveling some three days we arrived at Wood's diggings in the southern mines. There we unexpectedly fell in with a shipmate who left the ship in the first boat. He had had tolerable good success in finding gold; but all the claims counted worthy to be worked were taken up. Those diggings were considered worked out, and consequently vacated by all but a few men. One of the ship-mates that had traveled with me to the mines stopped to work with the one just named, but he could not employ the remainder, so we trudged on to Sullivan's diggings, which we found were also worked out. Here the word came that there were rich diggings at Mariposa. I remember while trudging along on the road between Tuolumne and Mariposa that there appeared to be the footprints of a large negro, or rather half footprints, for he appeared to have walked on his toes and the ball of his foot. We concluded it must have been a very large man that had gone over the road lately, for the tracks were quite fresh. We had not been in Mariposa long before we were undeceived, and we learned that they were the tracks of the grizzly bear. Speaking of the grizzly, we might as well in this connection tell of a circumstance that transpired during our stay in these diggings.

A German had concluded he could make money by butchering and selling the meat to the miners faster than by mining. He bought a good sized steer of Col. J. C. Fremont's partner, (Fremont's ranche was in the vicinity of these diggings), brought it into camp late in the evening, intending to butcher next day, tied it to a sapling, contrary to the advice of many of the miners, to keep it from straying off. About midnight a most unearthly sound awoke the whole camp; listening for a repetition which was soon given, it proved to come from the poor steer. We did not hear of any demonstration being made in favor of the steer; but the owner went next morning to the place where he left it, and found only three-fourths of him left, the grizzly having helped himself to the other quarter.

Arrived at Mariposa we took notes of those who seemed to be experts in digging for gold; made all the inquiries necessary concerning the laws of the mines regulating claims, etc., staked off a claim, bought tools and provisions, paying astonishingly high price; as for instance a dollar and a half per pound for flour, the same for pork; and by this time our finances were exceedingly low. We worked faithfully as long as provisions

and money lasted; but after trying in several places, the water was too much for us. The diggings were properly named "wet diggings." We needed a pump, but such a thing was not to be had, had we the means to purchase one.

Our means becoming exhausted, and credit out of the question, I obtained employment with a company of men who had the means to work their claim, which was not as wet as the majority, and not being considered nearly worked out, they desired to finish as soon as possible and leave for drier diggings. I worked for them as long as the gold paid, which was about a week, for twelve dollars a day. A couple of the men were going a part of the way to San Jose, and I concluded that I would return to that place where I could work for steady wages, and then return to the mines better prepared to stay than at present. I concluded to travel in their company as far as they went.

I think we started from the mines about the middle of the afternoon, camped in the mountains that night, and started early next morning, as my companions desired to reach their destination that day We soon came to the Stanislaus river, followed its course to its junction with what I think was the San Joaquin river. I speak thus because I do not know for certain whether it was the main stream or a tributary, indeed I do not remember hearing the name of the river mentioned, but I know that the valley through which the river ran was called the San Joaquin Valley. We crossed the river about noon and here our ways diverged. My companions bade me adieu and kept on their journey, while I halted, thinking that while there was water and fuel, I might as well bake into cakes the remainder of my flour.

I unslung my flour-sack from my back, set it down on a log, picked up brush to make a fire and scooped out a hole sufficiently large to hold two cakes—all that my flour would make—about the size of a common stove plate. While the fire was burning I secured a piece of bark large enough to hold my flour, which I washed and dried before the fire, then poured my flour into it, went down to the river, scooped up water with my hand enough to make the flour into dough of the right consistency, divided it into two pieces, and having no rolling pin, patted it out the size wanted with my hands. By this time the wood had burned to coals, which I scraped to one side leaving enough in the hole to put my dough upon. I then covered it over with the ashes which I had scraped away, and in a short time took my cakes from the ashes nicely done. After blowing the ashes from them, I placed one in my sack and ate the other while proceeding on my journey down the valley, and about an hour before sun-down came to an opening in the range of mountains separating the San Joaquin from the San Jose Valley.

On our way to the mines we fell in company with two men who claimed to be old trappers, and also claimed that they had hunted and trapped in those mountains and were acquainted with every rod of the same. They drew our attention to a conspicuous opening in the range, and also to what appeared to be the highest point in the range of mountains, and said that if we ever came back to San Jose by the route we were then traveling, that if we would enter the range at that opening, proceed to that highest point in the mountains, we would then be going down the slope to San Jose and would save thirty miles travel. I remember taking particular notice of the opening, and also the lay of the mountains, thinking that if I ever did come back that way I would take advantage of that route. Arriving at the opening I found that the widest part was at the entrance, the road soon converging into a mountain path. Just before entering the path I saw a few rods ahead of me a grey mountain wolf, standing about half way up the mountain side and on the path I had to go. On seeing me he surveyed my person a short time and turned up the path. As I entered I took my bearings. The sun when setting was on my back, and the mountain summit I desired to gain I could descry at what appeared to be about eight or ten miles distant. Feeling somewhat hungry I began to nibble at my last cake, and finished it before retiring for the night. I took the precaution to secure a walking-stick at the river, and although the wolf had taken the same path, I had no great fear of his attacking me. I thought I would travel on till nightfall to make the morrow's stage more easy, and not finding a place suitable to stop

for the night, continued on up the path which wound up and around the mountain side, hoping soon to come to a place where I could lie down to rest. The path contracted to a narrow foot-path of man or beast, and while I was casting in my mind—the curtains of the night drawing their folds more closely around me—what I should do, for it would be very unsafe to walk in the dark, I came to a niche in the mountain that allowed me to roll up in my blankets and lie down. It was just at the entrance to a cave, and thoughts of not a very agreeable nature crowded into my mind of a wolf or bear's den; but "tired nature's sweet restorer" coming to my aid, I soon forgot all my troubles.

The reader who has followed me from the commencement of my narrative will wonder that I did not kneel and place myself in the hands of the Almighty, having once professed to serve him, and ask his protecting care. I knew that as I had strayed from His service I had no claim upon him, and to call upon him only when in danger, to my mind would be playing the part of a coward and a hypocrite, and especially as I knew that in his revealed word he has said that when his people wilfully stray from him he will be slow to hearken unto their cry when in distress. In a general way I did leave myself in his hands, realizing that he had given me life and had the right to take it whenever he saw fit. But I do now ascribe to God praise and thanksgiving for his kind preservation then and through many other trials of life.

I was not molested. I awoke, unrolled myself from my blankets, which together with my clothing were very damp from the clouds which had settled on the mountain. After I had rolled up my blankets I took a survey of my surroundings, first looking in the cave as far as my eye could reach, but nothing could be seen but darkness almost from the orifice. I looked below and could see nothing but thick clouds, while on a level with myself the cheering rays of the rising sun were kissing the mountain tops, enlivening the scenery and causing gladness in the heart of one, at least, with whom the writer was acquainted. Having partaken of my last morsel of food just prior to lying down, I had no care of providing breakfast, so took my bearing towards the highest point of the mountains aforementioned, always endeavoring to keep it in sight, and made as direct a course towards it as possible; sometimes climbing the steep mountain side and sometimes walking along their base. It was an arduous task and a very difficult one, which will never be forgotten. The force of the sun's rays was such as to produce perspiration without any effort on my part, but the exertion consequent upon my ascent up the mountain side, made, as it were, every pore a little rivulet, or outlet, for the moisture in my system to flow through. Thirst was a necessary consequence, and was very peremptory in its demands. It was generally considered in that country, in the dry season, that wherever a clump of trees having a greenish appearance could be seen, there would be water. Such appearances caused the writer many a detour from the line of his journey down the mountain-side, only to struggle back again, exhausted, disappointed, and the cravings of thirst more aggravated.

(To be continued.)

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

"Fair Sea of Galilee!
How have I longed to tread thy sacred shore,
To trace His footprints, who so meekly bore
My sins upon the tree!

"Thy clear blue waters lie
So placid 'mid thy hills and mountain height,
Reflecting on their surface, calm and bright,
The burning sunset sky!

"Remembrance brings to me
Such wondrous scenes at this still twilight hour.
Rapt in deep thought, I feel their mystic power,
And God Incarnate see!

"Upon thy stormy wave
He walks in majesty divine. His voice
So moves his faithless ones, that they rejoice
In his dread power to save.

"The mighty works He wrought,
When resting by thy side, I feel and see!
While every tree and flower declares to me,
The grace and truth He brought.

"Fair Sea of Galilee!
Thy shores were hallowed by His sacred feet;
So that, in scenes and memories so sweet,
I feel Him near to me."

HINTS ON DOMESTIC LIFE.—No. I.

BY ALMIRA.

YOUNG women, on you rests the destiny of future generations.

"What? How?" you interrogate as the sound falls on the ear.

Yes, young women, the mantle of your mothers is about to fall on you, as did their mothers on them.

We pause and inquire: are you competent to perform the work? Have each or any of you the vitality, ability, and education required to perform so stupendous a work?

How few of us when young ever gave this great question a thought! Who ever turned it around and looked at every side of it, in a real common sense manner? Probably no one as she should.

He who gave us life did not intend it to be merely a pastime; neither was it His design for young ladies to be mere butterflies or toys. No, they were calculated, when created, to enter into business. This is a world of business, and if women properly fill their mission, they perform the nobler part.

The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that moulds the character of the nation. Mothers hold a higher position than the officers of state, and we are prompted to say the officers of the church.

A mother is a mediator between her children and the world, also between them and the Savior. She is the one who chiefly lays the foundation of their principles, and she is the one who teaches them to build thereon. She also chiefly builds their physical structure, and has the care of the same.

Now, young ladies, a word to you who are dreaming of or contemplating marriage; as all young ladies do, don't think that married life is one grand blissful dream, for probably you, like the millions of others, will be awakened by deep wounds caused by its unthought of realities. Don't understand that we would speak disparagingly of the ordinance of marriage—no, far from it—it was of divine origin—was instituted at the creation—only one bridegroom on the earth and only one bride given him. And for what purpose was she given? That man might not be alone, and that the vast domain of earth might be peopled, cultivated and enjoyed, and more than that, that a great multitude might render praise and honor to the Creator. If this work is not performed, God is robbed of his glory and mankind have not filled their mission.

We understand that woman was designed in the beginning to do the most important part of this great work as has been suggested.

"You are exalting woman above man," says one.

Yes, and we have good authority for so doing. In all well arranged programmes the best act is the last act; and woman was the last work of the Creator, as recorded in the account of the creation.

Poor Mother Eve, she on whom modern women have heaped so many curses, unmindful of their own sins, began the work of error. Her posterity, however, continued long-lived and hardy for many generations, till at last the sins of each generation were added to the preceding sins and in consequence the health of mankind was impaired and their life clipped and clipped down to "three score and ten," and thus it continued, and a few years ago the average age in New England was twenty-eight and a half years. Now it is said to be thirty-two and a half. Probably before the flood it was four hundred years or more.

The question arises: Who has caused this great change? The whole human family descended from the first parents, consequently all sprang from one blood, and that blood was pure and would have remained pure if sin had not corrupted it. So of a necessity we must reply in answer to the question, It was Eve who began the work, and each Eve in her turn added her errors, and we add, if the Eves of to-day do not inform themselves concerning the great work devolving on them, and reform, not many years hence our race will become extinct, or nearly so; and who then will hold national power? Those who rear large families—the Catholics probably. That which God ordained for us to do should be done upon honor. So we think in regard to the common affairs of life, and so should our house-builders. Solomon tells us that a wise woman builds her own house. Is it to be built of wood or of stone? We think that the inspired writer's meaning was this: It was the design of the Creator that she should lawfully, faithfully and understandingly bear and rear a reasonable number of children, and also execute or oversee the work essential to make a house a home. There are many places where parents and children lodge and lunch, but comparatively few that can justly be called homes; for the very reason that they are not so managed as to give their occupants a peaceful, restful, home-like feeling.

We admit that the husband as well as the wife

is a prominent actor in the great drama of house-building, but we do think that the wife has the greater skill and power, either for good or evil, in anything she undertakes. Adam would never have had curiosity or ambition enough to have tasted the apple if Eve had not offered it to him —neither could fallen man have been redeemed, if woman had not given birth to the Redeemer. She still has power to make her house a paradise, or an abode of misery. She can, by calm, self-sacrificing efforts, reform a harsh, unkind husband, or at least such a course will be like pouring oil on the ocean. Such instances have come under our observation, and what has been done can be done again.

"I won't do any such a thing! I'll have my own way, and if my husband don't do as I say, he'll just hear from me!" is the unwise saying of some who wear dresses and are called wives, not once thinking that two wrongs can't make a right.

Will any woman, can any woman who acts from such a stand-point build her house? It will be built only on sand and will surely fall.

The inspired Paul says, "Husbands, love your wives," and he also says, "Wives, reverence your husbands," and we say, no man possesses true manhood unless he does love his wife, (if he loves her he will try to please her in everything that is consistent), and no woman is worthy of the name wife unless she reverences her husband in the family circle, as well as in public. Neither is she a worthy woman unless she is willing to make a reasonable sacrifice for his happiness. Before marriage both parties are usually willing to do the same, and also to accept the other's views; but too often, after the ceremony has pronounced them one, one or the other begins to slip off the beautiful mask of smiles, tinged with love, and the real, practical nature, which through politeness, or for selfish purposes, had been hidden, is revealed.

The adage, "always to court and never to wed, is the happiest life ever led," seems to be true because so many have made it true; but still we do sincerely believe that a rightly conducted married life may be and will be more productive of reliable happiness than a life of wooing—to say nothing about the honor and the usefulness. If courtship is the happiest stage of life, why do not people practice it after marriage? What is there to prevent? Nothing but the will and custom. If it was generally practiced, there would be fewer cases of divorce and much happier homes for children. Instead of becoming separated in views and affections (as is too often the case), as time passes on they would become united and their love, though perhaps not so ardent as in youth, would become more deep, more firm as they pass on to old age. Several such instances have come under our observation, and we consider them as some of the most beautiful scenes of earth—among those that angels note and admire. True they are few and far between, and we wish that there were more such cases in the church.

The blessings of such a household will be passed down to generations to come, and also the curses of an oppositely conducted household will be passed down, and we know not when either influence will cease, but probably not in this world, nor in the world or life beyond.

In order to rear a good structure one must use good material, so in order to rear a good household, or healthy pure-minded children, the parents must be healthy and pure-minded, and must govern themselves and their homes to that effect.

Who is able to compute the amount of understanding and wisdom that ought to be possessed by those who are contemplating marriage, or by those who have just entered on that stage of life; and yet how thoughtless and ignorant are the majority that undertake that work. We think that people should be educated for this work, and especially the female, before undertaking it; also that there should be authorities to prevent small brained and incompetent people marrying. If such was the case, there would be fewer whole idiots and fewer half idiots. If there were as much care and wisdom used in regard to the reproduction of the human family, as there is by the poultry keepers and stock raisers in their business, there would be fewer little mounds in the cemetery, more buoyant youth, more middle aged people, more erect forms that wear white locks, and more who, by reason of great strength live above man's allotted time. Again, we say, O woman, how great is thy mission, and how great should be thy knowledge and wisdom—to say nothing about the grace, patience, health and strength, required to properly fill that mission!

Our health and vital endurance depend very much upon the state of the same in our ancestors —just as natural as for every seed to yield after its kind, and they also depend upon the knowledge and practice of each individual. If one wishes to have healthy children, she must establish her own health in youth—not by drugs and artificial supports, but by living pure, systematic lives—according to God's established order. Dr. Jackson, of Dansville, New York, tells us very plainly why our American women are not as healthy and strong as the foreign. It is because their mode of dress, diet, exercise and amusements in childhood and youth, and we might say all the way through life, are not so productive of health. Then when they enter upon the

stage of matrimony they are not competent to the work; and besides being ignorant of the laws of their being, we are sorry to say that many, and some in the church, rashly shirk the most responsible work of their position.

This act, or crime, to which we refer is practiced more among the American people than any other nation on earth, the heathen not excepted. Even the savage tribes who once inhabited our beautiful, favored country, did not condescend to the low, sinful practice. Neither was it practiced in the days of our mothers and grandmothers. They feared God and shunned evil. Probably they thought of the words, "Thou shalt not kill," and governed themselves by the command. One hundred years ago and earlier, and even later, our ancestors reared large families in small log houses. Such was the fact in many country places, and not unfrequently the furniture and some of their few dishes were manufactured by the father, and their garments were manufactured from flax, cotton and wool by the hands of the mother. Yes, fitted for use by the means of a spinning-wheel, rude looms and home-spun thread. What a contrast between their experience and that of the wives of to-day, who occupy the lands that once were theirs! They settled down quietly, but not with folded hands or idle brain; no, they were diligent in their sphere and happy in their rude, natural way of living. Not unfrequently such families consisted of twelve, and usually the majority were healthy and strong and lived to a good old age.

We have noticed that those who have ample means to meet the demands of their work, are the ones who try to shirk it, while on the other hand we have seen women uncomplainingly and even cheerfully, perform their wifely and motherly duties for a large family, and perhaps cramped by small means. Now what is the cause of the contrast?

One was willing to honorably perform the duties devolving on the position she had placed herself in, and the other was not.

Now we will ask right here, "Which had the best health, those who were true to their calling, or those who were not?" And judging from the true answer, we shudder at the thought of any person daring to indulge such an act, even if there was no penalty aside from physical danger.

Many a woman has reared a large family and never owned a home till one of her children furnished it for her.

Dr. Judson's third wife, Emily Chubbuck, when young and small in stature, taught school, and later wrote for the press and bought her parents a home. What if her mother had adopted the wise way of living? Probably the old lady would have died in the almshouse.

There are many, very many causes of poor health, which every wife and mother ought to understand, but this very pernicious and prevalent one we speak of in particular, considering it a gross crime. We wonder how any one who has understandingly and willfully performed such an act, can bow in prayer or hold up her head in society, yet many do, and we fear that some who claim to be Saints are among them. If we have a greater light than others, let us try to live by it that others may know that we possess what we claim.

LIVING.

BY ABBIE AUGUSTA HORTON.

"We shall discover, when we begin to study birds alive instead of dead, that every one has a song."—*Miller*.

The song methinks that called us up,
A sweet though simple strain,
Was one that I can ne'er forget,
Though never heard again.

The mother bird fixed up her nest
And made it safe from harm,
And kingbird sang his song to cheer
Their home so snug and warm.

The moderated notes he trilled,
And toned them one to five,—
(Krr—r—r—ree-be! Krr—r—r—ree-be!)
How pleasant 'tis to study birds,
Not dead ones, but alive!

Their struggles! if we only knew
To tune their throats in spring,
When kingbirds, like the caged ones,
At first begin to sing!

The song, uncertain, fluttering,
Like in a practice hard,
At last came strong and happy from
Our joyous, morning bird.

The notes were true and stirring,
As he toned them one to five,—
(Krr—r—r—ree-be! Krr—r—r—ree-be!)
How useful 'tis to study birds,
Not dead ones, but alive.

The smallest of the feathered race
That early morning greet,
Are full of song poetic,
As they soar on pinions fleet.

But some you know list not to birds
That trill in leafy bough;
So, what we do and what we are,
Perhaps they'd like to know.

With cheering words and gentle mien,
We onward, upward tread;
By deeds of love our faith we show—
Faith living, not faith dead.

While others seek for outward show,
And are content with ease,
By struggles hard, the hills we climb,
And sail through troubled seas.

As pilgrims come to earth, we seek
And find the better way,
And greet the task of life as sweet,
And for each other pray.

For glorious crown of life eternal,
Faith, hope, and love have wrought;
The faith that lives, the love that works
In sacred unit taught.

Department of Correspondence.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR.

BOX 5. LAMONI, IOWA.

June, 1890.

Dear Readers:—Through the worry and excitement of this life, we are prone to lose sight of the present. Thus many an opportunity slips by unheeded, never to be regained. Opportunity for what? For doing good, to alleviate suffering, to speak a word of kindness, to help the poor, to take some poor sinner by the hand and by kindness, precept and an upright life, point them to a better life.

"Yes, yes," says one, "I will bye and bye; when I have more money I will help the poor." Time flies, and many a poor soul who would have been made happy by a little is left to suffer.

Oh, how many neglect the present opportunity and delude themselves into the belief that in the future they will do good! Sometime they will be religious. To those who say, "I intend, or I hope to accept Christ," I would say, Now is the accepted time. "Procrastination is the thief of time." While you are waiting for a more convenient time your good angel may cease to strive with you; for it is written: "The Spirit will not always strive with man." We know not the day or the hour we may be called hence. The Angel of Death may be hovering over us now. How often have I thought of that young man who led a sinful life, and when death drew near exclaimed in bitter anguish: "Must I go, and empty handed?" What more can the Savior say than he has said: "If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him?"—Rev. 3:20. Oh! if the Savior is knocking at the door, let him in ere it is too late.

HAZEL PEARL DAWN.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., July, 1890.

Dear Reader:— I hardly know what to write, but I feel it a duty devolving upon me. I have thought of writing for some time, but this thought always comes into my mind: "What shall I write about?" and I have concluded to write a little of my experience.

It is almost fourteen years since I enlisted in this grand and glorious cause, and glad I am that I sought my Redeemer in the days of my youth, being but fourteen when baptized.

My parents never professed religion until they became Latter Day Saints; indeed my father never liked to go to church very much, but my mother rather believed in the Methodist Church. Father would rather play the fiddle in those days, and go to dances; so we would all go, and of course I learned to keep time to the music with my young feet. I was but twelve years old, and how often I think of this now when I see my father in the place he is to-day! God only knows how thankful I am that we saw the light and are striving to walk therein.

How well I remember the first gospel sermon

we ever heard! The preaching was in a little old school-house in Cass county, Nebraska, called "Pawnee." Bro. G. E. Deuel was the preacher; there were not any Saints there, and so he had to do most of his singing alone. Oh! I thought I never had heard such pretty songs in my life; it seemed always to make him feel happy when he would sing. He would sing, "'Tis a glorious thing to be, in the light of God," and "Farewell all earthly honors, I bid you all adieu."

My father believed right away. He said it seemed to him like it was just what he had been waiting to hear, or like he had heard it before. He knew the sound thereof and "a stranger he would not follow."

We went to the meetings most every night, and nearly always as soon as we would get home my mother would get the Bible and go to hunting up the passages which he had quoted. She did not think it read like he said it did, but it always read as he had quoted it.

Father wanted to bring the *Herald* and Voice of Warning home to read, but she told him if he did they would be burned, so he waited for a year or so, and one night at prayer-meeting he got up and said that he could not wait any longer, that he was ready to be baptized. My mother said that she could not see as he did, but that if he was going to join that church, she would not say any more, but said that he had always gone to any church she wanted to go to, and now she would go with him to his church; and in three days she was baptized also.

It was about this time that I felt as though I wanted to experience religion, as the Methodists would say. I wanted to attend a protracted meeting that was going on. Father went with me, and we had not gone but two or three nights until I made up my mind that when they called for joiners, I would go up and give them my hand, but when the time came I could not; it seemed like something was holding me to my seat. We went home and I never went back again. I prayed, and if any one ever prayed in earnest, I did, and God heard my prayers and showed me the right way.

Bro. E. C. Brand came to our place one Sabbath morning. My brother having died two days before, he preached the funeral sermon, then stayed there and preached a week, during which time I still kept praying. One evening while I was praying the voice of the Lord called me. I obeyed that voice, and, dear readers, that was the happiest moment of my life when I went down into the waters of baptism, and made a covenant with my God that I would lay aside all worldly pleasures and try to keep his commandments the rest of my life. And God knows how hard it has been for me sometimes, but with His help, I always come out conqueror.

Our Father in heaven knows that my whole heart is in this great and glorious work. Oh! if it were possible, I would like to tell the whole world, "What a glorious thing it is to be in the light of God!" I am determined to do all I can for this work. Your sister,

MRS. E. D. BRIGGS.

HIGHLAND STATION, Kan., June, 1890.

Dear Readers of the Department:—It is pleasure to read of the efforts that are being put forth by those interested in the welfare of "human redemption," as is manifested by the many letters and sermons in the *Herald* and *Autumn Leaves*. Especially is it gratifying to read so many letters written by the young who are just starting in life, and have had but little experience either in worldly affairs or those pertaining to a life in the world to come.

It is the desire and aim of many, and should be the aim of all, to seek an inheritance in that world of peace and righteousness. To gain this inheritance requires our constant attention to our daily actions, and a continuous effort to do all things that are right, to overcome evil and resist temptation, and seek the assistance of the Holy Spirit to guide us. To obtain the Spirit it is first necessary to put ourselves in a condition to receive it. We must be prayerful, humble, meek, kind, gentle, loving, of sober minds, not given to much laughter, jesting and lightness of speech, but be earnest and cheerful in our daily life, that we may show by our actions that we are sincere in our belief, and are indeed striving to do the will of the Master.

We should be extremely careful in selecting our associates, and keep company with none, or associate with none of those who are vulgar and use profane language. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," hence, we should avoid, as much as possible, all evil associations, and be careful to shun every appearance of evil.

Speaking from experience, young or old people should not attend the dance, bussing parties, theatres, variety shows, club rooms, or any social amusement that will necessitate them to stay up the greater part of the night.

Every violation of the laws of health weakens the body. A continuous violation of said laws will eventually weaken the body so that any disease may take hold of it and cause its destruction. We may be deprived of a few hours sleep and, seemingly, be not injured; but if this

be continued every night, or two or three nights in the week, we will soon realize its damaging effect.

Other evils of late hour entertainments are ice cream, cake, berries and cream, red hot oysters, and very often wine and cider taken into the system when we ought to be at home, taking the necessary rest that the body requires. The company that attend these festivities is not always the best, and very often, not even good. We meet with nicely dressed and very talkative social people, and yet, they are full of deception and wickedness. Those who are innocent, confiding and honest are the oftenest deceived.

Very often these vile companions creep into the homes, yes, into the affections of those who are trying to keep the commandments, but are young and inexperienced. They are lured away by a fanciful idea, and the flashy appearance of their escort, until, alas! too late, they find themselves deceived, heart broken and deserted. Left to wander in their forlorn condition, they frequently devote their lives to solitude, or lead a life of shame and degradation, when by careful precaution they might live a life of peace.

A contributor to *Puck* says: "In one gutter I saw a pig; in another the semblance of a man. The pig was sober; the man was drunk. The pig had a ring in his nose; the other animal had one on his finger. The pig grunted, so did the man, and I said aloud, 'We are known by the company we keep.' The pig heard me and walked away, ashamed to be seen in the company of a drunken man."

Should we not be extremely careful as to whom we shall choose for our associates?

The wheat and the tares must grow in the same field. When the harvest is ripe they are gathered in sheaves and taken to the threshing, or separating machine. Here they are separated from the straw and chaff. The straw and chaff are burned, or are left to waste and decay; the wheat and tares are taken to the mills where they are separated. The tares are cast into the furnace or carted off to be left as worthless; the wheat comes from the mills bright and shining and ready for its proper use.

Dear young Saints, let us learn a lesson. We must select those whom we will love from either the wheat or tares. Those whom we love we will always want with us in this life, also we expect to be with them in the resurrection. If we prove faithful, we shall inherit that peaceful and happy home where we shall be no more parted, but live in union and peace; where we will sing praises to the "giver of every good and perfect gift" and have all things common.

Those who have not made a choice but are yet free, please answer these questions for yourselves: Which would be the wisest choice, to choose a "tare" from whom you will be separated when the judgment comes, or to choose a grain of wheat, though it be the smallest one in the measure? In bonds,

JULIUS.

RANDALL, Kan., July, 1890.

Brethren and Sisters of the Department:—This beautiful morning I will endeavor to write a few thoughts to you. Most of us have obeyed one of the injunctions given in the Word of Wisdom (D. & C. sec. 86), that of abstaining from strong drinks, and have signed the "Temperance Pledge," but how about the others?

A clear distinction is made between "strong drinks" and "hot drinks" The first must have referred to intoxicating drinks, while the latter must mean the common custom of drinking tea and coffee, for I have noticed that if the tea and coffee are not hot they are not considered good.

We have pledged ourselves to abstain from strong drinks because we think it looks, and is, awful to see a man staggering around under its influence; but did we ever think to abstain from drinking tea and coffee? And could we not refrain from eating meat only at such times as specified in the revelation?

See the promise that God will fulfill when we keep this "Word of Wisdom." Besides we could know we were doing something that would meet the approval of a just God. Why not have a pledge of this kind?

My sister and I last December, pledged ourselves that we would never touch a drop of tea again (we do not like coffee). We have kept that pledge, and I can testify for one that my head has ached less, my brain is clearer, and I feel better in every respect.

Those of you who drink tea or coffee ask your father to buy ten cents worth less each month and give that amount to you, you to abstain from drinking it. In one year it will amount to one dollar and twenty cents which you could send to help on the gospel.

This is only a suggestion which I think will meet your approval.

I heartily coincide with brethren Root and Duncan that we should do something in the way of providing the poor with reading matter; and, as the editor said, let some one "devise the plan of operation."

Ever praying that God will direct you all in such matters, I remain your sister in the one faith, NINA COOK.

LAMONI, Iowa, May, 1890.

Bro. J. A. Gunsolley:—Perhaps the following thoughts will be of interest to some of the readers of the Department.

All Bible students are presumably familiar with the account of how Joshua in his old age assembled the tribes of Israel at Shechem and exhorted them to put away the idols and serve the Lord; and wishing to get some definite answer from them, addressed unto them the following words: "Now therefore fear the Lord, and serve him in sincerity and in truth; and put away the gods which your fathers served on the other side of the flood, and in Egypt; and serve ye the Lord. And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."—Joshua 24: 14, 15.

Although this language was addressed to a people surrounded by idol-worshiping nations, and whose ancestors were idol-worshipers themselves, it will apply equally as well at the present time as it did then. There are many gods besides the Lord whom we might serve, and each extends an invitation and offers special inducements to those who will serve them. There is the god of wealth, who offers untold enjoyments in this world, and who extends no hope for the future, to those who will seek diligently after him. His servants must "eat, drink and be merry," and receive all their reward for faithfulness in this life. But his most faithful and honored servants to-day, after having enjoyed his smiles and partaken of the joys he offers them for a few brief moments, must step aside to make way for new and younger candidates for his favor, soon to vanish and dwell thereafter in everlasting oblivion. He has had his day and has received his reward; his god has no further use for him. Shall we accept his invitation and serve him? or shall we choose some other god from the long catalogue to serve?

The god of pleasure also has many followers, especially among the young people, as he seems to be a great lover of the beautiful; and his servants are soon lost to our view in the dizzy whirl of the dance, and become so fascinated by the joys with which he surrounds them that soon their only thought is, "O, take the world and what of good it may contain, but give me pleasure, only pleasure!" And in their mad quest for pleasure they wander hither and thither, never satisfied, never happy, where the selfish mind-destroying influence of pleasure is wanting, until cold death overtakes them and drags them off to—what? Has their god offered them any reward for the future?

But there is another God whose name is the Lord. His followers find real peace, real joy, real happiness, both in this life and in the life to come; and he even thought so much of man that he sent his only begotten Son that they might know him, and know that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that faithfully serve him. And instead of making us stand aside to make way for others, he promises us eternal life, eternal happiness, and joy, and peace. And what does he expect of us in return?

Simply that we obey all his commandments, and love him with all our hearts, and with all our souls, and with all our minds, and with all our strength; and our neighbor as ourselves. Can we do this while our mind is filled with the selfish desires of money-getting, or of pleasure-seeking? I think not. Therefore, let us be like Joshua and say to the world, "Choose you this day whom ye will serve; . . . but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Your brother in Christ,

WILLIS W. KEARNEY.

FLAGLER, Iowa, Aug. 1890.

Editor Autumn Leaves:—Through the courtesy of Bro. Abram Jones I was given a copy of your July number, and in perusing its columns I was highly elated over the contents.

Ours is a mining town, but I am proud to say we have some ardent workers, both with the Latter Day Saints and Methodists. We pride ourselves in saying we have the banner Sunday school in our county. We believe through this method we can sow the good seed of Christianity, which is the enlightenment of the world, among the rising generation in an effective way, and being prompted by this motive, we work, as it might be while thus engaged we are educating some little boy or girl to fill the highest position in the country. Let us work to that end to the utmost at all times. A few years ago business called us from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, and it mattered not where the Sabbath found us, we always found the good people engaged in the Sunday School work. We well remember while attending one near Whitehall, Illinois, in 1885, of hearing an aged gentleman addressing the children at the close of the school. In his remarks he stated that he had been chaplain in the penitentiary at Joliet for seven years; and while conversing with these criminals, male and female, both in sick-

ness and in health, as to their spiritual affairs and ancestry, he had never found in these years a single criminal that had been brought up through the Sabbath-school. These words from such a source speak volumes; and let it go on.

We hope to see the contents of your *Autumn Leaves* have a wide circulation and shed the light abroad in our land. We take pride in especially calling attention to our Latter Day Saint brethren for their work in establishing Christianity; although we are not with them, being of a Methodist persuasion; but after all we will be as one in the end. May the Supreme Ruler of the universe be with you in your work is our prayer.

RICHARD WILLIAMS.

FREMONT, Neb., July, 1890.

Department of Correspondence:—I have just read Bro. Duncan's letter in July *Leaves*. I for one have been wanting to do something of that kind a long time, and I feel so thankful that there will be a chance for me to do some good, and I heartily endorse it. I will do all I can. I have two volumes of *Herald*, two volumes of *Autumn Leaves*, and a number of *Hopes;* and now if Bro. Duncan or any one else will write and let me know where to send them, I shall be most glad to do so. I have thought all along that I would have the *Autumn Leaves* bound in book form, but if I can give them to others to read, I can afford to make a little sacrifice; and then if I should chance to hear that it had done some good and saved one soul, it would be worth more to me than all the books combined.

ELIZABETH BEEMER.

BUFFALO PRAIRIE, June, 1890.

Department of Correspondence: — I would offer a few suggestions in regard to the more complete circulation of our papers and magazines for the benefit of those who have not, as yet, had the privilege of reading them. I would suggest that a bureau be kept for the purpose of receiving and distributing such articles.

I consider our reading matter far too instructive to be stored away in trunks or closets. Let us give them the opportunity of doing the good they are capable of doing. I believe this would help to enlarge the circulation of our papers; for after reading them, many would think, as I do, that they could not be content without them.

But this cannot be done clear of expenses. Should, or would not each one sending papers be willing to pay the cost of so doing? I have reserved the *Autumn Leaves* for the benefit of others and am only waiting for the opportunity to start them on their mission of good. Such stories as The Story of the Book of Mormon, Pattie or Leaves from a Life, and With the Church in an Early Day, cannot fail to have a good influence.

But I am digressing. I agree with some others as to Lamoni being the proper head-quarters. I have only suggested how we might pay the cost of sending our reading matter to head-quarters; how shall we meet the rest of the expense? by a free-will offering?

CARRIE HOLMES.

CODY, Neb., July, 1890.

Dear Readers of the Autumn Leaves:—I have intended for some time to write to the Department, but negligence has taken its hold on me, and the result is, I have not done it.

I have noticed correspondents have written on the subject, "Does it pay to read Fiction?" I have had considerable experience with modern fiction. When quite young I began this injurious practice. I read everything I could get hold of, and after a few years I discovered that I had no taste for spiritual reading; and in fact I found it disinteresting. I knew what the consequence would be, if I did not study the gospel law and church books, but when I got hold of a novel I was deaf and blind to all else. I prayed almost continually, but Satan was determined to gain the victory if possible. So I did not quite succeed from breaking loose from the desire; but with the help of God, I have almost broken the chain which bound me.

I saw a letter in the Department from Peter Hinds, who said, "Ben Hur, Pilgrim's Progress and several others, give better thoughts and a broader understanding of the world." Ben Hur has some things in it that would be both good and instructive if one could but think they were true; but while reading the thought invariably comes, "Is this true, or only the imagination of the author?" Ben Hur was himself a murderer and became infatuated by a woman, who, after discarding him, led a life of dissipation and misery. Would anything which has for a hero, a person who does such things tend to elevate the mind or give better thoughts? It is true it told some things of Christ and his works, but as a whole would one consider it an elevating book?

Pilgrim's Progress is as sectarian in its teachings as it could possibly be, and we as individuals, do not consider it good or instructive. With me the answer is plainly and firmly, "It does not pay to read fiction."

I am a strict believer in prohibition; and oh, how much more cleanly is a person, whether man or woman, girl or boy, who does not use tobacco! I can not respect a man who uses whiskey or tobacco, as I do one who does not. Both are poisonous; and are also injurious physically; and can a person who uses tobacco have God's Spirit, in the same degree as one who does not? We know that one who uses whiskey can not. I know men who, when not under the influence of liquor, are very kind to their wives and children, but when intoxicated have been known to drive their wives about town with a shotgun, repeatedly threatening to shoot them. How much wickedness this world would be cleared of if there were no intoxicating drinks.

The *Autumn Leaves*, if carefully read and diligently studied, will be of great value to all who may read them.

Let us all endeavor to gain something each day, and live in such a manner that when we are brought forth for judgment our Savior will not say, "Depart, ye cursed, ye never knew me."

Your sister in Christ,

KATE WEED.

Domestic Department.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

"Go make thy garden as fair as thou canst,
Thou workest never alone;
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine
May see it and mend his own."

"HOUSEKEEPING AND CHEMISTRY.

"Over and over again we hear it said that a girl's first duty is to make herself proficient in housekeeping, and yet one of the most important aids to that end is seldom available. We refer to the study of chemistry. There is scarcely a department in house work where it cannot be used to advantage. It is useful in selecting a healthful diet. It enables one to be saving by knowing what food contains the most nutriment and how to prepare it so as to get the most nourishment from it. By being able to make a few experiments the housewife will be able to avoid the use of frauds —washing compounds that will rot the clothes, baking powders with harmful ingredients, and other articles. Considering its importance it seems a little strange that it should occupy the place it does in most of our courses of study—being found usually in the last year of the high-school course, or else in the second or third year of a college course. Consequently, there are very few who have a chance to test its advantages."

"What use in sending her to school any longer? She'll marry in a few years, as other girls do. and then where will be the benefit in more education than she already has?" Remarks such as these are frequently heard, and we question: for whom should we desire more in this direction than for the wife, the mother, the housekeeper (provided health and household education be not neglected for that which is to be gained in the schools)? The following selection from the *Church Union* expresses this —ED.

INTELLECTUAL TRAINING OF WOMEN.

The woman whose intellect has been trained will not be necessarily a pedantic bore, or an overpowering force in the family; the better her training the better her balance; the better her understanding of her household's needs, and her ability to meet them, the better will she know how to retain and increase the affection once secured, and to make her home all that the ideal home should be. Beauty will still be beauty, charm will still be charm, and academical honors can not strip women of either; and the love that is attracted by them, when accompanied by thorough intellectual development, is a love which will outlast that captured by the tricks and arts which kindle but a temporary flame; for the development of the mind develops and enlarges all the rest of the being. other things being equal It is well known that there are no better mothers, nor more faithful wives, nor more accomplished housekeepers, nor more delightful guests, than can be found among our present cultured, learned and literary women. All the education in the world will not eradicate from the feminine nature the household instincts or the love of home and children. Nowhere is real intellectual training found to weaken the feminine type; but, on the contrary, homes are finer, richer, more exalted, and happier under its power. It brings about a perception of mutual rights that does not come to the ignorant; it prevents encroachment; it renders due honor; and it knows how to produce comfort and joy, and puts the knowledge to use.

DELUZ, Cal.

Dear Sister Martha:—Be kind enough to open your kitchen door a little bit Perhaps you do not allow lone bachelors loafing around your premises, but I have not come begging cookies, doughnuts, or "scraps." I come with a little offering; not an armful of wood, or a dozen eggs, but a chance to dodge the baking powder can.

And to old bachelors whose "lightening" cost them as much as their flour, that means "a heap."

It's very simple. The solution (!) lies in the vinegar keg.

One tea-cupful of vinegar, one tea-cupful of water and one tea-spoonful of soda gives the same result as two tea-spoonfuls of baking powder, for gems, short-cake, corn-bread etc. — anywhere that flour can be worked quickly, for vinegar "gets there" in a hurry.

My vinegar costs me very little, being made from honey drippings that would otherwise be lost; but cider, grape juice (wild or tame), sugar-cane sap, or molasses will do as well.

Try vinegar gems once and see. The amount of soda for perfect success depends on the strength of the vinegar; work the soda into the flour dry.

H. B. ROOT.

This novel method might prove satisfactory in case of necessity, but there can certainly be nothing better with soda than sour milk, when it is obtainable, because of the added nutriment in the milk above that of vinegar and water, if for no other reason. And if one buys his vinegar, it would cost no more, if as much, to buy milk, even in cities.

But whether for this or the many other uses for vinegar, why *buy* it at all? It is easily made, and then we are sure of having that which is pure and good, besides saving a very large proportion of the cost. This is worth taking into consideration, for how little vinegar do we find sold nowadays, except the clear, white, acid vinegar, declared by physicians and chemists to be so harmful for the stomach!

If one has neither cider, grape juice, sugar cane sap nor honey drippings, use molasses or sugar. Have ready a good clean keg Thoroughly dissolve in water five pounds of brown sugar or one gallon of molasses. Pour into the keg and fill with rain water. Add some good clean "mother" or vinegar plant, and stand the keg in the sun during the hot weather, and when it grows cool, in a warm place near the kitchen stove, until the vinegar is made. The next year draw off in jugs, or another keg, enough vinegar to last through the season, empty the keg that it may be free from all settlings, return to it only the good clean looking mother with some of the clear vinegar, and proceed as before.

A sister sends the following receipt for

Pure Baking Powder.—One half pound of cream tartar, one fourth pound of bi-carbonate soda, two heaping tablespoonfuls flour. Sift all together five or six times. Keep in a tight can or jar. Use one teaspoonful (not heaping) to a pint of flour.

Purchase the cream tartar and soda at a drug store, so that they will be pure.

R. S. Coates writes: Please tell your readers that if they will mix plaster of paris with cold water and use it instead of sealing wax on fruit jars, they will find it much more convenient.

Chili Sauce.—Thirty ripe tomatoes peeled and cut in small pieces. Eight peppers and five large onions chopped fine. Eight teacupfulls vinegar, five tablespoonfuls sugar and three tablespoonfuls salt. Boil the whole for three hours. Seal air tight in bottles or fruit jars.

BOTTLED PICKLES.

Wash and wipe half a bushel of medium-sized cucumbers, suitable for pickling, pack close in a stone jar, sprinkle over the top one pint of salt, pour over a sufficient quantity of boiling water to cover them, place a cloth over the jar and let stand till cold (if prepared in the evening, let stand all night), drain off the water and place the pickles on stove in cold vinegar, let them come to a boil, take out, place in stone jar, cover with either cold or hot vinegar. They will be ready for use in a few days, and are excellent. It is an improvement to add a few spices and a small quantity of sugar.

To bottle them, prepare with salt and boiling water as above, drain (when cold), and place a gallon at a time on a stove in enough cold vinegar to cover level (need not be very strong), to which a lump of alum about the size of a small hickory-nut (too much is injurious) has been added. Have on stove, in another kettle, a gallon of the very best cider vinegar, to which add half a pint of brown sugar; have bottles cleansed and placed to heat on the stove in a large tin pan of cold water; also have a tin cup or small pan of sealing-wax heated; on table have spices prepared in separate dishes, as follows: green and red peppers sliced in rings; horse-radish roots, washed, scraped, and cut in small pieces; black and yellow mustard seed (or this may be left out), each prepared by sprinkling with salt and pouring on some boiling water, which let stand fifteen minutes and then draw off; stick cinnamon washed free from dust and broken in pieces, and a few cloves.

When pickles come to the boiling point, take out and pack in bottles, mixing with them the spices (use the cloves, horse-radish and mustard seed sparingly); put in a layer of pickles, then a layer of spices, shaking the bottles occasionally so as to pack tightly; when full cover with the boiling vinegar from the other kettle (using a bright funnel and bright tin cup), going over them a second time and filling up, in order to supply shrinkage, for the pickles must be entirely covered with the vinegar. Put in the corks, which should fit very snugly, lift each bottle (wrap a towel around it to prevent burning the hands), and dip the corked end into the hot sealing wax; proceed in this manner with each bottle, dipping each a second time into the wax so that they may be perfectly secure. If corks seem too small, throw them in boiling water; if too large, pound the sides with a hammer. The

tighter they fit in the bottles the better for the pickles. Glass cans, the tops or covers of which have become defective, can be used by supplying them with corks.

Pickles thus bottled are far more wholesome than, and are really superior to, the best brand of imported pickles, and, by having materials in readiness, prepared as directed, the process is neither difficult nor tedious. It requires two persons to successfully bottle pickles. —Practical Housekeeping.

Catsup —Half bushel tomatoes, two quarts vinegar, one tea-cupful salt, one pint of sugar, one ounce of ground black pepper, one tea-spoonful of cayenne pepper, one ounce of ground allspice, one ounce ground mustard or mustard seed, half ounce ground cloves, one grated nutmeg. Cut the cores from the tomatoes and boil until very soft, then rub through a sieve. Add the vinegar and other ingredients which should first be mixed. Return to the fire and boil an hour and a half, stirring continually to prevent burning. Half a dozen onions may be added if desired. Bottle while hot and seal.

PICKLES.

Silver Skin Onions.—Pour weak scalding brine over them each day for ten days, making new brine every second or third day. Then pour over them cold spiced vinegar, and in a few days they will be ready for use.

Green Tomatoes Sliced.—Cut out the stem end of the tomatoes, slice, sprinkle lightly with salt and let them stand over night. In the morning drain them well and to each gallon of tomatoes allow one quart of vinegar, one tea-cupful sugar, one table-spoonful each of whole mustard seed, cloves and allspice. Place all in a porcelain or granite kettle (never use iron or tin for vinegar or anything sour) and boil until the tomatoes are tender. Put away in an earthen jar, and three times, every third morning heat them up and turn the boiling vinegar over them, after which they will keep without sealing.

Piccalilli.—One large white cabbage, fifty small cucumbers, five quarts of small string beans, one dozen sticks of celery (or use celery seed), five red peppers, three green peppers, two heads of cauliflower; chop fine, cook over night in salt water, wash well, drain thoroughly and pour over them boiling vinegar spiced with mace, cinnamon and allspice; turn off the vinegar and scald until safe to leave in jars or seal in cans while hot. —Practical Housekeeping.

CHOPPED PICKLES

Take a peck green tomatoes, wash clean, cut away a small piece from each end. slice and place in a large wooden bowl, chop fine, place in a crock and mix salt with them (half a pint to a peck), let stand twenty-four hours, and drain thoroughly; take twice or three times as much cabbage as there is chopped tomatoes, chop fine, mix salt in same proportions, add water to make moist, and let stand same time as tomatoes; drain, place again in separate jars, cover each with cold weak vinegar; after twenty-four hours, drain well, pressing hard to extract all the juice; mix tomatoes and cabbage together, take a double handful at a time, squeeze as tightly as possible, and place in a dry crock; take the stone jar in which they are to be pickled, place in it a layer of tomatoes and cabbage, scatter over with chopped peppers, whole mustard seed and horse-radish; then another layer of tomatoes and cabbage, next spice, and so on till the jar is almost full, occasionally sprinkling with cayenne pepper; cover with strong cider vinegar, to each gallon of which a tea-cup of sugar has been added. Place a saucer or pieces of broken china on the pickles, to keep them under the vinegar. If a white scum rises, drain off vinegar, boil, skim, and pour hot over the pickles. Prepare mustard, peppers and horse-radish as follows: take three green or ripe garden peppers (four table-spoons when chopped), cut in two, place in salt water over night, the next morning drain and chop quite fine; to two table-spoons mustard seed add salt-spoon salt, pour in boiling water, let stand fifteen minutes and drain; two table-spoons horse-radish chopped fine. Tomatoes and onions are excellent prepared in the same way. For sliced pickles, take cucumbers and onions, or tomatoes and onions, and slice and prepare as above.

—Practical Housekeeping.

TO CLEAN GLASS IN PICTURE FRAMES.

To clean glass in frames with velvet plush inside, so that water can not be used, moisten tripoli with brandy, rub it on the glass while moist. and when dry rub off with a silk cloth. To prevent the mixture injuring the plush use strips of tin bent to an angle; set these against edge of frame, with one side on glass. When the frames are of a character that will not be injured by water, rub the glass with water containing a little liquid ammonia, and polish with moist paper.—*Art Decorator.*

"REMEDY FOR IVY POISONING.

"The best of all remedies for poison ivy, is simply hot water. All other remedies that I have tried (and I have tried many of them) only aggravate the poison: but hot water, as hot as can be borne, affords instant relief. It must be applied every hour or two, or as often as the itching returns. In a couple of days a cure is effected. Poison sumac yields to the same treatment. The inflammation, and with it the itching and burning, are allayed at once. I am poisoned dozens of times every year, but suffer no inconvenience except the trouble of applying the hot water."

"An ounce of mother, says a Spanish proverb, is worth a pound of clergy."

Editor's Corner.

"Too soon, too soon!
For but last month was lusty June
With life at swinging flood of tide;
Nor seems it long since May went by
With Love and Hope at either side;
And now 'tis only late July;
And yet, alas, methinks I hear—
Too soon, too soon!
Too soon, too soon!—
Death whisper in the fading trees;
And when the sun's red light is gone,
And Night unfolds her mysteries,
With failing heart almost I fear
In garden plots remote and lone
To find the dreadful Shadow near—
Too soon, too soon!"

"TOO SOON!" The feeling is in the very air we breathe, and the misty haze settling low around the horizon as the shadows lengthen, warns us that summer is waning and autumn will soon be here. The warm, soft twilights which a month since lured us out beneath the stars and trees, have changed to the damp and chilly hours which not only warn us within doors, but make at times the cheerful firelight welcome, and "How short the hours of summer have been," is falling from lips upon every side! And now we most miss those who left the home-nest, seeking cooler spots when the torrid heat of summer was upon the earth, and in closing our doors to keep out the chill of night, we almost feel that we are shutting them out from the warmth and light of home. Not thus, however, for as we close the world out we enfold them in more closely, miss them more and long more earnestly for their return. Fit emblem of the love which clings more closely when the winter storms of adversity are in life's sky.

WE are pained to learn, by letter from Sr. Rillie S. Moore, her daughter, of the death of Sr. Wildermuth; perhaps better known to the Saints by her nom de plume of "Perla Wild." Oh, how plaintive is the wail of sadness from the heart of this lonely bereaved one! "Our darling mother has passed away, and oh, how lonely we are!" If the prayers of Saints and faithful friends can comfort, then will not this bereaved family be left comfortless. Sister Wildermuth has been an occasional contributor to the columns of our various departments of work, but for some years, because of poor health and pecuniary embarrassments, she has not been able to give the time and attention she formerly gave to the pen.

"Arkansaw," in vol. 2, No. 4, *Leaves*, is a poem of pathos and beauty seldom excelled. Had circumstances, of birth, education and social surroundings favored our sister she might have entered upon a brilliant career, as a writer. Her perceptive faculties were of rare acuteness and her descriptive ability very seldom surpassed "God knoweth best," and to the mourning ones we say, Let the thought that your loved one has entered upon a state of existence, where every disability which cumbered her life here is removed, comfort you. God has use for all her talent and she will know neither weariness nor pain in its application; but having tasted the bitter here, she will know the blessedness, the peace of service there, where she shall rest from all sorrow and pain, yet serve the Master in glad freedom from everything which hindered here. To unselfish hearts there is comfort in this thought. It can not give the loved one back—we mourn their loss, but remembering that *ours* is the pain, theirs the rest, joy and peace, can we not be strong to endure? May God the source of all comfort and peace be with the bereaved ones to comfort and sustain.

BY some means a mistake was made by Bro. Dewsnup, in regard to the succession of brethren Derry and Briggs in the English Mission. Thomas Revel (not Samuel Nevil) was the successor of these brethren. We are thankful to Bro. H. A. Stebbins by whose kindness we are enabled to make this correction.

WE wish to call the especial attention of our readers to the series of articles now being published in the "Column" entitled, "Hints On Domestic Life." Let us say to you who are privileged to read this series, that you have reason to be grateful to the writer and to Him who inspired her to commit her thoughts and observations to writing for the benefit of those willing to receive instruction and to profit thereby. It is an old saying "By other's faults wise men correct their own." There is in this much truth, for who that sees the folly of anger manifested clearly before them, if they are wise, does not wish to avoid anger? Who is there that seeing the evil effects of intemperance does not wish to avoid drunkenness? Or, that looking upon the emaciated, driveling idiot, does not wish to avoid the vice which has made him such? But it is not by *avoiding* only that we are to attain to that high-

er plane. We must while avoiding the evil, cultivate with all diligence the good. "Cease to do evil and learn to do well."

One thought stands intimately connected with this injunction of Paul, and it is a thought we will do well to bear in mind, namely: it is far more difficult to cease to do evil than it is to learn to do well. To the mother, especially, this thought should come home with force and power. If she love her child, let her fight this battle with herself and resolve that her offspring shall have the benefit of every victory she has won. Experience has doubtless taught to each one of us many good lessons, but perhaps we paid our teacher a high price and still bear about with us the scars of wounds which were long in the healing. Shall we submit to this same teacher taking our children in charge, or shall we train their young and pliant minds to avoid them? Rather let us so watch for the outcroppings of those faults, which once we fought so hard to master, that we note their first appearance, and seeing them, not only warn our children of the danger, but help them to eradicate both root and branch. "It is the little foxes which spoil the vines." These little matters which at first seem trivial, are but the lines where the path of error diverges from the straight and narrow way. May God help all fathers as well as mothers to see clearly and be wise in time.

WITH our next issue we expect to be able to announce the premium we shall offer to subscribers the coming volume, and intend it shall be one worth the obtaining. We shall in the future, as in the past, spare no pains to render the magazine worthy the support of the Saints.

IN the testimony of Sr. Mary Page it should have been Mary J. instead of Mary E. Page.

LOVE FOR GOOD BOOKS.

TOO much can not be said by way of emphasis of the necessity for a more general love for good reading on the part of the people. Ask the first twenty mechanics and the first twenty mechanics' wives what books they have read recently, and repeat the inquiry to shop youth from eighteen to twenty-one, and to shop or store girls. If you get honest answers and record the names of the last five books read, and then find out through conversation what they remember of what they have read, you will be astonished. The amount of good reading done intelligently by the non-professional and non-business portion of the community is scandalously light.

The influence of the school upon the reading habits of those who leave school before entering the first class of the grammar school, is too often of no appreciable value. This is all wrong. From the age of eight years, at least, it should be the work of the school to teach and train the child to read instructively and enjoyably, persistently and intelligently, the best things in the papers, the best magazines and valuable books. The atmosphere of the school is, as a rule, calculated to magnify the importance of writing a book rather than of reading books. America has much greater need of book readers than of book makers. The school has much greater need of emphasizing the glory of being a good reader than writer of books.

The causes of temperance, moral reform, and religion, have everything to gain from an early school sentiment in favor of the dignity and honor of being a good reader. Indeed, here is an opportunity for the teacher to vie with the philanthropist, preacher and statesman as a reformer and benefactor of the race. This must be done largely by indirection, through much reading of books that they can easily learn to love. The teacher who can do for a class of children what we have seen Mary E. Burt, of Chicago, do, places himself among the benefactors of his race. The arithmetic, grammar, and spelling-book may be forgotten, but good books, through the reading of which they have learned and loved the art of reading, will abide. And there need be no neglect of other subjects. There is time enough assigned for reading, if only it be intelligently and skillfully used. He who uses the reading lesson time to best advantage should receive honorable mention at the hands of his committee. Let us all magnify more and more this art.

—Journal of Education.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

WINTER FLOWERS.

"I hope every woman and girl who reads this article will have at least a few plants the coming winter. If you can not buy them, then go to the fields and woods. Nature's lap is full of beautiful things that may be had for the taking. You will want a basket and trowel or old knife. There are the ferns, twin-berry, noble pine, princess pine, wood violet, hepaticas (liverwort), mosses, and trailing arbutus, if you are fortunate enough to live where it grows. Get some pitcher-plants as you go by the swamp Bring home some leaf mold to put them in. The next thing is a dish. A cracked earthen milk pan, platter, or any dish moderately deep will do.

Fill in the leaf mold and set out the plants, putting the tallest in the center, sprinkle and set in a cool place It will need no sun, and no care save to sprinkle now and then. The pitcher-plant will like to have its pitcher kept filled with water. Cranberry vines with the berries on can be used with good effect The spike of red berries that Jack-in-the-pulpit leaves behind will add a bright spot. These things will not grow, but keep green. Toward spring, when their time has come to grow, (how will they know, shut up with no bird to whisper it to them?) the violet will push up its blue hood, the hepaticas unclose their delicate starry eyes, and the trailing arbutus will unseal its pink chalices of perfume, and gladden you with its loveliness. The ferns will push up their wooly heads and the dish will seem to be alive with "green things growing."

HOME-MADE REVOLVING BOOK-CASE.

A convenient and easily constructed revolving book-case, which can be made by any one of average mechanical ability. The stand consists of two cross-pieces two feet long and an inch and a half thick, into the junction of which is fixed a round upright three feet long and one inch in diameter. The cross-pieces may be of maple or other hard wood. The upright must be of straight-grained white oak, or other tough, close-grained wood. A common furniture caster is fastened to top part of each arm of the cross-pieces, six inches from the end. Construct a shelf two feet square and three-quarters of an inch thick, with an inch hole in the center. Four vertical pieces are fastened edgewise to this shelf Nine and a half inches wide and eighteen inches long are good average dimensions, but they may vary according to the size of the books which it is desired to keep upon them The lowest shelf should be of hard wood, as it supports the entire weight resting upon the casters. The rest may all be of pine or other soft wood. The two upper shelves are without holes, and have partitions only three or four inches wide, which are arranged to hold two or four drawers.—*American Agriculturist.*

AMUSEMENT FOR THE BABY.

A clever contrivance for the nursery is a "crawling rug," to spread upon the floor, which protects the baby's clothes and affords at the same time an endless entertainment to the infant mind The rug we have in mind is of heavy gray flannel with animals outlined on it in red and blue working cotton; the edges are pinked, and underneath is fastened a pinked out band of red flannel to give a pretty contrasting finish.

The above is a serviceable rug, but perhaps even a greater success and more sure to "catch the baby's eye," are rugs made of coarse brown or gray linen, with the forms of animals cut out in sateens of different colors and fastened to the linen in buttonhole stitch. The rugs are bound with red braid. More striking still is a specimen in Turkey red, two yards square and simply hemmed around the edges. On this vivid foundation is fixed, in the center, a large white muslin elephant; scattered around at intervals are dogs, cats, horses, camels, rabbits and other representatives of the animal kind. The whole thing washes well. Pasting on the pictures is sometimes tried as a saving of labor, but baby's busy fingers soon fray out the edges and buttonholing pays better, especially as it need not be closely done.

Mothers and nurses at their wits' end to quiet a restless youngster find it a great help to put him down upon the floor on one of these "menagerie blankets," as they are sometimes called, and let him amuse himself by tracing out the various animals, a pastime to which he will return at intervals with an unfailing zest and pleasure delightful to behold.—*Sel.*

PIN-WHEEL OR JAPANESE WHORL.

Use ecru crochet cotton No 50 and fine steel needle.

Chain 6. Join. Make 12 doubles in this circle, and fasten with a slip stitch in the first.

Chain 15. Make 21 doubles over this chain, holding the end between the thumb and first finger. Make one double in the center.

Turn. Make 21 doubles in the back vein of each stitch.

Turn. Make 5 doubles in the first 5 stitches. * Chain 5, 1 double in the same stitch and 4 doubles in the next 4 stitches. Repeat There must be 5 loops with 5 doubles between in each bar. Make 1 double in the center wheel.

Chain 13 for the other bars and make 1 double in the second loop from the center.

Turn, and repeat 21 doubles over the chain, and continue until there are 6 bars. The last bar is joined to the first in making the third loop. Chain 2. Make 1 double in end of first bar. Chain 2 and finish as before.—*Ladies' World*

THE THREE KINGDOMS.

The player who has proposed the game withdraws into an adjoining chamber, while the rest of the company agree upon an object that he must guess.

When the word is agreed upon, they recall him; he has the right to ask twenty questions, which refer at first to the kingdom to which the object belongs that is expressed by the word selected, upon the present condition of that object, the country where it is most frequently found, and finally, upon the metamorphosis which it has undergone, its use, and its qualities.

The players should answer in a manner calculated to describe the object, yet not too plainly. But, on the other hand, those who give false notions of the object are liable to the penalty of a forfeit. The questioner who, after twenty answers which are recognized as satisfactory by the company, fails to guess the object, pays a forfeit in his turn, and withdraws a second time, while the rest of the players agree upon another word, which he must try to guess in the same manner.

You can also reverse this, having *all* question and one select object.

Example.

The questioner, having heard the signal, re-enters, and directs his questions somewhat in this manner:

1. "To what kingdom does the object thought of belong?"

One of the players answers: "To the *Vegetable Kingdom*, and no other."

2. "Is it growing at present, or put to use?"

"Put to use."

3. "Is it an article of furniture?"

"No."

4. "What use is it commonly put to?"

"It is commonly covered, at regular intervals, with a fluid of a color completely opposite to its own."

5. "In what place is it most commonly produced?"

"In New England, New York and New Jersey."

6. "Ah, I know that it is not linen, for neither of these States is celebrated for that article."

"No; but linen has something to do with it."

7. "What metamorphosis has it undergone?"

"A very great one. It has been cast into the water, beaten, crushed, reduced to pulp, then reunited into a solid body, such as we see it every day."

8. "It is *Paper*, then!"

"You have guessed it."

The player whose answer leads the questioner to guess the riddle, then pays a forfeit, and becomes the questioner in his turn.

WORK FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS.—WAYS OF EARNING CHRISTMAS OFFERINGS.

The methods that I wish to suggest require no outlay, except time and patience, and the friendly co-operation of the brothers and sisters. I have known a party of bright young people to go out into the woods armed with hatchets and baskets, and return every evening loaded with pine knots, which were carefully split into a good size for kindling and sent to the nearest city, where a ready sale was found. One young girl of my acquaintance bought for herself a nice winter dress with the chestnuts she picked up and sold.

As Christmas approaches, the country lads and lassies may fill their purses very easily by gathering evergreens for decorating churches. The mistletoe, also, commands a high price for the active boy who dares to climb the tall oaks on which it is found. A small box was sent to Philadelphia last winter from this neighborhood which sold for five dollars. It is so difficult to gather that it is not often found for sale.

Another branch of industry that I would suggest is the gathering of our native medicines to sell to the druggists. Podophyllum (one of the most powerful remedies for a disordered liver) can be found in the swamps and along the banks of streams. It is commonly known as mandrake, or May apple. Lobelia, also a popular medicine, can be collected in quantities in our forests, and the black cohosh (so valuable in heart disease) is also frequently seen. Horehound, wild cherry bark and the sarsaparilla root also sell well. I can scarcely imagine a more pleasant pastime for boys and girls than searching in the forest for its hidden treasures.

Another way in which young people may make money is the saving of garden seeds. To accomplish anything in this way a small piece of ground should be planted especially for raising seed. A neighbor of mine has recently sold seven dollars and sixty cents worth of salsify seed, which she gathered from a small part of her garden and sold to a seedsman at less than the usual rates, which are a dollar a pound. Green peas always sell well in the country stores. They are a bulky kind of seed to order through the mail, and peas are so popular with chickens that they often destroy all the dry ones before seed can be saved.

Drying fruit is work that any of the girls can do, and at the usual rates it pays well to dry cherries, peaches, and even apples.

Any of the occupations I have mentioned will at least give fresh air and pure blood, which will be a reward if no other is received.

—*F. F. and Stockman.*

"A pretty gift for a young girl is a wicker covered flask filled with perfume. Gild the flask, paint a of pretty flower design on one side, and tie a bow bright ribbon about the neck."

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

AN EVENING SCENE.

(See page 475.)

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. III. LAMONI, IOWA, OCTOBER, 1890. No. 10.

OBSERVATIONS.—No. IV.

"Perish with him the folly that seeks through evil good!
Long live the generous purpose unstained with human blood!
Not the raid of midnight terror, but the thought that underlies;
Not the borderer's pride of daring, but the Christian's sacrifice."
—Whittier.

The gospel teaches a communism which is unselfish; it says: "All mine is thine." But the world's communism is the very opposite; it says: "Stand and deliver. All thine is mine;" and the difference is infinite.—Doolittle.

OUR readers will remember that in previous articles of this series we undertook to show that when Joseph Smith presented to this nation (and finally to many of the nations of Europe) his claims to having been sent by the Father to declare anew the gospel of the Son, that not only did the word declared correspond in every respect and particular with the word declared aforetime; but that in addition to this there was enunciated the grand central truths making provision for every emergency which has since confronted both church and state, and also declaring by divine command many of the important events shortly to take place. Learning he had not, neither did he claim that he spoke by his own wisdom, but "As he was moved upon by the Holy Ghost."

Very different, however, at least in the character of their inspiration, are the enunciations of Prof. J. Rhodes Buchanan, contained in a most remarkable article in the August number of *The Arena*, a new magazine published in Boston, now in its second volume. The article to which we refer is entitled: "The Coming Cataclysm of America and Europe." Of the author, the editor of *The Arena*, says:

"Especial attention is called to Prof. Buchanan's remarkable paper in this issue of THE ARENA. Of course those critics who dwell in the stagnant depths of the pool of conservatism, will be disposed to ridicule utterances and predictions so startling and unpleasant in their character as made in this paper. We remember some few years ago when Prof. Buchanan brought out his great work entitled 'The New Education,' in which he urged in the most scholarly and rational manner the necessity of ethical and industrial education, coupled with the present unsatisfactory system of intellectual drill, that a critic in a leading daily ridiculed the proposition as visionary, and thoroughly impractical; yet all the ideas advanced in that work are now being seriously agitated, and many of his suggestions are already being utilized with immense benefit in various schools. It was another striking instance of a man living in advance of the scholastic conservatism of his day, being ridiculed and sneered at by those whose vision was more limited than his. This paper, it should be remembered, was prepared for THE ARENA in May, and has been in type for three months. In reference to Prof. Buchanan's ability to intelligently predict the probability of a civil war, we can only add what we said last month:—

"He has been a student of social questions for much more than half a century, and that during the war of the rebellion, and the period of its close he was for three years chairman of the State Democratic Central Committee of Kentucky, and by guiding and moderating the action of the Democratic party did much to tranquilize that State, while other border States were in a turbulent condition. Senators Beck and Stevenson, and Gov. Helm were led by his policy, which was so successful that leading citizens urged

his nomination as Democratic candidate for governor, which he declined as something foreign to his pursuits. His opinions of our political future are therefore based on a careful study of American politics."

The author introduces his subject by saying:

"The writer is naturally an optimist, a full believer in the noblest destiny of man; but he can not maintain his optimism stubbornly against reason, against evidence, against science, and against the teachings of history. Calamity and catastrophe are as much a part of the plan of nature as successful progress, and as the portents of the coming storm gather thick and dark in the sky, it would be fatuous to refuse to see them."

After referring to the various causes of discontent among all classes of the laboring population, and calling p rticular attention to the incendiary language of our western farmers, he assures his readers that paragraphs like the following from Brick Pomeroy's *Advanced Thought* are being scattered by the million all through the country, and continue to come with increasing energy:

"'When the gang that calls itself the government of the United States, loans $60,000,000 of money raked in from overtaxed farmers and business men to the National Bankers without usury or interest, and the bankers loan it out, through confidential agents, to struggling farmers in the west, at two per cent a month, we don't see why the government does not more completely organize to enslave labor.'

"The language of Kansas farmers as expressed in the following report of a meeting in Ottawa county, Kansas, is worth quoting, because nothing of that sort reaches the readers of the metropolitan press of the east. I copy from the *Non-Conformist* of Winfield, Kansas, May 1st, 1890:

"'Enemies, traitors, are the law-makers of the past twenty-eight years. No more petitions, no more prayers, but demands that call for action or blood. Give your people relief or answer the consequences. No more taxes or interest after December 1st.' . . .

"I do not mean," he continues, "that the aggressive power of the organizing masses is the sole power concerned, for on the other side is the aggressive power of plutocracy, and political corruption managed by financial schemes, which is already regarded by millions as the serpent that must be crushed. The financial managers of our politics do not realize what a vast multitude do now believe most earnestly and angrily, that the legislation of financiers and politicians has destroyed their prosperity, has robbed the people of several thousand millions, and furnished the major part of the princely fortunes that tower above the common plane of humanity and threaten the stability of the republic, for the Jeffersonian republic can not stand on a 'prince and pauper' basis, or a mighty landlordry and an humble, rack-rented tenantry. The profound scorn with which this class of ideas, and the arguments and records leading to such conclusions, are regarded in the dominions of which Wall Street is the metropolis, indicate no possibility of harmonizing the contending parties, one of which is and has been in and the other angrily recognizes that it is out. Mrs. Partington's problem as to the effect when an irresistible force meets an immovable obstruction is the problem that our nation will soon be engaged in solving." . . .

"But one thing is necessary to insure a conflict. The armies must be gathered and organized in two hostile camps, for mobs do not make war. The organizing is going on now as never before in the world's history. The labor party the anti-capital party, will soon embrace from one to two millions of men, bound together by common interest, common sympathies, and common hatred of everything hostile to their interests, with a strong conviction that they are an oppressed class and small patience with their oppressors, while the consciousness of their physical power will encourage a defiant and uncompromising attitude. In such a condition the disturbances of mobs which are usually local and temporary, electrify the mass and become a national convulsion. A single individual may become the immediate cause of a civil war.

"Thousands are to-day impressed with the approaching dangers. The facts that should alarm them are conspicuous. The individual classes in both city and country are profoundly discontented. The

western farmers are not alone in their suffering. The decline in New York has been so great that State Assessor Wood, in 1889, expressed the opinion that 'in a few decades there will be none but tenant farmers in this state.' While the farmers are going down and near four-fifths of the city of New York live in tenement houses, the plutocracy is going up, the gulf is widening between wealth and poverty,—between the man who may be arrested as a tramp for being out of work, and the millionaire who spends $700,000 on a stable for his horses! 'A great change is coming,' says Wm. Barry in the *Forum*. 'Our rich men,' says Bishop Spalding, 'and they are numerous and their wealth is great, their number and their wealth will increase,—but our rich men must do their duty or perish. I tell you in America we will not tolerate vast wealth in the hands of men who do nothing for the people.' 'These plutocrats,' said Bishop Potter last year, 'are the enemies of religion as they are of the State.' Gen. Bryce (of Congress) expressed last year the idea that fills the popular mind with anger, speaking of 'an unbridled plutocracy caused, created and cemented in no slight degree by legislative, aldermanic, and congressional action; a plutocracy that is far more wealthy than any aristocracy that has ever crossed the horizon of the world's history, and one that has been produced in a shorter consecutive period; the names of whose members are emblazoned, not on the pages of their nation's glory, but of its peculations. . . . and whose octopus grip is extending over every branch of industry.' Even the cautious President Cleveland asked: 'What is to be the end of this?' But the alarm in high quarters is little compared to the angry murmurs among the millions." . . .

Passing by the array of facts all pointing to the coming events which are portended by the signs of the times, it will be very interesting to our readers to note the theory, or science, upon which he bases his absolute predictions concerning events in the near future:

"Can the war cloud be calmly surveyed from our present position, to determine when the fury of the storm shall burst and what will be the extent of its ravages? The comfortable souls who do not see the coming storm are not as numerous, relatively, at this time as they were before Lincoln was elected president, or when a southern leader offered to drink all the blood that would be shed.

"To those who anticipate the coming crash, I would suggest that it is not impossible to predict its advent. The solar system and the stars are not the only realities of which a future may be predicted from the past. They are governed by laws of periodicity which are very acurately defined and which are seldom affected by any complex data. Hence astronomical calculations have the highest degree of certainty and precision. That we are not equally positive and definite in the calculation of terrestrial events is due to the immense number of the factors and their clashing with each other.

"Yet periodicity is the universal law of nature. The periods of human or animal life, the periods of vegetation, the periods of disease, and even the periods of climatic, agricultural, and commercial fluctuations are beginning to be studied and understood. If the moon has a definite relation to the female constitution and the progress of diseases, may there not be an infinite number of periodical relations from a multitude of causes, which investigation would reveal?

"I am entirely sure that such periodical relations exist in reference to man, and for more than thirty years have been studying their applicability to human life, and have often astonished those to whom, upon our first acquaintance, I have spoken of the conditions of their past life and my prognostications as to the future.

"These laws of periodicity apply with still greater force to nations, and especially denote their periods of calamity, with greater certainty, as there are fewer conflicting factors in reference to the destiny of nations, than in reference to the fate of individuals. Such, at least, is my conviction, and I am willing to risk my reputation as a scientist upon the predictions which my theory justifies in reference to events in the next twenty-five years.

"The science of periodicity as explored by myself indicates three periods of calamity for the United States. The first was well verified in the terrific earthquake of New Madrid, the greatest yet known in our history, and the immediately following war with England, and the

prolonged financial depression and other calamities which followed.

"As the second period approached, I had sufficent confidence in 1859, to publish in the Louisville *Journal* (edited by the brilliant George D. Prentice) my conviction that we were soon to enter a period of six years of national calamity, which was terribly verified in the war of secession or rebellion.

"Now we are approaching a third and still more calamitous period, which I have long anticipated, and its near approach as I foresee it (though still remote and doubtful in the popular mind) prompts me to place on record the date of the coming cataclysm which in its magnitude and horror will surpass anything of which authentic history has preserved a record!

"Do not ask me, kind reader, how I have reached so positive a conviction. A brief magazine essay does not afford room or occasion to explain or to vindicate a peculiar philosophy unfamiliar to the reading public. I have already said that my conviction is based on a positive, scientific law of periodicity, tested for over thirty years, but not published or taught, though I expect to place it on record for posterity; but so tremendous an announcement should not be made from any limited data. It should be tested in every possible way before giving it to the public, and it has been tested. The parallax is established and the telescope is positive in its revelations.

"I shall speak with absolute fearless candor my opinions as to the coming future, and as for the self-complacent gentlemen who have no toleration, and but little respect, for anything outside of their own inherited philosophy, which they had no hand in making, I can reciprocate their smiles, and add that 'he laughs best who laughs last.'

"It has long been known to the truly enlightened that there is a higher sphere of thought and wisdom than that which is concerned in matters of sense and in worldly ambition or avarice. There is a prophetic power in the human soul, which, though like angel visits, 'few and far between,' is a wonderful enlightenment and blessing when it comes. The great London fire was foreseen by George Fox; the career of Josephine was foretold before she left the West Indies, and the terrible fate of the French aristocracy and royal family was announced to their consternation by Cazotte, just before the revolution broke out. The secession war of 1861 was prophecied more than thirty years previously by the Quaker Joseph Hoag. Our religious records demand faith in prophecies and prophetic gifts, and Cicero, like other philosophic thinkers of the past, recognized a prophetic power in the human mind which has always been recognized in popular belief.

"Those who have heretofore given just attention to my authorship in the 'Manual of Psychometry,' and other works, will recollect my published and verified predictions of the deaths of Alexander, Garibaldi, and Disraeli; of the pacification of Ireland when revolution was thought to be impending; of the preservation of peace in Europe when the great military and political leaders were anticipating war and every despatch was threatening; of the conservative course of the present German Emperor, who was expected to endanger Europe, and of general peace throughout the world within five years of the prediction. The verification of these predictions entitles my present forecasts to at least respectful consideration.

"It can not be denied that coming events often 'cast their shadows before,' and the mirage sometimes portrays a city a hundred miles away, so does a strange reflection or refraction of the potential future bring it to that class of minds which we call prophetic. There is a realm of telepathic mind, which scientists are beginning to suspect and to seek. In the realm of mystery, I have been a student of half a century, for the purpose of bringing the marvelous and mysterious under the jurisdiction of scientific law. But as the public either cares nothing for such matters, or if it dabbles in them, does it in a spirit of blind credulity, I do not fraternize with such a public, for I have no more symyathy with thoughtless credulity than with stupid skepticism. But on a great occasion like the present, I venture to speak for sufficient reasons of that which occult psychic philosophy and the study of unsuspected laws of nature has brought before me.

"Our convulsionary period is approaching. The next presidental election will develop enough of the riotous element north and south, but especially in the north, to give us warning." . . .

Let us say just here that, as we shall only advert to a few among the many of its direct predictions, we advise all interested in this matter to obtain for themselves a copy of the number containing the entire article,* assuring them that it will richly repay perusal in its entirety. Especially will this be the case if they will compare many of its purely scientific declarations with the enumerations of the Palmyra Seer uttered while Prof. Buchanan was yet in his youth. Are the youth of the church as familiar with these predictions as they should be? And do we give heed to the admonitions of the Spirit warning us from time to time of the destruction, distress and calamity just at our door?

"The twentieth century will be ushered in with increasing agitation and discontent, not because the reasons therefor are increasing, but because men are becoming inflamed by brooding over the social condition, the contrast of princely wealth and abject poverty. Poverty is never wise to prevent evils, but it can vote and it can fight and it will do both.

"How high the agitation will arise in the next eighteen years it would not be safe to predict, but during that time it will be increased by the war in Europe, which will come on near the beginning of the twentieth century and end in the destruction of monarchy. Nineteen years hence war or quasi war will appear in this country and the convulsion will not be arrested until about 1916, The six years prior to that date will be by far the most calamitous that America has ever known.

"I might give a lurid description of the horrible scene that rises before me, but I have said unough. It will be a labor and capital war intermingled with a religious element of discord and with a mixture of the race question from the presence of a powerful negro element confronting the Caucasian negro-phobia. It will be a dreary triumph of the destructive elements, compelling a new departure for the future and a more thorough democracy. The church as a power will be thoroughly shattered, for the power in this revolution has outgrown the old Bible. The fetters of the past will be shaken off—the marriage relation approximated to freedom, for the drift of the future is that way and beyond. The cycle of woman is approaching, and that will be full compensation for the horrors through which we are to pass. But Biblical Christianity is nearing its end. The twentieth century will witness its expiring struggles, and the twenty-first will witness the existence of a religion in which all that was good in the past will survive. 'Time's noblest offspring is the last.' It will not ignore the dawn of Christianity, nor the principles of Jesus.

"Nature, too, is preparing many calamities for us. As the destruction of forests goes on, our floods increase in power, and large regions are threatened with barrenness, as in the old world for the same reason desolation has come upon Syria, once like a vast garden of Eden, and upon the northern provinces of Africa, and now invading Greece, Sicily, Southern France, and Spain. The American statesman has not yet learned that the woodman's axe is a far greater menace to future than foreign cannon.

"Our huge Mississippi has already converted its shores into a vast inland sea, and the levee system of restraining it is proved a failure, which may continually grow more and more disastrous as it has in China and Italy, for the engineering talent to meet the crisis has not yet appeared in action either there or here. The Yang-tse-Kiang has become the scourge of China, overwhelming in its last flood three hundred and fifty thousand square miles, and near a million lives. The Mississippi is becoming our scourge.

"And formidable, too, will be the power in the air, the terrible cyclones and the strange seasons that are coming among the calamities, when the warmth of summer shall fail, and the bounties of agriculture be denied us. The outer world is disordered, and if a huge meteorite should fall in the Wabash Valley this summer, recollect that I have said that it is probable. The coming summer will be marked by destructive cyclones, especially in the west, and the neighborhood of Kansas City will suffer. The cold seasons coming twelve or fourteen years hence and crushing agriculture will add greatly to our social calamities, and the fierce discontent that prepares men for war. I venture to predict also a very sickly summer this year and great in-

*August number, address The Arena Publishing Company, Pierce building, Copely Square, Boston, Mass.

crease of mortality, fully doubling the usual harvest of death, mainly by prostrating abdominal diseases with some tendency to paralysis. Those who fail to take good care of themselves will suffer.

"In the midst of all these horrors of war and floods, a terrible climax will be reached in a geological convulsion compared to which the earthquakes of New Madrid, of Java, of Lisbon, and Caraccas will seem unimportant." . . .

"The great mass of our continent, and especially its northern portion, are comparatively safe, but our Atlantic seaboard is not. It is safe to say that our Atlantic coast is doomed!! When I am on the Atlantic border a strong foreboding comes to me that our countrymen living there only a few feet above the ocean level are in a perilous position. A tidal wave might destroy the entire population of our coast, and a slight sinking of the shore would be still more fatal. For ten years I have been looking to such possibilities, and their imminence has compelled me to study the question profoundly.

"That we are floating in a perilous proximity to death, was shown in the New Madrid earthquake of 1811, and the recent Charleston earthquake, which sent its vibrations many hundred miles. I do not think that any able geologist would dare to assert the safety of our Atlantic Coast, and I hope there will be no crazy investment of millions in forts and cannon on that coast, for they would line the bottom of the sea long before any hostile fleet shall appear. What shall become of the millionaire palaces is not a distressing question, except to their owners, but the huge buildings for manufacturing industry are a public concern, and I hope the enterprising will not be tempted to locate any more on the dangerous lowlands. I have not been seeking geological facts on this subject, but I believe it is conceded that New York or Manhattan Island is very slowly sinking at present, and the subsidence is greater on the Jersey coast, as an intelligent citizen of that state, an observer and traveler, told me that a subsidence of three feet had been recognized at Atlantic City. But it will be no such slow subsidence that will destroy the coast. It will be a sudden calamity.

"Permit me now, without giving my chief (and private) reason after showing the possibilities and probabilities I have mentioned, to announce my firm conviction that in the midst of the coming civil war, the Atlantic coast will be wrecked by submergence and tidal waves from the borders of New England to the southern borders of the Gulf of Mexico. There will be no safety below the hills.

"It is with great hesitation and reluctance that I have consented to present this horrid panorama; but truth should be our paramount aim, and if there be, as I maintain, any science which can look into the future, its proper presentation is by the statement of the future, so far in advance of the event as to constitute a decisive test. Here, then, is my statement.

"Every seaboard city south of New England that is not more than fifty feet above the sea level of the Atlantic coast is destined to a destructive convulsion. Galveston, New Orleans, Mobile. St. Augustine, Savannah, and Charleston are doomed. Richmond, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, Newark, Jersey City and New York will suffer in various degrees in proportion as they approximate the sea level. Brooklyn will suffer less, but the destruction of New York and Jersey City will be the grandest horror."

After tracing the destructive track of the earthquake from its probable points of commencement on the Pacific coast through its various career of destruction, he adds:

"The destruction of cities which I anticipate, seems to be twenty-four years ahead—it may be twenty-three. It will be sudden and brief—all within an hour and not far from noon. Starting from the Pacific coast as already described, it will strike southward — a mighty tidal wave and earthquake shock will develop in the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Sea. It will strike the western coast of Cuba and severely injure Havana. Our sister republic Venezuela, bound to us in destiny by the law of periodicity, will be assailed by the encroaching waves and terribly shaken by the earthquake. The destruction of her chief city, Caraccas, will be greater than in 1812, when twelve thousand were said to be destroyed. The coming shock will be very near total destruction.

"From South America back to the United States, all Central America and

Mexico are severely shaken; Vera Cruz suffers with great severity, but the City of Mexico realizes only a severe shock. Tampico and Matamoras suffer severely; Galveston is overwhelmed; New Orleans is in a dangerous condition, — the question arises between total and partial destruction. I will only say it will be an awful calamity. If the tidal wave runs southward, New Orleans may have only its rebound. The shock and flood pass up the Mississippi, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles, and strike Baton Rouge with destructive force.

"As it travels along the Gulf Shore, Mobile will probably suffer most severely and be more than half destroyed; Pensacola somewhat less. Southern Florida is probably entirely submerged and lost; St. Augustine severely injured; Charleston will probably be half submerged, and Newbern suffer more severely; Port Royal will probably be wiped out; Norfolk will suffer about as much as Pensacola; Petersburg and Richmond will suffer, but not disastrously; Washington will suffer in its low grounds; Baltimore and Annapolis much more severely; Philadelphia will suffer severely on its waterfront, its spires will topple and its large buildings be injured; but I do not think its grand City Hall will be destroyed. Probably the injury will not affect more than one-fourth. But along the New Jersey coast the damage will be great. Atlantic City and Cape May may be destroyed, but Long Branch will be protected by its bluff from any severe calamity. The rising waters will affect Newark, and Jersey City will be the most unfortunate of large cities, everything below its hights being overwhelmed. New York below the Post Office and Trinity Church will be flooded, and all its water margins will suffer." . . .

"Europe, too, has its great calamity, but secondary in importance to that of America. The beginning of the tragedy will approach with the beginning of the century and the war develop in about fifteen years. Two years of sanguinary revolution will be her volcanic outburst from the pent-up fires that are smouldering now in human bosoms (and in the fiery sea that supplies Vesuvius), for Europe has not the statesmanship that could meet its crisis, — neither has America. The result will be the utter destruction of monarchy, an effete absurdity which the enlightened have outgrown. Every throne will be destroyed except that of the 'sick man in Europe.' The Sultan will remain, and the German Emperor will yield slowly to the progress of constitutional government. Victoria may not survive 1890; but it is possible her vitality will carry her into 1891. Her physicians will not be able to understand her condition or to overcome it. The tendency will be to an apopletic shock and comatose condition, in which she will pass away. The gentlemanly Wales will have a short reign, for England is ripe for a change, and he will realize the propriety of an abdication. Ten years after his mother's death will probably end his life. England will be more fortunate than the continent, on which the situation will be grandly melodramatic, for after torrents of blood and demolished thrones have roused the world,—the limitless power of the globe introduces the grand climax in a terrific convulsion of the entire Mediterranean region, the coasts of Africa, Spain, France, Italy, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, and the Archipelago. Exhausted nature and exhausted humanity will then end their struggles. Long before that time arrives Pope Leo and Czar Alexander will have disappeared. July will be a dangerous month to the health of the pope. He will not last two years, probably not one. Neither will Alexander be in existence two years from now, —a death by violence seems to be his destiny. Less than three years will end the official career and personal existence of the two who stand at the head of this administration of the Republican party. The president will be the last of the two to take his departure.

Italy, which is at this time troubled by priestly machinations for the restoration of the pope's temporal power, of which the public will soon hear (though I believe the press is not yet aware), will suffer severely in the shock and the inroads of the sea along her coasts. Rome will will not escape, and Naples will suffer. Egypt will be more unfortunate,—Cairo and Alexandria half destroyed, and the Suez Canal demolished,—its bed washed out. The maritime cities of the Levant will be nearly destroyed,—Palestine and Asia Minor suffer, and even Constantinople be badly shaken, though Greece, the

favorite of the gods, will seem to be shielded. Here we drop the curtain, as the tragedy is over in Europe.

"And now, kind reader, I presume it will be as difficult for you as it was for me to realize these horrors. It will be still more difficult for the ingenious gentlemen who write to entertain the public, and who manufacture fictions designed to catch the unwary, or devote themselves to sensationalism or to pseudo-philosophies concocted of imagination. They may suppose that I have entered their guild, for they do not know that I would like to demolish it.

"Difficult as it may be to realize these things, I am compelled to believe them, because they are demonstrated by the sciences that I have esoterically cultivated. You have not that evidence, and must therefore doubt, as I should in your position,—indeed I should be inclined to call it a distempered fancy. So would Herculaneum and Pompeii have regarded the scientist if he had been able to predict their destruction. Being in the fourth quarter of my century, I can not expect to live to see more than the approach of the grand calamities that I foresee; but perhaps this record now made may be instructive to those who may follow me.

"To those who have faith in my judgment, especially the readers of my works, I would say do not remain more than fifteen years on the lowlands of the Atlantic coast, south of New England. Keep fully five years between yourself and the great calamity, to be absolutely safe.

"But there will be no important emigration from the coast. The great cities will go down with all their splendor and wealth, poverty and crime, and fierce men in the interior will rejoice in the calamity and death of millionaires.

"But the continent with its new seacoast will be safer from convulsions, and seventy-five or eighty millions can spare one million without arresting their march to power and dominion."

And now, in conclusion, what shall we say? Are these terrible things coming upon the earth, and that, too, in our day? Can any man answer they are not? Let us not be understood as asserting that all which Prof. Buchanan has predicted will be verified, for we do not say this. His plain statements are before you, and the testing of them is only a matter of time; but if you are a believer in the latter day work, you not only believe that you are living in the day of God's judgments, but you are looking for the manifestation of them to an extent never witnessed before. In presenting you with these extracts, our object has not been to alarm you, and thus by working upon your fears, lead you to a more serious consideration of the cause you have espoused. Not this; for we have little respect for the love which is begotten by fear (if indeed such a feeling can be called love), but we wish you to be informed in regard to that which is in the world, and to ask yourself the question: "What shall it profit me if I gain the whole world and lose my own soul?" Upon the young of this church rest grave responsibilities, for while the world at large are utterly ignorant of God's purposes in all the rapidly culminating events which will soon usher in the righteous reign of King Emanuel, you have been taught from your infancy to look for His coming; and not only this, but have been warned of the events which must precede His appearing. When the angel, flying in the midst of heaven, called upon the inhabitants of the earth to "Fear God and give glory to Him," there was added this special reason for the special summons: "*For the hour of His judgment is come.*" In 1832 God spake to His people on this wise: "Abide ye in the liberty wherewith you are made free; entangle not yourselves in sin, but let your hands be clean until the Lord come, for not many days hence and the earth shall tremble, and reel to and fro as a drunken man, and the sun shall hide his face, and shall refuse to give light, and the moon shall be bathed in blood, and the stars shall become exceeding angry, and shall cast themselves down as a fig that falleth from a fig-tree.

"And after your testimony cometh wrath and indignation upon the people; for after your testimony cometh the testimony of earthquakes, that shall cause groanings in the midst of her, and men shall fall upon the ground, and shall not be able to stand. And also cometh the testimony of the voice of thunderings, and the voice of lightnings, and the voice of tempests, and the voice of the waves of the sea, heaving themselves beyond their bounds. And all things shall be in commotion; and surely men's hearts shall fail them; for fear

shall come upon all people; and angels shall fly through the midst of heaven crying with a loud voice, sounding the trump of God, saying: 'Prepare ye, prepare ye, O, inhabitants of the earth, for the judgment of our God is come; behold, and lo, the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet Him.'"—D. and C., sec. 85, par. 24, 25.

When Christ came in the meridian of time, the aged Simeon said of Him: "A light to lighten the Gentles, and the *glory* of thy people Israel." For long His disciples with unrelaxing tenacity held to the delusion that His light was for those, and only for those who were of the seed of Abraham. In time, however, they came to understand that it was for the Gentile as well as the Jew. When the gospel of Christ was restored in its purity, we do not understand that the laws of adoption into and knowledge concerning the government of His kingdom was all the blessing the angel brought. So far from this, we believe that all truth, being necessarily divine, becomes a part of the unchanging economy of God's government; and hence, with the direct light or glory which came to us as a people, there was shed upon the entire world the quickening influence of a divine inspiration (so to speak) enlightening the intellects and quickening the perception of men in every walk and avocation of life. And not this only, but God's Spirit has moved and is moving upon many grand and noble men and women to not only recognize God's fatherhood and man's universal brotherhood, but to declare it fearlessly; and an army—small perchance in numbers, but strong in the mighty power of truth—is now marshaled and disciplined, standing upon the battle ground with banners unfurled, who will never quit the field until they march home to the pean notes of VICTORY!

And where are we? Where stands the church of the living God to-day? Are we armed for this conflict? Are we ready to enter the list, to stake all upon the issue? Alas! Alas! sadly, but none the less earnestly, we are forced to the conclusion that many of us are putting in the same claim as did the Jews anciently: "We are the children of Abraham, and have God to our father!"

Do you ask why we say this? We answer, we are forced to say it by stubborn facts staring us in the face—facts which tell us that not one-half the membership of the church to-day believe in the law of tithing, and a less number obey it. If this be so (and we think the bishop's books will bear us out in the statement), how many are ready for the law of consecration? The law which God gave to His church, the law which *will be kept in Zion*—Zion the only place of safety in the time when the earth will be filled with calamity and every man's hand shall be against his neighbor—Zion, of whom it is said: "It shall be called the New Jerusalem, a land of peace, a city of refuge, a place of safety for the Saints of the most high God; and the glory of the Lord shall be there, and the terror of the Lord also shall be there, insomuch that the wicked will not come unto it; and it shall be called Zion."

"And it shall come to pass, among the wicked, that every man that will not take his sword against his neighbor, must needs flee unto Zion for safety. And there shall be gathered unto it out of every nation under heaven; and it shall be the only people that shall not be at war one with another. And it shall be said among the wicked, 'Let us not go up to battle against Zion, for the inhabitants of Zion are terrible, wherefore we can not stand.'"

Let not the young of the church grow up in ignorance of these things. God has provided amply, abundantly for the wants of every one of His creatures, and as Paul says: "Given us all things richly to enjoy." But man—fallen man—using his own free agency, has robbed his brother; and with the brand of Cain upon his soul has innocently asked, is asking to-day: "Am I my brother's keeper?" Why should I pay tithes that this gospel of the kingdom should be preached to those who never heard its sound? Why should I consecrate of this *my wealth*, that the worthy poor, the aged ones, the sick and infirm ones of my Father's house, may be fed?

Would to God that these questions might not alone smite upon the ears of the poor and willing ones—those who never fail to respond and whose hands are always open—those who with a clear and tender conscience tithe the pound of butter and the dozen eggs to be taken to the market and who, however small the store, have always something left to spare; but that they might reach that other class who, however honestly they believe them-

selves called to be Saints, have never comprehended the first requirements of the Divine Master, and know not the meaning of the words "*deny himself.*" To them it is all right and proper that the poor should be cared for, the hungry fed, and the gospel preached in all the world for a witness, but what part or lot have they in the matter; is not the gospel free?

As Saints of God we ought to understand this matter; and that which is dark and incomprehensible to others should be plain to us. We have been warned by the prophet who once inhabited this continent, to beware of all these secret combinations; and while we see the wrongs of the laboring classes and sympathize with those who are wronged, yet we must understand that to demand from others that which the law guarantees to them will never make affairs better. The gospel of Christ is the remedy and the only remedy, and to us as a people the law to govern in all such matters has been given. Will we, as a people, be true to our trust? If we are, we shall dwell in the safety of Zion; if we are not, God will raise up a people who will prove worthy, and we will have to abide without the walls of Zion with the disobedient upon whom all these judgments are to be poured out. Upon one hand is the reward of obedience; upon the other the fruits of disobedience.

When reading the prediction of Prof. Buchanan in regard to New York, we recalled the stanza, familiar to many Saints, written by Parley Pratt more than fifty years ago, upon the occasion of his leaving that city:

"When this mighty city shall crumble in ruin,
And sink as a millstone, the merchants undoing.
The ransom'd the highway of Zion pursuing;
Remember this warning and think upon me."

Alas! that the feet of him who warned them should so soon have departed from Zion's highway, let us remember that: "Straight is the gate and narrow is the way."

CASTE.

BY RUTH.

THE nobler a nature is, the more of nobility can it see in other natures, the better a man is, the more of good can he see in his neighbors; the greater he himself is, the brighter in his eyes shine the virtues of those about him. It has been truly and thoughtfully said: "The truly great do not find inferiors." The feeling of superiority does not find its home in such breasts. They love themselves last. In their eyes, the rights of others are coequal with theirs, and, in supplying their own wants, they do not forget the rights and feelings of others.

But, strange to say, it is often the case that the less a man really is, the greater he imagines himself to be, and, as he rises in his own estimation, his neighbors sink accordingly; the less he knows, the more he thinks he knows, and the less does he regard the opinions of others.

The great man is humble; the inferior man is proud. The great man speaks with moderation; the inferior man is arrogant. The great man is unostentatious; the inferior man loves display.

Men are sometimes rich, more frequently they are poor. It does not "alter their value," if we may use a text-book phrase. The possession or the lack of money neither adds to nor detracts from personal character. Men have no reason to be proud of riches, or ashamed of poverty except as they are the result of character.

We can pardon in an individual a feeling of honest pride in the result of long-continued, earnest toil, in the fruits of his labors, well earned. We can understand, too, the feeling of shame that overwhelms the man who has "spent his all in riotous living," when he comes to eat the "husks" of public charity. But we declare with the sturdy Scotchman that for "*honest* poverty" we'll never hang the head.

"What though on homely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray and a' that,
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
We dare be poor for a' that."

I read a book once. The title, the contents are all forgotten, save a single sentence that lingers in my mind, because I

breathed a mental remonstrance when I read it. It was an expression of admiration for a beautiful hand. "It took generations to make such a hand!" Generations of what? Of idlers? Is that anything of which to be proud, over which to go into raptures? I should want to hide my hands if I believed they were proof that I and my ancestors for centuries had been lazy good-for-nothings.

I like rather the reply of John Halifax to his son, who, after the father by his own worth had struggled up from abject poverty to an honorable and wealthy position, put the question, "But we are gentlemen *now*, are we not, father?" The reply was, "We always have been gentlemen, my son." To have worked, and worked hard, was not to him, nor is it to any true gentleman, a blot upon his title.

But all society is not of one grade. A man may be "too great to find inferiors," may not feel himself to be superior, but if such is his character, he has numbers about him far below his level.

There are noble natures and there are mean ones; there are generous natures and there are selfish ones; there are kind natures and there are cruel ones. All men are not equal in every sense of the word.

Our laws secure to men in our land "equal rights." That is well. That men may be of equal rank or fortune matters little except as it effects physical comfort. But if men are mentally and morally, or if but morally, on the same plane, they are *equal*, and it matters not that the world calls them high or low.

"Pygmies are pygmies still though perched on alps,
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself;
Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids;
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall."

Every poor man is not a noble man, neither is every rich man a knave; but though he dwell on the mountain tops of power in the light of prosperity, or in the vales of obscurity in the shadow of poverty, "Each man makes his own stature," and in his own self, his own character, he is great or small.

There is such a thing as caste; there is such a thing as rank; but the degrees, the grades should not be, rich man, richer man, richest man; but good man, better man, best man.

Then let who will boast of high pedigree and "patrician features;" let who will and can parade his wealth; let us all remember that

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well *your* part; there all the honor lies."

LITTLE BEN EZRA.

BY A. W. REESE.

THERE was once long ago a righteous family living in the Holy Land. Their names were Philip, Miriam and Ben Ezra. They were natives of Bethsaida in Galilee. Philip was a brother to Andrew and Peter, and Miriam was their sister, a widow woman, and little Ben Ezra was her only son. It appears that Miriam, after the death of her husband, made her home with her brother Philip. Little Ben and his mother were often seen promenading on the shore of the sea of Galilee, watching her brothers casting their net from the boat to the water, and then dragging it to the land with the fishes.

During this time of toilsome labor to make an humble living by fishing, John the Baptist commenced to preach in the wilderness of Judea, saying to the people, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;" and many from Bethsaida went to hear him preach. Among them were Peter, Philip and Andrew, who not only believed him but became his disciples.

Some time after this John the Baptist stood with two of his disciples, and looking upon Jesus as he walked, he said, "Behold the Lamb of God." The two disciples heard him speak and they followed him.

Jesus turned and saith unto them, "What seek ye?"

They said unto him, "Master, where dwellest thou?"

He saith, "Come and see."

And they went and abode with him

that day. After they had listened to his divine teachings and his great wisdom, they were convinced that he was the Son of God. Andrew went and saith to his brother Simon, "We have found the Messiah, which is Christ," and he brought him to Jesus.

After this Jesus went into Galilee and findeth Philip and saith unto him, "Follow me."

From this time forth Philip and his sister Miriam became honorable and devoted followers of the Master.

In their wanderings from place to place during the ministry of the Son of God upon earth, it appears that Philip had the charge of providing materials for their meals in times of retirement, and Miriam with willing heart and ready hands, with little Ben at her side, his basket full of provisions, which she would take and spread on the green carpet and with joy she would wait upon the Savior and his disciples.

At one time after Jesus had been speaking to the Jews, he reproved them because of their unbelief, and said unto them, "I know you, that you have not the love of God in you." He left them and went over the sea of Galilee, and went up into a mountain with his disciples.

Little Ben Ezra and his mother came as usual about noon, with five barley loaves and two small fishes in his basket, and instead of seeing Jesus and his disciples alone waiting for their dinner, lo! he saw a great multitude, and when his uncle Philip, one of the twelve apostles, was speaking with Jesus about the hungry crowd away from home, another one of the twelve came forward and said to Jesus, "There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?"

Jesus said unto them, "Make the men sit down."

This was as good as to say, "That is plenty."

At this saying little Ben Ezra came forward, placing his basket at the Master's feet.

Jesus, looking with compassion upon the hungry multitude, in his usual manner lifted up his hands to heaven and gave thanks; then kindly, though he was the Son of God, he did not esteem it beneath his dignity to humble himself to wait upon them by taking the bread and distributing it to the disciples and the disciples to them that were sat down; and they all ate and were filled, and when the fragments were gathered up, there was enough left to fill Ben Ezra's basket twelve times. When he saw the great mirace that Jesus had wrought, the basket in which he carried the loaves and fishes became a precious article in his sight, and as he advanced in age under the care and the teachings of his mother, he became a very pious young man; and according to her wish and in answer to her earnest prayers, he was called and ordained to preach the gospel, and by the help and grace of God he was a great defender of the doctrine of Christ. When it became his duty to administer the sacrament, he would distribute the bread to the congregation out of his own basket, in remembrance of the time when he was a boy wandering with his mother and his uncle Philip, when Jesus walked the shores of Galilee.

Ben Ezra proved himself to be a faithful and devoted minister of Christ to the end, and in his dying hours his earnest request was that his basket should be kept sacred by his descendants.

There is no doubt that Ben Ezra's basket has been preserved among some one of his descendants to this day, as the Jews are a great people to keep things in token of love for their departed friends.

As an evidence of the above, I remember about half a century ago, in Europe, of a very learned man staying at my father's house. He could speak many languages and had been over twenty years on a mission in Africa. On his return home he made a tour through the Holy Land, visiting many places that once flourished under the smile of heaven, but was then a ruin. Among them was Jerusalem, the forsaken city of the Jews, and the very spot where the temple of Solomon once stood was ploughed as a field. From here he went down to the shores of the sea of Galilee, where once the Son of God wrought a mighty work, in search of relics and knowledge of the place. He made some inquiry among the people and they directed him to the house of an old man of some renown who claimed to be a descendant of the above family. He had in his possession a beautiful large box made of olive wood, elegantly polished, which contained a large variety of old

relics, among them an old basket about two feet long, eighteen inches wide and eight or nine inches deep, with a handle on each end, which the old man claimed to be the identical basket that Ben Ezra set at the feet of Jesus, with the five loaves and two fishes. He also had quite a store of old inscriptions, some of them writing on parchment in the Hebrew language. The old man very kindly gave him permission to look over them and copy what he thought was of interest to him. He did so, and to his surprise he found among them the genealogy, or history of their lineage from the days of Christ and his disciples.

A writer by the name of Thomas W. Handford, speaks of an old friend of his spending some months on the shores of Galilee, who made a similar discovery.

PLEASANTON, Iowa, Aug. 12th, 1890.

PUBLIC OPINION.

BY J. F. M'DOWELL.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will!
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!
—*Wotton.*

ONE class of men above all others who should be careful of the expression of thought is the public speaker. He is to a great extent the fashioner of public sentiment, and the need for care is therefore apparent. An opinion becoming widely diffused becomes public property to the masses, and strong prejudices are thereby formed. If the opinion, religious or secular, be a good one, the prejudice created therefrom may be well founded. The man who stands upon the pulpit platform or the lecture rostrum holds within his mental grasp largely the minds of all in his presence. It may be discovered therefore, that he of all men should know, or be fully assured, that the views to be expressed by him are well founded in fact and truth, and that what he shall have to say shall not be, if properly understood, calculated to make a false impression or misguide any one addressed. For public opinion can be made to serve a good or evil purpose; to be a great benefactor, or an actual tyrant; a promoter of public interests or the dethroner of all good. Its formation upon matters pertaining to the general good of mankind should be slow and sure. Hasty conclusions based upon ill premises work great harm. Public opinion to be good, must have strong, clear and well defined basic principles.

If a public speaker is a public educator, the formulator of sentiment, then is he responsible for the religious, social, moral, political and scientific status of the masses, to a great degree, at least. For his views become the avowed views of others; his thoughts their thoughts, and responsibility necessarily ensues.

The proper education, or formation of public sentiment, must be by a disclosure of facts and not fancies; of realities and not imaginations from unfounded rumor. The masses should be well and truly informed. An opinion based upon ignorance is, in the execution of its wrathful power, a tyrant of immeasurable proportions. A public speaker of erroneous views disseminates his errors, and rectification becomes a gigantic task, if undertaken.

Theorized sophistry, palmed of for new philosophy of glittering excellence, is ofttimes taken in by the people as a sweet intellectual morsel, only to find out that it was a distasteful puff-ball ingeniously sugar-coated; while sterling truth, and stalwart facts are eschewed as unworthy of due consideration. Herein is where men of learned ability too often invade realms of unbrilliant credulity, the masses, too, depend upon what they hear, rather than upon an effort to properly and carefully *digest* what they hear. Too many auditors are like certain classes of readers of whom Coleridge wrote, viz.: "There are four kinds of readers: The first is like the hour-glass, and their reading as the sand, it runs in, and runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind; a second is like a sponge which imbibes *everything*, and returns it in nearly the same state only a little *dirtier;* a third is like a jelly-sack, allowing all that is *pure* to pass away and

retaining only the refuse and dregs; and a fourth is like the slaves of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, retain only pure gems." If the majority of the people were of the latter class, distorted public opinion would not so largely obtain. 'Tis of the former classes advantage is taken, and upon whom much of false education is imposed.

Public leaders and instructors have great responsibility resting upon them. Humanity being of a social cast, and susceptible of being taught, therefore being led, require men of integrity and honor at the helm of every department of our intellectual interests, as well as all others. Men of wild vagaries upon matters of religion, science and politics create like impressions upon the people whom they address. It is so in all our publicational interests as well. The opinion of many a writer is imbibed by the reader; and the thoughtless student is liable to endorse *anything* he may read simply because the author may be a *learned* man or woman. A writer, in speaking of the use of books, says: "Think as well as read, and *when* you read, yield not your minds to the passive impressions which others may please to make upon them. Hear what they have to say; but examine it, and weigh it, and judge for yourselves. This will enable you to make a right use of books—to use them as helpers, not as guides to your understandings, as counselors, not as dictators of what you are to think and believe." This language is equally applicable to what we may listen as well as to what we may read.

Whether we should look unto any one class of men as "helpers" or "guides;" as "counselors" or "dictators," is a question of vast importance! And as regards books of any class as well. Man's right of conscience must be well guarded. No one can demand, nor should have of another the usage of his brains; nor usurp another man's right to think, and express that thought. No man nor set of men hold monopoly on thought, or intellectual faculty, although many men have assumed so to do, and are even daring to do so today! Self-thinking is the basis of individuality; and expression of your thought, the manifestation of your personality. We are aware of the fact that the masses may not have the opportunity for public informing upon all questions confronting them, but at the same time the right of individual thinking and entertainment of ideas should not be asked for at the hands of the people by leading characters because their time and place were more favorable to the deriving of fuller information upon the topic or topics discussed. It has been this too much leaning upon others rather than upon ourselves that has caused much of the trouble in the nations. Concerning Christ before Pilate, when the chief priests cried out: "Away with him, crucify him, crucify him!" Those words were echoed by the populace, from the fact alone that the priests and lawyers had formed that kind of an opinion relative to the Christ. And when the release of a man was mentioned by Pilate the people cried out for Barabbas, demonstrating the nature of the public opinion in the case—and that opinion had wholly been created by the would-be leaders of the people. Those who were inclined to do their own sober thinking, dissenting from the opinion of the chief ones, did not so cry out against Him; they were either favorably impressed, or occupied neutral ground.

There was a time when the formation of public opinion was wholly in the power of "the church," and the church of the past was supposed to be well informed upon all matters pertaining to politics, finance, sociology, anatomy, physiology, geology, cosmography, chemistry, mathematics, astronomy, astrology, geography, and any and everything else aside from theology, as well as that also. She became a proud, arrogant, know-it-all-wise-acre! And by measures of vilest coercion, she forced her stupid opinions upon the public of all Europe. No man dare think contrary to her will. And of her tri-crowned head it was decreed by Pope Nicholas: "The pope's will stands for reason." "The pope has power to *change times*, to *abrogate laws*, and to dispense with all things, even the precepts of Christ." His opinion all the ecclesiastics must echo. And the public opinion of centuries was a degraded kind; and a vile ecclesiasticism formulated it all! To a man who cares for religion, his religious belief is of paramount importance. And the assumptions of the church were, of course, very sacred, so must be peculiarly guarded. Public opinion, like conscience, is a creature of education; and most of

the time it has poor training. The church in its unparalleled attempts to regulate all matters of state and science made of herself a religio-political farce. Europe was her theater, the cities her stages where she enacted her dramas, and executed her light and heavy tragedies, displayed her comedies, to the best possible advantage required by an ecclesiastical imbecile! Such position so peculiarly and untenably occupied gave rise to the work of impediment. Roger Bacon was condemned for his study in natural philosophy. "He was charged with dealing in magic because of his investigations in chemistry." The pope excommunicated the speculative philosopher, Ockman, and it is said he died in exile at Munich. Bruno, to whose memory has been erected in Rome a monument, was condemned to death for revealing the heavens to man, as did Galileo. Vesalius, who dared to study man's physical parts by dissection, laid the foundations of a great science, but the church made him pay for it by his life! Newton, who discovered the "law of gravitation," was charged with "dethroning God." And the church anathematised Franklin for explaining the nature of a thunderbolt! Descartes was denounced because of his philosophy; the church said: "It leads to irreligion." Harvey was ridiculed for proclaiming the circulation of the blood. I presume the church thought it remained still and stagnant like itself! John Hunter said the few good things he had been enabled to do, he had done with the greatest of difficulty. Wycliffe, Lorenzo Valla, Augustine and Luther, all did things opposed to their times. We might cite the reader to much more, but suffice with this as to the character of public opinion where the mother church "nosed in everything." Ofttimes public opinion is the popular thing—because, I presume, the thing most universal. But it is not always the criterion by which to go. It is too much like a weather vane, liable to turn any direction, as the popular leaders' winds blow upon it. It ofttimes stands towering like a great dam, against which everything must drift and stop; but sometimes we have a "wash-out" and clearing up time, when the intellectual atmosphere is a little better for breathing purposes.

Every step of progress in the history of our race has been made in the face of difficulty, and been secured by men of intrepidity and valor. Socrates was a martyr to the public opinion of his time. Daniel wrote:

> "It is not but the tempest that doth show
> The seaman's cunning; but the field that tries
> The captain's courage; and we come to know
> Best what men are, in their worst jeopardies."

There was a time when assassination was used to promote the interests of the church, and to question the lawfulness of it was to rebel against the chair of St. Peter. But not so now, for opinion of the populace would scarce support it. There were and are men who cater to public notice and seek for public favor, that they may be popular, no matter what may be the character of the same. It is written of Pythagoras, that to catch applause he assumed a solemn air when writing to Senicio, he said: "As geographers thrust into the extremities of their maps those countries that are unknown to them, remarking at the same time that all beyond is hills of sand, haunts of wild beasts, frozen seas, marshes and mountains that are inaccessible to human courage or industry; so in comparing the lives of illustrious men, when I have passed through those periods of time which may be described with probability, and where history may find firm footing in facts, I may say, my Senecio, of the remoter ages that all beyond is full of prodigy and fiction, the regions of poets and fabulists, wrapt in clouds and unworthy of belief." And of Solon, in his writings, we read:

> "For vice though plenty fills her horn,
> And virtue sinks in want and scorn;
> Yet never, sure, shall Solon change
> His truths for wealth's most easy range!
> Since virtue lives, and truth shall stand,
> While wealth eludes the grasping hand."

And then he would seem to express himself as an embodiment of justice:

> "By me the people hold their native rights
> Uninjured, unoppressed—the great restrained
> From lawless violence, and the poor from rapine,
> By me, their mutual friend."

How much this sounds like modern office-seekers! Public opinion's favorable notice ever sought after often turns men's brains, and dethrones righteous principle. But not so when good men receive deserving notice, as in the case of the good Richard Lovell Edgeworth, towards the close of his life, becoming very popular in his neighborhood, he said one day to his daughter: "Maria, I am growing

dreadfully popular; I shall be good for nothing soon; a man cannot be good for anything who is very popular." But we might observe that the popularity-hunter's backbone is of gristle, and he has no difficulty in bending himself in any direction to catch popular applause! Such are not safe characters to reform a perverted kind of public sentiment upon any question.

It may be that not for eternity have been laid the old floors of the red sandstone strata which once stretched perhaps from the Catskills to the Massachusetts bay; and not for eternity were reared the Appalachian summits, whose elevation is said to have celebrated the close of Paleozoic time; but for eternity may be reared the names, honor and integrity of the men whose lives and daring achievements have made their names famous in time, and whose discoveries by undaunted courage have written their names in the eternal rocks, whose minds are and shall be imperishable for all time, sparkling in more brilliant array upon the other shore: beyond the anathema of a stupid ecclesiasticism, they shall shine as images of the eternal!

THE HAPPY WOMAN.

THE HAPPINESS ONLY TO BE FOUND AS THE WIFE OF A GOOD HUSBAND.

I CAN not understand how a woman who has been accorded that greatest of all gifts from heaven, a happy home life, can desire any career which interferes with it. The result of my observation does not lead me to believe that women who are sheltered with love and protection and appreciation do long for the plaudits of the world.

A great deal is said and written of the young girl or worshiped wife, who neglects kind parents or devoted husband to pursue a career. If you will take pains to investigate the unwritten history of such cases you will find in almost every instance a skeleton whose rattling bones drove that daughter or wife from her home into public life.

I knew the daughter of a man whose riches were counted among the hundreds of thousands and yet she was obliged to resort to petty ruses and humiliating schemes to get a dollar of pin money. She was allowed to run large bills, which her father scanned and anathematized item by item each month, but he did not consider the female members of his household competent to carry a purse. When the daughter ran away and went on the stage as a third-rate actress, the world was shocked that she should leave her elegant home and devoted parents for the glare of the footlights.

Two women, who are working outside of homes for a livelihood, told me recently, with tears in their eyes, that they would consider themselves the most blest of mortals to be shut within the walls of some humble cottage, where only faint echoes from the world could reach them. Both women were driven from their homes by the skeleton of poverty. And yet I have heard one of these women commented on severely as "a bold seeker after notoriety." She is simply doing what she is compelled to do to keep the wolf from the door.

EXCEPTIONAL CAREERS.

There is occasionally born into the world a woman whose whole nature rushes like the tide of a mighty ocean toward the shore of some special career. Rosa Bonheur was one of these, the first Mrs. Siddons was another, Anna Dickinson was another. In each of these women the force of her peculiar genius was so great that no perfection of home life, no opulence of wealth, could have kept her from fulfilling her destiny. They did not choose a career, a career chose them.

The rule is that the women who pursue the hard path of a public career, which deprives them of a quiet domestic life, are women who have been driven into it by stern necessity.

To be queen of a happy home, loved and appreciated by a kind husband and little children, to live only for their approbation and respect, surely this is the

grandest and truest sphere possible for women. It is the only genuine happiness which earth affords, all else is mere imitation. In no reform can woman do a work so beneficial to mankind as increasing the number of happy homes in the land.

But this work is not given every woman to do. Good husbands, who will love, respect, appreciate and support their wives and daughters do not stand on every threshold ready to lead all women into this earthly paradise. And, therefore, it is every woman's duty to prepare to meet the world single handed.

If I were blessed with a daughter I should teach her some method of self-support as religiously as I should teach her to love God. But my daily prayer would be that she might never go forth from the shelter of the parental roof, save as queen of a good husband's home.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

HINTS ON DOMESTIC LIFE.—No. II.

BY ALMIRA.

WE know that often, very often, the heart seems to fail, when contemplating the dangers in the right path, but they are few in comparison with those of the wrong, to say nothing about the virtue and the vice.

The work of furnishing and preparing food and clothing required in a large family often appals those whose means are limited, yet they usually are the ones who struggle through bravely and leave a posterity that honors them. In the early ages this object was the great object of life, and if it had not been, the many lands of the earth would not have been peopled; and if the parents had not understood the laws of their physical being, either by instinct or education, the desired result would not have been so fully realized.

We were taught to say, "Our Heavenly Father is the author of all good," and parrot like we repeat it from one generation to another; and also that he is a "prayer hearing and a prayer answering God." And we implore Him to bless us and our friends with health and long life, and yet we are afflicted by much sickness, and are often called to sorrow over the loss of friends. And why is it so?

Is the ear of the Almighty closed?

Does he disdain to hear the earnest petition of his children?

No; no! not so.

It is because mankind have not worked according to, or in harmony with the established causes that must be observed to bring about the desired effects.

In all cases the works must harmonize with the prayers, or they will not be answered. We must not expect God to do our part, but we must do it ourselves, and believe that he will do his. There are instances in which we may be incompetent for a work, then let us try to be passive, and wait, hope, and trust, and it will be brought about by the agency of another. It is high time that man awoke from such a lethargy, and as woman is the greater actor in life's drama, she should arouse herself, inform herself, and strive to establish a right order, pertaining to all the affairs of her household.

A few hints to young mothers: If you want sickly, troublesome children you can have them; if you don't want them so you need not have them so. Think they are sick and commence to dose them when they are small, keep them from the air and keep the air from them; teach them whims and gratify them in unnecessary, injurious indulgences, the habitual use of confectionaries not excepted, allow them any kind or quantity of food or drink they want, whether it is adapted to their physical condition or not, and then call in the doctor, but not till you have dosed them well — or bad — and then, in all probability, you will have what you don't want—a very sick child or an empty cradle.

Such instances are not unfrequent and need not have been thus. When our ancestors lived in their rude or almost primeval way, they had no means of the present indulgences, and not so general

an access to drugs and doctors; and their offspring was more hardy and required less attention, not that God favored them more, or was partial to them; but because they lived more in harmony with the natural way of living. Consequently, they were better able to bear the changeable climate, had vitality enough to develop into symmetrically formed men and women, and they had strength and will sufficient to unflinchingly lift and bear life's burdens compared with the present.

"The blood is the life." So says both revelation and science. Every organ of the body is formed by the blood; and the food taken and assimilated makes that blood; and different kinds of food make different qualities of blood. We can see illustrations of this fact exhibited through the customs and appearance of people of different nations, the extremes, the savage and the highly civilized. Parents should thoroughly understand this fact, and govern themselves and all under their supervision by it. Such a course will be followed by a proper circulation, provided sufficient exercise is taken, and the mind is kept serene, and the tissues will be built up, giving the body a beautiful, symmetrical form hitherto unattained, provided compression is avoided and expansion of the chest is practiced. Too much animal food affects the animal passions, so do stimulating drinks. If one wishes to have children prematurely developed in passions and sensations, give them food that has a tendency to that effect, and talk of and practice such in their presence; if not abstain from all such habits and try to withold them from such influences by giving them elevating influences at home. Premature development of either mind or body is derogatory to health, happiness and usefulness.

God gave the Hebrews a bill of fare, as we find recorded in the 11th chapter of Leviticus. And when in captivity, in Babylon, they dieted, and were more beautiful in form, complexion and expression than the natives, consequently they found favor with the king, and we doubt not that those who to-day observe the Word of Wisdom will find favor with the King of Kings.

We think those commands were not given wholly for the promotion of health, but for the good of their morals and their spiritual elevation. We can not doubt that the unhealthy, ugly and vicious elements, that make up the blood of animals we eat, enter our blood and in that way effect the disposition or carriage of the soul.

Now as the mind is the helm of the body, and the will-power is the power that controls that helm, and the Spirit of God is the only power that will rightly control that will-power, we should strive to inform ourselves concerning His will, and govern our household by the same.

To be continued.

A BEAUTIFUL MORNING.

There are crimson clouds and feathery forms
In upper air,
And bright shapes tinged with varying hues,
Stretched everywhere.
Some seem to swell and then unfold,
Like blossoms rare,
From out dim space, and then, like dew,
Dissolve in air.

Below them rise up weightier clouds
And misty banks,
And here and there tall spectres rise
In serried ranks.
Although the sky is azure-hued
Above them all;
While on our heads a boundless wealth
Of sunbeams fall.

Was ever sky more beautiful,
Or breath more sweet?
Or greener boughs, or softer mat
Beneath our feet?
We thank Thee, Father, for the earth,
So beautiful;
We thank Thee for Thy gifts to us,
So bountiful,

For bud and bloom, for ripening fruit;
Each benison
Is fair to see. Lord, bring our hearts
In unison
With Thy dear self. May this new day
Be spent aright,
And every busy day that glides
Into the night,
Until their dawns for us are o'er,
And we at last
Into yon haven moor our bark,
All tempests past.

—Vick's Magazine for September.

PATTIE; OR, LEAVES FROM A LIFE.

BY ELEANOR.

CHAPTER XX.

THE WORK DELINEATED.

"What counts a life's endeavor,
Though spurred by finest thought,
That feeding, selfish purpose,
Leaves souls of men unsought?
Avails one kindly impulse
That blossoms to no deed?
What virtue in the message
That touches no man's need?"

"And they shall teach my people the difference between the holy and profane, and cause them to discern between the unclean and the clean."—Ezek. 44: 23.

IN establishing a magazine for the youth of the church, it was clearly understood that its work would be to strive to teach the difference between the holy and profane; or between the upright law of God and those things calculated to ensnare and lead astray. From this sprang the question of fiction or no fiction in its columns. He is not a wise traveler who, starting upon a journey, scorns to profit by the knowledge and experience of those who have been there before him. In like manner is was hoped that the testimony and experience of those who have passed the greater part of life's journey, would be of advantage to those to whom the years are all before.

In addition to this God has made it the duty of the church to be as a light, making so plain the pathway to him that none should be able to say they could not find him, This instruction was not to be confined to proselyting, but as in the words of the text above: "They shall teach my people the difference between the holy and profane, and cause them to discern between the unclean and the clean."

All the law of God is right, true, and holy, whatever part of our lives it affects; and whatsoever is antagonistic thereto in principle or practice is, contrarywise, profane. And although fiction is not named among those things clearly prohibited, like theft, murder, adultery, etc., yet if we find its general character described among the unclean things that the people of God should put away, then clearly it becomes us to teach our children how to discern between it and a pure, sound intellectual food that shall conduce to their mental health and growth.

Some have contended that the line of demarcation between things clean and unclean is not always apparent, since what is clean to one may be regarded as unclean by another; and that, therefore, in regard to discrimination in literature much depends on the point of view, education, or the peculiar construction of the individual.

Granting that there is a great deal of confusion where human sensibilities are the sole reliance for distinguishing between them; I yet consider that fact as but demonstrating the necessity of some standard of judgment outside of and superior to ourselves. Is it reasonable to suppose that the Allwise One would demand this separation where there exists no true and positive standard of right? Pattie thought not. In all her life she had literally fulfilled the command: "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."—Isaiah 8: 20.

The Scriptures have been the standard of evidence in every dispensation of the gospel since they were written. They were appealed to by Christ and the apostles, and by Nephi and the other writers in the Book of Mormon, in testimony of the truth of that which they preached.

The Old and New Testaments, with the Book of Mormon, were used by Joseph Smith as evidence for the Doctrine and Covenants; so that the law of God is one in its witness, whether found in the Bible, Book of Mormon; or the Doctrine and Covenants. But the first of these, the Bible, is the standard of evidence for the truth of the others, as in all things else. It was so used by the angel of her vision to instruct Pattie in the truth.

That, therefore, which had been a correct guide, not only to herself, but to all who had searched its pages for wisdom, whether in the work of founding a church, a nation, or an individual character, must still guide in the work of this last dispensation.

The everlasting, living principles of the gospel may and have become obscure or lost sight of entirely; but nothing profane or unclean can possibly become incorporated with it, for it is above the power of humanity to touch it or pollute it. Men may and have changed its doctrines and ordinances, but such changes become no part of the gospel of Jesus Christ. That only can be profane which renders it obscure or inoperative.

Thus, in a new form Pattie worked out the old problem to the same solution: That the law of Christ must itself be the standard of evidence of that which his people are to receive or reject.

Twice before she had applied this rule to the subject of fiction. In the first instance she discovered that its tendency was to lead away from the holy fountain of truth instead of to it; and thus, too, in respect to the better class of fiction; not because such is the design, nor because of anything wrong in its actual contents and teaching; for these may be perfectly pure and good. Our meaning is that once let the fascination of novel reading become fixed, and how soon the taste for solid instruction depreciates, and the child shows a dislike for that which requires an exertion of the mind to comprehend. Just here lies the danger to the child of imperceptibly (to itself) declining from that which is strictly pure and ennobling in its teachings; because his mind, being in the state of formation, is not able to discern the difference; and the transition not being at once from the pure to the immoral, but gradual, as he emerges from the nursery of childhood into youth's greater freedom and wider sphere of action, when, if left to himself, the descending grade is easy and quick, and the resulting ruin disastrous. Yet how few, even of those who are aware of the cause of their ruin, are able to place the line of demarcation where they first left the strictly pure and wholesome mental food provided for them in their father's house. I am, of course, speaking in reference to those who have all their lives been accustomed to the presence of fiction in their homes.

It is in the earliest days of a child's life that the mistake is made of giving him only those books that will please or amuse him, with little thought of what else he is to gain from them. We satiate him with nursery tales and Mother Goose melodies, forgetting, meantime, that though the child is not born with a full grown mind, he is born with various natural qualities, the germs of the mind that has been given into our care to develop. So that, if instead of providing him with the "sincere milk of the word" by which all these qualities may attain their natural and proper growth, we make the mere pleasure and amusement of the child our aim, his mind thus receives its bent, and to seek his own pleasure and amusement because these natural desires have been cultivated at the expense of other and better qualities. "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," was a wise old axiom of our great grandmothers that is now nearly lost sight of. But now, if later on in youth after the mind has obtained its start, we attempt to bend it back and give it a new direction, we shall be likely to find it a most difficult operation. "Prevention is better than cure" at all times, but this does not render less important the cure for minds diseased, when we find them requiring the intervention of a remedy.

On the other hand, where watchful care is taken from the first dawn of intelligence to provide such mental food as will satisfy the child's natural desire to know the reason of things, quicken his understanding, broaden his views of life and life's duties, these characteristics and qualities become a part of the unfolding mind of the child, expanding into youth and manhood. In such a case the love of truth and knowledge will always retain its supremacy over the imagination, because his education has been in line with his natural desire to know. The twig having been trained in the right direction from the beginning, the Bible and all wholesome reading gains instead of losing its influence over him, because he appreciates them from a cultivated intelligence. And for the same reason fiction never becomes facinating to such a mind.

The second examination of fiction made by Pattie from a Scripture view was in regard to the false ideas of life, and of right and wrong, which the unformed mind unconsciously imbibes; but as I have so recently treated of this subject, and, as I think, made it so apparent, I need not extend these remarks in this place. I therefore proceed to consider the question be-

fore the friends of the magazine, to the solution of which Pattie was now bending the efforts of her mind.

Is fiction among the things that the law of God requires us to discard?

Judged at the bar of God, by the law laid down in his word—the highest court of appeals—we may be able to gain a decision, otherwise it is impossible, for what can not be there determined will remain a warring conflict of opinions.

We, therefore, place on trial modern fiction; it is accused of conspiracy and working against the best good of the human race. The offences with which it stands directly and indirectly charged are summed up by the Apostle Paul* as follows:

"Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, coveteousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity, whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful. Who knowing the judgment of God that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same but have pleasure in them that do them."

To these are added "evil communications, filthiness and foolish talking and jesting."†

Is fiction guilty as charged? Pattie has given her testimony in a former chapter of its implication *indirectly* in several of these counts. That in her own experience it had caused covetousness, envy, deceit and disobedience to parents. We could bring hosts of other witnesses to substantiate the charge in other cases; but will, instead, proceed to prove that fiction is directly guilty, as charged, of diffusing and promulgating offences named by the Lord as worthy of death.

We place in the witness box a list of new novels just issued, of which the critic remarks: "None in the list is worth reading by one who values his time;" and states that "the number like them now being poured out from the publishing houses of the country is surprising," and that "it is a wonder where the market for them can be."

We will read the description of one of these books, not better nor worse than the others: "Margaret Byng." "It is the narrative of an English woman, devoid of ability and of force, who leaves her husband to make her own way. She goes to Monte Carlo, gambles, and loses all she has. Her benefactor wins largely, and she permits an Italian to murder him, the two sharing the money. She then pursues a career utterly heartless and unnatural. The crime follows her, and in the last chapter, the Italian whom she has betrayed kills her."

Is it pleaded that such books are the extremes of fiction? Granted that it is, the fact that such books are being poured upon the country proves that there is a market for them; and the further fact that every crime known has been frequently and directly chargeable to their influence is proof that their work is against the public welfare. But all this, if the argument were permitted to stop here, would prove nothing more than the abuse of fiction. Since the very same argument can be urged against the extremes of truth; as, witness the works of M. Zola claiming to be taken from real life and true in every particular. Of which it is said: "His defenders do not deny that he exhibits what is filthy and deplorable and revolting, but they emphatically declare that what he exhibits is the truth; and that if any one is responsible for all this beastliness which he deals with, it is not M. Zola, it is simply human nature."

That this class of books is as eagerly read as the others, and, therefore, is in the same boat with fiction in regard to its conspiracy against the public weal. I quote again from the same list of books. It says of Zola's latest, "La Bete Hermanie:" "Forty-five thousand copies were sold in one day of this issue. The total number of books issued over Zola's signature is now 1,031,000." And the critic significantly adds: "The issue of Bibles by the American Bible Society during seventy-three years amounts to 52,936,085 copies."

It is in attempting to draw a line between these two extremes that the Christian writer becomes bewildered.

The solution, as viewed by Pattie is found in the wrong construction put upon both truth and fiction. In every effort of her life to find light, she had reached this

*Romans 1: 29-32.

†I Cor. 15:33. Eph. 5: 1, 8.

one conclusion that: *Truth does not exist apart from God.* All that is good, pure, elevating, that is found either in real life or in fiction, is of God—is truth. All that is evil or corrupting either in life or in its imaginary representation *is the real fiction* owing its origin to Satan. Here then is the real key to the situation which rightly divides the word of truth, accepting the law of God as the standard of judgment instead of human opinions, the work of dividing the clean from the unclean is reduced to a science.

Neither the writer nor the editor is a proper censor, so far as they are governed solely by their personal tastes or opinions. They have no right to make these the law of another's conscience. But the law of God is supreme, and those who owe allegiance to him have no right to call unclean that which he has cleansed, or *vice versa.* "Render to Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's, and to God the things which be God's." According to this ground of argument, as has been affirmed in a previous chapter, fiction does not consist wholly of novels or romance, but in all that is untrue to the doctrines of Christ. As the dress which a man wears does not make his character, so we may speak the truth in parables, or a lie in the guise of truth. Let us first be certain that what we present for the faith and instruction of the young is in perfect accord with the gospel of Jesus Christ which He taught; and then present it in that dress that will best serve to illustrate the truth we would teach. If an ideal life is selected, let it be that ideal life to which it is the aim of the gospel to lift us; teach them to discern that all in which there is any virtue or any praise belongs to a life truly exemplifying the doctrines of the gospel. If there are instances in real life adapted to this purpose, they should be used in preference to imaginary ones, because the fact that such lives have been lived and are therefore among the possibilities of attainment makes the story tenfold more effective than an imaginary ideal would be. Could the stories of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, or any of the long list of those who lived and walked by faith be so effective in the lessons of faith had they been the creations of imagination? I believe right here will be found the relation of the parables of Jesus to fiction (so-called). He used them as illustrations of the duties of man in the Christian life, whether the personages of the story had or had not an actual existence. They were the pictures that brought out to the eye of the understanding those holy lessons that the sin-beclouded mind is so slow to comprehend. But that these parables were not taken from real occurrences is by no means certain. Would we take our example from Him? He by whose word the world was made and sent on its ceaseless course. Who spake and the sun and the moon shone upon it, and the stars took their places as guards round about it. In whom the fulness of knowledge and wisdom dwelt. He who could have satisfied all curiosity about the form of the earth, its duration and destiny. But He chose the lessons He would teach from the most familiar things of human life. O grandest humility!

> "His sermons were the healthful talk
> That shorter made the mountain walk,
> His wayside texts were flowers and birds,
> Where mingled with His gracious words
> The rustle of the tamarisk tree
> And ripple wash of Galilee."

These conclusions that Pattie had reached were in perfect harmony with all the knowledge of truth that she had gained in whatever directions her investigations had led. And as she had never before reached a conviction or knowledge of the truth that she had not attempted to carry into practice promptly, therefore, as soon as she was satisfied that she understood the nature of the work required of her, she took up her pen and drafted a sketch which embodied these great principles which she had found the sum total of all her investigations. But one night in February, 1888, before the work of writing out her sketch had been begun, she dreamed that after dressing herself for a journey, she set out on foot; but had not proceeded far when, on approaching a small cottage by the wayside, a woman issued from it, and accosting her asked, where she was going? Pattie, in reply, pointed to the top of a high bluff, or hill, on which stood a large white building glistening in the sun, and signified her intention of going there. "Well," replied the woman, "I am going, you come in and wait till I am ready." It seemed to Pattie that she could not decline, so she entered the cottage and took a seat in the outer room. The woman

going at once into another room, leaving the door open between, began to make her preparations. Carefully removing her clothes, she bathed and then one by one donned clean white garments. She stood before a large mirror, and, as each article of apparel was put on she turned about before it, viewing it on all sides, smoothing it out and readjusting it; no wrinkle seemed to escape her attention. Pattie thought she had never seen any one so slow in dressing. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when they had entered the cottage. Hour after hour passed, and the sun was slanting low towards the west; and Pattie in her uneasiness arose and walked nervously up and down the room, but the woman went on with her careful dressing, paying no heed to the hour nor to Pattie's anxiety. The sun was dipping below the horizon when at last she appeared satisfied, and well she might, for she was beautiful to see in her lovely white garments without speck or flaw. Coming out into the room where Pattie waited so restlessly, she placed a key in her hand and said: "Go on now and open the door, for the children are waiting, and I will come as soon as I get on my shoes." Pattie took the key and started away without a word. She walked on down the road in a southerly direction. The bluff on which stood the building was to the right of the road, but around its base flowed a wide, deep river and the only way to reach it was to follow the road to a cross-roads, then turn to the right and cross the river on a bridge. When Pattie, in her dream, reached the bridge, it had become dark, only a few faint stars to light her way, and worse yet, the bridge had not a single plank of flooring. The structure was of iron. Iron rails intended as supports for the floor spanned it at short intervals, and Pattie, dropping upon her hands and knees, crawled carefully and slowly over them. The faint, far away stars seemed reflected in the cold waves rolling beneath her, but no thought of return entered her mind. The children were waiting and she held the key tightly clasped in her hand. At length she reached the further end and climbed down the stone abutment on to the low wet sand at its side, and started for some steps cut in the precipitous side of the bluff. But here she met a most unlooked for obstacle; there was no apparent way of getting over it or around it, and it seemed to her there was no other way to reach the top. She paused and leaned against the abutment of the bridge to consider. At the top she could see the white building towering above and the children waiting around, and she held the key still in her hand. "I must get there somehow," she said, but with the words she awoke.

(Concluded next month.)

TRUSTING OUR CHILDREN.

BY MAYFLOWER.

NONE are so proud and happy as young children when they first understand that their parents have confidence in their honor and in their faithful performance of such duties as are committed to their care. This feeling of responsibility, awakened by this knowledge in little children, brings to them their first sensation of self-respect. They soon learn that faithfulness is absolutely necessary to the satisfactory execution of any work they may be called to perform. Thus good seed is daily sown, which in after years will yield abundant harvest, and repay all the trouble it may have cost to prepare the soil to receive it.

It is not easy work to train children into such habits, and if conscience would absolve the mother, she would, doubtless, prefer to do herself all the work she assigns to the child. But such lessons are a part of a mother's mission, and should never be delegated to another.

As soon as a young child has learned how to do certain things, it is wise to leave these small chores for the child to do alone, when the mother is not looking on. Should some trivial thing be not done exactly right, no great loss will follow. Just say to the little three or four years old child: "Mamma must go out for a little while. I don't like to leave

this room in such disorder, but Willie is such a helpful little man, I'm sure he will put all these playthings up nicely before supper; and when Jennie has finished her play she knows just how mamma likes to have her doll things folded and put away. When I come back the room will be very nice, I know."

This proof of their mother's confidence will make the little ones very happy, and they will try to merit their mother's approbation. It may be necessary to be a little short-sighted when overlooking the work. Let all criticism wait a while. Appear pleased; nay, be pleased with their childish efforts. Give as much sweet praise as is judicious, and perfectly truthful, to gladden their hearts and make them eager for other efforts. When not called to put playthings away it may be well to say, in an easy but not fault-finding tone: "I think you had better put these books on this shelf instead of putting them in the box with the other things. They might get injured there, you know; and Jennie, dear, I would fold this little doll's dress this way."

Gentle hints, interspersed with as much approval as can be conscientious, ly given, will so fix the lesson on their minds that it will not be long before they will be proud to do such work with out being told, yet knowing that mamma always has a general oversight of it all.

Year by year increases the trust and responsibility; but accept the work they do, and the care they try to take, as a love-offering to save your time and strength, and it will not be long before willing hands and happy hearts can really lighten your labors; at the same time your children are learning the lessons which will prepare them to be useful men and women, and a joy and honor to their parents.

As early as possible teach your children to do errands outside of the house, in time out of town, if need be, to buy groceries, or a little shopping just important enough to tax their taste and discrimination a little, the first steps toward more important work later on.

A child can be taught, through love and confidence, to enjoy labor and responsible cares. But if instead, parents sternly command a child, watch every act with constant suspicion and fault-finding, then labor is made a drudgery, and cares of any kind become a terror and a loathing to the young. Under such training children become stubborn, or, if naturally timid of loving, they are nervously fearful of being blamed, and this fear leads to deceit and falsehood, as the means of escape, and only by God's grace is the child saved from shipwreck and ruin.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER R. C. EVANS.

(Written expressly for Autumn Leaves by request of the Editor.)

I WILL now proceed to give the reader an account of some of the mercies of our Heavenly Father toward the Saints and others that I have been permitted to labor with as a servant of God.

I was preaching in London, when a lady about thirty years of age came to me and requested baptism. She was a poor, wan creature who testified to me that since her thirteenth birthday she had not passed by one day without having to suffer pain. For years she had to carry her laudanum bottle with her all the time. The doctors had repeatedly informed her that if she was to go without the laudanum over a stated time she would die. She had to take upward of two hundred drops a day, and at times over that amount. Numbers said she would die in the water if I attempted to baptize her, but I baptized her, and she felt as well after baptism as she usually felt. She went to a district conference in the township of Osborne, Ontario, June 19th and 20th, 1886. While there she was administered to by Elders A. Leverton, T. A. Phillips and the writer. Bro. Leverton was an entire stranger to her, but while administering to her he was blessed with the gift of prophecy, telling her that if she would put away the drug that she was using and put her trust in God, the Lord would heal her of her affliction. She arose and confessed that though it was but four p.m.,

she had already taken two hundred drops of laudanum that day, and stated further that she from that hour would never taste laudanum or any other drug. She came to my mother-in-law's residence, remained there over a week, and we administered to her whenever the pain would come on her, till she was healed. She is now a strong, healthy woman, and up to this hour has never touched a drop of laudanum.

After the June conference, in company with Bro. J. H. Lake, I went down below Toronto, to Victoria county. Preached there, had good liberty in preaching, but as soon as meetings were over an unaccountable feeling of sadness would come over me. I would go to the woods or barn and pray, but I got worse and worse. I tried to make myself believe it was loneliness, but finally we prayed till we felt that the Lord had a work elsewhere for me to peform. While we were meditating what course to pursue, word came for me to hasten home, that my sister was dying, and father was very low. Brother Lake loaned me all the money he had, and with the little I had we found I could not get my ticket, to say nothing of lunch on the way. Bro. Lake walked with me about two miles carrying my satchel, when we parted with heavy hearts. I walked till I came to the next station, found I had just enough money to buy my ticket to London, and six cents to spare. I got to Toronto the same night, bought me five cents worth of food, and reached home the next forenoon with one cent in my pocket.

When I reached my sister's I learned that two doctors had told my mother there was no hope, that she could live only a day or two at the most. As I entered the room my sister, though she could not speak, recognized me, and conveyed to us by signs that she desired me to pray for her and administer to her as the Bible directs, and I did so. She began to recover at once, and still lives to bear witness that she was healed by the power of God. My father recovered, and soon I was directed to go to St. Thomas, where I preached in the Free Thought Hall. After preaching some time to crowded houses I was challenged to debate with a gentleman who was a member of the Secular Thought Society. His name was Mr. Darbey. We discussed two propositions, he affiming both of them: "(1) Joseph Smith was a polygamist, (2) God in the Bible (King James' Translation) taught and sanctioned polygamy."

Mr. Darbey was a very smart man, but he was on the wrong side, and in consequence made a failure. On both propositions the house voted in my favor. Another smart man was sent for and arrived. He called himself Professor J. R. Simpson. After three propositions were arranged and signed by us both he left, promising to return. Before the time of the debate, however, his supporters, who constantly attended our meetings, wrote and told him they would not agree to him nor support him if he came. I have the letter now, for the Professor gave it to me some time after when I met him in London, claiming that it was not his fault but theirs that the debate did not take place.

One of their number who, I heard, lectured for them, asked me to go home with him one night. (He in other years had been a Saint but had fallen). I went, talked with him till three o'clock in the morning. He declared he would never pray again, and stated that he did not believe there was a God. While his wife and I knelt in prayer in his house (by his consent) he sat smoking by my side. I reasoned with him for days, and his wife and I determined to pray for him. One day he came to me and said, "Elder Evans, I know you have been praying for me." He told me of evidence he had received and that he wished to pray with me and come back into the church. That man is now an officer in the church, and his wife is a happy wife and a true Latter Day Saint.

Before I left that city I baptized a number. The branch was soon after reorganized, and to-day I believe we have a branch there of some seventy members, and some have moved away.

About this time Bro. E. K. Evans and his wife came into the church. I baptized them in St. Thomas. Bro. Evans was soon called to the ministry. His letters to the papers, his articles in the *Herald*, and his sermons in the pulpit, have since made him well known.

Notwithstanding the lonely hours, the scandal and vituperation that at times I have suffered while in the field, when I recall to mind the many pleasant times I have spent, I am happy. All the wealth

of earth could not procure me the happiness that some actions of my life have given me while in the discharge of duty as a servant of God. Under God I have been instrumental in bringing sunshine to darkened households, in calling heads of families from haunts of vice and midnight orgies back to wife and children, in bringing wandering children back from the ranks of infidelity to the shrine of prayer in the home of the innocent sinless past. If I shall accomplish no more, I have not lived in vain, for through my labor, with God's blessing added, some who have wallowed in the mire of infidelity, and have been bloated with the fruit of priestcraft and modern idolatry, have been brought to the Savior's side, and now are basking in the sunbeams of God's love.

August 15th, 1886, I baptized some in St. Thomas. One lady baptized was a confirmed cripple. If I remember her statement aright, she said that some two years before the time of which I write she slipped and fell, breaking her limb. Medical aid was summoned and her limb was cared for according to the surgical science. It was discovered that in falling she had broken the cords of her foot, and for this sore affliction there was little relief and no cure. She would go with a bandage around her foot and limb to keep the foot in the proper place, but when she stepped on a stick or stone or any raised article on the floor or street, she would fall if some one was not at hand to help her. When baptized, it took her ten minutes to get down the hill to the water. With some difficulty I got her into the stream, and after baptizing her, as she rose up out of the water, she stepped out, and after taking the first step, she cried, "O, Elder Evans, I am healed!" She stamped her foot on the stones and again cried, "Praise God, I am entirely restored!"

She ran out of the water, up the hill, tore the long bandage from her foot and ankle and before a large number of people testified that she was healed. I wrote an account of this to the *Herald* about the time it transpired, and she has had it published since, and in many parts of Canada she has borne testimony as above. Her name is Mrs. Thomas Brooks, now living at Essex Center, Ontario, and can be referred to.

Friday, August 27th, 1886, I left with Mrs. Janrow of St. Thomas, to visit her father and friends at Vanessa, Norfolk county. She had heard me preach in St. Thomas, was interested, and wished me to go and preach to her people. They were all Old School Baptists. We arrived in Vanessa late in the afternoon. Mrs. Janrow introduced me to her friends, and I was invited to remain with Mr. Longhurst, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Janrow. After talking with them in their beautiful home, I went up to the village, obtained permission to preach in the Bartholomew Hall, Sunday afternoon, and posted bills to that effect. There is but one church in the place, and it belongs to the Methodist denomination. Sunday morning I attended their meeting, and at the close I stepped up to the minister, handed him a bill and asked him to read it to the congregation. He saw that it was the announcement of my meeting in the hall, and at once said, "No sir; I will not make your announcement. I have nothing to do with you." I bade him good morning, and went home.

Afternoon came, the hall was crowded. I then announced that if the Methodist friends had any announcements to make, they may now have the privilege to speak. The proprietor of the hall informed me that I could have the hall no longer. A good Methodist abused me some, and told me I could not prove baptism to be immersion. I told him if I had a place to preach in I would preach on that subject that night, whereupon Mr. James Bannister informed me that I could preach in his house. I accepted the kind offer and promised to be there.

Mr. Bannister's fine house was crowded and many stood on the lawn. At the close I was challenged to debate the subject of infant baptism with the Methodist preacher, but the debate was not to take place for two weeks. I informed the people that I would gladly remain and debate with the reverend gentleman if some one would keep me.

A dozen cried, "You can come to my place!"

So I consented to remain. I preached every night save one until the two weeks expired, but the preacher that was selected to debate with me failed to put in an appearance.

I baptized Bro. Robert Longhurst and

wife and Sr. Welsh. Notwithstanding Mr. Welsh had given his consent that I could baptize his wife and the whole town, yet when he returned to Vanessa and found that his wife had been baptized, he felt badly. He told me afterward that when he told me I might baptize his wife, if I could before he returned (he was away from home one week) he had no idea that I would baptize her. Sister Welsh felt sad when her husband opposed her, and was told by the Spirit that if she was faithful her husband and others of her friends would soon be baptized. I preached every night for the third week, the house crowded every night, and just eight days after I baptized Sr. Welsh, baptized her husband and four more of her relatives.

With tears we bade adieu to Saints and friends in Vanessa, being called west to preach a funeral sermon. On my return home I met a Baptist preacher on the train. He learned who I was and that I had baptized a number of his members where he had formerly preached, and he complained bitterly because I had baptized his flock. I informed him that the gospel was free to all and that if he would repent of his sins and believe the gospel I would baptize him too. He would not, so we parted.

I arrived home the first of October and found that the city was overwhelmed with diphtheria; numbers were dying all around our home. Left home next morning for St. Mary's conference. While I was speaking in the conference October 4th, a telegram reached me saying, "Come; bring elders. Our Willie is very sick."

Elders J. H. Lake, Robert Pierson and myself took the first train. We found that he had been in convulsions, and when we arrived was insensible, lying in his mother's arms, his flesh a dark yellow color, his mouth and throat one mass of scab, and between his teeth a greenish froth. We administered to him and he recovered, though for some weeks afterward he was cross-eyed, from the effect of the terrible suffering, yet after being administered to his eyes came all right.

Left home on October 10th. Attended Blenheim conference. Bro. Leverton was there ordained to the office of seventy by Bro. Lake, I assisting.

I returned to Vanessa December 4th. I here wish to relate to the reader something which caused me to have great faith in the promise of the Savior, where He said by the mouth of His servant the believers would "dream dreams."

On the night referred to I dreamed that as it had been announced that I would preach on the "Divinity of the Book of Mormon," the next day (Sunday), three ministers would come and cause trouble in my meeting, but that I should put my trust in God, and all would be well. I arose next morning and told my dream. All were surprised, said they had not heard a word of preachers coming, and all looked forward to the afternoon. While I was preaching to a large congregation, in walked three preachers. Two of them opened their Bibles and followed me, while the third wrote as much of my discourse as he could get. When I concluded, I gave liberty for any to ask questions. At once the preacher who had taken notes arose, but instead of asking questions, he began to tell us all about the Book of Mormon being the Spaulding Romance, and that Joseph Smith was an impostor, that he had been killed by a mob, that it served him right, and "had I been there," said he, "I would have helped to rid the earth of such a villain." He further said: "This man Evans is as bad as Smith, and the virtue of your daughters and the chastity of your wives are not safe while this man is in the neighborhood. I have come here to root up Mormonism; I am here to challenge the impostor to meet me in debate; I am here to prove to the good people of Vanessa that Joe Smith was a fraud, the Book of Mormon a base lie, and Mormonism from stem to stern a system of deviltry." He talked for twenty-five minutes. When I replied God's Spirit fell upon me, and in ten minutes nearly every one in the house was in tears. I related the sufferings of the Saints in Missouri and Illinois; reviewed briefly the work of Joseph and his cold-hearted murder; took up Stenhouse, Beadle, and Smucker, from whom the preacher quoted, proved to the people that he misrepresented these books, and finally told the reverend gentleman I was willing to meet him on any or all of the subjects he had challenged me to meet him upon; that he could name his subject, time and place, and I would not keep him waiting one hour.

He arose, stated that he was sorry that

he had misrepresented the books referred to; that he was not aware that I was posted in the histories or he would not have brought them. (This to my mind showed that he knew he was misrepresenting the facts all the time, but was now sorry, not that he had been guilty of telling falsehoods, but only sorry that he had been caught at it.) He refused to debate on the Book of Mormon, or mission of Joseph Smith, but said he would debate with me if I would affirm that water baptism was essential to salvation. I consented, and we met that night. The hall was crowded, and truth gained a decided victory.

I would like to tell the reader all that transpired after the debate, but time and want of space forbid. Permit me to say that the preacher got out bills announcing services on Mormonism for several nights. I stopped my meeting, replied to him one night, when he tried to drive me off the platform, but the congregation hissed him, and finally he had to let me reply. I spoke from 9:20 till 11:55 p. m., and notwithstanding the hall was crowded, none left after I began speaking. From that night few attended his lectures, and notwithstanding his bills were out that he would preach for several nights, he closed his meetings and left town. My meetings were larger than ever. At times so many got in that it was considered impossible to open the door (it opened from within), and some boys had to climb out of the window in order to make room for the door to open.

I have lived to baptize thirty-four in that branch, while the preachers who came to wipe us from the earth are only remembered with pity and their actions with contempt. The preachers referred to are Mr. Sims, of the city of Brantford, and Mr. Summerville, editor of *Glad Tidings*, in same city. I have forgotten the other one's name.

1887.—I spent nineteen days of January at Chatham, preached nearly every night to large congregations, baptized thirteen, and administered to several with very marked effect in some cases, notably among them the babe of Bro. and Sr. Harry Lively, who when thought to be at death's door was healed instantly by the power of God. The memory of my visit in Chatham in January, 1887, will ever be pleasant to me.

February 10th our daughter Lizzie was born. I was called home by telegram. The following day I left home to attend to my lectures already announced in St. Thomas. Returned home in five days and remained one week.

Started in company with Elder Lake for general conference. On the way to Kirtland we stopped five days in Pittsburg, Pa. I was delighted with the city and surroundings. Made our home with Sr. Woods. I was permitted to preach to the Saints in their fine hall three times, and rejoiced to find so many true-hearted Saints in that great city. Those three sermons were the first I ever preached on United States soil.

On the morning of the 5th day of April, I beheld for the first time the temple of the Lord, built by His direction in Kirtland, Ohio.

The conference was a grand one, God spoke to His people through the prophet, Joseph Smith, and all felt the worth of prayer.

Bro. Smith called upon me to preach in the temple, and I did so and was glad that a privilege was afforded me to preach in that sacred building.

During the conference I was kindly cared for at the residence of Sr. Salyards. At this conference I met many of God's bravest soldiers. Their sermons, prayers and testimonies gave me joy, and I returned to Canada rejoicing in God, and feeling to say like one of old, "This people shall be my people, and their God shall be my God."

On my return to Canada I called at Detroit, found a few good Saints there; met a Mr. N. F. Liddia (son-in-law of Elder George Shaw), who had heard me preach in Chatham. I remained with him some time, when he came with me to Chatham, where I baptized him. This man had been born and educated and lived, up to the time of baptism, a Roman Catholic. He had served for some years as altar boy for the priests of Romanism. I will tell the reader when and how he became interested in the latter day work.

On one of my visits to Chatham I was called to administer to an old sister who had been poisoned in her arm, and it had turned to a running sore. The night was dark and it was raining. I was to walk some three miles to her house. When about to start on my journey, Mr. Liddia

heard of it and said: "Catholics do not treat their priests like that. If they want a priest they drive for him and bring him back, or pay for a rig to bring and take him back again. Now I am not a Saint, but I am not going to have this little fellow go out in this storm and walk all that distance. Proving his words by his action, he asked me if I would permit him to see the administration if he would hire a rig and drive me out? I told him that as to his seeing me administer in any of the ordinances of the church, I would certainly be pleased to permit him, but that I could walk out all right. He got a horse and carriage and drove me out. As I administered to the afflicted one, the Spirit of the Lord was with us in power. The pain was taken away at once, and the next Sunday the sister was out to church, healed. From this time Mr. Liddie was convinced that God was with the Latter Day Saints, and studied much, till finally he was brought to see and understand the gospel and obey it. He is now a brave defender of the faith, a good Saint, and a useful officer in Chatham branch.

I have neglected to state that I was elected vice-president of London district in 1885, which office I tried to fill until January, 1887, when at the conference in Egremont I was released. At this same conference I was elected president of London district, which position I have held up to the present time. It was at this conference I first met Bro. and Sr. King, who have since been such kind friends to me. I went to Masonville branch with Bro. King, preached there twenty-six times in thirty-one days, baptized five, among them Sr. King and Grandma Silks. Sr. Silks was eighty-seven years old, had been a member of the Presbyterian church for seventy years. God showed her in open vision that I was His chosen servant, and commanded her to be baptized.

After this I arranged to meet Rev. Mr. McDonald, the Presbyterian minister of Horning's Mills, in debate. He to affirm that Joseph Smith was a false prophet. Debate to take place in October. It is a fact that after the gentleman had purchased several books, treating on the prophetic mission of Joseph Smith, that notwithstanding he had signed articles to debate, and I was on hand at the proper time, he refused to debate. He stated that he had learned more of Joseph Smith and his work since signing the articles for debate. I am informed that he has since resigned his position as a minister in the Presbyterian church.

Early in September, 1887, I was preaching in St. Mary's, when word was sent that I was to go to Proton to debate with a celebrated disciple (Campbellite) preacher. He seemed to be just spoiling for a debate on the Book of Mormon. We went at once and were informed that he wished to have a fair and honorable debate, but judge our surprise when we arrived at the place of debate, we found the house full, and many outside waiting to hear both sides of the question, but the preacher preached to us from Fanny Stenhouse, and Braden-Kelley debate. He abused us in every way possible, and when we asked the privilege of replying we were told to get off of the premises, and that we would be shot before we left the township.

This treatment reminded us of the story told by Beadle in his work against the Saints where he said: "Thomas S. Brockman, a Campbellite preacher, led fourteen or fifteen hundred mobbers against the Saints in Nauvoo." Campbellites never were able to meet and answer the arguments of Latter Lay Saints only with cannon, sword and club, and whenever called upon to meet a Saint with the Bible, they forget the Bible, and use as argument calumny, vituperation and scandal. However, we took to the road, not that we were afraid to die, but we had no desire to be found in such company. When we reached the road, we found the majority of the people desired me to address them. We mounted a wagon, and for one hour and forty minutes we talked to the people, and gave out meetings for the coming week. We lectured in that part for some time, and one night, while returning from meeting in a wagon, a mob (according to promise) attacked us while we were driving through the woods. It was very dark; we could see no one, but all in a moment eggs and stones were flying into the wagon. With me were Elder McLean and three sisters. All were covered with eggs. One sister was struck in the side with a stone. Two shots were fired at us, and one of the sisters (Sr. Maggie Brice) was shot in the head. One shot is still lodged between the skin and the skull, just over the ear. By the blessing

of God we all escaped with our lives. I had to go back again and preach in the same place the next night. Some of the Saints begged me not to go, but I decided to keep my appointment. Next morning I wrote several letters, settled up all my affairs, so that if my time had come to lie 'neath the whispering leaves in the silent city of the dead, all would be right on earth, and as regards eternity, I had no fears but that the gospel would enable me to cross the bridge of death and land me safe in Paradise. The thought of losing my life brought to me but one sad thought. It was that of leaving so many dear friends, and my wife and children alone and unprovided for in a cold cruel world. I went, and with me about thirty others, but when we neared the woods we saw bon-fires all along the road and one right in front of the house where I preached. The townspeople heard of the shooting of the night before and made the fires for our protection. I preached to a large congregation, and many were moved to tears. We learned the names of a number of those who took part in the mobbing, and some of them fled to parts unknown. I was called on by some to prosecute the mobbers, but I sent word that I was willing to forgive and let God deal with my enemies. We finally persuaded all the Saints to let all drop and leave it in the hands of God.

Let me say right here that I was up in that country in December, 1889, and learned that one of the leaders of that mob is now a cripple, and has been for over a year. Another who took part in the mob came to my meetings and requested me to go and preach in his house. I went, the house was full to the doors, and I preached to them. Sr. Brice was standing by my side with the shot still in her head. I had to leave the next day, but have promised to go back and preach there if the conference permits me to return to Canada mission. I think many will yet obey the gospel in that place.

A few days before we were mobbed I had baptized some there. One young man was apparently dying with asthma. When I baptized him he had not lain down for eleven weeks, but slept while sitting in his chair. I baptized him in cold water in a river. He drove some miles, went home and retired to his bed and slept soundly. He was also present at the meeting referred to above, and is now a strong man, and he told me he never felt better in his life than since his baptism. His sister has also been baptized.

Permit me to conclude this episode by saying, Mr. Furgerson, the would-be debater, has not preached a sermon in that place since, while the Saints hold regular meetings there.

To be continued.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER GLAUD RODGER.—No. XV.

COMPILED FROM HIS JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

By mistake Chapter XVI of Bro. Rodger's Autobiography was inserted in last issue instead of Chapter XV. We regret this, and give Chapter XV in this issue.

JUNE 11th found me again at my brother John's, and on the 18th baptized Mr. John Wright in Myall lake. He is an excellent man.

On the 24th in Newcastle, preaching almost every evening, and on Sunday, July 2d, preached in Stephen's Hall, Waratah. The Saints in good spirits and a full house. Felt well although I had been very sick from severe cold through getting wet. Visited Wallsend, Lambton, Maitland, Hamilton, and other places.

The 21st, went on board steamer for Sydney. Weather unsettled; came on terribly rough, saw the grandest storm I had ever witnessed; the sea rose mountains high; wind and rain. After a hard trial to proceed, the captain, concluded it was best to return, and on our way back near port an unmanageable schooner came in collision with us. It was a serious encounter and for a moment none knew but we might all go down. She was towed into harbor severely damaged but all hands saved. We got back to Newcastle after six hours, having

had a hard time. Thank the Lord for protection.

Started again on the 25th, got safe to Sydney and found the Saints well.

September 3d, attended meeting at Lambton. This was a dark day to me and most of the Saints. No stranger attended. It is a wicked place, lovers of pleasure. No good can be done among them. The week following held evening meetings at Minni, about forty present and a good spirit. I walked back to Wallsend after each meeting.

On the 23d, with Bro. Lewis, helped Bro. Gregory to put up his house. Things went on well and in the evening preached, a good feeling accompanying. Traveled around and preached at different places, and on the 29th worked with Bro. Gregory all day on his house.

On the 30th went to Newcastle and met my brother, his daughter and little son David, saw them comfortable at Sr. Webster's, then returned to hold conference in Stephen's Hall at Waratah. The Saints there are widely scattered, but a good spirit prevailed among the few; all felt a desire to press forward with renewed zeal in the good cause. Bro. Ellis was present and spoke well, which strengthened the Saints.

November 13th, went on board a small steamer for Port Stephens, twenty-five miles. It being dark when we landed, I found my way along the beach to the house of Mr. Barnes. I asked to stay all night and was well cared for. Next morning crossed the Myall river, a native rowing me over. I gave him three pence (six cents) and he was much pleased. The river here is about one mile wide. Walked up to the Tea Gardens, got on board my brother's Steam Punt, and in the evening started for Bungwall, forty-six miles; but it became so dark that we could not see to steer; rained and thundered so that we laid up for the night. At day-break we steamed up the Myall river into the beautiful lake and on to the mill. Reached there by noon and found my brother and his family well; also Bro. Wright gave notice for meeting.

On Sunday, the 15th, preached at the school-house, Bungwall, and at Mr. Hudson's mill. Had good attendance, held sacrament at my brother's house. Bro. Hogg and Bro. Wright bore testimony, a good spirit attended us all day, thanks to God.

On the 23d preached in the evening at Mr. Dunn's four miles away. My niece was with me and we returned by moonlight and lost our way in the woods, but the horses took us safe home.

On December the 10th met on the Lake for baptism. I preached a short discourse, then led my brother into the water and baptized him; also Mr. Buckman. This was a happy day for me. Thank God, I have seen my brother obey the gospel call! Oh, may the Lord watch over him henceforth, and may his children follow him.

On the 11th got two long letters from my wife. May the Lord comfort her in all things!

On the 24th met in the afternoon for sacrament. Bro. Wright was ordained an elder and Bro. Hogg a priest; some children blessed and an excellent spirit prevailed.

On the 21st preached on the history of the church, proving Joseph a prophet; likewise the call of the present Joseph. In the evening I went to Bro. Hogg's, had a very pleasant time till near twelve o'clock; then we had singing and prayer as the old year passed away and the new one came in, humbly seeking the continued favor of Him who has so kindly remembered us in the year just past; also asking a blessing on those far, far away. We felt well, and parted at half-past twelve with a hearty shake of the hand and a Happy New Year to all. The moon was bright and the beautiful lake before us shining like a sea of glass. The tall, stately trees surrounding us and all green (for it is summer here) made our peace complete. The grand salute of the great cannon of Newcastle, sixty or seventy miles off, we heard distinctly. Oh, the solemnity of mind that morning, as I directed my steps through the woods alone to brother John's. All was dark, the family had retired, and I crept quietly into my comfortable room, of which my loving brother had deprived himself for my comfort. May his home ever have the guardian care of the angel of the Lord for his kindness to me, a wandering pilgrim for the gospel's sake. Thus ended the year 1876.

January 1st, 1877.—This day finds me well in body and comfortable in spirit,

and though more than ten thousand miles away from my family most dear, I can but think of and pray for them as no doubt they are this day thinking of me. We are one in faith, in heart, and hope, and although poor in purse, rich in the blessings and promises of the Lord whom we have chosen to love and serve; and if it is His will may we yet meet in the flesh and among the Saints find a home on Zion's land.

The 14th, I am again on the Manning river; preached twice and found many still firm in the word they had heard six months ago. Received a hearty welcome from Bro. Ballard and family.

On the 29th preached at Mr. Scribner's; a very good feeling. Ten gave their names for baptism.

February 1st, walked to Chatham and on to Cundleton, called on Mr. Murdock, as he had no desire to follow up the church (for he had been a member of the old organization), I left and lodged at the hotel. Slept on a lounge and fought mosquitos all night—a weary night. Started next morning without breakfast and walked to Mr. Beattie's and ate dinner.

Thursday I went to Tinone and visited several, lodged at Else's Hotel. Had a severe sickness all night, bones ached and great pain in the head. Rose next morning and walked six miles to Bro. Ballard's. It seemed as though I should fall by the way, but after three hours I reached there, almost fainting. Truly I found a home and rest to the aching head and tired body. The heat in this country is at times very oppressive, and the scorching sun shining down upon the head while walking along the dry and dusty road is almost blinding. Indeed, I think there are more people who go blind here than in any other country in the world. Many times have I fought my way through thousands of mosquitos, wet with perspiration, weak and weary sat down beneath the shade of some friendly tree and laid part of my clothing on the grass to dry. No one was near and no eye saw, only my Master who lives and reigns above. I remained at Bro. Ballard's until Sunday, and feeling almost well, preached and then administered the sacrament, the first time in that place. In the evening preached at Wingham, some of the Saints accompanying me. We had rather a disgraceful time, some outside groaning and throwing stones, breaking the glass of the windows, but they did not hurt us. It was a large meeting and some ladies nearly fainted, and had to leave the room. But we explained the great message and bore testimony. Many paid great attention and we believe good was done.

March 2d, baptized Mr. Walker, in his seventieth year; also Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

On the 27th baptized two in the Dingo creek, and confirmed them at the water's edge. Next day met with the Saints at Bunga. They rose to speak for the first time, which gave me much comfort. Oh, that the Lord would raise up elders to labor here, for the harvest is great.

On April 20th walked fourteen miles to Kimbricki, preached at the school-house and had fair liberty and good audience.

On the 29th, baptized four at Dingo. We had a rich repast on the grass, camp-fashion. Twenty-five present and all felt well. The Bunga branch now numbers twenty members.

On May 6th preached twice, felt my own weakness, but tried to speak on Zion of the last days.

On the 15th baptized three.

June 24th, at my brother's, preached on the importance of strictly keeping the laws of God while life shall last. After meeting I baptized in the lake Mr. Wood, Mrs. Wright, and my brother's three daughters; then we continued our meetings and Bro. Wright and myself confirmed them; had much of the Spirit of God.

July 2d, met at Tea Gardens, baptized and confirmed eleven souls, preached again in the evening at Henderson's mill, an excellent meeting. So the work moves on in spite of all opposition.

On the 6th left for Newcastle and Sydney.

On the 22d, met in conference at Waratah, reports were given of six branches, numbering ninety-six members, forty-two baptized since last conference, held October 1st, 1876. Union prevailed.

August 7th, left Sydney on board steamship for Brisbane, Queensland, to visit my oldest brother, David. Had fine weather, and landed there on the 9th. Next morning took train for Epswish; found my brother, his son and daughter. His wife had been dead many years. I had a bad cold and it continued to get worse, during the week I was very sick, a

kind of fever and swelling in the body, suffering much with my head. My niece was very kind to me, and seeing me so sick, called in the doctor. Feeling much better on the 24th, I went with David to Brisbane and attended the exhibition; next day returned to Epswish. We attended the Wesleyan church, and spent the week visiting several places in the neighborhood. This is a fine country and lovely scenery, but very dry, so little rain everything seems parched.

September 7th, took "good-bye" with all at Epswish; brother and I went to Brisbane and on the 8th we parted, perhaps to meet no more. David gave me plenty to pay all expenses. At noon I went on board the steamer for Sydney, had a pleasant passage of over four hundred miles; landed in Sydney on the 10th, forty-eight hours from Brisbane, and went to Br. Ellis's. Oh, how thankful I feel this morning for the care and protection of an All-wise Providence! May I now enter on the duties of my calling with renewed strength.

Wallsend, December 31st, I helped the brethren prepare a bowery for a picnic on New Year's day.

January 1, 1878, had a very enjoyable time, and in the evening met together, sung several hymns, had prayer, returning thanks to our heavenly Father for all His goodness and mercy to us, His creatures; then parted, each going to his own home. When alone, my mind ran back to the many happy years I had spent with the Saints; also the thoughts of home and family and circumstances brought feelings I can not describe, wondering what the future would bring; whether the following year would bring me to the home of my loved ones from whom I had parted more than four years ago, a year longer than I had expected to be away when I started for this foreign shore, and still my mission is not ended. O, thou God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, help me to submit to thy holy will! It is not for myself that I care, but the disappointment of those left behind. I can say, and that truthfully. 'Twas not for crimes that He had done, he hung upon the tree. It is not crimes that we have done that separates them from me. I feel discouraged at times. This world seems to give but little comfort at the best. I am often grieved at the conduct of some of the brethren; the evil one works continually to overthrow what we have labored so hard to build up, and I feel it keenly when the cause is disgraced by those whose age and experience ought to teach them better things. But my determination is still, with the help of God, to battle the foe, praying that I might always be able to set a good example and practice what I preach, as dear old Father Dungan used to say. When he and I traveled together in Humbolt, California, in 1870, we would often walk out to the hills and have prayer together that we might be strengthened and be found worthy to be a blessing to our fellow man.

On the 6th I preached at Wallsend, found it hard to speak during the week. Visited other places and baptized three.

February 18th, went to the Folly to see Bro. Kulm who was ill with sun stroke—near the gates of death.

On the 21st arrived in Sydney. Next day walked ten miles. Weather very warm.

On the 28th sent money to Plano and a letter to my wife:

SYDNEY, Feb. 28th, 1878.

My Dear Matilda:—

I arrived here a few days ago and found the few Saints here all well; have been busy visiting and raising money for *Herald* for 1877, to clear my bill with the office at Plano. I send them this time twenty pounds, which clears me all but a few dollars. I intended Bro. Ellis to take the agency, but he refuses, as he intends to leave here for America next year. But I don't think they will. Sr. Ellis is not very anxious, and I persuade no one. I am doing the best I can, but it is indeed hard and often very discouraging. The Saints are disappointed and their faith marred when conference after conference passes and no one is sent here, and as for myself, I sometimes do not know what to think. Still I know the work is true, and the gathering is right, and to no place on earth can we look for permanent peace but in Zion. But that God will have a tried people in these last days is certainly sure. Thank God it will have an end!

Were it not for the hope of returning home, and in time securing a small homestead for old age, I would falter at the selfishness of some, and fail to comply with the unreasonable request of the last conference.

What may be done at the April session we do not know, but must wait in patience to see. You might think that I had offered my services longer by the reading of the resolution of the last conference, but I have written nothing but what you saw published on that point. I wrote a private letter to Joseph on the condition of the church here and other private matters, but got no reply so far. I fully expected to see some one here before this, and that now I would be about ready to start back. I am disappointed. I care not for this on my own personal account, but the sad disappointment to you and the children, I feel daily. Surely there is a hand ruling in this matter more than earthly, but month after month will pass away and by and bye we shall meet, if the Lord will.

Let us strive to be true and faithful. No one has ever been left so long in this church in any mission—that I am aware of—and I fear few would undergo the task.

But bear up, say little, God is our friend, others may prove untrue, but He can not be moved. I have often thought of you through the cold winter, and poor Joseph chopping all the wood. I would like to settle where there is coal. There is a great deal of it used here. Newcastle has many coal works. It is more like my home for that. I see cheap farms are still offered on the borders of Zion, but little can be done without money. I hope you get enough to eat and clothes to keep you warm, and health which is precious above all.

I can do no good in Sydney, and the branch is in poor standing. I will leave here in a few days, but don't know where to go. It is hard to get any opening. No places to preach except we hire halls, and since the papers have been so flooded about Utah affairs, and B. Young's death, etc., we are looked upon with an evil eye. Thank the Lord, so far, I have been borne up; but time now is long. No letters from you for a long time. I hope you are all well. I would like to know where you are, whose farm you have, and how far from, and where Glaud is, and how he is doing, what kind of meetings you have, etc., and how far you are from meeting-house and school. You must all live very much differently than in California.

I would send you a pound note within this letter, but you might not be able to cash it.

I am sorry to see the bishop's report. Oh, how few keep the law of tithing! It speaks badly for the faith of the church. Well did the Savior say, "few find the way." But blessed are the poor whose hearts are pure. A brighter day is in store for them.

The Saints here speak much about you; the poor would gladly send help, but the better off don't feel what they never had to pass through. All are not Saints that bear the name.

I send with this a paper to Glaud. Tell him to ask for it (*Town and Country News*).

I must now close and run to the mail and register my money letter and mail this. Good bye. May God bless you, and may I soon hear from you. Kind love to Glaud and his, and Joseph and Dollie and your dear self.

Oh! when shall we meet again?

Your affectionate husband,

G. RODGER.

To be continued.

A BRIGHTER DAY.

The day is dull, the gloomy clouds
Lie stretched about like long white shrouds;
The heavy mist now changed to rain,
Makes music on the window pane;
No matter now how dull, we say,
"To-morrow 'll be a brighter day."

The wind sighs lonely through the leaves,
The rain still patters from the eaves;
The sky grows dark, and darker still;
There's music in the dashing rill,
For hope is looking for a ray,
"To-morrow 'll be a brighter day."

In all the changes far and wide,
In all the turnings of the tide,
Though mighty storms around us rush,
And thunders loud the air doth crush,
Hope whispers in a cheering way,
"To-morrow 'll be a brighter day."—*Sel*

EVENING.

(See Illustration.)

Ava Maria! o'er the earth and sea,
The heavenliest hour of heaven is worthiest of thee!

Ava Maria! blessed be the hour,
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.

Ava Maria! 't is the hour of prayer!
Ava Maria! 't is the hour of love!
Ava Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
Ava Maria! O that face so fair!
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove,—
What though 'tis but a pictured image?—strike,—
That painting is no idol,—'tis too like.

Sweet hour of twilight! in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er
To where the last Cæsarian fortress stood,
Evergreen forest; which Boccaccio's love
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

* * * * * *

O Hesperus! thou bringest all good things,—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlabored steer;
What e'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
What e'er our household god's protect of dear,
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child too to the mother's breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
As the far bell of vesper makes him start;
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay:
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns.

—*Byron.*

ESSAY ON TEMPERANCE.

BY A. H. PARSONS.

WHOSE servant am I? Paul said: "To whom you yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are." . . . American-born people congratulate themselves on being a free people; yet by their own individual solicitation and urgent application they have become the most inveterate slaves, in many instances, the world ever knew. Not satisfied with the pleasure of indulging in slavery themselves, they earnestly solicit for their mastery, slaves from Africa. One million two hundred and fifty thousand gallons of rum was shipped from Boston in the past eighteen months to Africa alone. This agent of hell with his half-brother, tobacco, is fast leading Americans into bondage, dethroning reason, destroying home circles, debasing infants, filling prisons and almshouses with helpless creatures, who cry out: "We are a free people." Terrible, but true! Angels weep for fallen humanity, for sad is the condition of him who was created in the image of God!

Look! see not only those who are called sinners walk behind the stained glass; but there is found the Christian, so-called, who only indulges in a temperance drink, they say.

With the sad experiences of the past, fathers and mothers will lead, or permit their darling boy to come under the influence of the accursed stuff. These temperance drinks are the first steps to something stronger, and it is a fatal step to many. The advice of the apostle should be adhered to: "Abstain from the very appearance of evil."

In Maine this evil comes to the public labelled "package goods," thereby evading the law, but producing the same sad results among those who indulge; in the state of Kansas it introduces itself labelled "Bootleg Temperance Drinks," yet it dethrones reason, degrades man, and carries on the same sad havoc amongst men as when labelled "Rum."

Whose servants are you, ye Americans? Is not his name Rum? and his half-brother Tobacco? James B. Beck, of Kentucky, champion of the liquor business in the United States, said on the floor of the senate, of the business of making whisky out of grain, and of men engaged in other traffic: "They are as honestly engaged in as honest a business as any man in the senate who is engaged in making flour or shoes." Mr. Beck had forgotten the effects and results of his honest business as was manifested in the capitol in 1875 when high officials were arrested and marched to the prison cells. And the stupidity of the chief magistrate ordering liberty to those popular drunkards, who had only indulged in the product of this honest business of Mr. Beck's.

Hope beckons us onward,
Still keeping in view
The beautiful "sometime,"
When man's freedom we view.

The scene is certainly terrible enough as we look upon the vast army of drunkards of to-day; but this picture is eclipsed by the thought, who are to take the places of the 100,000 who are yearly going down to dishonored graves? Who will be the drunkards, prisoners and paupers of thirty years to come? Is it your sons? Is it my sons? God forbid that such should be the case!

It is said an entire change is made every thirty years. If true, many of them are now in the innocency of childhood, and surrounded by saloon influences. We may look upon them as poor, worthless and unfortunate children, yet underneath the rags and filth lie precious gems of humanity, some of them of great possible worth. Others are being cradled in our best families.

At present our country is engaged in an earnest conflict, and well we might thus be engaged in the effort to save these poor, but noble gems of humanity from becoming debased and enslaved to the intoxicating cup. The saloon and its forces are arrayed upon one side; education, morality and Christianity upon the other; and prohibition is the great battlefield. If the evils of the saloon are so great with all these opposing forces, what would become of our country—the boasted land of liberty—if all the reformatory institutions should abandon the contest?

There is not a department of our government which does not suffer from the

effects of rum. You will find reason dethroned with those on the floor of congress, while considering and voting upon great national questions. Our executive officers bow to its corrupting power, while making and executing laws, and are like so many brittle reeds at the hands of this damnable curse.

As to trades, it stands in the way of every useful industry. By actual official report of trade that during the years of famine in England, when the government stopped the distilleries because the starving multitudes needed the wasted grain, trade and morality increased; and in the following years of plenty, when these mills of destruction were allowed to grind, trade decreased and crime increased one-fourth, at least.

Now, friends, and brethren, and sisters, the story of its terrible and blighting power comes to us from every position and era of life, and the half is not told.

Then onward, comrades, onward is the the watch-word of to-day.

ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS.

THE THREE OLDEST COPIES OF THE BIBLE AND WHERE THEY ARE.

THE oldest copies of the Bible in the world are named respectively the Vatican, Sinaitic, and Alexandrine manuscripts. The Vatican manuscript is generally conceded to be the most ancient, and for at least four or five hundred years it has lain in the Vatican library at Rome. Excellent fac similies may be seen in our chief public libraries. The manuscript itself consists of over seven hundred leaves of the finest vellum, about a foot square, bound together. From one end to the other it has been traveled over by some meddlesome scribe of about the tenth century, though some of the words, as originally written, are perfectly legible after a period of fifteen hundred years.

The Sinaitic manuscript is so called from the place where it was found by the great German scholar, Dr. Tischendorf, at St. Catherine Convent, foot of Mount Sinai, in May, 1844. The authorities of the convent allowed him to take away about forty sheets, as they had only been intended for the fire. At a succeeding visit to the convent he could only find a single sheet, which contained eleven lines of the Book of Genesis. After fifteen years, during which time he had enlisted the sympathy of the Emperor of Russia, he returned to the convent with a commission from the Emperor. On the evening before he left the steward of the convent showed him a bulky bundle, wrapped in red cloth. Tischendorf opened that parcel, and, to his great surprise, found not only fragments he had seen fifteen years before, but also other parts of the Old Testament and the New Testament complete. At length, through the Emperor's influence, he succeeded in obtaining the precious manuscript, which is now in the library of St. Petersburg, the greatest treasure possessed by the Eastern Church.

The Alexandrine is the youngest of the three great manuscripts, and is preserved with great care in the British Museum. It was presented to Charles I. in A.D. 1628 by Cyril Lucar, then patriarch of Constantinople and previously of Alexandria, Egypt. Having been brought from Alexandria, it is known as the Alexandrine manuscript. It is in four volumes, size ten by thirteen inches, and written in double columns, in "uncial" or capital letters. It is nearly complete, and belongs to the end of the fourth or the beginning of the fifth century. Of all the very ancient manuscripts, this is the first that was employed for the criticism of the text of the New Testament.

—London News.

AMBITION.

AMBITION is like the sea which swallows all the rivers and is none the fuller; or like the grave whose insatiable maw forever craves for the bodies of men. It is not like an Amphora, which being full, receives no more; but its fullness swells it till a still greater vacuum is formed. In all probabili y, Napoleon never longed for a scepter till he had gained the baton, nor dreamed of being the Emperor of Europe till he had gained

the crown of France. Caligula with the world at his feet, was mad with a longing for the moon, and could he have gained it, the imperial lunatic would have coveted the sun. It is in vain to feed a fire which grows the more voracious the more it is supplied with fuel: he who lives to satisfy his ambition has before him the labor of Sisyphus, who rolled up hill an ever-rebounding stone, and the task of the daughters of Danaus, who are condemned forever to attempt to fill a bottomless vessel with buckets full of holes. Could we know the secret heart-breaks and wearinesses of ambitious men, we should need no Wolsey's voice crying, "I charge thee, fling away ambition," but we should flee from it as from the most accursed blood-sucking vampire which ever up-rose from the caverns of hell.

—Spurgeon.

ETHICS AND RELIGION.

AN ETHICAL REFORM INDEPENDENT OF CHRISTIANITY.

I HAVE said that the Christian teaching of the day seems to me ethically very insufficient. It is drawn too exclusively from an ancient text-book. But I can never be brought to see that any Christian dogma is responsible for this insufficiency, and I think that, without giving up any dogma, the Churches might go heart and soul into this ethical movement. I for my part am not dissatisfied in the main with what the Churches teach, but with what they do not teach. The kind of ethical reform I desire to see is one which Christianity itself might have initiated. It is now undertaken independently of the Churches, but, I believe, without the faintest impulse of hostility or jealousy towards the Churches.

The Churches may acquire a certain freshness of tone by association with a more independent body of teachers. The many strong thinkers, who in the present state of opinion can not be clergymen, may thus from an independent position give help and advice to the clergy, and they may contribute to make Christian teaching ethically more practical and powerful, more masculine, less conventially solemn and pathetic. But the Churches, it is my opinion, have quite as much to give as to take—to teach as to learn. After all, Christianity is the original Ethical Society. It has the ancient tradition and store of precedents, it has the ubiquitous organization, it has the unapproachable classical literature, it has the long line of prophets and saints. We are all morally its children, and most of us are not even its grown-up children. I say, let us not be guilty of presumption. It is a pity that in a Christian country it should be necessary to found ethical societies at all. It would be arrogant and at the same time it would be suicidal for these societies to hold themselves aloof from the Christianity of the country. Rather let the new influence blend freely and even be prepared to lose itself in the old. Let the new teachers assist the old, let the new and old clergy be indistinguishable. I am in favor of what some have called compromise.

Surely we moderns do not believe much in cataclysms. Development is our word. The present grows out of the past. The most vital, the most influential ethical teaching of the present day ought to grow out of Christianity; and thus it seems to me that if in this society some are orthodox and others are heterodox—even in an extreme degree—they may not only work together, but may even adopt, if in somewhat different senses, the same sacred motto and say, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid."

—Prof. J. R. Seely in Fortnightly Review.

DESIRING happiness is inseparable from human nature—as human nature is. But seeking happiness as an aim in life is unworthy of a true and a noble soul. Happiness as a result of right living is desirable; but living with the purpose of having happiness is inconsistent with rightness of being. The aim of one's life should be to be right and to do right—happiness or no happiness. To aim at being happy, whether one is right or is wrong, is to fail both of happiness and of rightness.

"We can not make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the things our life misses
Help more than the things which it gets.
For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great or of small,
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all."

Department of Correspondence.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR.

BOX 5, LAMONI, IOWA.

To THE contributors and readers of the department, greeting:

The project for distributing literature suggested in the LEAVES sometime ago has been so nearly matured that we are now ready to begin operations under it. There has been a society formed here under the name of "Latter Day Saints' Literary Exchange," with Bro. Alma Hansen, president; Bro. Willis W. Kearney, treasurer; Bro. Peter Hinds, secretary, and Sr. May Gunsolley, assistant secretary. The plan is as follows:

Parties having any of the church publications, or other standard literature, which they desire to put to further use by donating it to others who are deprived of such a great privilege, should notify the secretary, Peter M. Hinds, Lamoni, Iowa, giving name of the article, number, etc., and await his instruction. Those who know of persons in need of anything in the way of reading matter, or those desiring such, should also write the secretary, Bro. Hinds, stating what would be most desirable. Be sure to give your *address in full every time you write*, that mistakes may be as few as possible. It is desired that all having donations to offer would pay postage on same one way.

When the secretary receives information of an article for donation, he will immediately inform the possessor where to send it or what to do. Thus many times postage can be saved by having you send direct to the party desiring, instead of sending here. If, however, there should be no present demand for the article, you will be directed to send to the secretary direct.

Doubtless there are many who have nothing in literature to contribute, yet would like to aid so worthy a cause. To such we say we have chosen a treasurer on purpose to attend to your desires, and you can send your nickels, dimes, quarters, or dollars, directly to him, Bro. Willis W. Kearney, Lamoni, Iowa, being assured it will be taken care of and expended where it will do the most good. It is hoped that in this way we shall not only be able to pay all postage to send out matter from here, but also to subscribe for several copies of the church publications for distribution.

We have already received word from a number who are ready and waiting an opportunity to so use their publications. Let the number increase until hundreds, yea thousands, are identified with those who are striving to labor for the spreading of the work and for the upbuilding of Zion.

We confidently believe this to be the starting of a great work, and that it will be a credit to those who are taking the initiatory steps in it, and a glory to our Lord. Those having it in charge are worthy of your utmost confidence and trust, and you may feel assured that whatever they undertake will be done with an eye single to the glory of God.

The elders can aid much in this matter by advertising it and sending information to the secretary of destitute families whom he may know in his field of labor.

Let us all faithfully and prayerfully labor with a love for the work and humanity, and God will give the increase.—EDITOR.

MONDAMIN, Iowa, August, 1890.

Dear Readers:—For the first time since the birth of the "Department of Correspondence," I take my pen to address you a few lines. I have often thought I would write, but feeling my weakness, and doubting my ability to say anything that would be edifying or instructive to the readers of the department, I have refrained from writing; but when reading Bro. F. C. Molyneaux's article in present number of *Autumn Leaves*, I thought I would offer a few thoughts on the negative side of the question: "What are proper amusements for those professing to be followers of the meek and lowly One?" realizing that what I shall say will conflict with the brother's views, as he presented them. I trust that no offense will be taken as none is intended. I shall not attempt to give my views on "what are proper amusements," but will give my views on what the brother presents as his views.

I will notice first the amusement (?) of dancing. Can any one claiming to be a Christian indulge in this amusement without the criticising eye of the world being turned upon them? We all know how the world looks upon an act of this kind; and we should avoid giving offense or doing anything that, in the eyes of

those who are ever ready to find fault with one who is a professed Christian, would be un-Christian like. Look at the evils connected with the dance of to-day. It has become so that we can't have a gathering of that kind without having *whisky* or *tobacco chewing* and *smoking*, and where the ears of him who professes to reverance the name of his Creator, instead of hearing His name reverenced, hears it profaned in the most horrible manner. Can a person habitually associate with this class of people and not be contaminated in like manner? I think not. Some one has said "a man is known by the company he keeps." I am one of those who once thought that I could indulge in this kind of amusement without any harm resulting therefrom; but *never*, since I united with the church, did I indulge in a dance without feeling guilty, and the still small voice would say: "You ought not to do thus." For years after I came into the church, I not only indulged in the dance, but would take my violin and go and play all night. In this I also felt condemned, and the still small voice continually admonished me to not do so. I finally came to the conclusion that if I was going to follow Christ I would have to change my course, which I finally did, and can say that I have enjoyed more of the Holy Spirit than ever before.

The word of the Lord through His servant Joseph, given April 11th, 1887, was to "take sleep in the hours set apart by God for the rebuilding and strengthening of body and mind." —D. C., 119: 9; also we are told to separate ourselves from the world, and how can we do this and cling to this worldly pleasure? And, if I am not mistaken, the church in a late conference discountenanced this kind of pleasure.

Shun every appearance of evil.

Lest I weary you, I will close.

Your brother for the truth,

J. E. GUNSOLLEY.

MANNING, Iowa. September, 1890.

Dear Readers of the Department:—In this my second attempt to speak to you, I shall try to add a few words that may be of interest, to some at least. During the past five months it has been my lot to be absent from any of the Saints and deprived of the privilege of reading any of our publications. Last week, unexpectedly, I stopped with a family of Saints indeed, where we found all of the church papers; and only those that have been without these papers can realize what a feast those pages were to me. The *Hearld*, *Hope* and *Leaves* were all laden with golden thoughts that satisfied my longing mind.

The *Leaves*, and especially these columns, claimed my attention until I had perused all the back numbers, and I was so pleased to see the interest that the young people are taking in this department.

In the subject of amusements for the home and the young, I see much that has been said, and different opinions honestly expressed. There is a time for everything, a time for church-going, a time for Bible-reading, and a time for social amusement. It is not necessary to try to explain how or when we should go to the house of worship, nor as to how or in what manner we should read the Bible; only when engaged in either, let the whole heart be in the work. And after we have devoted the allotted time to work and study, I believe that then there is a time for social amusement and enjoyment. What this shall be, is the question. In the past few years there has been a great change of sentiment on the question of amusements; and those games and amusements that once were found only in the tavern bar-room, have been admitted to the homes of the wealthy and the refined. I do not believe in amusements of any kind, simply to pass away time. Let all that we do be for the education, advancement, and building up of the mind and body.

A company of young people can meet and pass an evening together, dispersing at the proper hour, and if they wish to conduct themselves as Christians, there is much entertainment that may be engaged in that will cause good to follow in its train. Singing, instrumental music, Shakespeare readings, charades, tableaux, recitations, biographies, and historical questions, are all productive of pleasing and profitable enjoyment.

For the family circle there are games and amusements that serve to gladden the heart and make home what it should be—the dearest place on earth. And here where only the children, and occasionally a friend or play-mate happens in, there is much to engage in, in the way of pleasure, that certainly can be of no harm. In a game of historical cards the school boy or girl will in one short hour learn more simple facts of history, than they will in many hours in the school-room. Study human nature in the young and see how intelligently and quickly he will discover the proper card or block that comes next to fill up the place.

It may be said by some that the names card, chess, or domino, only give the first lesson in dishonesty, that a person is more inclined to

cheat at this work than at anything else. Not so. The loving and dutiful child will not be dishonest in these helpful amusements any sooner than he will in the school-room; for there, by copying and bribery he often gets through a recitation in good shape. Impress upon the mind of the young the principle of honesty in all things, as much in amusements as in work or study.

Hoping that through these columns many questions may be debated, that our young people may be brought into a closer relationship with each other, and finally come to a unity in all things, I am, yours in the love of Christ,

APPLETON REAMS.

THURMAN, Iowa, August, 1890.

Dear Readers of Autumn Leaves:—As my name has not yet appeared in the *Autumn Leaves*, I felt impressed to write a few lines. I love to read the letters from the young Saints. It makes me feel like they were trying to do that which is right.

The subject now being discussed, namely: "What are proper amusements for those professing to be followers of the meek and lowly One," I think, is a very appropriate one, and one that we should consider and reconsider. There have been quite a few different ideas expressed upon this subject, and some very good ones, I think.

I can not altogether agree with Bro. Molyneaux on some ideas he has advanced. He seems to think that dancing, card-playing, chess, pool, etc., are fit for a Christian to indulge in. I consider the above-named amusements to be plays of the world. Then why were we commanded to keep ourselves unspotted from the world? How are we to do this? By doing everything the world does? I say, no. I do not understand that to mean that we are to go off in one corner and not have anything to do with the world. I think we should be kind and sociable to everybody, whether rich or poor, bond or free, or in whatever circumstances they may be placed. We can do this and not sup with them in their wickedness either. We might just simply dance or play cards and not mean any harm, but we know the flesh is weak, and gradually we keep going on a little further until we commence gambling, and, perhaps, if we have good luck, we will take a drink; and so this is what we are led too. I don't think a person can live a *true* Christian life and indulge in these. We are told in God's holy word to shun the very appearance of evil; and if these games have not the appearance of evil, I do not know what evil is. I think there are plenty of things we can amuse ourselves with in our family circles without playing cards, checkers, billiards, and so on. I think, if while we were playing these games, we could be reading some good book (something we could glean some knowledge or benefit from) it would be better for us. After we would get in the habit of playing those games it would be like reading low fiction, we would never care for anything higher, and I suppose while we were at rest from our labors, that would occupy all our spare time. I think the time we have for doing nothing (if I am allowed to make the expression) should be spent for the purpose of obtaining higher and nobler good. We can not become too familiar with the Bible. We should acquaint ourselves with the contents of it, and strive to be as well versed in it as we are in other books, that when we are in the company of Bible students, we may be able to converse with them. We must not think because we have joined the church that is all that is required of us; for "Faith without works is dead." We should lay aside all vanity and seek to "come up higher."

As this is my first letter, I will not make it too lengthy; and I hope and pray, if I have entertained any erroneous ideas, some brother or sister will kindly tell me wherein I am wrong; for the truth is what we all desire.

Ever praying for the welfare of humanity, I remain your sister in the hope of eternal life,

MAY ROBERTS.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., June, 1890.

Dear Readers:—Seeing a request in the *Autumn Leaves* for the young to write articles for the above-named paper, I will try and comply with the request, and if you think it worth publishing you can do so. The article is an evidence of the divinity of the Book of Mormon. I commenced reading that book about the first of April, and during the entire reading of that book I continually asked the Lord for an evidence of the divinity of it. I finished reading it on the last Friday in April, and after finishing it, I went down in the timber and asked the Lord in secret prayer for the evidence, and about midnight it came.

I do not remember whether I was awake or not, but think I was awake, when my chamber began to grow light, and continued to get light until it was almost as light as noon-day. I first thought that mother was coming into the room for something and looked for her, but

when she did not appear, and the room grew lighter, I did not know what to think of it. I thought I was in company with some one, and we were talking on the divine calling of Joseph Smith and the divinity of the Book of Mormon; when a third personage entered the room, his raiment as white as snow and his face like lightning, who handed me the book (Book of Mormon) open at the sixteenth chapter of Alma, the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth paragraphs, and said: "Read this." He waited until I finished reading the above quotation, and then said: "This book is true," or "This book is a correct record of the Indians, and was translated by the gift and power of God, and the man who did the work was called of God to do it," and then vanished as quickly as he came. This I think is a grand evidence of the divinity of the Book of Mormon. I have had many evidences of this great and glorious work which I will try and write in my next to the *Autumn Leaves*, should you think this worth an insertion in your most worthy paper.

From your brother in gospel bonds,

N. C. FLANDERS.

LAMONI, Iowa, Sept., 1890.

Dear Readers:—As it appears necessary for me to write an explanation, I will be as brief as possible.

Sister Katie Weed seems to think I did wrong in recommending certain books, especially "Ben Hur" She says, "It contains some things that would be good and instructive if it were true; but while reading, the thought invariably comes, Is this true, or only the imagination of the author?" Now, while I believe the book to be a ficticious narrative, I believe its description of the habits, customs, and modes of living, to be a true representation of that age and place. I have a better understanding of ancient history than before reading that class of books (Last Days of Pompeii, Ben Hur, Romance of Ancient Egypt, etc.).

She also says, "Ben Hur was a murderer," and "would anything which has for a hero one who does such things, tend to elevate the mind or give better thoughts?" He did many things that were wrong, but as the law permitted revenge and defense, I do not think he could fully be called a criminal; and even if he was one, shall we reject the whole book on that account? If so, the same rule will apply to Solomon, David, Moses, and many others. Where will we find a book containing good only?

I think we should try to select the good and reject the bad in all books; and how can we find the truth if we do not search for it? Sometimes the most precious gems are found in very coarse surroundings.

And as for "Pilgrim's Progress;" although it is highly figurative, I do not know of anything sectarian in it. Many will try to apply it to their own theories, but they will do that with the parables of the New Testament also.

Hoping we all may search for wisdom and accept it wherever found, I am as ever your brother,

PETER M. HINDS.

REYNOLDS, Ill., Aug., 1890.

Dear Readers of the Department of Correspondence:—This Department of Correspondence in the *Autumn Leaves* receives my first attention on receiving each monthly number, and although I have neither said nor done anything, yet I have been thinking.

This subject, "What are proper amusements for those professing to be followers of the Meek and Lowly One," has, however brought me to words.

The article in the August number seems to me to be *more* than a parcel of empty words, and it pleased me to see this side of the question brought out, not that it shields me in any way, but because I think it is, in a manner, the proper way to look at the subject of amusements

Should I be asked, What are proper amusements for us? I should answer, "I do not know;" but should I be asked what are proper amusements for me, I should answer in words like these: If the eating of meat causeth my brother to be offended, I shall eat no meat so long as the sun shineth; that is, though an act of mine may not be wrong in my eyes, yet, if it causes some other of God's chosen to be offended, I will not repeat it.

I have done many things in my life which are classed among the so-called wrongs, and yet I do not feel that I have defamed God's holy law, nor did I hurt my conscience. For instance, I spent over thirteen months as an employee in the Insane Asylum at Kankakee, Illinois, where the most of my time was occupied in the amusing of the insane. I will name some of the games in which we engaged, and I wish to ask if I sinned against God? It did not hurt my conscience, for I thought it was a just act.

Our games consisted of billiards, pool, cards, dancing, checkers, dice, chess, and many others of like nature, all of which I engaged in, ex-

cepting chess, of which I knew nothing. I played billiards and pool with a clear conscience; I played cards and danced with the same clear conscience. Now, have I sinned? Let me go on. For several years before I went to the asylum, I never engaged in these games; since I came from the asylum I have not engaged in these games, excepting in one game of cards, nor will I, so long as the seat of these games is found where it is. Why?

Well, I will answer by asking questions:

Where can I go to play billiards, pool, and cards? What is generally the class of people found engaged in these games? Could you go to these places of amusement and feel perfectly at ease should a dear friend, father or mother, see you—or God?

My "opinion" in regard to this subject is, not so much the game as how and where it is played. I believe I could play a game of cards with a friend at his or my home and not commit a sin; yet, you must understand that if the playing of this game of cards causes my brother to be offended, because he thinks it is not right, it is my place and duty not to play it any more, else I have sinned, both against God and myself.

I understand that Paul did eat meat, but if the eating of meat should cause his brother to be offended, he would eat no more.

Now, I glean from this that there are things in this life that we can do that are not sinful; yet the same things, if done regardless of the earnest wishes of some thoughtful brother, would be sinful.

With reference to theatres, I think it is not so much the theatrical performance as it is the kind. The proper kind of theatres, to my mind, is a benefit to mankind, Saint and sinner, and if by going to a good theatrical performance, I can learn some good historical event, or see some of the true phases of nature, I think it should be my duty to go, both as a Christian and a citizen.

As for me, I do not attend theatres, not because I feel that I would be doing myself an injury, but because it may have the wrong influence over others. I read plays in book form, and have written an historical drama, and assisted in playing it upon the stage; I read "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" I read and like Shakespeare, and to my mind, these things are harmless, yes, they are a benefit, yet I would not go at all times and places to see these plays upon the stage.

The proper amusements for me as a follower of the Meek and Lowly One are those in which I can engage with a clear conscience, if at the same time it does not offend a brother. For my part, I take great care as to what kind of amusements I accept, for, although I do not think they will harm me, yet some other who is not as strong in mind as I, perhaps, may attend them also, and be allured by their attractiveness to a stage of destruction. I take part in such amusements only that are in harmony with conscience, regarding the effect it may have upon others.

I hope no one will infer from what I say, that I am worldly. No! that is not the way I would have it. I am doing as nearly what is just as I am able to do, and wherein I fail it must be attributed to the weakness of mankind, and not to me as a wilful individual. I think the sins that I will be held accountable for are those that I commit wilfully and those for which I am not willing to ask forgiveness. We are taught in the Bible to do all to the glory of God, and when we attempt to do anything and can not feel that it is in harmony with the will of God, it is our duty, as Christians, to abandon the effort.

May the Lord bless us and direct our minds that we may follow more closely the laws that are in harmony with our God, and not follow the selfish motives of our weaker natures.

I will close. Already I have written more than I had intended to, but I hope and trust that what I have written may prove to be a benefit, either by its virtue, or by what others may write that will bring out the true light.

May God help us to see clearly and to act accordingly with reference to our amusements.

Hoping to hear more on this subject, I ascribe myself,

Yours in Christian bonds,

COLE MOXON.

PIPER CITY, Ill., August, 1890.

Sr. Walker:—Thus far I have been a reader of the *Autumn Leaves* since its first publication, and am well pleased with it.

In July number I read a letter from Bro. C. R. Duncan, which subject has been with me since. Thinking to do what little good I can with my poor feeble body, I will send our *Hope* and *Herald* to any address, and will be glad to do it. It will be a week late, but the same food will still remain Send me the address of some one that is in destitute circumstances.

Hoping to hear soon, I am yours in love of Christ, MISS A. A. ROGERS.

Domestic Department.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

"Life wastes itself whilst we are preparing to live."

HOME MEDICINES.

There is no doubt that so far as possible, the treatment of infant and childish ills should consist in regulating food and habits to suit the child in question, but this is, often, a tedious process, the result of which the young and inexperienced mother awaits impatiently, while longing for some alleviation for her small sufferer. To many such, out of reach of a good physician, the knowledge of the use of a few of the herbs on which our grandmothers placed their reliance, would never come amiss True, the day has gone by when these formed the entire materia medica of those simple souls, but the virtues of those homely plants are as they were then, and in this day of quack medicines, syrups, balsams, cordials, etc., the old plan has the merit in its use, but not in its abuse, of being perfectly harmless.

Most of the modern nostrums are narcotics in some form, however much they are called "purely vegetable." Purely vegetable they may be, but opium is so also, yet, certainly, it was never meant for children To the tired mother, longing for a night's rest, after her day of house-work, brain-work, and baby-tending, it is, perhaps, not strange, that the temptation which lies in the disguised narcotic is hard to resist, and she thus buys sleep for herself and infant, at the expense of a puny, nervous baby, while she tries to overcome evil by evil, by a more lavish use of the drug which caused the trouble

Of first importance to this perhaps nursing mother is catnip tea. If her flow of milk be scant, let her drink freely during the day of the warm tea with one-third of milk, and she will be surprised at the increased quantity and quality, and also at the soothing effect upon baby. If her milk be sufficient and baby restless, let her feed it to him now and then. It will prove its own value as a sedative

For young babies often troubled with colic, nothing brings up the wind and soothes the screaming child better than anise tea, weak, slightly sweetened, and given in small spoonfuls till the wind begins to move, no longer, for it is better to reserve its powers, even though "baby is so fond of it." And here let me say I do not mean essence of anise or anisette, but the infusion of the simple herb, which it is as well to wash in bulk, putting into a strainer, and allowing cold water to drain through it, then spreading upon paper to dry.

Sage is also useful in colic, and warm, as a safeguard against suspected cold, care being taken as to exposure afterwards. But the virtues of sage are its effect upon a sty, which will soon disappear, indeed, often fail to appear, after a lukewarm bath of it.

The uses of peppermint are so many and so well known that I will speak only of the way in which the powerful oil is used in Michigan, where so much of it is distilled. The essence is safer, and it is better in this case to use it rather than the herb. In the west it is considered a sovereign remedy, and especially is it esteemed as a gargle for a sore throat, in hot water on retiring to break up a cold, and as a liniment for swollen tonsils, neuralgia and even sprains. One touch of the cork from the oil bottle upon the bridge of the nose and beneath the nostrils, will insure easy breathing for the night in influenza.

And now yarrow, that homely herb with which we are nearly all acquainted. As a weak tea it is invaluable in persistent bowel troubles, while it quenches that intolerable thirst which is so often present. For a weak and ailing child a daily bath of strong yarrow, using roots, leaves, stems and blossoms, is very strengthening.

A warm infusion of elder flowers is gently stimulating to a weak stomach, given in small doses, say a wine-glass for a year-old child twice or three times a day. The inner bark of the elder, shaved fine and boiled down in cream, makes a very healing salve for burns and abrasions.

Hops hold a worthy place on our list, and their uses are manifold. An infusion is an excellent sedative for "children of a larger growth," and the dry hop pillow will prove no less grateful to the restless baby, while his older brother screaming with the pain from an ulcerated tooth, will find immediate help from a small bag of hops dipped in vinegar and placed between his cheek and a hot water bag or a hot flat-iron.

Onions are also a specific in croup, and are always to be had. When that unmistakable respiration calls the mother to act promptly, let her quickly cut them in pieces, stew, fry, boil or bake, with, if possible, a small bit of pork or lard, and place a bag of them at once upon the little one's chest. Now let her have a large onion cut in thick slices, sugar placed between each slice, and as soon as the juice begins to flow, she has ready one of the best croup syrups. It is quite as effective as ipecac in ordinary cases, and in large doses will even prove emetic It loosens at once. Lard should be used to protect the child from drafts, as onions open the pores of the skin.

And in closing, let me say, use each and all with moderation. As in all else, excessive use defeats its own ends. —Household.

HOW TO EAT WISELY.

As a universal rule in health, and with very rare exceptions in disease, that is best to be eaten which the appetite craves or the taste relishes. Persons

rarely err in the quality of food eaten; nature's instincts are the wisest regulators in this respect. The great sources of mischief from eating are three—quantity, frequency, rapidity, and from these come the horrible dyspepsias which make of human life a burden, a torture, a living death.

By eating fast, the stomach, like a bottle being filled through a funnel, is full and overflowing before we know it. But the most important reason is, the food is swallowed before time has been allowed to divide it in sufficiently small pieces with the teeth; for, like ice in a tumbler of water, the smaller the bits are the sooner are they dissolved. It has been seen with the naked eye that if solid food is cut up in pieces small as half a pea, it digests almost as soon, without being chewed at all, as if it had been well masticated. The best plan, therefore, is for all persons to thus comminute their food; for even if it is well chewed the comminution is no injury, while it is of very great importance in case of hurry, forgetfulness or bad teeth. Cheerful conversation prevents rapid eating

It requires about five hours for a common meal to dissolve and pass out of the stomach, during which time this organ is incessantly at work, when it must have repose, as any other muscle or set of muscles, after such a length of effort Hence persons should not eat within less than a five hours' interval. The heart itself is at rest more than one-third of its time. The brain perishes without repose.

Never force food on the stomach. All are tired when night comes. Every muscle of the body is weary and looks to the bed; but just as we lie down to rest every other part of the body, if we by a hearty meal give the stomach five hours' work, which in its weak state requires a much longer time to perform than at an earlier hour of the day, it is like imposing upon a servant a full day's labor just at the close of a hard day's work. Hence the unwisdom of eating heartily late in the day or evening; and no wonder it has cost many a man his life. Always breakfast before work or exercise.

No laborers or active persons should eat an atom later than sundown, and then it should not be over half the midday meal. Persons of sedentary habits or who are at all ailing should take absolutely nothing for supper beyond a single piece of cold stale bread and butter, or a ship biscuit, with a single cup of warm drink. Such a supper will always give better sleep, and prepare for a heartier breakfast, with the advantage of having the exercise of the whole day to grind it up and extract its nutriment. Never eat without an inclination.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

BITS OF SOAP.

Gather together all the pieces of white, soap that you may have, castile, ivory, and any others that are known to be good. Cut them into small pieces and dissolve in boiling water in the proportion of a teacup of water to one-half cup of scraps As soon as the scraps have melted, and while the water is still hot, stir in ground oatmeal to make a stiff batter. Grease some old cups and pour enough of this mixture in each for a small cake, and set it aside to harden and dry. You have now a very nice soap that is excellent for daily use in the nursery; or the mixture may be made just a little thinner and kept in a tin cup to be brought out as soft white soap for the children's baths. For the boys' and girls' tri-daily hand-scrubbing stir the batter very stiff with oatmeal bran or wheat middlings, and mould into flat cakes. These have a roughness that is necessary to remove ink stains, pitch and the many defiling substances with which every healthy boy and girl seems to come in contact.

For fancy hand soap, melt all together the pieces of any colored toilet soaps, provided, of course, that they are good, and do not contain injurious materials; stir in a few drops of perfumery and a very little Indian meal. Pour this into shallow dishes (fancy-shaped if you wish), and when partly cold stamp on a pattern and mould the corners of the cakes round, or cut into shapes with a cake-cutter.

The scraps of yellow soap may be put into the soap-shaker—a wire receptacle for holding soap that is to be shaken in the dishwater; but for those who have no such implement, this is a way of disposing of them: Dissolve the pieces as before, using less hot water and when the mixture has partly cooled stir in a quantity (as much as it will take nicely) of scouring sand or bath brick scraped fine; pour into a wooden box and stir often until cold. This is excellent for scouring tins and cleaning unpainted shelves and floors, but will, of course, remove the paint from wood-work. Yellow soap may, like the white, be simply dissolved and left to stiffen a little to be used as soft soap.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

"A fine paste for scrap books can be made from alum, water and flour—a teaspoonful and a half of powdered alum dissolved in enough cold water to make a pint of paste. Pour the water, when the alum is all dissolved, on to flour enough to thicken it as stiff as common paste, bring it to a boil, stirring all the time, and when it is done add a few drops of oil of cloves. The alum prevents fermentation, and the oil of cloves will prevent or destroy all vegetable mould."

"One can have the hands in soap suds with soft soap without injury to the skin if the hands are dipped in vinegar or lemon juice immediately after. The acid destroys the corrosive effects of the alkali, and makes the hands soft and white. Indian meal and vinegar or lemon juice used on the hands when roughened by cold or labor will heal and soften them. Rub the hands in this, then wash off thoroughly and rub in glycerine. Those who suffer with chapped hands in winter will find this comforting."

Editor's Corner.

"The autumn days have come again,
The saddest of the year."

One by one the withered leaves fall to the ground, but nature has not yet donned her gorgeous robes; only here and there the tints of crimson and gold are beginning to appear, and the dark green of riper summer holds its sway. Despite this there is a sadness in all which meets the eye or ear, for nature with manifold voices of whispering breeze or stormy wind, the call of birds or chirp of insects, is warning us that "the summer is ended and the harvest will soon be past."

Nor is this all the cause of sadness which our heart acknowledges; for to day while we write with the sunshine streaming all about us and the vines twining in and out among the buds and blossoms by the window sill, we picture to ourself the darkened home with its almost heart broken inmates and the still, cold shrouded form of the brother and friend, who two short years ago sat in this same room and smiled to enjoy the sunshine and the flowers. Zion mourns to-day in Bishop Blakeslee the loss of one whose place it will be hard to fill. One who bore patiently, cheerfully, the many vexations and trials incident to his position, and who unspoiled in the midst of prosperity, ever kept steadily in view the prize for which he strove. Faithful as a steward over the substance God entrusted him with, the call came to him to take the stewardship of the Lord's house, and he has fallen with his armor on, and gone to give an account of his stewardship. It is well with him, for the battle and conflicts of life are over and his ransomed spirit looking back from that fair world of peace and rest, to-day takes up the song of triumph and victory—the song which no man can learn, save they that are redeemed from the earth.

But oh! it is cold and lonely for those left behind. She, the wife of his youth, who has never before known the want of a strong arm upon which to lean; the children of his tenderest love, who never failed to find in him a sympathetic counselor and friend; the church—not the ministry and the poor only, but the entire membership—will mourn his loss with unfeigned sorrow. God in his wisdom knows better than we and when we walk through deep waters, when the sere and yellow leaves of autumn fall around us, let us remember the springtime of nature—the resurrection of those who sleep in Christ—and live worthy to meet them when the Lord himself shall descend with a shout, and the dead in Christ shall rise first.

May God comfort the bereaved ones and keep them as in the hollow of his hand. Keep them strong in the faith in which he lived and died, and of which his life work is a living witness which must ever plead with them to fight a good fight, that they may be crowned with a victor's crown.

By the rapid flight of time we are reminded that soon the present volume of our magazine will be complete. Two numbers after this will close our third volume. Grateful to our patrons and friends for the generous support of the past, we have resolved with the fourth volume to offer a premium which shall come to each subscriber direct, as a token of appreciation of the aid they have each rendered us in establishing and sustaining the magazine, for we are not forgetful that to their help we are indebted for its existence.

We have yet another object in view. The magazine has not yet reached the circulation which we think it should attain, and wishing many who are not now subscribers to give it at least one year's trial, we have made arrangements for securing a large and elegant steel engraving, printed upon heavy plate paper, expressly for framing, of President Joseph Smith, which we will offer upon the following terms: To those who renew their subscriptions by January 1st, 1891, enclosing $1.50, the regular subscription price of the magazine, together with fifteen cents additional to cover cost of mailing, we will send the magazine one year and also one of the engravings.

This engraving is a real work of art, and if purchased singly, even in this day of reduced prices, could not be obtained for less than twice the subscription price of the magazine.

We are fully persuaded that our patrons receive each year the worth of their money in the magazine; but having a desire to express our sense of obligation, and also to increase our circulation, we intend to give them this year the engraving of Brother Joseph, and next year a companion picture to it of Brother William Blair. Arrangements are about completed for the plate which is being made expressly for

us, and will be superior to any picture we have ever seen of him.

We request as a favor that the ministry who desire the magazine continued to them will please drop a card to Brother Dancer signifying their wish, and we ask in return that they will solicit subscriptions as they have heretofore done. This will render us their debtor.

Glancing over the rich contents of the magazine in the past, we feel that it would be unsafe to promise any advance in this department, but we can assure our readers that we already have many articles equally good and the promise of others filled with interest to all who love the cause of Zion; and we shall spare no pains to make it all that the Saints expect it should be.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

"Ay! thou art welcome heaven's delicious breath.
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf
And suns grow meek, and meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death."

"Crickets in the grass I hear,
Asters light the fading year."

In thinking about the matter we have come to the conclusion that "life work" might in a general or even special way be talked of at our Round Table, that our girls may know what avenues of industry are opening before them, and what advantages offered, whereby they may fit themselves for their chosen work.

There are many who would like a better education than they can procure in the public school, but the lack of means prevent. To such we would say there is a G. A. R Memorial College in Kansas where the children of ex-union soldiers may receive a free education. There are to be five departments—Literary, Commercial, Musical, Military and Industrial; all students being required to give certain hours to industrial pursuits.

We have known, both in Chicago and Detroit, a free Kindergarten course to be given, which at other times would cost from seventy-five to one hundred dollars. The Kindergarten system is a grand one and is gradually taking a place in our public schools, and those who perfect themselves in this work not only have that which is the equivalent of money but far more, and let them remember that every one can not become a successful Kindergartener. It seems to us no one should undertake this who does not love children.

It was a great pleasure to us to become acquainted with the workings of the school for trained nurses at Detroit, Michigan. It is called the Farrand School in honor of a physician whom to know was to love for his great heartedness, his benevolence, his charity. The primary object of this school (which admits candidates from 25 to 35 years of age) is to teach young women the art of nursing and caring for the sick in all its details, drilling and educating them in the emergencies that are likely to arise in such work. It also affords opportunities for *practical* training in the hospital, where the school is situated, including medical, surgical and contagious disease departments, and "during one month of her course every nurse has charge of the operating room, and the experience there acquired in making dressings and bandages, preparing the room and table in various ways for different operations, or hastily for emergencies in accident cases, is an important branch of the nurse's education" The course of instruction requires two years to complete, and candidates are required to pass an examination in penmanship, reading, arithmetic and English dictation. The nurses reside at the Hospital and receive a monthly allowance of $6 for the first ten months and $8 for the remainder of the time. Board, lodging and washing without charge. The rules insist upon a high standard of moral character and general fitness for the work. After the two years' work there is a final examination of the graduating class, and if creditably passed a diploma under the seal of the Hospital, and badge. The Training School Committee reserve the right to recall the badge from any graduate who shall at any time bring discredit upon herself, the profession, or the school.

It was also our pleasure to meet two of these trained nurses, one of whom had been nursing a friend, thought to be crippled for life by an accident to her back. This friend told in generous, loving words of the tender care she had received and how she had been handled so deftly that even in changing the clothes upon her bed she scarcely felt it. New York has taken the initial step towards the national organization of trained nurses, and physicians are beginning to appreciate what it is to have a thoroughly competent assistant, it gives them a feeling of confidence that they can never have with an untrained nurse, no matter how willing and faithful they are.

We append a few bits culled from different papers.

in continuation of our talk and will be glad to hear from others around the table on this subject of work for women.

A NEW PROFESSION.

At first it seems like a humble one—to mend—but every work that is well done is honorable. Elizabeth, Florence and I are all busy women; all the day through the click of the typewriter, the "swish" of a full pen, or the two and two and five being added up are about us. When evening comes, the eyes are too tired, the fingers too weary and too unaccustomed to hold the needle to put a darn here, mend a shirt there, or put the loose buttons in place on a coat. Now why can not some girl who has made—well not quite a success at dressmaking—be known to us, who will do this. I do not know whether false pride keeps them from this work, but it is much better to be a good mender than a poor dressmaker, and once you get your circle of customers be sure you will be kept busy.—*Ladies Home Journal.*

"A woman of Indianapolis, is the ice queen of that region, and actually controls the price of ice in that market; and it may be said truthfully that she keeps the price of ice down to reasonable rates. She is the proprietor of an ice pond, north of the city, and harvests from it thousands of tons of ice every season. She steadily refuses to enter into any ice combinations, and always offers her ice at fair rates. She first detected the trick of the late dam law, which Gov. Porter justly refused to sign. She is a shrewd business woman, and is worth thousands of dollars to the city annually in preventing ice men from coming in and 'ballooning' the price of ice. She is not a highly educated woman, but her head is well stored with good common sense."

Her mother had been a notable New England housewife, whose cooking and, above all, whose pickle and preserve making were famous in the neighborhood. Her daughter had inherited this peculiar ability, and was as proud of her store closet as her mother had been before her. It happened one autumn day, as she was making a special kind of pickle, which was liked by all the friends who had the good fortune to taste it, one of the neighbors came in to call, she began to comment upon the pickles, bewailing her own ill luck in making them, and ended by saying how she did wish that it were possible to obtain some. It was at that instant the moneymaking idea came into Mrs Thorton's head.

"I will make some for you," she said.

"You?" replied her friend.

"Yes; why not? You want pickles, I want occupation."

And so the thing was settled, and as soon as others heard that she was willing to undertake the work they came to her with orders, and she found plenty of pickling to do. Then came requests for catsups, sauces and relishes, and she filled those orders.

Her neighborhood success set her to thinking seriously, and during the winter, laid her plans. She saw friends in Providence and took orders for jellies, preserves, pickles and things of a like nature, and she made arrangements with the Woman's Exchange to send her any orders that they might get, and also to take what she might have to spare on sale at their rooms. As soon as the spring opened she began her work. She looked after the strawberry beds and her raspberry and blackberry vines. She looked to see that her fruit-trees were in condition. She tended her cucumber vines and tomato plants Her garden had come to mean something more than merely the appendage to the family comfort; it was to be the basis of supplies for the new business.

All summer she worked; as the fruit ripened she "put it up." The strawberries, most delicate of all fruits, she picked herself, hulling as she picked, so that they need be handled but once, and taking great care that they should not be crushed. Currants she allowed others to pick for her, and so with the harder fruits that would not be harmed by the handling. She used the greatest care in making her jellies and her preserves, and the results were most satisfactory. From the time the first fruit ripened, until the last pickles were made in the early autumn, she was constantly employed It proved to be a remunerative employment. The second year her business increased, and now she has all she can do.

There is many a woman living in the country, who, although not the owner of a farm, has a garden spot which she might devote to the growth of small fruits, and turn these into money by making the preserves and jellies that will find a ready market at good prices. —*Wide Awake.*

One of the best Washington correspondents I ever knew was a woman, she was keenly alive to all the exigencies of daily *news* paper work, was quick of wit, and a splendid news gatherer.

All women however do not make good newspaper workers, nor do all men for that matter. They must have what is technically known in the profession as "a liking for the business," yet I have found that women of good education, and with a quick grasp of public matters, are the equals of men in newspaper work I think the day is coming when women will do a large proportion of newspaper reporting. Women make splendid type-setters, good proof readers, good reporters and fair editors.—*Ladies Home Journal.*

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

INDIAN SUMMER.

(See page 527).

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. III. LAMONI, IOWA, NOVEMBER, 1890. No. 11.

[From The Arena.]

CHURCHIANITY VS. CHRISTIANITY.

BY CARLOS MARTIN, D. D.

CHURCHIANITY may be defined as Christianity formalized. It is like counterfeit coin—current but false. Defoe wrote:

"Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there."

Churchianity is this devil's chapel.

When Christianity marries the State, the natural, the almost inevitable product of the incestuous *mesalliance* is Churchianity. The church is secularized. It is a department of the government. And, as every bargain presupposes a *quid pro quo*, in return for governmental alliance it makes itself a prop of the powers that be.

Thus religion is transformed from a principle into an' institution. What should be inward feeling and motive runs outward and freezes into mere profession. Christianity is a business. The divine element evaporates. God is *Deus ex machina*. The ministry ceases to be a calling and becomes a profession. Men are *preferred* to this and that sacred office. The clergy are in form servants of heaven, in fact officials of the State. Handling money, controlling patronage, dealing in sacred things for secular purposes, Christianity is hocus-pocused into Churchianity.

In this country we have no State Church. Nevertheless Churchianity is a naturalized resident. Because Churchianity is more than a system—it is a state of mind. Wherever form is put for substance, whenever the medium is regarded as the essence, Christianity crystallizes into Churchianity. We have a religious establishment, but no longer religion. We look for Christ and find—a church. We ask for bread and are given—a stone.

In so far as the State is concerned, we have nothing to fear. Our danger comes from a different direction but results in the same abuse, viz., the making religion institutional.

The American pulpit is dependent on the pews. Therefore its inevitable temptation is to preach within the limits of parochial desire and prejudice. If the congregation were predominantly spiritual, this would give ample liberty. Unfortunately, however, the average congregation represents the world, the flesh and the devil; so that the minister in addressing the trinity above keeps an eye and ear prudently open towards the trinity below. A lady of the writer's acquaintance has hanging on the wall of her dining-room a motto worked in worsted which reads: "The Lord will provide;" to which her waggish husband (whose name is George) has added: "but George pays the bills!" Those who pay for the music usually dictate the tunes. Since the unadulterated Gospel might offend this important parishioner, and that liberal supporter, and yonder wealthy manipulator of the market; since the feelings and interest of a great variety of people must be consulted and deferred to by a clergyman who desires to fill and hold any prominent position, is not a padlock put on the pulpit by the voluntary system as effectually as though a government turned the key?

As compared with England, we simply exchange the bench of bishops for the lords—brethren, the throne for the pews. Moreover, the church is full of "pomp and gold." Fashion invades it. And where fashion is there will be ceremonial-

ism, with scrapings to the east and bowings to the west. The less fervent the piety, the more sounding the ritual. There is a beautiful body of doctrine without the soul of practice—like Hawthorne's hero in the "Marble Faun." Phariseeism is thus resurrected and baptized with a Christian name. Pray, what is this but Churchianity?

Burke said he did not know how to indict a nation. Whittier, one of the most devout of men, indicts American Churchianity:—

"But the living faith of the settlers old
A dead profession their children hold;
To the lust of office and greed of trade
A stepping-stone is the altar made.
The Church, to place and power the door,
Rebukes the sin of the world no more,
Nor sees its Lord in the homeless poor."

The precepts and practice of Jesus Christ were so revolutionary that they brought him into immediate collision with the law and order of Tiberius Cæsar and Caiaphas, the high priest. Bigots and despots could not rest, and dared not try, until the disturbing Nazarene was crucified. The apostles took up and carried on his work in his spirit. They turned the world upside down in order to turn it right side up. And interrupted wickedness treated them as it had treated him—made haste to martyr them. Ever since, genuine Christianity has been at war with the world, and must be until the world is evangelized. Churchianity, on the contrary, is at peace with the world—a distinguishing mark, like the horse tails on a pasha's standard which indicate his rank.

Hence the Churchianity of our Christianity is seen in the attitude it has held and still maintains towards the reforms of the past and of the present.

According to Dr. Arnold, the church exists "to put down all moral evils within or without her own body." Under this dictum, reforms and reformers ought not to have any *raison d'etre.* The church should do their work. But she will have nothing to do with current sins. "She has the sword of the spirit," remarks Wendell Phillips, "but glues it in the scabbard! She puts on the breastplate of righteousness, but never goes into battle! She has her feet shod with the Gospel of peace, but will not travel!" This is a serious charge. Is it true?

Run over the catalogue of recent and current reforms. Take the Anti-Slavery cause. The essential blasphemy of slavery lay in this, that it broke into and desecrated the temple of the Holy Ghost, by dehumanizing a man into a chattel. It dealt in men and women as a drover trades in cattle. It changed marriage into prostitution, and made every plantation a nest of brothels. It herded negroes together as swine herd. It sold their offspring as hogs are sold. John Wesley, after living two years in the midst of slavery in Georgia, shook the dust from his feet against it and sailed from Savannah to England, crying out as he left: "Slavery is the sum of all villainies." The truest, tersest half-dozen words ever tabled against it. Well he knew that language had no word that could fitly name such a system. So in despair of naming it, he could only define it.

It is hardly credible to-day that such a hell uncapped should have been so recently recognized as a part of American life—the dominant element. Business, quickened by the impulse which came from the gigantic traffic in cotton, stifled conscience in order to make money. Society, borrowing its tone from wealth, spread its screen over human bondage. Law soon found or made precedents and sanctions, for did not a fat retainer jingle in its palm? The Church, of course, denounced it, did it not? Nay; with one or two small but honorable exceptions, the various denominations were the foremost apologists for, and often the thick and thin defenders of, man-stealing. The Churchianity of the United States was three thousand years behind the Judaism of Moses, which denounced man-stealing. Individual pulpits were found refusing to bow the knee to American Baal. But as organized bodies, the denominations condoned the sin—when they did not defend it. In the same breath, they branded the abolitionists as fanatics, meddling with what did not concern them, and anathematized them as infidels, assaulting the order of Providence. Impious parsons hid the devil behind the Bible, and asked: "Did not Abraham own slaves? and did not Paul return the runaway Onesimus?" It is shameful, but it is the fact, that only yesterday in the great Republic, the Declaration of Independence was treason, and the Golden Rule was heresy.

Take Temperance. Every race has its passional tendency, its characteristic vice. Intemperance is ours. Drunkenness is in the Anglo-Saxon blood. As we first appear in history, Tacitus paints us as gluttons and drunkards. In the old German forests our forefathers' idea of heaven was a drunken revel.

Now, science invents and fetches to such a blood a cheap stimulus—alcohol; so cheap that a workingman can earn enough in a day to keep him drunk for a week. Ninety per cent. of the crime, say the lawyers, an equally excessive proportion of the taxation, say the statesmen, are the spawn of rum. Homes are broken up, lives are wrecked, perdition is populated by this vice. For half a century, a temperance crusade has been carried on to redeem the holy land of man's body and soul desecrated by the worse than Turkish tyranny of the brandy bottle and the whisky keg. Facts have been collected, parties have been rallied, legislatures have been besieged, great States have been put on the witness stand. But where has the Church been? Isolated pulpits have stood embattled among the crusaders. But the prominent pulpits, the fashionable pulpits, the wealthy pulpits are so intently watching the pews that they can not see the drunkard. Or if jogged and forced to look at him, they advise him to be more moderate—forgetful of Dr. Johnson's confession: "I can abstain; I can't be moderate." And they have obstructed and continue to obstruct Temperance by flaunting the example of Jesus as an argument against it. To individual clergymen Temperance owes much. But to Churchianity it owes nothing.

Take the effort to broaden the sphere of women. Forty years ago woman in the land of Jefferson was shut up in Eastern seclusion. If she belonged to the wealthier class, she was imprisoned in a gilded cage, like a pet canary. She was regarded as a piece of animated bric-a-brac. She had privileges but no rights. She was given compliments instead of justice. If she belonged to the poorer class, she was the drudge of the household. Whether rich or poor, she was held to be guilty of her sex. As wife, she was merged in her husband. As mother, she had no claim upon her own offspring. As daughter, she was dwarfed by her brothers. As woman, she was ranked with "children and idiots." Her sex excluded her from every bread-winning avocation save teaching and the needle. As all female bread-winners were crowded into these two callings, they were so overcrowded that a woman thrown on her own exertions had to choose between starvation and a life of shame.

All this has been changed. The statute-books of forty States have been remodelled. The sphere of woman has been broadened to include everything God made her able to do—is almost co-extensive with man's. Even the colleges have conceded to the sisters of Madame de Stâel and Charlotte Brontë, or Maria Mitchell and Mrs. Browning, brains enough to study Greek and Latin in *annexes*.

Meanwhile, Churchianity has been the resolute opposer of every single forward step. It has flung Paul in the face of woman, precisely as it threw Onesimus in the face of the slave and the example of Jesus in the face of Temperance. Here again individual clergymen only make the exception that proves the rule.

Take the Labor movement,—the movement of the masses against the classes, in Gladstone's phrase,—the movement of the toilers to rescue from the clutches of work and wealth, shorter hours and a share in the profits. This movement, the world over, is the latest and largest of miracles. From Russia to the United States, Labor is marshalling its forces to-day for the purpose of controlling to-morrow.

Straws show which way the wind is blowing. One of these tell-tale straws is the popular outcry against trusts, monopolies, and the protean shapes assumed by illusive and aggressive capital. Another, is the multiplication of Labor organizations, and the rapid gravitation of these toward federation. Another, is the sale within a few months of 250,000 copies of Edward Bellamy's industrial romance,—a book which owes its phenomenal success to no special charm of style, still less to any novelty of suggestion, but only to the universal interest to the industrial question.

Churchianity takes no interest in it, never discusses it, knows nothing about it. The preachers are too busy bombarding the Pharisees of old to train their

guns on the Pharisees of the nineteenth century. They only say: "Bless us! what a noise those fellows in their shirt-sleeves are making out there. Let us sing the Doxology."

Henry of Navarre wrote to his friend Chillon: "We have conquered at Argues, *et tu n'y etais pas*,"—"You were not there, my Chillon." So the reformers may say to Churchianity,—"You were not with us." Or, if Churchianity was on the battlefield, it has always been in the ranks of the enemy.

The slave cried: "Church of the living God, help me to liberty!" And Churchianity replied: "Be quiet. You are black. Stay where you are, for we are trying to send the free colored people back to Africa." Temperance cries: "Christians! aid us to medicate this cancer of drunkenness which is eating out the vitals of civilization." And Churchianity responds: "Did not Paul advise Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?" Woman cries: "I am trembling between starvation and the brothel. Open to me broader avenues of occupation." And Churchianity answers, "Fie! For shame! Do you want to unsex yourself? Go home and darn stockings and rock a cradle." Labor cries: "Give me a chance. I want shorter hours, better wages, more bread on the table, and part ownership in what I make." And Christianity whispers: "Sh! Capital rents the pews, pays for the music, and patronizes the parson. We'll open a soup-house. We'll build a mission chapel on a side street and name it 'St. Lazarus.'"

Thus, whenever Churchianity comes out of the ranks of the foe and attempts to deal with existing evils, it does so in such amateur fashion that the very effort aggravates the difficulty. When the trouble comes from the social order it doles out temporary supplies to individuals. It contents itself with alleviation, and does not study to cure. It gives pity, not justice. It provides charity, instead of insisting upon a rearrangement of the situation. Meantime, it is as ignorant of the impending cataclysm as Versailles was of the French revolution a year before it reddened the streets of Paris with blood; when, as Carlyle said, "The eighteenth century committed suicide by blowing its own brains out."

What are the results? They are many and sad.

One is the weakening grip of the Church upon practical life. It builds cathedrals, not men. It meets on Sunday for worship in splendid exclusion and seclusion, and shuts the building through the week, while the congregation is occupied at the theatre, in the ball-room, or on Wall Street. The pulpit, warned off from the treatment of living issues, drones through a parrot-like repetition of the creed, and puts the emphasis on belief when it should put it on conduct.

Another result is that the Church is pre-empted (and emptied) by wealth and fashion. Lawyers who are of counsel for trusts and monopolies; capitalists whose names are identified with tricky monetary transactions, leaders of the *ton* whose real god is society, occupy the highest seats in the synagogue, and love to come because they can feel sure that they will not be reminded of time in the contemplation of eternity.

Saddest of all, the industrial classes are conspicuous by their absence from the church, like the images of Brutus and Cassius in the imperial procession. There is an almost complete alienation from institutional religion on their part. Those who were foremost in planting Christianity,—in its apostleship, among its most devout adherents, its chiefest beneficiaries, its saintliest exponents, its most eager martyrs,—are now embittered and critical. They do not, can not recognize Christianity in Churchianity. They need religion as much as ever, more than ever. The gracious words and beautiful example of Christ would be as potent in the nineteenth century as they were in the first, were they as faithfully and lovingly presented. But the church of show, the church of the Holy Cash, the congregation of caste, the congregation of St. Sinner, *a la mode*, are an abomination to their souls.

Reinforcing these are many thoughtful people who make much of morality, and who contrast the professions of the church with its practice, its creed with its life. They, too, are shocked into alienation. When they see men and women prominent at church, in its officership, among its society leaders, who are at a discount as to honesty and reliability in the world, what wonder they conclude that they can

be as good as these saints and remain sinners? And so, though they have no theological quarrel with religion, they train with the ever-increasing army of stay-at-homes.

At a recent notable meeting of the Evangelical Alliance there was on the part of all present a recognition of this drifting apart of the Church and the people. The Rev. Dr. Strong exclaimed: "The Church has largely lost touch with the world. It is more institutional than personal. The cry too often is not, 'Here am I, send me,' but 'Here is my check, send somebody else!' There is salt enough, but it is barreled up in the Church."

Bishop Huntingdon, of the Episcopal Communion, asked:

"How does it come to pass that the people, being at the Church's door, are on the outside? Certainly there can be no fault with the Gospel. Is the obstacle, then, in the people? If so, we cannot get it out until we get at the people. The obstacle is in ourselves. The Gospel and the people belong together. They were made for each other. No matter what the apostolicity of the Church may be, the putting apart of the Gospel and the people is her apostacy."

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, declared that "he would rather take the chances of an atheist before the bar of God than those of a saved (?) man who is not at the same time a saviour."

These are hopeful voices. Do they indicate the dawn of a better day?

Whatever may be the changes that are imminent, no matter what the surprises of the future, religion will survive. It must. For, as Locke said of the Bible: "It has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth without any admixture of error for its subject-matter." We may be sure that

" . . . the ethereal mold,
Incapable of stain, will soon expel her mischief,
And purge off the baser fire, victorious."

One thing, however, is certain. The Church will never rehabilitate itself in popular influence by meretricious expedients. It is not to be saved by broom-drills, dairy-maid fairs, and catch-penny festivals. Neither will it better the situation by complaining. It will not fill the pews by lazily opening its doors once a week, clanging the bell in a ding-dong fashion, and saying: "You people out there come in here and be saved!" If sinners ran their business as saints run the Church, they would go into bankruptcy in a year. Imagine Paul standing in a gorgeous pulpit, with a ten-thousand dollar salary, and a five-thousand dollar choir, in a church where pew-rent is as high as house-rent, with two or three pews down by the door for the use of the poor, and attributing the absence of the people from such a service to total depravity.

No; the church must interest itself in practical affairs. It must be a leader in good words and works. It must vindicate its right to be by divine helpfulness. Christ never lacked hearers. "The common people heard him gladly." The apostles never complained of poor congregations. They went where the crowd was. They gave out instead of absorbing. Many of our preachers are like the Bourbons—they learn nothing and forget nothing. They are too stubborn to change. Their type is Saul's chief herdsman, Dœg, "having charge of the mules."

As for Churchianity, let us hope it is doomed.

We may devoutly pray for its demise. "A religion that does not take hold of the life that now is," wisely affirms an eminent preacher, "is like a cloud that does not rain. A cloud may roll in grandeur, and be an object of admiration; but if it does not rain it is of little account so far as utility is concerned. And a religion that consists in the observance of magnificent ceremonies, but that does not touch the duties of daily life, is a religion of show and of sham."

To much the same effect speaks Lord Bacon: "Pythagoras, being asked what he was, answered, 'That if Hiero was ever at the Olympian games, he knew the manner, that some came as merchants to utter their commodities and some came to make good cheer and meet their friends, and some came to look on; and that he was one of them that came to look on.'" Upon which the great Englishman remarks: "But men must know that in this theatre of man's life it is reserved only for God and the angels to be lookers on."

The writer is in full accord with orthodox theology. He only laments that

orthodox practice is so heterodox. And he freely confesses that he infinitely prefers the Gospel of the carpenter to the gospel of the counting-room, the Epistles of the tentmaker to the epistles of the mill-owner,—Christianity to Churchianity.

THRICE RESCUED BUT ONCE SAVED.

BY ALICE E. COBB.

See! in that fair cottage great gladness abounds,
Its precincts are teeming with bliss,
Pure fountains of love flow across the broad grounds
Whose borders life's ocean-waves kiss!
That household is wrapped in the fulness of joy;
Friends passing in wonderment pause
To hear of the birth of a beautiful boy—
New happiness, not without cause.
The father caresses with seaman-like touch;
The mother her life will devote
To that little craftsman, nor deem it too much
To give him an elegant boat.
From babyhood into mature years, almost,
These fond ones their precious child shield;
Then begs he permission to cruise long the coast;
His parents reluctantly yield.
He soon launches out on life's beautiful sea,
Where wavelets, all purple and bright,
Dash, ripple and bound, till with spray showers he
Is bathed in a silvery light.
The low breezes whisper a musical song;
The sunbeams seem treading a march;
The blue waters chant as they bear him along;
And golden-edged clouds span the arch.
O, sweet days of childhood, all sunshine, no showers;
But shadowy forms from the deep
Rise "Endor sprite" like, till a murky cloud lowers,
And fears can not be lulled to sleep!
He scans the dark sky, and then bends to the oar;
His strokes, all unseaman-like, fail;
He strains every muscle to regain the shore,
In vain; he is caught in a gale.
The sun-light has vanished. Like demons enraged,
Huge columns of water leap high;
Openjawed they pursue him. like lions uncaged,
But he has resolved not to die.
His faculties quicken; his nautical skill
Controls for a season his boat,
Which seems to be sinking, then quickly it will
Round, rally, and struggle to float.
'Mid great bursting billows, 'twill sink and then rise,
Enwrapped in the fierce lightning's glare,
His bark fills with water, his heart fills with sighs,
With groans, and almost with despair.
His morn-cherished projects all smitten and wrecked,
Ah! who in life's outset could deem
That soul-laden vessels so gayly bedecked
Would vanish like scenes in a dream?
Half closing his eyes for a prayer and a Psalm,
He starts, as they rest on the form
Of boats like his own, some still in the calm,
Others striving to weather the storm.
Indeed, the great ocean is dotted with boats
Out there amid sunshine and showers;
But hark! from whence rise those deep clarion notes
That rouse all his slumbering powers?
Behold! as if coming from no human source,
A sail-boat looms up in the sky.
She sweeps gayly forward, he lays in her course,
For succor he loudly doth cry.
She rounds to, blast-shaken from penant to keel;
A mighty wave gives her a lurch;
And then he arouses her grapples to feel,
And soon he's aboard of "the Church."
O, blessed transition, from agony sore
To peace, amid angels a guest—
All safe from the breakers, returning to shore,
No longer shipwrecked nor distressed!
As day after day the fair ship is impelled,
Or wafted along by the breeze,
The tempest's howl lulled and the storm-clouds dispelled,
He grows almost weary of ease.
Inspection has proved that the wheels of the craft,
In a circle, seem only to ply
He thinks he could sooner reach land with his raft;
So he bids the old vessel "good bye."
Alas! why does man to false reason give heed,
And pay for it soon at his cost?
But here the old maxim is proven, indeed,
"What comes easy, easy is lost."

Again on life's ocean, alone and adrift,
The desolate feeling comes back.
Dark, sombre clouds hover, presenting no rift;
The billows renew their attack,
Like bloodhounds whose victims have held them at bay,
More cruel and fierce than at first;
As beak-blooded eagles swoop down on their prey,
So on him this sea-storm doth burst.
How squarely he sits, lest his boat should capsize;

Each muscle like whip-cord outstands;
Sweat-beads deck his brow and sea-brine fills his eyes—
No rowing with such palsied hands.
Poor craftsman! he falters, too feeble to row,
Too faint-hearted long to survive;
A gallant ship seems to have noticed him, though
She deems him more dead than alive.
She quickens her speed and is soon alongside;
Hope dawns, as the bold privateer
Lets down her great life-boat; brave men breast the tide,
And straight to the poor boatsman steer.
They find him exhausted, unable to stand;
Their cable around him they slip;
Most deftly, with nooses and dexterous hand,
They tow him right back to their ship.
He nears the fair Pageant; with dim stony eyes,
He sees her with splendor aflame;
One glance at her flag-staff and, to his surprise,
He reads "Atheism," her name.
Amid cheers of triumph they bear him aboard;
Rest follows, refreshing and sweet.
He wakens to find, not a grim pirate horde,
But a brave set of fellows to meet—
Men who have been striving with reason and sense
To run the "Old Church" ship astrand;
They claim to be sons of the ocean, and hence,
They never set sail for the land.
Indeed, they with boldness and candor protest
That there is no bright shining shore,
Where every old seaman may anchor and rest,
And sail the rough ocean no more.
The great briny deep is their natural sphere;
They are to sail on till they sink;
They never must covet a landman's career;
And never of safe harbors think.
He takes up their theme, and will often repeat
That he is a born seaman, staunch;
The void in his heart, though, declares it a cheat;
And his face oft with terror will blanch,
Whenever he thinks of that sea-girded coast,
Made dim by time, peril and space.
Then beacon-lights glimmer, until he almost
Discovers his old dwelling place.
Then flashes to vision a glorious sight—
A glimpse of his happy old home.
It vanishes, though, and he starts with affright
At roarings of water and foam.
The captain and mate and the whole gallant crew,
All join in a hearty satire,
Whenever he sighs for the shore, with a view
To quench that insatiate desire—
That longing for home and the converse of friends,
That yearning for what he has lost,
"O, this aimless sailing till life's voyage ends,
Forever to be ocean tossed!"
Those hearing him, chide him with jesting and jeers,
And also with reasonings deep;
They leave him alone with his hopes and his fears,
The sea kindly rocks him to sleep.
As there on the ship he in silence doth sit,
Sweet memories round him do crowd;
Fair forms and dear faces about him flit,
That fill the ship, rigging and shroud.
Right then, the mad project comes into his head,
His little old row-boat to rig;
To start with it landward; and soon he has said
"Adieu" to the sheltering brig.
Oh! how inconsistent, how checkered, how vain
Is life in its merriest mood!
Man boards a gay steamer, drops back in the main,
By death to be sought out and wooed.

Again he is out on the limitless wave;
All landmarks seem wholly effaced;
No prospect but death and a watery grave—
All alone on the unbounded waste.
How swiftly the water in eddy-groups whirls!
How pulse-like the great billows throb!
The foam crests go diving, then rise, give a whirl,
Reel, rumble, and sink with a sob.
There, scampers a blue wave chased round by a gray;
There, stretches one darkly arrayed;
Another gleams strangely, and leaps, till its spray
Throws over the sunlight a shade.
No good omens cheer him; a heavy sea mist
Blinds him; while a rumble and jar
From dark hissing breakers roll forth, as they twist,
Snake like, around rudder and spar.
Now, watching and weary, enchanted, benumbed,
He heeds not the storm demon's boast;
He sails on, undaunted, he has not succumbed;
Still seeks he a sea-beaten coast.
As wolves from the hillside will gather by scores,
If one whelp barks down by the cliff;
Just so, the wild tempest increases and roars,
And, wolf-like, it follows his skiff.
As rushes the torrents adown the deep gorge;
So sweeps he the water-walls through.
Like smiths beating iron by anvil and forge;
So, blasts strike his little canoe.
Aroused from his stupor, he notes the sea-storm—
A spectacle grandly sublime;
To fate's fearful mandate he tries to conform,
By silently biding his time.
Down, low on his bosom, his weary head falls;
He floats on, where fitful gusts drive;
He heeds not the roaring; he dreads not the squalls;
But sinks without power to revive.
But oh! his dire anguish! how rages the fray,
How dreadfully poignant his pain!
But death shows no mercy, he yields to its sway;
The great "king of terror" must reign.
But, hark! hear the death knell, that cannon-like boom!

Look! sees he a coffin and bier?
Thank God, a fair vision doth brighten the tomb!
Or, is it a ship drawing near?
Yes, there is a vessel of beautiful mould;
And on through the breakers she speeds;
Her true name inscribed in great letters of gold
Appears; and "The Gospel" it reads.
He closes his eyes, his face tries to avert,
But glances and thoughts will return
To that elegant ship with glory begirt;
Her strange presence he can not spurn.
"No wonder Paul said that he was not ashamed
Of such a grand gospel," he mused;
"But is it the power of God as Paul claimed?
Can salvation come if it's used?
Salvation! alas, what a wicked device!"
He shudders and groans, but is mute—
Resolved that no siren shall ever entice
Him to answer that vessel's salute.
In inky black darkness, like night's early morn;
In Egyptian darkness is he;
But great golden sun-beams that ship doth adorn,
Which he through closed eyelids can see.
And as she approaches, in sea splendor wreathed,
His torpor all turns into zeal,
For o'er the dark seas is the "Peace" whisper breathed,
And hope-tremors over him steal.
The gallant old ship has espied him, 'tis plain,
And heeding his faint spoken "hail,"
Her minute-guns boom, and a soul-cheering strain
Responds to his pitiful wail.
The captain calls out in a clear ringing voice,
"Hail, boatman, I bring you glad news;
If you lie and perish, you do so from choice;
Pray do not assistance refuse!
My Master has rigged out this great iron-clad,
Invented by maritime lore;
He sent me to seek you, and I shall be glad
To pilot you safely ashore.
By means of our grapples and boat-hooks and cants,
Which you must assist to adjust,
Your safety is certain, unless you, perchance,
Shall clog your own boat-wheels with rust.
Just help yourself bravely, and I will assist
By furnishing cable and thong;
The schooner will all of her forces enlist,
And your boat can be towed along."
He hears the appeal, sees the rescuing band;
Hope rises again; and he finds
That he, with an effort, is able to stand;
And safely the cordage he binds.
The cable thrown to him he eagerly grasps;
The promise he finds is no cheat;
The crew extend to him their hearty hand clasps;
And soon he belongs to the fleet.
Ecstatic his joy and supreme his delight;
No longer sick, famished, nor wet;
Redeemed and released from that pitiful plight;
His boat neither crushed nor upset.
How tightly the sides of his old boat are hugged!—
Loved gift, it was once his chief pride.
How sweetly he sleeps in it, cradled, and tugged
Along through the swift briny tide!
He rests; then examines both forward and aft
That squadron of small boats combined,
So made that the slightest of sea breezes waft
Her landward, whither she is inclined.
An elegant sloop, with its sailing powers grand,
Fleet-like, many structures abreast,
Composed of small vessels, each under command
Of him by whom it is possessed.
Though united effort increases the speed,
Each little boat bears its own load;
"The Gospel's" kind captain affirms that all need
To couple to him and be towed.
The nearer they keep to his vessel, the less
Endangered are they to a wreck;
For quickly he answers each cry of distress,
And nothing his headway can check.
Companionship sweet, he may fully enjoy;
Before gentle breezes they scud;
And should foes beset them, or pirates decoy,
Their anchors go down with a thud.
And signals for battle, but never for flight,
Are made by their sea captains bold;
As good shepherds care for their flocks in the night
So gathers he them in his fold.
Bright days and fair night-times doth pleasure afford,
Though often the breakers run high,
At length, unto all, on that schooner aboard,
The end of the voyage draws nigh.
Our mariner sees now, or rather, he feels
By signs of sea-herbage and sand,
By reefing of pennants and grating of keels,
That he is fast nearing the land.
The harbor is entered, the anchor is cast,
He tries to step gladly ashore;
His tired feet now, may wend homeward at last;
His heart, though, is heavy and sore,
Because his old row-boat, all battered and soiled,
Must be left on the great ocean's brink.
He wishes the plan for escape had been foiled,
And both left together to sink.
How can he forsake it—that precious old boat—
So closely to him is it bound?
And friends whom he loved, too, must be left to float,
While he treads the coveted ground.
To boat and companions he, shuddering, clings,
Till, speechless, no hearing, nor sight,
He grasps, but his tendons no longer have springs,
His clasping is no longer tight.
Released is his hold, and one sob, one heart-heave,
One sigh for his boat and his friends—
He goes, there is nothing to which he can cleave,
Just so every life voyage ends!

O, Father of mercy, how erring, how weak—
  Man asks and yet will not receive;
Refuses to take, yet continues to seek,
  Sighs for, yet rejects his reprieve!
Oh! blest be the day when poor mortals shall learn
  That this wreck aforetime was planned!

LITTLE SIOUX, Iowa, May 25th, 1890.

To safely draw seamen, as homeward they turn,
  "The Gospel" was builded and manned.
The blessed old Gospel, with reckonings true,
  She doth every man's cause espouse.
She unloads her cargo and reships her crew,
  Then back through the water she plows.

INCIDENTS AND OBSERVATIONS OF A DAY'S TRAVEL.

BY SISTER EMMA.

THE day had dawned clear and bright, on which I was to leave Irvington and go to El Dorado, where my husband had gone some three weeks before. I had met nearly all the sisters of Irvington at the Prayer Union the day before, and we had exchanged friendly good-byes. Of course I was in the best of spirits this morning; still there was a wistful feeling away down in my heart, not exactly sad, but partly uncertain as to where I would be when the day ended. I will tell you what gave that feeling. The morning before as I was writing to my mother, I said: "I will write again soon and tell you about the beautiful place where I am going to-morrow." As I wrote the last sentence a thrill of gladness shot through my heart, and a peculiar feeling came over me, as though there was a hidden meaning in the words, and perhaps the "beautiful place" might be one that I could not write about. With this thought in my mind I arranged the things in my room just as I would have done had I known I never was coming back; and when all was ready, and bonnet on ready for starting, I knelt and asked again the Father's special care, not only over me for the day, but over all who were traveling with me, that no accident might befall us.

Bro. Davis had to go to the city that morning, and his train left an hour before mine, so he could not take me to the station. It was not far, however, though the roads were very dusty. Fred took my luggage on a wheel-barrow, and I walked by the side. The waiting-room at Irvington is not in keeping with the appearance of the town, which has a thriving college with nice grounds, a good school-house, two churches, a few costly residences built after the eastern style, and many neat and pretty dwellings with green hedges and nice shade trees, gardens and fruit trees. But this waiting-room, and all that is connected with the station, is a blot on the town. There is a board nailed tight against the wall, which affords a place for not more than five to sit down; this occupies one side of the room. An old rusty stove partly behind the door, and the low door that makes the entrance into the ticket office, fills up the other side; and six or eight persons standing in the center would make the room comfortably full. When I arrived I was glad to see at least one other female there. She was sitting on the bench, and looked as if she felt almost ashamed to be found there, but could not help it, though she was determined to leave as soon as the San Jose train came in, which would be one half hour before the Sacramento train, the one on which I was to take passage. The young chap who officiated as ticket agent was in his pen, whistling vigorously. I stepped up to the ticket window and asked for a ticket to El Dorado. He slackened the cords of his mouth long enough to say, "We don't sell them." I asked, "Where do you sell them to on this line?" He did not make any reply, for his mouth was engaged with the whistle again, but reached over to a hook and took down a map, and, with the end of his finger, started off on the railway track. My! how he did whistle! I will just say here if there is any thing in the way of vocal music that is tedious to endure, it is a shrill whistle right by my ears. He had evidently got off the track more than once and would have to come nearly all the way back and take a fresh start, then off

he would go like a screaming locomotive. I was glad I got there a half hour too early. Presently another young chap came in, laughing boisterously and calling to his comrade about something, and walked, or bounded, into the little grimy pen dignified with the name of "ticket office." I presume he was the express agent. After exchanging a few words with each other—chipped in each side of the whistle—he came to the rescue, and when he pointed out Sacramento, the other fellow was found to be a long way off the track, and might have got lost altogether had it not been for the whistle. Sacramento was found to be the terminus, so I purchased my ticket for that place. I looked at my valise, considering whether I could manage that when changing cars, (as I had to change twice on the route), for besides that I had a parasol and a little box containing my lunch. It was pretty heavy, and somewhat awkward to carry with the other parcels, but it would not hurt me, and it might hurt the valise very considerably if it was checked, so I concluded not to have it checked. This determination was rendered more satisfactory by the thought that "after all I may not have to carry it, there might be some gentleman along that would take it out of the car for me." So saying, or thinking, I settled myself on the grimy old bench to wait.

The passengers for the San Jose train began to gather. Between being both amused and annoyed, the apprehensions of the morning had left me. The train came rolling in. Several passengers alighted, and those waiting went on board; the mail had been thrown out, but what were they doing now? A strange, half sickening sensation swept over me as I saw four men carefully lifting a litter from the baggage car with a body on it, whether dead or alive I did not know till I stepped around where I could see the face. It was a sick child, a girl of perhaps twelve or thirteen years. The train had moved off, the stage had left, the sick child had been carried away, and only I remained, except the ticket agent, the baggage master, and another young chap more sedate than the two previously mentioned.

My thoughts were not exactly cheerful as I sat there alone counting the minutes, twenty more of which I should have to remain there before the train came in. But my eyes were greeted with a pleasant sight just at that moment. It was sister Lizzie Driver, who had laid aside her sewing and come to see me off, although she would have to make the time up by sewing after hours either at noon or night. I appreciated her kindness very much, for I felt lonely; and it looks as if one had no friends when they have to get on the cars all alone without any one to even say good bye. The minutes slipped away quickly now, and before I was aware they had all flown and we heard the rumbling of the incoming train.

I was the only passenger that got on board at Irvington. The conductor lifted my valise on to the platform, and with a good bye to Lizzie, I was off.

At Niles station all hands had to change cars. As I stood on the platform, heavily laden, waiting for the crowd to pass down the steps, an empty-handed man—I can not say *gentleman*—stood by me. He was about my age I presume, and as his eyes rested on me and then on my luggage, his countenance seemed to say, "I had rather you would carry that than me;" and as the time came for either he or I to go next, he elbowed himself ahead, went down the steps and walked off without ever looking back. I expect he felt a tinge of disrespect for me because I carried such a heavy valise. I know I experienced much the same feeling toward him for *not* carrying it.

Not one familiar face did I see in all that waiting-room, nor in the train from there to Sacramento, including all the people who came and went at the many intervening stations.

At one station a little group consisting of papa, mamma, and two little ones—a babe of about six months and a chunky little boy of perhaps two and a half years, came in and took up their position in the car just opposite towhere I was sitting. The young woman was a real little mother; but the younger looking man did not possess any fatherly qualities that were observable. The little boy seemed to be enjoying himself well, as he sat there by the side of his mamma, holding a small thick glass ale bottle from which he was taking a draft of milk through a tube. The day was very warm, and his clothes were very thick and heavy, and he got so

sleepy he let the bottle fall on the floor. One would suppose a father would have taken his little son on his lap, or fixed a place for him to lie down and sleep; but instead of that he struck the little fellow on the back of his head with the ends of his clumsy fingers, and threatened him sharply if he let it fall again. The young mother looked compassionately on the child as if to say, "That was too bad;" but as the bottle was given back his troubled feelings were soothed before they had gathered up into a cry.

He sat for a long time, half asleep but holding tightly to the bottle; at length his drowsiness overpowered his caution, and down went the bottle again. At which the dutiful (?) papa reached over and gave him two knocks on the head, accompanied with sharp words, and deposited the bottle in his coat pocket.

The little fellow felt a strong disposition to cry; but struggled manfully against it and conquered, through the help of his kind little mamma, who smiled pleasantly at him, patted his cheek, and playfully tickled him under the chin. When he had recovered himself, he glanced shyly about as if to say, "I hope no one thought I was going to cry!"

But his troubles were not over yet. By all appearance they were to change cars at the next station. Full twenty minutes before the time the parcels were gathered together, the baby cloaked, and the little boy capped with a jaunty little blue velvet tam-o-shanter held on by a stiff elastic brought around under the chin, and so tight that it sunk in the flesh nearly out of sight. This piece of torture the brave little man endured with a fortitude that should have been a lesson to the fractious father. But endurance itself will cry out against imposition.

I pitied him as he sat there, so warm, his plump little cheeks as red as a blaze, and that elastic nearly cutting through the skin. I think he concluded he could not stand it any longer, and thought, as his papa was busy talking to some one on the seat ahead, he would never see him so he would move it a little. He could not get hold of the elastic under his chin, but he put his little dimpled hand up to where it was sewed to the cap and got a good hold—in doing so he got the cap awry on his head—and followed it down, drawing it in front of his ear, and across his chin, and breathed a little easier.

In a little while the conductor opened the door and called out the name of the station, and the attention of this model papa (?) was turned to his son; and, seeing what he had done, scolded him again, straightened up the cap, snapped the elastic under his chin, and gave him two more thumps on the head to keep the cap straight.

This was more than could be endured patiently; but I doubt if our little hero would have cried, had he not got such a hard pull on his arm when in the act of being dragged, rather than helped down from his seat and his foot caught and detained him; so he left the car crying.

Now we are off again, and my wandering eyes soon rest upon a couple directly in front of me. Husband and wife, no doubt, but by some means they had got dreadfully mismated. She looked to be about twenty and he thirty-eight or forty, They were extremely odd in dress and manner, and evidently not accustomed to traveling. When we were about half way between two stations, he drew forth three very bulky paper parcels and piled them up in the passage; then parting the skirt of his coat behind he sat down on the arm of the seat with one foot out in the passage and the other inside. Whether he thought it not worth while to sit down on the seat, or that it would be easier starting from there, I do not know; at all events he maintained his position—though with some difficulty—till the car stopped. Lathrop is our next stopping place, "twenty minutes for dinner." At first one is almost deafened by the ringing of the engine bell, sounding of the gong at the station and calling of hotel runners, cabmen and dealers in fruit and confectionery. At length they subside. The car is sidetracked, and nearly all go out to dinner. The fruit carriers come under the window with pears, peaches and grapes. I get ten cents worth of grapes to wash my dinner down.

Before reaching Sacramento another couple came in with two children. The eldest a boy, the other a little girl just big enough to walk around, and a face bright as a picture, soft sunny hair in four little curls close to her head at the back, and little shining rings falling over her forehead, light blue laughing eyes, and a sweet

dimpled mouth. Her mamma whose face looked as if it seldom relaxed into a smile, sat her down by the window just one seat ahead of where the other children were a while before while she helped her husband (a pleasant, good natured looking man) in getting their luggage arranged in the compartment just ahead. They had considerable, and were evidently going to remain on the cars all night. The little boy had gone with his sister and was standing on the floor while she was kneeling on the seat; both were looking out at the same window with their little heads close together, and seemed to be enjoying themselves well. When all was satisfactorily arranged, the woman dropped down on the seat, while her husband occupied the one in front. Her very movements indicated unnecessary impatience. She glanced at the children; they evidently appeared too happy to be let alone, and with a motion more like the spring of a tigress than the gentle movements of a mother, she caught up the boy and whisked him over the back of the seat, letting him drop in his father's lap or on the seat near him. The father looked up in some surprise as if he thought the top of the car was coming down on him, but no sound escaped either of them. He demurely made a comfortable place for the little boy, and I saw no more of him. I presume he thought it the safest to go to sleep.

As soon as she had deposited the boy to his father's care she turned quickly and caught up the little girl and sat her down in about the middle of the seat so hard that the springs rebounded, and took the seat by the window herself and looked out as unconcernedly as if it had been inanimate parcels that she had been moving. I felt annoyed with her and said within myself, as I looked at her, "Why could you not have left the children alone, they looked so happy!" But the little one made no cry of resistance. She sat there awhile, then worked herself up on her feet and stood holding to the back of the seat, looking about with a sweet smile for each one who noticed her. We soon made a friendly acquaintance and had a game of boo-peep, she hiding her eyes against the back of the seat. Still holding to the back, she stepped over to her mother—who sat like a statue—and swung her little face around so she could kiss her mother right in the mouth. This she did two or three times. Of course the mother could not but return the kiss, though it was rather frigidly done. Presently, as she had worked her way back, she put her little foot up to the arm of the seats, just in play, for she could not have stepped over if she had tried; but her mother drew her suddenly back and gave her a shake which made the sensitive child feel awkward for a while as though she felt herself in disgrace.

There was a motherly looking woman sitting nearer her than I was (there were not many in the car at that time) who drew her attention and amused her, so she soon forgot the abuse, and was playing again. Then up went the little foot a second time. This second offense the mother, no doubt, thought was worthy of correction, and drew her back so suddenly that it nearly threw her off her feet, and gave her two hard slaps on the little hand which brought sobs and tears. By the child's manner one could see that she was very sensitive and her feelings were hurt even more than her hand. Her mother sat her down on her lap—not very gently—and let her cry, while she gazed vacantly out of the window.

The father looked back compassionately at the pretty little darling, but did not interfere.

By this time I was undoing my lunch-box, from which I drew a small bunch of white grapes and walked straight over and gave them to the little one without even glancing at the mother. This restored the smiles and dimples, as we rolled into the Sacramento depot. Here I had to wait just an hour. It was then 2:50 p.m. I had only sat in the waiting room a few minutes when I was very pleasantly surprised to see Bros. Thomas Daley and James Lawn walk in. My husband had sent a card telling them that I would be at the depot that day, and they knowing I would have to wait an hour for the El Dorado train, kindly came down to help me while away the time. I appreciated the call, I assure you. Besides the enjoyment of agreeable company, it is so much more pleasant to have some one to get my ticket for me and re-check luggage, than to attend to such things myself, because I am dull of hearing; and Bro. Lawn attended to them for me.

The hour soon slipped away. Bro.

Daley pointed out the car I was to take and assisted me in getting on board.

We were almost suffocated on entering the car with the fumes of new paint. The car had not yet been used since receiving a coat of paint, floor and all, and was shut up tight, and in among other cars under cover of the depot, where not a breath of air could reach it. Brn. Daley and Lawn struggled hard with the windows, but only succeeded in raising a few of them; they were nearly all stuck fast with the paint. One other couple was in the car when I entered. The engine was not attached to the train yet, but the time having expired, the brethren bid me good bye, and went their way, thinking the train would be off in a few minutes, but for some reason it did not start till twenty minutes past four. The heat was oppressive, and we were all glad enough when we were drawn out in the open air again.

The lost time must be made up by putting on extra speed, and we whirled around the curves at a giddy rate. I had not forgotten to lift my heart in gratitude to God, when we entered Sacramento, for his protecting care.

Thus far all had gone well, but with the speed we were then going, on what felt like a very rough, uneven road, an accident would not be impossible. But we sped on; and after a time I became more accustomed to the rapidity of the motion and the swaying of the car, and my apprehensions vanished, though the swinging of the short train around sharp curves would sway the body from side to side even while sitting.

Three stations were past, and then we commenced the ascent. El Dorado and the surrounding vicinity is said to be "in the mountains," but it is not like any other mountain I ever had seen. It was a gradual sloping up of the whole side of the country. We passed many excavations where the miners of the early days had thrown up the soil in search of gold. But there were no high hills nor deep gorges, as are in all other mountainous regions that I had seen before; and scarcely a tree. Presently the lay of the land changed a little. There was a sag and a little green vale just yonder. I only caught a glimpse of it, and was about to thrust my head out of the window to look back at it, when I drew suddenly back instead, without knowing why; and the next instant we dashed past something so near the car that had I thrust my head out, I certainly would have been struck. Even the thought of it and the object striking upon my sight so near, made a very disagreeable sensation in my head. I know not what it was that would be so near the track. It had the appearance of a dull red tank-house, but we passed so quickly I could not discern it. Then the questions arose in my mind thus, "Was it the Father's especial care that shielded me? And would I have been thus protected had I not sought his especial care? These questions can be answered only by faith. But it is always safest to heed timely warnings.

The sun had gone down ere we reached El Dorado, but the light of a genial countenance that greeted me as I stepped from the car, made the place look bright. Mr. Burton conducted me to Bro. and Sr. Askew's, only a very short distance from the station. Bro. J. E. Holt had his team ready to start for a little settlement about two miles distant, where he was to preach that evening, and kindly drove over to the station for my luggage. So here we are pleasantly situated in Bro. Askew's spacious house, enjoying all the comforts of rural life, and are most kindly cared for. There seems to be plenty of summer fruits here of almost every variety, and of excellent flavor.

The change from the cool, bracing breezes of Irvington, to the intense heat and light air of these mountains threatened for a few days to be unpleasant, but am now becoming acclimated, and feel better. There is only one other family of Saints here, Bro. and Sr. Skinner, formerly of Grizzly Flat.

It was near here that gold was first discovered in California, in 1848, in the month of January.

I made a discovery just before reaching El Dorado, which seemed quite as wonderful for this day of "running to and fro," as the gold mines were in those days, but possibly not so valuable. I learned while talking with a lady about twenty years of age who had always lived in California, that she was then taking her first ride on the cars.

El Dorado, August 28th, 1890.

GOD'S REST.

BY VINA.

Probation. Proving, trying time;
Who has not felt its test
Applied to heart and brain and nerves,
Till he has longed for rest?

Ah, rest! Sweet word in Scriptures given,
Which, when 'tis understood,
Means not a state of idleness,
But fulness of the good.

The Good? Yes, that which comes of God;
His Spirit, first, to teach
True knowledge, wisdom, love, and power,
Till we Christ's stature reach.

Then Life. The greatest gift of God,
By man in Eden spurned,
But which through Christ is promised us,
And by our faith discerned.

Then Joy. And who can tell that joy
Which we shall then possess,
Endued with life and perfect power,
With naught to bring distress?

No sorrow? No, for then no mind
Will feed on evil food;
We've tasted of its bitterness,
We'll know to prize the good.

No pain. Through Christ's redeeming power,
A body He will give,
That no corruption e'er shall see,
But in sweet peace shall live.

And death? Thank God this greatest foe
Will be removed for aye;
No more we'll lay our loved ones down,
No more be called to die.

Then let us all with heart and voice
Praise God for kindness given,
Till with obedient Enoch's band,
This rest is ours in heaven.

NEWPORT, August, 1890.

CARELESS HABITS.

NOTHING is easier than to fall into careless habits of life and work. Most of us need to keep ourselves under very rigid rules at every point to prevent this disintegrating process. It begins usually in very minute things. It seems a trifling matter, not worthy of self-censure, that we indulge ourselves a minute or two longer in bed in the mornings, or that we get to work a few seconds after the usual time, or that we neglect an unimportant engagement, or that we are tardy in replying to a letter or making a call on a sick friend, or that we loiter a little at our work on dull days, or that we grow negligent in small courtesies, or that we are heedless about money matters when the sums are small. Or it may be in dress that we relax our carefulness—allowing untidiness to grow upon us; or in the way we do our work—falling by slow and imperceptible degrees into slovenly ways; or in our attention to religious life—becoming daily a little less punctilious in our habits of devotion and in the discharge of practical duties. It is in the apparent insignificance of these negligences that their danger lies. The good housewife knows what one raveling stitch in a garment amounts to if left alone. "A stitch in time saves nine," is good philosophy in all lines of life. Many a character has raveled to shreds from the neglect of one broken thread. Many a bankruptcy results from the habit of carelessness in trifles. Many a life with fine possibilities fails of its splendid early promise, and sinks into obscurity and failure, through the relaxing of restraint on the one hand, and want of conscientious fidelity on the other, in what seem trivial things. Unceasing and remorseless watching over ourselves is the price of unwavering success in any direction.

—Sunday School Times.

PATTIE; OR, LEAVES FROM A LIFE.

BY ELEANOR.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONCLUSION.

"Measure not the work
Until the day's out and the labor done,
Then bring your gauges, if the day's work's scant.
Why call it scant; affect no compromise;
And if that we have nobly striven at least
Deal with us nobly, woman though we be,
And honor us with truth if not with praise."
—Aurora Leigh.

"Now go write it before them in a table, and note it in a book, that it may be for the time to come forever and ever."—Isa. 30:8.

FOR many days Pattie felt much depressed and discouraged, when she reflected on her dream. Did it foreshadow failure in her endeavor to accomplish good? Why then should she write? But there were some to whom she related the vision who took a different view of its significance, and who urged that if the children were waiting she should endeavor to reach them at all hazard. But still Pattie waited, praying that the path of duty might be made plain to her.

Two more months passed away, when once more she was visited in a vision of the night. It seemed that a large portfolio full of papers descended before her, and hung suspended by cords. On its purple velvet cover in large gold letters were the words: "Our Father's will."

"Now," exclaimed Pattie, "I shall know;" and in her eagerness to possess herself of it, she arose from her bed; but the action and the excitement awoke her, and the vision vanished. She lay down, weeping tears of disappointment. By and by it seemed that some one touched her, and looking around, she saw standing by her bed the woman who had given her the key in the vision two months before. She still wore the beautiful white garments, and in addition, a crown on which in diamond letters was the word "TRUTH."

"I will tell you what was in it," she said; and placed a folded paper in Pattie's hand.

On opening it she saw what at first appeared to be a map, or chart; but which proved to be a faithful representation of her former vision. There was the bluff with its shining white temple; the river rolling majestically at its foot; the road and the bridge over which she had so painfully travelled, all faithfully delineated. As her eye glanced over them, it rested at length on the spot where her progress had been arrested, and there, too, in the pathway still lay the obstacle. This path, or steps cut in the bluff, seemed to be the usual route, and the one by which the waiting children had preceded her. How should she reach them and fulfill her mission? was the question present in her mind; and, as though in answer to it, the woman at her side said:

"Go straight on."

Still looking at the chart, Pattie noticed that the road passed straight on from the bridge and ascended the hill further on to the west; but whether she had been directed to go that way, or to follow the way the children had gone in spite of the blockade, she was uncertain: and when she turned to inquire, the vision had vanished. With this exception she retained a clear conception of the work she was to undertake, and she now set about it at once, believing that this also would be made clear to her when she encountered the difficulty—and it was even so.

Never in her life had she faltered in the path of a known duty; nor would she falter now, though the threatened danger were death itself. She felt the witness of the Spirit to the words of the hymn that she sang:

"On the Eternal arm reclining,
We at length shall win the day;
All the powers of earth combining
Shall not snatch our crown away."

Nerved by this spirit, she went on with her task. Her birthright of faith had been secured to her by blessing, and sealed unto her by the Holy Spirit. What should she fear?

In the beginning of her story she quoted the promise of Jesus: "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live;" and showed how faith in Christ was lost through the suppression of the Scriptures; and was restored again through the knowledge of the same when Luther brushed away the dust and ashes of ages and restored the Bible to the people. She

proposed to demonstrate from personal experience the proposition, that without revelation it is impossible to know God; and to answer the question: "What is truth?" Also that God's written word is the standard by which all questions of right should be determined, as says the apostle:

"All scripture given by inspiration of God is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. . . . whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope."—2 Tim. 3: 16; Rom. 15: 4; I. T.

Our readers who have closely and intelligently followed this narrative, know how well she has succeeded, and whether the aim of her work has been accomplished. Not only has the work been one of painful retrospection, but of persevering toil and prayer,—a literal going on her hands and knees. But through all she retained her hold on the key that divine love had placed in her hand—that truth does not exist apart from God.

There is this distinction to be borne in mind, that while truth is one and inseparable from God; not all facts are so. Many facts are truths only in the sense of being realities. It is a fact that sin exists; but it is not imputed to God. M. Zola may depict the most debasing manifestations in human life, and they be strictly true to facts; but such facts are not true to God or to his law; they are condemned by Him as the works of the father of lies.

This is the true distinction to be kept in view between truth and fiction; and the aim of the Christian writer and teacher should be in harmony with divine truth, whether his illustration be founded on real occurrences or not.

The world is already groaning beneath the weight of profane literature. Our work is in the church, and expressly for the benefit of its youthful charge; let our aim, therefore, be as Christian workers to fill our Heavenly Father's house with the healthful mental food to which his world-tired children will turn and be satisfied.

Our story is ended; we have little more to tell of Pattie. She still lives, happy in the care that her cherished son lavishes upon her, and in the quietude of her own home. Her son has just reached his majority, and Pattie finds her sweetest earthly comfort in his society and the society of her beloved books. The mutual readings inaugurated by her in his childhood have continued to this day, and extend over the field of the brightest and best in all departments of literature. But the book of books is still honored with the chief place in the hearts of each. The little discussions and interchange of opinions between them on the various subjects of which they read have grown wonderfully sweet; and home is a place of pleasure and delight to both. No longer forced to labor for bread, the days of Pattie pass in continued enjoyment of that peace of God confirmed to her in blessing, and in the society of the Saints, the angels and the Son of God, to whom be glory forevermore.

The obstacles that she has met and conquered, not only in her life, but in the prosecution of this work, are well known. The dream, or vision, which delineated this work was recorded and placed in the possession of witnesses at the time of its occurrence, and they who have seen its remarkable fulfillment do not begrudge her the pleasure she feels in having reached the summit of her ambition, in being among the first to place in the hands of the youth of the Church of Latter Day Saints a story-book teaching the truths of their own faith.

Our country pays fitting tribute to the heroes who through many a well fought battle have gained victories in her defense. But who crowns the woman who fights the battles of life single handed and alone except for the invisible arm on which she leans? Should she fall in the struggle, no flowers strew her grave except from the pitying hand of nature. No towering monument commemorates her deeds, though the victories won by her are greater than his who taketh a city.

What though unaided she has scaled the heights of Bozez and Seneh, and in the teeth of poverty planted her victorious banner above the thorn crowned peaks of affliction; who tells the story? Who writes it in a book that it may be for the time to come, that others called to the same endurance may take heart and renew their courage?

It has been said of Washington, of Grant, and of Wellington, that their suc-

cess was due to perseverance, courage, and an iron will. But who shall write for the benefit of despairing womanhood what is the true source of her strength against the ills of life, its trials and its pain, that she may rise superior to them all, nor wait till death shall liberate her spirit before she shall be able to say: "I have overcome, I have conquered; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day?"

Mr. Waldville still lives, now in his eighty-second year. Distance and time have long divided Pattie and her father, but an affectionate correspondence still keeps their hearts united. Neither he nor any other of his family have ever obeyed the sublime truths of the restored gospel. But in his old age God has remembered him for the faithful care and instruction given to his children in the word and law of the Lord. On his eightieth birthday he received the following letter from Pattie, in greatful acknowledgment of the day and of him:

LAMONI, Iowa, March 13th, 1889.

DEAR FATHER:

In remembrance of your eightieth birthday, I take up the pen to try to express a few of my thoughts of it and of you. Even though I can not see you, it is a comfort to know that you are living, and I join with the rest of your children in the hope that your life will be spared to us many more years; and that your last days may be your best days, ending in the blest eternal rest where I hope to meet you again.

Father, it seems a long time since I first made your acquaintance and half of that time has been spent away from you, so that memory carries me back to the earliest part of my life when I think of you—back to the time when your hair was black and abundant, and your steps were firm and steady. I can not think of you as white-haired and bent with age. And you have never seen the gray hair beginning to besprinkle the brown of mine. But wherever I may be, whatever else of joy my life has held and lost, whatever of pleasure may still remain for me, the sweetest, most hallowed recollections linger most persistently around the scenes of early years, and the home that sheltered my childhood with you and mother. As I think of them, I lose sight of all the years that intervene, and I am a child again, and you are forty instead of eighty.

"We can not go so far that home is out of sight,
The morn, the evening star, still say, 'Good-day, good night.'"

But life is always advancing, and old scenes changing and disappearing. Were I there to-day I should not find the old home, nor old friends, as I find them in memory. Even you would not seem the same, for you are eighty instead of forty; and I am not the sunny haired child that followed you to the shop, but a woman almost as old as the mother we laid to rest twenty-two years ago. When I think of this I feel reconciled to the thought that I may not meet you again in this life. But we are not so far apart as it seems, for wherever we may be, time brings us closer and closer to the hour and the home where I pray we may all meet again.

God has cast my lot in a pleasant place, and blessed my days with unbroken peace that leaves little to be desired, other than that you should be a sharer in that peace; for it is such as the world does not give, and no changes of time or circumstances can remove—even the peace of God.

"To Him the 'there' is here;
All spaces are His own;
The distant and the near
Are shadows of His throne."

But while the "shadows of his throne" are of golden hue, and His peace flows as a river, I remember that not the least of his blessings was the firm, steady hand of an earthly father, which his love gave to guide my youth. And though I could not appreciate it so well while life had its hopeful eye on the future; yet since the days of ambition have passed, and I turn from the anticipation of the years before me to the retrospection of those that are gone, I can see and understand how much I owe of life's present good to early training. I feel, too, that there is no more fitting time or place to thank you for it than this, your birthday. And I pray that your reward may be commensurate with your faithfulness, both here and on the "other side."

With all good wishes, from your affectionate daughter, PATTIE.

And now, dear reader, it only remains for me who has so long wielded the pen

in her behalf and yours, to make my adieu.

It will never be mine again to enter so freely into the innermost thoughts and feelings; the joys and sorrows; the hopes and fears of another heart. When the closing scene shall come, another pen than mine must add that last leaf to the record of a life that the reader and writer have alike sympathized with and loved for its very sadness.

Not the least of the pleasure that I have found in this work is the many touching tributes of sympathy and appreciation that have come to me from total strangers, both in and out of the church; and which have helped it on to its successful conclusion.

Whatever imperfections the work may contain, this can be most truthfully said of its author: "She has done what she could."

May it be remembered of her, as has been said of the late John Boyle O'Reilly: "He had no petty jealousies to overcome, no envious anxieties for personal success to set aside. He gave himself freely and fully, hailing with delight the good in another's work as though it were his own."

I can not more fittingly take leave of my readers than in the words of Pattie's "Farewell to the Muse," a poem written by her some years ago in response to the request of an old friend for the

"SONGS OF OLD TIMES."

Come now, my muse, once more inspire
  The brain thou oft hast touched of yore!
Come, tune again the unused lyre,
  And let its strains be heard once more!
For like the harp on willows hung,
  So long in silence thine has lain;
Come, let one song to-night be sung,
  We fain would hear the dear old strain,
Now swelling high now breathing low,
The music of the long ago.

The heart attunes at once the lay
  Of childhood's dear remembered years,
When life was one long holiday,
  And transient as the dew, its tears;
Green woods, bright birds, and sweetest flowers,
  Unfading live in fancy yet;
Immortal years! forever ours,
  Unsoiled by touch of time's regret!
And music of the heart doth flow,
The cherished tones of long ago

Still onward moves the measure sweet,
  And still it breathes of bygone years,
The joys and hopes of youth repeat,
  When smiles wrought rainbow hues of tears;
And Love appeared upon the stage,
  Supplanting tried and dearest friend,
As love has done from age to age,
  And still will do, till time shall end;
But love was in the grave laid low,
With joys and hopes of long ago.

Nay, cease the strain, O muse of mine!
  Touch not the keynote of the dead;
The power to cheer, that once was thine,
  With those the loved and lost, has fled;
Replace thy harp upon the reeds
  That fringe the river banks of woe,
For how shall hearts in mourning weeds—
  Sing the glad songs of long ago?
My soul doth catch the notes above,
The new, new song of endless love.

Now, o'er the shadows of the past,
  The word hath bid the sun to shine,
And all my skies once overcast,
  Are radiant in the light divine;
Mine still the pleasure of the pain,
  Of all that I have loved and lost,
And mine to count that loss my gain,
  That makes me His at any cost.
Farewell, my muse! farewell, old song,
The music we have loved so long!

THE END.

SAVE YOUR EYES.

IN order to preserve the eyesight, Dr. Angel says that it will be found a good plan to cease using the eyes for the time being, and look away from the work, when sight becomes the least painful, blurred or indistinct; and, after perfect rest for a moment or longer, work may be resumed, to be discontinued as before when the eyes again feel fatigued. The light should always be sufficient and fall properly on the work, it being best to have it fall from above and behind, or failing this, it may fall from the side. Any artificial light for the evening is good if it is brilliant enough and steady, but when such light is at all painful it is safer to read or write only during the day. Reading in the horse or steam cars requires too great an exertion of the accommodative power to keep the eyes fixed on the letters. The accommodative power is also too much taxed by reading when laying down.

—Selected.

ALIVE TWO THOUSAND YEARS.

IN the course of his wanderings among the pyramids of Egypt, Lord Lindsay, the celebrated English traveler, accidentally came across a mummy, which the inscription upon it proved to be two thousand years old. In examining the mummy, after it was carefully unwrapped, he found in one of its inclosed hands a small round root. Wondering how long vegetable life could last, he took the little bulb from the mummy's hand, and planted it in a sunny soil, allowed the dews and rains of Heaven to descend upon it, and in the course of a few weeks, to his astonishment and joy, that root burst forth and bloomed into a beautiful flower. This interesting incident suggested to Mrs. S. H. Bradford, an American poetess, the following verses upon

"THE RESURRECTION."

Two thousand years ago a flower
Bloomed lightly in a far-off land;
Two thousand years ago its seed
Was placed within a dead man's hand.

Before the Savior came to earth,
That man had lived, and loved and died,
And even in that far-off time,
The flower had spread its perfume wide.

Suns rose and set, years came and went,
The dead hand kept its treasure well;
Nations were born and turned to dust,
While life was hidden in that shell.

The shrivelled hand is robbed at last,
The seed is buried in the earth;
When, lo! the life—long hidden there—
Into a glorious flower burst forth.

Just such a plant as that which grew,
From such a seed when buried low;
Just such a flower in Egypt bloomed
And died two thousand years ago.

And will not He who watched the seed
And kept the life within the shell,
When those He loves are laid to rest,
Watch o'er their buried dust as well?

And will He not from 'neath the sod,
Cause something glorious to arise?
Aye, though it sle-p two thousand years,
Yet all that buried dust shall rise.

Just such a face as greets you now,
Just such a form as here we wear,
Only more glorious far, will rise
To meet the Savior in the air.

Then will I lay me down in peace,
When called to leave this vale of tears,
For "in my flesh shall I see God,"
E'en though I sleep two thousand years.

—Selected.

THE PROMISE AND THE PROMISER.

BY WILLIAM STREET.

A GREAT many years ago a young man strayed away from home in one of the western towns, and in his adversity he asked alms in a town where there were only one or two families belonging to the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. An intelligent young lady waited on him and wrapped the piece-meal in a number of the *Zion's Hope*. Oh, I wished I had not called at that house! Why? Because I know what that paper is. "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful," "but happy is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord and who in that law meditates day and night." And the Psalmist says: "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water." Have you not noticed that trees growing by the rivers and brooks and streams are more flourishing and fruit-bearing, and are healthier and greener than trees that grow inland? David knew this, and he knew that by

obedience to the "law and the testimony" a man was more safe, more healthy, and better than one who kept company with sinners.

In your daily walks through life can't you bring into remembrance an instance of some loved one running away from home on a long journey, or has strayed away, like the prodigal, to better his condition? By and by his parents get a little missive dated by the "Rivers of Water." It is May or June when the birds are singing, the martins, and the thrush, and the blue birds are heard throughout the length and breadth of the land; when the buttercups and daisies are in bloom and the children are busy getting blue bells; when the grass is fresh and green, and "summer draweth nigh," he tells his parents of his prosperity, wishes, and wants. But by and by there is a long silence, and when he writes again, he is in the wilderness by the side of the "slough of despondency." His letters are dated November or December; the world seems to be getting cold towards him; his friends forsake him; he has been tried by adversity, and the world has defeated him. But there is one at home who ponders over both letters lovingly, carefully and with sympathy; and you can see the tears in her eyes as she offers her prayers to Him "Who holdeth the sea in the hollow of his hand," to bring her wayward boy home. It mattereth not to her whether his letters are dated May or December. "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God shall give the," is the first and only commandment with a promise, and it would be well for this country if every boy and girl heeded its injunction; for some one has made an assertion in Washington, District of Columbia, that there are nearly fifty thousand young men and boys without permanent homes. It was the hatred of his brethren that drove Joseph from his father's tent and left him a slave in Egypt; it was a wicked woman's hatred that cast him into a prison, which God only ordained as a stepping stone by which he could become a ruler over the land and save it from a famine. It was a brother's jealousy and a mother's partiality that drove Jacob into the training-school of the most high God. And while we stand in awe and dwell in wonder and admiration on the faith of Abraham, we too often overlook the great crucible in which that great confidence in God was made perfect. The three days' journey to Mount Moriah with its fiery trial and trusting obedience developed that faith in God which must bring confidence in all his servants and children. Strong faith is often exercised with strong trials, but God's commands must overrule all other considerations. Never was any gold tried in so hot a fire; but Abraham knew whom he had to deal with, a God—a living God—even Jehovah. Faith had taught him not to argue, but to obey. He is sure that what God has commanded is good; that what God promises is infallible; therefore, he is freed from care, and trusts to the end the results.

Here lies on the altar on Mount Moriah Abraham's darling, Sarah's joy, the church's hope, the heir of promise, ready to bleed and die by the hand of his own father, who seems unshaken in his obedience to the Lord's command. Oh heavenly faith, oh precious gift, that makest a seraphim of a man, may we seek thy grace and favor! When we consider the ways and means which the Promiser and Master Builder employs to fit the polished stones for the edifice of his temple, we must take courage and remember how he used his dear ones in ages gone by; and so he will in these last days use the same mysterious ways. And while we look at the obstacles which seem almost impossible to surmount, let us wait on the promise from the Promiser and he will make the way clear and bring us through all our trials and difficulties. Let us try and brighten the Ebenezers with praise and thinksgiving; anoint once more the peniels with the oil of joy and gladness.

St. Paul says to the Philippian brethren, "But this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." He leaves the world, the things of nature; the vanities of the people, all behind.

What for? To press onward, forward, like a good soldier, never looking back. The prize is in the future and at the end of the race.

The dealings of God with his people

might, and perhaps do, differ according to the conditions, situations and circumstances in life of each individual in the household. Yet there is always a sufficient trace of the Promiser and Master Builder, only known to the individual, or to the one to whom it is revealed. Moses must have thought of the lonely desert life as a strange pathway after the terrible experience in Egypt; yet it was the waiting process of the great leader of God's chosen people. Think of a man fleeing through fear, to the desert, and afraid to go forth again even at the Lord's command; and yet in the strength of the great I Am, he becomes a terror to his enemies, great in the land of Egypt and in the eyes of King Pharoah, servants and all the people; so formidable that Egypt was to let God's people go. The Promiser was true to his promise every time. Certainly "I will be with thee." God talks to him like a father to a child, with all the confidence of a friend. "I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." "And thou shalt not perish in the work that I have assigned thee, but in the desert and in the mountain where thou didst tend sheep thou shall serve me and shall see my glory and my power." "Who hath made man's mouth?"

The Promiser shows him here that it is of very little consequence to him to endow his unwilling servant with all things requisite for the terrible ordeal. Perhaps if Moses had been gifted with eloquence of speech, he might not have been so backward. How insignificant is all his learning of the Egyptians now! Now he is taught of God.

"I want a man to set my people free." God speaks to his servant like an affectionate father to a child, not like a man to a man, or a boy to a boy, or a boy to a child. And yet Moses objects. Why? Until the Promiser assures him that the persons are dead who sought to take away his life or injure him in any way, and gives him his brother Aaron to accompany him as a mouthpiece, and miraculously makes the rod to bud, he does not accept. He who is called of God need not fear. God is able and willing to protect him from all harm. "Behold I send an angel to protect thee in the way." Waiting, watching and praying are the same secrets of peace as in the days gone by.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S PILGRIMS.

BY ELDER E. STAFFORD.

ARRIVING at the top of a mountain after one of those unsuccessful rambles after water about three o'clock p.m., throat parched, blood at fever heat, limbs tired, and greatly discouraged in spirit, I looked toward the point of destination so as to form some idea of my latitude, when, through an opening between the ridge I was on and one running parallel with it, I descried a valley whose verdure was very cheering; and it inspired me with a belief that I should find water there. At the foot of the ridge that I was on, I discovered a path that seemed to lead to it. Descending to the path, I followed it a short distance, until I came to where the two mountain ridges opened apparently equi-distant, forming a circle about two rods one way and three the other, in which was contained a few scrub oaks, and grass under the oaks. In somewhat of a despondent mood I was trudging along, longing for the society of some human being, especially one who had a knowledge of this wilderness of country, and also where water could be found. Hearing the sound of a foot-fall ahead of me, the thought at first was one of joy, thinking that my desire was about to be gratified. The path passed through the center of the oaks, and I was about entering beneath them when I heard the sound and upon raising my eyes, expecting to meet a human being, what was my astonishment to see a large grizzly bear about two rods distant. The bear apparently discovered me at the same time I did him. We both stopped as if by mutual consent, and stood eyeing each other as though surprised at the discovery. The surprise was real on one side at least.

My thoughts, if sluggish at other times,

ran rapidly then. What I had heard and read of the beast kept me from essaying to run, or of trying to climb the scrubby oaks; for in the one case I would be beaten in the race, and the bear could climb those trees as fast as I could. If they had been trees whose trunks were of small diameter, and the lower limbs beyond the grizzly's grasp, then I might have essayed to climb. I had no fire-arms, had not even a jack-knife, as a weapon of defense.

I formed a resolution to shy slowly off to the right, keep an eye on the bear and climb the mountain as best I could, to get as far from his bearship as possible, and let him have undisputed possession of the path to travel on. But as I moved to the right, the bear also moved to his right till he got to the foot of the opposite mountain. I kept scrambling on all fours up the steep side of the mountain, aiming to describe the arc of a circle, but could not make a very large one from the toilsome labor required, for at this place the sides of the mountain were excessively steep. The bear, after arriving at the place just named, turned round, sat upon his haunches, pawing the air with his fore-paws and growling for all that was out. After passing the bear a few feet, being unable to make headway very fast and being almost exhausted with the exertion of climbing, I concluded to go down slantingly to the base, and upon my arrival there, had to take a few steps to gain the path. Having arrrived at the path, I looked towards the bear and to my consternation, he was making for me, and I knew it was no use to run. Talk of thoughts running fast through a person's brain; I had, it seemed, my whole life pass in panoramic view before me. My hair seemed to stand on end. I had often read of the phenomenon, and, desiring to demonstrate it, put my hand to my head, expecting to find my hair standing erect; but it proved to be a sensation at the roots of the hair, for my hair laid as smooth as it ever did. I thought, also, "If my time has come, so be it. I would not care if my betrothed and my relatives knew what became of me." Once it quickly entered my mind to pray to God for deliverance; but rejecting that thought, except a voluntary exclamation, "Thy will, O God, be done!" I submitted calmly to my fate. The thought also entered my mind, "I will do as I have heard of others doing in the mines, in cases similar to mine; namely, when I hear the bear's footsteps in close proximity, I will throw myself on the ground and hold my breath. The bear thinking me dead would go off in search of companions to help eat me, and while gone I might have a chance to escape." You know the adage, "A drowning man will catch at a straw."

These thoughts passed through my mind with electrical velocity; but thinking it time that the bear should approach, I mustered courage to look around, and saw he had taken the trail the way he was going when interrupted by me. That I thanked God from my heart I will not deny; and also that He did not interfere in my behalf, no human sophistry or argument could make me believe. There is no power but His that changed the course of that ferocious animal, for I saw him start directly for me on the run, as plainly as I ever saw anything in my life.

Although convinced now that the path was only a bear trail, I pursued it, expecting to meet with other grizzlies, yet my thirst was so great, and believing that the bear's instinct would lead him to water, I hoped to find water by following the same path, my position leaving me small choice between death by the grizzly or from thirst; so I determined to follow the trail.

I had not kept this trail far before it entered a valley which appeared to be about a hundred and fifty yards wide in the center and about a quarter of a mile long covered with a luxuriant growth of wild grass, and dotted here and there with scrubby oak trees. At the end of the trail just at the foot of another mountain range, and at right angles to the two between which I was walking ran a small brook of water.

When the writer came to within hearing of the water, as it rippled over the stones in the brook, his feelings cannot easily be described, but he remembers the first language that he uttered,—"Talk of music! If there is any music sweeter than the ripple of that water over the stones, I never heard it."

My heart's spontaneous thanksgiving ascended to the Giver of all good, and I remember distinctly that I thought and felt that in my future life I would ever remember this circumstance, with grate-

ful feelings to God for his deliverance; and that at no time in the future would I ever quench my thirst by partaking of this, the best of beverages without my gratitude ascending to God for the privilege so granted me.

After quenching my thirst, hunger began to assert its demands—not having broken my fast since the previous night, it being about four o'clock p.m. Seeing some oak trees adjacent, I secured a pocket full of acorns of which I ate eagerly, relishing the sweet ones, rejecting the bitter. Replenishing my stock of acorns from the trees, I followed a trail that led in the direction of the mountain to which my attention was directed by the trapper, when advised to take this short cut to Pueblo San Jose.

Arrriving at this spot a short time before sundown, I saw nothing but mountain peaks on every hand, and having eaten nothing but a few acorns since the night before, I began to think that if I penetrated much further in the mountains I might be lost entirely and die of starvation. I concluded to return to the place where the acorns and water had been obtained and bivouac for the night. Darkness had almost fallen at my arrival and after taking a drink from the brook and a handful of acorns from the trees, I cast about for a place to lie down for the night.

There was quite a number of oak trees on either side of the brook occupying about a quarter of an acre of ground, and looking somewhat like an orchard, the trees of which had been planted promiscuously without any regard to order.

My attention was directed to a large branch of one of those trees, which appeared to have been broken off the night before and lay on the ground. At the point of separation from the parent stem it was about a foot in diameter, and about three feet from that extended minor branches, the whole covering a space of ground six by eight feet. At the end of the branch, in the form it lay, there was room enough to place my head, and under the smaller branches to place my body. I selected this as my resting place for the night, knowing that one of the habits of the grizzly was to prowl around in the night for food, that he was very fond of acorns, which grew on these trees, as I had evidence of his work in this broken limb before me. I thought if one of those disagreeable companions should come around, I would give him a little trouble to turn the branch over, and, while so doing, I might have a chance to get away, but a very forlorn hope it would be indeed.

I remember very well I dreamed that a large bear came to where I lay, and was placing his paw on my head, and, thinking to get out of the way, I made a sudden movement, which brought my head in contact with the limb, and produced wakefulness. As I lay there, I could hear the heavy tramp of the bear, and the branches snapping in more than one place; and this, with the howling of the wolves, was not a very pleasant lullaby. The morning at length dawned, and I crawled from beneath the limb and looked around to see if any of the night's marauders were visible. Perceiving none, I felt thankful to God for his kind watch-care and preservation. Filling my pockets with acorns and taking a generous supply of water from the brook, I started on my return trip to get out of the mountains, and had the good fortune to come out at the place I entered, about four o'clock in the afternoon. I was then about ten miles from a trading tent, which I managed to reach soon after sundown, exhausted; and from sheer weakness and fatigue, I sank down upon the ground unconscious. I came to, and found the proprietor, with several travelers who had stopped for the night, around me, whose efforts to bring me to had succeeded.

They plied me with questions concerning my present condition, as to where I hailed from, and whither bound, etc., which elicited from me what the reader is already acquainted with. In the meantime the kind host brought suitable food and administered it in judicious quantities, and I was permitted to sleep under cover that night. This blessed invigorater and restorer provided by the Great Creator, together with the food partaken of restored me to my normal condition, and I arose from my pallet the next morning prepared to take up the battle of life anew.

At breakfast I learned there were two young men traveling with a team to Southern California, and were going

within a few miles of San Jose, the place of my destination.

I obtained the privilege of riding with them to the point of separation, which was a distance of about twenty-five miles. In conversation with them, I learned they were from Salt Lake en route to Los Angeles, California. This opened the way to ask a few questions relative to the programme of the Mormons after leaving Nauvoo, as, up to this time I had had no opportunity of learning anything of their history since that time. I had heard rumors of some of their leaders living in polygamy, and asked if it was really so? They gave me a brief history of the march from Nauvoo to Garden Grove in Iowa—and I little thought at that time I should ever live so near it as at present—from thence to Kanesville, or Council Bluffs, and their final departure to Salt Lake. Of course they learned that I had lived at Nauvoo, and wondered why I did not go to Salt Lake, and asked if I ever intended to go there. I answered them that if the church to which I had once belonged had so departed from the original faith as to enter into such vile and abominable practices as polygamy and its concomitants, Salt Lake was no place for me.

Arriving at San Jose Mission our roads diverged, and thanking them for their kindness, I bade them adieu, and trudged on to Pueblo San Jose, arriving about an hour before sundown.

I obtained employment with the same man I had worked for before going to the mines, staid with him some two months, and then proceeded to San Francisco. I had a chum shipmate in that city whom I desired to see before starting for home—as I had some thought of going to the Eastern states. I crossed the bay in a small boat employed in carrying light freight and passengers—there was no Oakland then. The wind was blowing tolerably fresh, and having a desire to stretch my cramped limbs I thrust my head above the boat's hatchway, and quick as a flash my hat went sailing astern, which circumstance caused me to have to enter San Francisco without a hat.

After supplying myself with the missing article, I hunted a place to lodge, and finding at the St. Louis House that I could have the privilege of spreading my blankets in a bunk of hard boards, for the sum of one dollar per night, I closed the bargain and retired for the night.

The next day I had the good fortune to find my shipmate, and succeeded in obtaining board at the house where he boarded, at eighteen dollars a week, spreading my own blankets on the kitchen floor to sleep on, the bunks being full. After a while my board was reduced to sixteen dollars a week in consideration of the help afforded the lady of the house in washing dishes, cutting wood, etc. I changed my intention of going to the states and concluded to hunt some work. Obtained employment with a brick mason, a contractor, at nine dollars per day, and worked in his employ about a month, until within a short time of the setting in of the rainy season.

I was mixing mortar for six bricklayers, and working harder than I ought to have done, when the contractor brought on another mason and refused me any help, which act caused a change in the programme by a refusal on my part to work, for I could not perform the labor. If my memory serves me right this was in the latter part of December, or the beginning of January.

After that I could not obtain steady employment, but worked at whatever I could get to do. San Francisco was full of idle men who could not obtain employment, and the rainy season coming on caused men to flock there from the mines to swell the list. For two or three weeks I continued this way, sometimes lathing a few days, and at other times carrying a package from merchant to customer. The rainy season having fairly set in, no employment could be obtained, and as a natural consequence to such a temperament as mine, when thinking of the accumulation of the board bill at sixteen dollars per week, the blues found a lodgment, and would keep uppermost, for like "Banquo's ghost" they would not down.

About the latter part of February, while in this frame of mind, seated in the house with the landlord upon a very gloomy day, he laid down the book he had been reading, and turning towards the writer, burst out laughing. I raised my head and inquired the cause of the outburst.

He replied, "You are enough to make anybody laugh," and inquired, "What is

the matter with you?" I answered that this kind of weather, with nothing to do, board bill increasing so fast, with no signs of paying it, was enough to give any one the blues. To which he replied, "O, you need not worry about that, you will be able to pay me sometime, and if you don't it wont break me." I told him that by the present outlook I should get so far in his debt that I might bid farewell to the hope of returning to the states, as the prospect of my emancipation from the bondage of debt was not very flattering. The reader may think that, as I was contemplating going home when I came to the city that I certainly must have had money to pay my board, especially with what I had earned since coming to the city. But I found after arriving in San Francisco I had not enough to pay my fare, and having to pay some three months board at sixty-four dollars a month and clothing being very dear—a pair of boots cost sixteen dollars, and other things in proportion—my means was about gone. If this was not sufficient cause for the blues, I have nothing more to say under that head. But Mr. Canfield, the host, said:

"Ed. I am going, as you know, with my nephew to the mines on the first of April, and if you have a mind to work for me for three months, I will give you one hundred dollars a month and find you board and clothes. You can go with us, and your work shall commence on the first of March."

I replied, "You have nothing for me to do in March."

"That is none of your business. Is it a bargain?"

The bargain was closed; the first of March arrived in a few days, and the writer was duly installed. Beyond a few chores, such as doing the marketing, washing dishes, cutting firewood, etc., I had an easy time the first month.

(To be Continued).

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER R. C. EVANS.

(Written expressly for Autumn Leaves by request of the Editor.)

AND now for the glory of God, and the confirmation of the Saints I wish to tell of a miracle that I saw with my own eyes. I was called from Vanessa to Bothwell to preach a funeral sermon. I could reach Bothwell in time only by taking the M. C. R. train, and changing cars, going to Chatham and thence to Bothwell. I traveled all night, and found that the train for Bothwell from Chatham had just gone. Thus detained, I went to Elder Shaw's and from there to Bro. George Walker's. Bro. George had been working on the new Catholic church in Chatham and had got some kind of cement in his eyes. They went for the doctor, but by the time the physician reached him, his eyes were literally burned out. I was informed by Sr. Walker in the presence of her husband that the eyeballs were burned away, and the doctor had hard work to get the lids open wide enough to see the eye, and that all there was where the eye once was was red lumps a little larger than a wintergreen berry. The doctor said there was no hope of his ever seeing again. He was in a room blindfolded when I arrived. He had been blind for several weeks. We talked for some time, when all of a sudden, silence reigned and I heard a voice say, "He who spat upon the clay, can heal this man to-day." The Spirit of the Lord rested upon me in power, and I walked over to Bro. Walker, led him to the lounge, laid him down, poured the consecrated oil in his sunken sockets, laid my hands on his head, prayed for just a moment, when a power rested upon me, and I said, "In the name of Jesus Christ I say unto thee receive thy sight." I took my hands off his head and he sat up, opened his eyes, and did see. I bear my testimony to this in the name of Jesus Christ, before whom I must appear. George Walker is now enjoying his eyesight, and is living in Chatham, Kent county, Ontario. Since writing the above I have seen him and Sr. Walker. Herewith they sign their names as evidence of the truthfulness of the above.—George Walker, Fanney Walker.

December 5th, by invitation from the Baptist friends of Lynnville, I went to deliver four lectures in their church. The first three meetings the church was full, but when I drove up the fourth night, the church was in darkness, and a committee in waiting who informed me that the trustees, by direction of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Slatt, had closed the church against me, "but," said the committee, "Mr. Addison, the hotel keeper, has borrowed lumber, made seats, put up a stove, and placed a fine organ in the ball-room adjoining his hotel, and we now have a fine choir and over two hundred people waiting there to hear you preach."

I went over to the ball-room and preached. At the close of the service Mr. Robert Addison, the proprietor of the house, said: "Elder Evans, I do not profess to be a Christian, but I am of the opinion that the gospel you preach has the right ring to it, and I think you can do good in this place, so I want you to understand that though the preacher has turned you out of the church, the hotel keeper, good Samaritan like, will take you to the inn. So from this time, as long as you wish to remain, consider yourself proprietor of this hall, and the best room in my house, and as long as you can live on the same fare that we live on, you are a welcome guest at my table."

I then announced meetings for every night. The preacher lectured against us, and tracts were circulated against us. I was informed that I had sixty wives, and was getting fifteen hundred dollars a year from Salt Lake City for preaching, etc. To make a long story a short one, before I left there the preacher publicly apologized, I baptized twenty-two, including the hotel keeper's wife and son. He left the hotel, went onto his farm, and I have since had the pleasure of baptizing him. He is an intelligent man and now devotes much of his time telling to others the gospel of Jesus Christ, and is wielding a great power for good.

I was called from Lynnville to Seaforth by telegram from Elder Samuel Brown. It appears some infidels had caused Bro. Brown some trouble and he thought, as I had met some of those people before, I might assist him. I arrived in Seaforth, found Bro. Brown in the large town hall preaching to a congregation of twenty-three. He had been there for some time and was well liked as a man. We soon had the infidels after us, but after answering questions for them to their heart's content, we received a written challenge to discuss certain propositions with the celebrated Charles Watts, editor of a free thought journal in Toronto. We accepted the challenge, and the date of the debate was February 23d, 24th, 1887. Mr. Watts wanted to change the arrangements made. I would not consent, but wrote that if he did not wish to debate according to first agreement to let me know, and have not heard from him since. Mr. Wm. Campbell of Seaforth, wrote me for Mr. Watts, and I have all the letters he sent me, and a copy of the ones I sent to him.

While in Seaforth the Episcopalian minister delivered a lecture on Mormonism, and we went to hear him. He abused us shamefully. Said he could prove we had come from Salt Lake, and that we would ruin half the people in the town if steps were not taken to drive us out of the place. Said the devil had given me a voice and eyes that were calculated to lead people astray, and warned the men to keep their wives and daughters from our meetings. The collection plate came around, but like Peter I could say, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee," and I put a note on the plate, requesting the bearer to give it to the preacher. On this paper was written a request that his reverence would meet me in discussion, he to affirm that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is, in doctrine and organization, contrary to the New Testament, and I would affirm that the Church of England was conceived in lust, born in murder, lived in polygamy and idolatry, and is now dying in formality and pride. He refused to debate, and numbers left his church (I was told). I lectured on "The Origin of the Church of England," and replied to his abuse, and when some had given in their names for baptism and many were believing, I was called away to the other part of the mission, but since then Elders Brown, Smith and Watson have been there and good has resulted from their labors; Bro. Willard J. Smith baptizing some.

The reader will remember how the preceding pages tell the treatment I received at the hands of the Methodist preacher in

Vanessa. The temperance wave passed over Canada in the early part of 1888, and I was called on in different places to lecture on temperance for the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and, to my surprise, the Methodist church in Vanessa requested me to come and lecture on temperance in their church. I consented. Large bills went all over the county, and the result was that hundreds who hated me without a cause, now came to hear me, and from that time became my friends. I lectured in Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian churches, and public school-houses. Preachers who had in the past defamed my character, and did their best to keep their people away from my meetings, now stood on the same platform with me, and scoured the country to get people to come to hear my lectures. The result of my efforts brought me joy. Some who were drunkards reformed, and many hundreds who looked upon me as a vile man, now changed their views and some of the preachers learned when too late, that they had missed their mark in giving me such notoriety, for it was too late now to cry "don't you go to hear him." The result is, that all over the county of Norfolk there are halls open, and many are calling for me to go and preach for them. I often feel sad to think there are so few elders in the field, for I am satisfied I could find work for twenty good elders in the county of Norfolk alone. Our field is so large that I have been there very little, and other elders but a few times. If I am returned to Canada this year (1890), I hope to be permitted to labor in this county a good part of the year.

O, what a change! Less then two years ago, eleven men of supposed Christian character tried to hire the boys around Vanessa to tar and feather me and drive me out of the place; but their cruel plan was ruined by one of the boys telling me of the plot.

On the 4th of May, 1888, Bro. Longhurst drove me to Waterford to visit Mr. Yagard, M. D. The doctor informed me that the Rev. John Laycock, pastor of the Methodist church, had stated that he would like to meet "the Boy Preacher" in debate, that he would not apologize to me like Rev. Slatt had done in Lynnville, etc. Now, I had heard that this gentleman had been talking about me before, and I told the doctor that I would like to see Mr. Laycock. The doctor said, "Well, elder, if you will talk to him, I will take you to his residence and give you an introduction." We went. I will not record our conversation, suffice it for me to say, Rev. Laycock called me a fool, a Mormon impostor, and told me that if ever I dared to preach in Waterford, he would then meet me in debate, and show up the rottenness of Mormonism. I told him I had no desire to meet any person in debate, but I had been informed that he wished to meet me in debate, and he had not denied it. I told him that if my coming to preach in Waterford would cause him to meet me in discussion, that he could get ready, for I would preach in Waterford at no distant date.

That night I went to Mr. John Smith and offered to pay him rent for his church for two weeks. (He had a nice church that he purchased from the Methodists when the two congregations joined in one.) He told me to go on and preach for two weeks and he would care for the church, and if I needed it longer than two weeks we could make a bargain as to the rent. I preached in his church from the 6th to 25th of May, nearly every night, to crowded houses. At times hundreds were turned from the church unable to gain an entrance. All this time Mr. Laycock was abusing me, but would not face me.

The Methodists and Baptists sent to Toronto for the celebrated T. L. Wilkinson. We met and agreed to discuss four propositions: 1. That water baptism is essential to salvation; Elder Evans affirms. 2. That the God who is believed in and worshipped by the Methodist Church is the God of the Bible; Rev. T. L. Wilkinson affirms. 3. That Christian baptism as taught in the New Testament is immersion; Elder Evans affirms. 4. That according to inspired authority, the infant children of believers are proper subjects for Christian baptism; Rev. Wilkinson affirms. King James' version of the Bible to be accepted as the final standard of appeal in proof of all questions of doctrine in dispute.

Two evenings at least to be given to the discussion of each proposition. The debate to commence June 14th, opening at eight o'clock each night. We met at the time appointed. Elder Willard J.

Smith acted as my moderator and Elder Lake opened the debate with prayer. These two brethren stood by me in much fasting and prayer and in counsel and advice proved a blessing to me.

As the *Herald* and many other papers gave reports of the discussion I will not take the time to present the particulars in these *Leaves*, but to the glory of God and for the encouragement of those who may not have read the account, permit me to say, notwithstanding Mr. Wilkinson was a very talented man, and considered the most successful debater in the Methodist Church in Canada, he was only able to stand up under the fire of truth two nights. A large majority decided in our favor for the first proposition.

The mayor of the city of Brantford was chosen chairman. He acted the first night when Rev. Wilkinson objected to him, and the second night Mr. Duncumb, a lawyer, was selected by him. Both these gentlemen were strangers to me, but they gave me justice.

The hall was crowded the third night. When Rev. Wilkinson opened the debate on the second proposition, he ridiculed Joseph Smith's and the Latter Day Saints' idea of God, using disgusting language until he was called to order. The chair decided that he must keep to the subject, when the Reverend gentleman and his fellow-clergymen flew into a rage, and refused to discuss further, and left the Opera House amid the hisses of "coward" proceeding from the audience, while I was lifted from the stage in the arms of some men and nearly carried to the door.

At that time there was not a Latter Day Saint in Waterford. Since then I have baptized fifty-three, including Professor James W. Easton, the man who patented the Easton electric light dynamo. American and Canadian papers love to praise him. He has since been called and ordained to the ministry and in Waterford has presided over the branch, preaching and baptizing, until about one year ago he left to organize a company in Newark, New Jersey, where he is at present writing, fast fitting himself financially so that he may devote his life to the work of the ministry.

Mr. Smith and his wife who owned the church house, were baptized, so that now we have a nice church, fine organ, a good congregation of Saints and a large number of friends in Waterford. This coming June conference will be held in Waterford.

Of the fifty-six baptized in Waterford, all are grown and the majority of them are married people. Of the many blessings God bestowed upon us in Waterford, permit me to cite you to a few.

Mr. A. W. Brown, a very fine young man, one who was a leading spirit in the town, attended our meetings, and one night he informed me that as far as he had power to understand, he was satisfied that the Latter Day Saints were preaching the gospel; "but," said he, "I am not sure that I ought to obey, but if God will give me a knowledge of my duty, I will obey Him."

I felt different while talking to him to what I had ever felt when talking to any other one I had conversed with. I looked him in the face and said, "Go with me and pray, and if God does not satisfy you, I shall never ask you to be baptized."

He replied, "I will go. When shall we go?"

"Now," I said.

It was the evening of the fourth of September, 1888. We walked out into the country and while the stars were shining, and the pale moon shed her light on the lonely road, we turned to the roadside, and beside a stump fence we bowed in solemn prayer. Both breathed a prayer to "our Father." We arose. I spoke not a word, but saw that he was affected. At last he said: "O, Elder Evans, this is enough! I am now convinced, and am determined to serve God. I care not if every friend I have turns coldly from me, from this hour I devote my life to the service of my Creator. The following night I baptized him. Since that hour Bro. Brown has proven his faith by his works.

One of the many cases of healing in Waterford I will now relate: Mrs. North heard the gospel and believed it, but felt sad to think she was so delicate that she could not be baptized. She had been a great sufferer for many years, and had doctored with many of the most celebrated physicians of the country, but obtained no relief.

I told her that our God never gave a commandment for his children to obey, and then caused them pain or killed them because they obeyed it. I related how I

had baptized a man in ice water from the well who had been given up to die by the doctors, and that he was better after baptism than before.

She, with her husband consented to be baptized. It was a very cold day. Deep snow and thick ice were on the river, but we shoveled the snow, cut the ice, and lifted her into the water. Her husband was baptized at the same time with some others.

I was in Waterford a month ago, and saw Sister North, and she is now a strong woman. The roses of health are blooming on her face, and she told me that from the hour of her baptism she had never had a pain, not even a headache. I could mention other cases where marvelous cures have been effected by the power of God in Waterford branch, but time and space tell me I must bring my biography to a conclusion.

I was preaching in the town of Blenheim on the 6th of November, when a telegram from my brother Thomas reached me saying, "Father died this morning at my home." I hurried thither and found the house full of weeping friends. The Church of England and Methodist preachers preached the funeral sermon over father's remains, when we conveyed him to London where he sleeps the sleep of the pure, the true and the brave. He had been ailing for years, but yet his death was unexpected. He was reclining in his easy chair when he requested them to help him to the lounge that he might rest. His last words were to mother. He said, "Mother, stand firm in the gospel, and permit no power to lead you from duty." Elder A. Leverton gave him the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. This was the last that entered his mouth. When he realized that his time was come, he placed his handkerchief over his face and passed away to be with the blessed. Elder Richard, Howlett conducted the funeral services in London.

February, 1889, I had preached and baptized a number in the city of St. Thomas, among them Mr. William Strange. He was a leading Methodist, and one of the business men of the city. Our success raised the ire of Rev. Dr. Ailsworth, a Methodist divine of very superior ability. He waited until I left the city, then commenced a tirade of abuse against the Latter Day Saints. Bro. Strange wrote me and I replied, telling him to write the reverend gentleman, giving him an epitome of our faith and doctrine, and ask him to name his subject and meet us in honorable debate. He refused to meet us, but stated that he would lecture on Mormonism till he had killed it. So thinking that he meant business, I hastened to St. Thomas to be present at the funeral.

I arrived in time to listen to his second lecture. The beautiful large church was crowded. According to previous arrangement as I entered the church the usher brought me up to the minister's family pew, right in front of the preacher. The plot, as I afterward learned, was to place me there, so that the lecturer could point me out and show the people a real live Mormon elder.

I sat there taking notes and when his reverence gave me a hard hit I would look him fair in the eyes and then he would get excited, lose his place and scold me more.

Well, he told us what Mrs. Stenhouse had to say about Joseph Smith, forgetting to inform his hearers that she was at the time of Joseph's death only a child. She was born the year the Book of Mormon was printed and given to the reading world. She had not heard a Saint speak till five years after Joseph's death. She set foot on the American continent for the first time in 1856, just twelve years after Joseph had gone to rest. The reader will readily see that Fanny Stenhouse is not a competent witness either for or against Joseph Smith. This book, with others of like stamp, were his great witnesses.

To make this story short, let me say that the reverend gentleman did us much good, for he advertised our work, caused hundreds to come and hear me, until night after night crowds were turned from our hall, unable to gain even standing room. I baptized ten the week of his lecture, and a number since. If he buried Latter Day Saintism, then there has been a resurrection since, for we have a branch there of seventy odd members, and one of his most influential members is now the presiding elder of the Latter Day Saint's Church in that city.

In March, while preaching in Blenheim with Elder John H. Lake, I was requested by the citizens to lecture on temperance. I

complied with their request and a crowded house greeted me. Next morning the secretary of the Women's Christian Temperance Union sent me a polite note expressing their thanks for my effort on the side of right; also informing me that if I would consent to deliver another lecture on temperance, they would secure the largest hall in the place, so more could hear me, but I was obliged to decline their offer, and left the following day, to fill appointments already made in Chatham.

I was afterwards informed that at the general meeting of the temperance people in Western Canada our feeble efforts were referred to and the line of demarcation was plainly drawn between the Latter Day Saints and Salt Lake Mormonism. This has done much for our work, for the remarks of their meeting went far and near.

To be continued.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

God never would send you the darkness
If he felt you could bear the light;
But you would not cling to his guiding hand
If the way were always bright;
And you would not care to walk by faith,
Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true He has many an anguish
For your sorrowful heart to bear,
And many a cruel thorn-crown
For your tired head to wear:
He knows how few would reach heaven at all
If pain did not guide them there.

So He sends you the blinding darkness,
And the furnace of seven-fold heat;
'Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to His feet,—
For 'tis always so easy to wander
When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in your Father's,
And sing, if you can, as you go;
Your song may cheer some one behind you
Whose courage is sinking low:
And well if your lips do quiver—
God will love you better so.

—Selected.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER GLAUD RODGER.—No. XVII.

COMPILED FROM HIS JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

IN drawing near the close of my husband's biography, I wish to state that having heretofore adhered so closely to his letters and journals, I feel that very many interesting events of his life have been omitted. It was not his habit to record the many strong testimonies which from time to time God was pleased to give him, and thus they are lost to the many friends who would now read them with thankful hearts. Very little has been recorded by him except how his time was occupied almost every day of his life. The many good deeds that he has done cannot be found in his jouanals; they are only recorded above.

Bro. J. W. Wight, in a letter to the *Herald*, says, "Poor Bro. Rodger! what he went through in this land for the sake of truth would make a chapter. The way he toiled in a strange land and met some of the worst persecutions ever known, would wring tears from the eyes of all who might read. Loved be his memory, and rest his reward."

Surely it can be said of him, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, he rests from his labors and his works do follow him. I could write a great deal that he has told me, but think it best not to do so; if he had wished it published he would have written it himself. He had a noble and generous heart; and often, when visiting the poor, would give what little he had to those who were in great need, trusting to the Lord to help him through. When I recall how many cases of sickness and suffering were healed

through his administration by the prayer of faith and the power of God after all earthly help had failed I wonder it is not on record. Many now living can testify to the truth of this. I once heard a person say, "Bro. Rodger, why don't you write that down?"

His answer was, "My Master knows, and that is enough."

He had his failings like every one else, but nothing serious; and was always willing to go where duty called; and knowing as I do the truth of the latter day work, I was not a stumbling block in his way nor a hindrance to his preaching the gospel and bringing souls to Christ. After he had been home from Australia long enough to be well acquainted with his two youngest children (for they were strangers to each other) I was willing that he should again take a mission. It was his calling as a seventy, and he was appointed to California. He went and traveled there until the fall of 1882, when he returned home, and after general conference went with Bro. Faulk to Independence, Missouri. He was so well pleased with the place that he wrote us, saying he would like to make a home there, and wished us to follow him as soon as possible, which we did in November of the same year. I shall never forget my feelings as I walked by his side up the hill from the depot. The weather was delightful and it was a beautiful moonlight evening. Seeing a tiny bright speck on the road, and stooping down, picked up twenty-five cents. He bought a place and was about to close the bargain when I asked him if he really felt satisfied that he had done all he could in preaching the gospel, and was contented to stay at home.

He said, "Well, Mattie, I don't know; perhaps I had better take one more mission"

Let me say right here that in 1869 he was at home working in the harvest field when he was taken very sick. No one thought he would recover. Then we told the Lord that if he would spare his life, he would travel and preach as long as he had health and strength to do so. We kept our promise, hence the reason why he thought he had better take one more mission; for it is a serious matter to make a covenant with the Lord, and then not keep it. I liked Independence and thought it a pretty place, but would rather live in Lamoni if we had to live alone; therefore we came back here. He bought a lot, built us a house and made things as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

Having been appointed a mission to Nevada and California, he would gladly have taken us with him to California, but we did not want to go. We had come here to gather with the Saints, and would rather stay; so he bade us good-bye on the 13th of September, 1883.

A postal card is before me, and on it is written:

"ELKO, Nev., Oct. 1st, 1883.

"I arrived here last night at half-past nine and found a welcome at Brother Penrod's," etc.

I intended to be brief but would like to copy part of one letter he wrote me from Nevada, before I close. I know it will interest some:

"ELKO, Nev., December 17th.

"It is drawing near Christmas—over three months since I saw you last. It has been a long dreary time to me, and not at all times comfortable, neither in mind nor body; but in the work of God I have my hope. One thing trying indeed is the dark, careless and benighted condition of the world. So few are willing to hear, and fewer willing to believe when they do hear the word and warning in all plainness possible. This western country is filled with a race who seem to care for nothing but dances, gambling, and all manner of light reading, and (what is most hartrending) some of the children of Latter Day Saints who have been baptized into the church are foremost in that line. The *Herald* and our works despised and thrown to one side. They would rather go anywhere else than to meetings. These things hurt the feelings keenly, while we are toiling and trying all we can to spread the word; still one here and there is found of honest sincerity, and oh how it gladdens the heart to converse with them! I have held three meetings in Elko, one at Bro. Penrod's house and two at the Court House last Sunday. I published the subject in the paper: 1st, The Church of Christ. 2d, The personal reign of Christ upon the earth. Felt well, had good liberty and good attention; but when done there was a rush for the door, but no one came to speak or assist to pay expenses, neither to say, 'Come again.'

"Next day the paper said: 'We listened to the word according to the ideas of the Josephites.' I often wonder what will awaken this sleepy, careless generation. A Scotch family attended the meeting at Bro. Penrod's, and invited me to call. I did so, but they were cold and dark when told of the Lord's plan of salvation; I chatted with them for hours, but like talking to the wall. Yesterday, by invitation, I called on a fine old couple, and found them truly honest and believing in the word. I have faith they may come into the church by and by. It was a pleasant time.

"So you see my work is before me. All I ask is that the Lord may help me to fill this mission faithfully, and that you may have health and the comforts of life and the good Spirit, to aid in every duty till we meet again. One year ago we were in Independence. Since then every month has brought us more proof of the last days, and the future will reveal more, to the satisfaction of the Saints. A few more years of a life devoted to God, and then we shall meet the loved ones gone before, see as seen, and know as known, a rich reward for toil and trouble here. I think of you much, and particularly in the lonely midnight hours when sleep has fled, and often I think how little we have been together for many long years, and look around for two others who have lived as we have lived for the work's sake. We can only wish and pray that the good Lord may accept the labor and sacrifice in the end. No man can judge on this matter and judge truly. The heart, the soul, the motives, and the situation, have all been seen by that eye that never slumbers, neither can be deceived. Such a one has been a father and friend in all the windings of the past, and is now to us a never deviating friend in need. If we live and love together as Saints, heirs of Christ, the veil will get thinner day by day, and we shall be brought nearer to His presence, and thus be prepared for life or death; if death, a glorious hope in the first resurrection; if life, prepared to meet the changes in the near future for an inheritance in Zion with the righteous who shall be gathered from the four corners of the earth. This is no dream, no phantom of the brain to us, but an eternal reality, the Spirit beareth witness. Then, Mattie, whatever trials we may have to meet, let us be patient, long suffering and kind, ever willing rather to suffer wrong than to do wrong. My prayer is that all may be well with you."

The above is a correct copy, I could write much more but refrain.

(To be continued)

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he be dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it, do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them. And by kindly sharing
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine of his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place,
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veils the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the heavenly giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end
Your life shall never lack a friend.

—Selected.

"DOES IT PAY TO READ FICTION."

BURNSIDE, Ills., Oct. 6th, 1890.

DEAR READERS OF THE AUTUMN LEAVES:

WHILE chatting about the different periodicals of the church with several of our elders, I have had them upon several occasions ask me, "Sister Fannie, why don't you write for the *Autumn Leaves?*"

My answer has always been, "I have not anything to write about," so believing in the old maxim, "Never speak when you have nothing to say," I have held my peace; but a letter in the Department of Correspondence, in the September *Autumn Leaves* woke me up.

A sister from Cody, Nebraska, writes on the subject, "Does it pay to read fiction?" and answers the question herself plainly and firmly, "It does not."

Now, dear readers, perhaps she is right, but it is always wise to hear both sides of a question before making up one's mind as to which is right and which wrong. As the sister quotes from her own experience, allow me to do the same.

I have read all my life. My father, who makes his living with his pen, and is an author of some little note, has always directed my reading; and I can scarcely remember when I did not read. Under ten years of age I read such books as Sophie May's "Dotty Dimple" stories, and the "Prudy Books." I took the *Youth's Companion* (and read that yet by the way) and "St. Nicholas." At that age I cared for nothing but children's stories. My dear mother used to worry because I had no taste for history and more solid reading; but my father used to say, "Let her alone; she'll come out all right. I was exactly like her when a boy, and now I can digest anything. Her taste will develop just as mine did, but let her read. Her mind and heart will be all the better for having read these stories."

So I kept on with my reading (was a perfect little book-worm), and noticed that papa took care that I read nothing trashy, and pure, sensible stories that would hurt no one, and have noticed from year to year how my mind has grown and my taste changed. Why, bless you, one's mind will grow, if properly cultivated, the same as one's body.

At thirteen I read my first love-story, and that was "Little Women," by Louisa M. Alcott. Who will dare condemn that? I read all, or nearly all of Miss Alcott's works, a good many of J. L. Trowbridge's stories for boys, (he writes almost entirely for boys), and, speaking of him, I think he must have been a self-made man, for I have noticed that nearly all of his heroes are boys who made their way by pluck, honesty and perseverance, and a great deal of hard work. These, with some of E. P. Roe's writings, Harper's *Young People*, a few of Mrs. Holmes' novels (a very few, for I didn't like her style, too much sameness. Every one has a mystery of parentage in its plot), Mrs. Stowe's writings, Dickens' works, and the *Century* magazine, made up considerable of my reading till I was seventeen, at which age I began on Sir Walter Scott's novels, which I consider necessary to every boy and girl's education. My father used to talk them over with me when he came home to his meals. He had traveled in England and Scotland where many of Scott's characters were located, and could tell me many incidents connected with what I was reading, and that made it more interesting. Then the next year I took up the Chautauqua readings, the C. L. S. C. Then I learned something and my ideas developed rapidly—and let me say right here, to both young and old, If you want to know something, read the prescribed readings of the C. L. S. C. One of the books in one year's course is "In His Name," by Edward Everett Hale (a distant relative of Emma Hale Smith, wife of the Seer), and a very beautiful story it is. Another one of the books is "Ben Hur," by General Lew Wallace; and how any one can condemn it puzzles me, for to me the language, the phraseology, the tale itself, is simply sublime. The description of the crucifixion is one of the finest things I ever read. Ben-Hur had suffered much at the hands of the Romans. All his life he had one idea prominent, and that was vengeance, and he had educated himself for that purpose. He eagerly embraces an idea which he thinks Jesus Christ may have of permitting himself to be placed at the head of an army, re-capture the lost cities of Israel, and finally be

crowned king; and he is sorely disappointed that the Savior will not indorse this idea of his friends, and thus bring power and riches to the Jews; but when he sees him hanging there on the tree with the nails piercing the tender flesh of his hands and feet, when he sees him sweating great drops of blood in his agony, hears his persecutors reviling him, yet to all this he opens not his mouth, utters not one word of reproach, casts not one angry look on those who are torturing him, and while Ben Hur's heart is burning within him at the sight, he hears the Savior of men murmur, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Then, and not till then does Ben Hur realize that that man suffering there before him is utterly superior to any earthly king he would ever see, and that there was something infinitely better than being crowned king, or wreaking vengeance on one's enemies, for "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," saith the Lord; and he went down to his house with a better and wiser purpose in his heart, resolving to put the splendid opportunities he had enjoyed to a better purpose. Could Lew Wallace have finished up his story better? After telling of the life that a bright, sunny-tempered, but rather dissolute young man had led, he tells what effect the life of another one, more humble than himself, had upon him; and how witnessing his sufferings and death changed the whole tenor of his life, and he became a changed and better man. Why, the whole story made me feel, after reading it, as if Christ had lived and died only a few years ago. So much in the defense of "Ben Hur." After my marriage, I rather neglected my reading (excepting the papers, for I intended to keep posted, if I was a married woman), but I always read more or less; and being of rather an inquiring mind naturally, I used to get into numberless arguments with my husband on Mormonism (I was an Episcopalian at that time). He was better posted in Scripture than I, consequently I used to get worsted every time we got into a discussion; but although silenced, I remained unconvinced, and manifested a good deal of "up again and take another" spirit. Finally, at my husband's earnest request, I commenced reading "the Book of Mormon." I found it very interesting as a history, but I did not believe it was an inspired writing; but if I had not read a good deal of history and miscellaneous reading in my life, I could not have read it with any interest, for "The Book of Mormon" is pretty deep. But, after reasoning over what I had read, and hearing the gospel from time to time preached by those having authority, I made an unconditional surrender of all the flimsy ideas I had been taught to believe was Christianity to my Savior, and a little over a year ago Bro. Alex. Hale Smith led me into the waters of the Mississippi, and I was buried with my Lord in baptism. Thus I came to Christ.

But to finish my subject,—a word of advice, and I am through. Mothers, if you wish your children to be broad-minded and liberal in their views, let them read, *encourage* them to read. Be careful they don't get hold of any detective or sensational stories ("blood and thunder stories" I call them), for they will poison and adulterate any child's tastes; but give them good, sensible reading that will fire their ambition "to be as good as Beth," and as they grow older, gradually train them to read deeper stories with history woven in with them, such as the "Waverly works," and their minds will be so healthy and vigorous they won't take any pleasure in "Buffalo Bill" or "The Heir of Redclyffe," if they do read them. It is just like giving a child that has always been accustomed to healthy, palatable food, coarse and poorly cooked victuals, they won't eat them.

Let your children *read*. When a boy or girl is reading a good book, he is in good *company*. If the characters are good, and the grammar and phraseology correct, they are not only better off, but are better engaged than if they were out gadding the streets, going to the skating rink where they come in contact with Tom, Dick and Harry, or with some fast boy who would probably be teaching your boy to swear, chew tobacco, drink, and play cards. Let every mother say "amen" to that; so let them read, watch the stories and see that they are pure and proper for them to read; and let them rest their brains from vulgar fractions and the "Jamestown Colonies" by a good read in "The Hoosier School-Boy," or "Nicholas Nickleby." They'll be all the better for it, and not half so contracted

in their views as if they had perused nothing but their school-books; and when they are grown (for you can't compel them to do it before), a few books like "The Life of James A. Garfield," "History of U. S. Grant," and the like,—good books both of them, but not the kind of stuff to broaden their views excepting in politics. In conclusion, let me say again, it does pay to read good fiction, and lots of it. Your sister in the one faith,

MRS. FAUN PRENTISS MCGAHEN.

LAMONI, Iowa, Oct. 7th, 1890.

MRS. F. P. MCGAHEN,

Dear Sister:—I write to express my pleasure that something has at last shaken you out of your indifference in regard to our church publications, and to express the hope that your conscience will never permit you to drop into such lethargy again. Truly there are many lights and shades in which every subject can be viewed, and I am trying to carefully place this matter where the light may bring out the best there is in it. I do not want to be narrow in any of my views, but would have them just as broad as the gospel of Christ will permit them

I think that until human nature ed below brute creation, there ery pa part a strong, yes, an int e to see their chil- like of usefulness and th No matter how our antages may have de hould have all, and n we can afford to se observer will no- er of our advantages idely as the mental, ining of the parents of society will desire trained for society; ette, perfect dancing, both at home and first with her. To ciety would in her eyes s sin than to break the God.

t, literary woman will in the direction of phy- development, indeed, far as to lose sight en- ical and bestow all care Thus we might follow through all grades of mental, moral or ethical, and we shall find, as a rule, the same law prevailing. But among the many strange mysteries of life, this one confronts us, and it is one which at this time is attracting a large measure of attention; namely, that in order to produce the best results, each child must be studied as an isolated, independent creation; for while it is true that humanity has many characteristics in common, it is equally true that there are nice shades of distinction peculiar to each child; and he who teaches in the best sense of the word, must be able to discern not only every color, but every tint and shade of the different colors which, so to speak, compose the mental fiber of the one he is undertaking to instruct. In your own case, for instance, your father knew you better than your mother, perhaps because he knew himself better than she did; but the rule which in your case, resulted in no apparent harm, we do most assuredly know in many another one would have wrought much harm. There is yet another factor entering into your own case which, unfortunately, does not enter into all cases. Indeed so few are there like it that blessed indeed is the child who possesses it. Your father, out of his own superior wisdom, guided, watched over, and directed your reading. His superior knowledge was at your disposal, and, having not only the key of the situation, but the chart of love to assist, he brought your barque safely into the port of intellectual culture. But because of this, do you, dear sister, feel that it is wise and safe to say to all mothers, indiscriminately, "Let your children read good fiction and lots of it"?

Now I most cheerfully admit there is such a thing as good fiction, but can we feel sure that the undeveloped, uneducated taste will select the good and reject the evil, or that the reading of the best of fiction will develop the taste for solid, substantial reading? In your own case, your father helped largely in the development of this taste, by calling your attention to particular passages and relating incidents connected with localities mentioned. This in itself, to my mind, had more bearing upon your intellectual training than the books themselves, had they been read apart from this. If this be true, then it was the *wisdom of the father*

to which you are the more largely indebted. It is never safe to reason from exceptions, and I want to appeal to your own observation and experience, as to whether you have found cases like your own the exception or the rule. I could point you to more than one instance which has come under my own observation, where parents have allowed a taste for novel reading, we will call it, to be formed, and ultimately the taste for all solid reading has been destroyed. If, as it is asserted, the lips speak out of the abundance of the heart, then is it not in a great measure true that the life of one whose taste is only for light and frivolous reading, must be light and frivolous?

"Speak well of a bridge which carries you safe over," I used to think an excellent maxim, but mature reflection has caused me to change my mind. Because I have walked safely through a furnace, and have come out without the smell of fire upon my garments, shall I advise others to enter it, when I know that they will be just as likely to come out charred and blackened, as they will be to come out safely? The discrimination necessary to the choice of good solid reading, is just as necessary to the choice of good fiction; and in both cases can be possessed only, or to a sufficient extent, by a cultivated mind.

Here again we are met by the great difficulty of choosing which path is the safer one. Is it better, is it wiser, to say to the undeveloped mind, sit down to this meal, or to that? Here is plain, but substantial food; upon it the mind will grow and thrive; and while it is not unmixed with evil, you will seldom find the evil so veiled or so colored that you will not see it in colors true enough to dislike it; and the longer you feed at this table, the fuller will be your store of information. But there is another table, the viands of which are far more dainty and attractive; in fact, they are so delicious that they will melt in your mouth without any trouble whatever; and your intellectual teeth may soften for the want of use. Occasionally you will meet with morsels of a substantial nature, but you will not be likely to relish them to the extent of paying very much attention to them, for there is such a fascination imparted to this food, that the more you consume of it, the more you desire; and the taste for anything more substantial is destroyed entirely.

Do you say this is strongly put? I think not, but let us see. Walter Lewin, in the August number of the *Forum*, 1889, writing upon the "Abuse of Fiction," says: "The misuse of literature has given being to two abnormal mental types; namely, the literary prig and the literary dram-drinker. With the literary prig we have, on the present occasion, little to do. One of his peculiarities is that he eschews all works of fiction, except George Eliot's novels. The literary dram-drinker, on the contrary, draws his mental sustenance from fiction alone. For him the majority of novels are written. There are writers of high talent among those who cater to his needs. Miss Braddon, Mrs. Henry Wood, and the Trollopes, for example. He is not averse even to a higher order of fiction, providing it is not too substantial; he can manage William Black and Thomas Hardy, but hardly the three Georges of English fiction, McDonald, Eliot and Merideth. Nearly one-fifth of the total literary output of Great Britain consists of works of fiction. Of the 929 such works published last year, it is within the mark to assume that excepting the odd 29—perhaps all excepting the odd 9—were expressly designed to suit the palate of the habitual novel reader. They were works that feed the appetite without satisfying it. A confirmed literary dram-drinker can, I believe, commence and finish a full-sized novel in one day, and he needs little or no rest before proceeding to another. This would be appalling, did we not remember how small a portion of what he imbibes is vital and remains. But the truth is that most novels are read only to be forgotten. If the habitual novel-reader did not forget, his mind would soon become dangerously, if not fatally congested. It is customary to blame novel writers for the frivolous character of their work; but considering the readers they serve, they do well, for the same reason that to administer diluted rum to a confirmed drunkard, is more kind than to offer him pure spirits."

Words could hardly picture more plainly the tendency of novel reading; and while it was not the intention of the writer to condemn fiction, in the least, it seems to me the language speaks for

itself. I am aware that it is not just to condemn anything because of its abuse. This is not our idea, for we know that the best gifts of God are the most often abused; but it shows *the tendency* of novel reading, and proves beyond successful contradiction, that tendency to be downward instead of upward in the literary scale.

Perhaps you may say I am advocating only good fiction. I understand that and admit that good fiction is good in its place, as are many other things; but I am not prepared to admit that it is a wise thing to cultivate a taste for that kind of reading first; for I believe in nine cases out of ten the result will be to produce what Walter Lewin calls a "literary dram-drinker."

There is now a large number of interesting juvenile books, from which judicious parents may select reading for their children, which, being written in an attractive style, not only interest the young minds, but lead them in the direct paths towards the acquisition of knowledge and truth, instead of by a flowery one, which is likely to lead them astray. I have never seen the Story of the Bible read to a group of children, when their attention was not chained and their eyes sparkling with pleasure; and no matter how often read, they are always anxious to hear it again. "Henry Harper's Illustrated Letters to My Children, from the Holy Land," is another book of like character. Nor is juvenile literature confined to sacred subjects, as a glance at the catalogues issued by any one of our large publishing houses will convince you. Travels, descriptions of various countries have been simplified, biographies of eminent men also, while science is treated of in a way to fascinate the mind; and, as before remarked, all of these lead *directly* to the fountain head of truth. But, deeming this letter sufficiently lengthy for the present, I will defer one or two points to which I wish to call your attention to a future one. In the meantime, dear madam, believe me most faithfully and respectfully yours, M. WALKER.

Editor's Corner.

AMONG the articles contained in this issue will be found one taken from *The Arena*, which by the kindly, cheerful consent of the editor, we reproduce entire, and bespeak for it a careful reading. It is our intention from time to time to present to our readers a reflex, as it were, of questions which are now agitating the world and engrossing the profoundest thought of the century, and among all we have met we have found none which to our mind sets forth the truth upon the points touched upon, in a clearer light than "Churchianity versus Christianity." In looking back upon this latter day work and contemplating it in its various lights and shades the question presents itself to our mind, Are we entirely free from all the charges brought against "Churchianity"? There is nothing more valuable to an individual than self-examination, and the best use we can make of an enemy is to borrow his eye-glasses and use them for the purpose of self-scrutiny, for it may chance that through their use we shall see with clearer vision and discover blemishes we never so much as suspected before. Then if we are honest, if our purpose is sincere, we will strive to correct the faults so pointed out and all unwittingly the harm intended us, will result in good. "The value of a bad name," said one recently, "depends first upon its power to disturb those to whom it is applied, and then upon the *accuracy of its application*." If it does not fit us, it should leave us calm as a summer's morning and if it is well applied, then let us use it wisely.

IN our next issue we shall present our readers with a vision concerning the "Redemption of Zion," given to Bro. A. White, and if it impresses others as it did us, we can only say good will be done. It is time for us to awake to a realizing sense of the fact that however much we may deceive our fellow man—yes, even deceive ourselves—it is a vain thought for us to entertain that we can deceive God. "Zion is the pure in heart," and of these Christ says, "Blessed as they, for they shall see God."

The thought has long been present to our inner consciousness that if we are not better because of our greater light, it would have been better for us had we never received it. To our understanding, the world to-day is more clearly apprehending than ever before since the morning of creation that faith without works is dead, and while they are not looking at, or are overlooking the works produced by faith, which leads to an obedience of all the gospel ordinances, is it not possible that we are (in a measure at least) overlooking the other part of that same law, without the possession of which, though we give our bodies to be burned, it profiteth us nothing?

One additional word with our patrons in regard to our premium offer. While subscriptions will be received at any time for the Leaves and all coming in before or up to January 15th, 1891, will be credited in full and you will receive in due time both magazine and engraving, we will not be able, in all probability, to send out the engraving before the last of December or first of January. We are hoping to have a few struck off before that time, however, for the special use of those who are willing to work in the interest of the magazine, and if you will kindly drop us a card stating that you would like one for that purpose, we will (as soon as we receive them) forward you one, which we will present to you and allow you an extra copy of the magazine and engraving for every twelve names sent us, accompanied by the subscription price, together with fifteen cents each to cover cost of mailing. Let us say to our friends that we have never as yet disappointed you by failing to meet your expectations in what we have promised and we do not intend to begin now. Subscribe for the magazine in time to obtain the engraving and we assure you with all confidence, you will never regret it.

Don't forget that you can have the magazine without paying in advance, but we can not in that case send the engraving with it.

As the next number will close the volume and there is still remaining on our list quite a number of unpaid subscriptions, we will be thankful to our friends if they can send us the money between this and the first of December, for just at this time our expenses are heavy.

On the second page of our cover will be found the advertisement of *Pen and Platform*, and we take pleasure in saying to our readers that the publication is one we can cordially recommend them to introduce to their homes and friends. The highest encomium we might pass upon the purity of its contents and the lofty aim ever kept in view by its editor, would fall far short of convincing you to the extent which a single number, examined by yourself will do. Send for a specimen copy and be convinced.

To those who have read the extracts from Prof. Buchanan's article in our last issue, the letter herewith given may be of interest. By way of explanation we will say that we sent him a copy of the Leaves containing the article above referred to, also a letter in which we said to him that he might have given Joseph Smith's name among those who had predicted the late war, for not only had he predicted it, but had named the very spot where it would begin, and had also foretold the marshalling and arming of the slaves for battle. The following is his reply:

Boston, 6 James St., Oct. 15th.

M. Walker:—Yours just received is the expression of just sentiments and interests me much by reference to the prediction of Joseph Smith, who was certainly a gifted man. Could you do me the favor of procuring a copy of that prediction, as I do not know how else to secure it.

There is much interesting in the history of Smith, but I have not had time to investigate his claims as I would like. I have never sympathized with the brutal antipathy arrayed against the Mormon Church.

Yours cordially,

J. R. Buchanan.

When answering this we procured a copy of the revelation referred to and sent it to Prof. Buchanan together with an epitome of our faith and doctrines, also stating that should he desire further information it would give us pleasure to put him in the way of obtaining it, and asking if he had any objection to our publishing his letter? This elicited the following reply:

Boston, Oct. 23d. 1890,

6 James Street.

Dear Madam: Yours of the 20th received. I think the prophecy of Smith remarkable as to our war, and he was a man of remarkable endowments. What I say on such subjects is no secret, and you are welcome to quote it.

I am not interested to investigate any system of belief—having my own views fully developed—but I think your church fully equal to the old churches in its claims to our respect, and in some respects decidedly superior, and more faithful to the Bible—hence more likely to make good citizens. But I do not agree with

those who attach more importance to ancient and doubtful manuscripts than to modern revelation and science.

Yours cordially,

J. R. BUCHANAN.

Notwithstanding this second letter does not fully harmonize with the first, inasmuch as one says "I have not had time to investigate his claims as I would like," and the other "I am not interested to examine any system of faith," yet our readers will see that in many points he yields all we claim.

INDIAN SUMMER.

(See Illustration.)

When leaves grow sere all things take somber hue;
The wild winds waltz no more the woodside through,
And all the faded grass is wet with dew.

A gauzy nebula films the pensive sky,
The golden bee supinely buzzes by,
In silent flocks the bluebirds southward fly.

The forest's cheeks are crimsoned o'er with shame,
The cynic frost enlaces every lane,
The ground with scarlet blushes is aflame!

The one we love grows lustrous-eyed and sad,
With sympathy too thoughtful to be glad,
While all the colors round are running mad.

The sunbeams kiss askant the somber hill,
The naked woodbine climbs the window-sill,
The breaths that noon exhales are faint and chill.

The ripened nuts drop downward day by day,
Sounding the hollow tocsin of decay,
And bandit squirrels smuggle them away.

Vague sighs and scents pervade the atmosphere,
Sounds of invisible stirrings hum the ear,
The morning's lash reveals a frozen tear.

The hermit mountains gird themselves with mail,
Mocking the threshers with an echo flail,
The while the afternoons grow crisp and pale.

Inconstant Summer to the tropics flees
And as her rose-sails catch the amorous breeze,
Lo! bare, brown Autumn trembles to her knees!

The stealthy nights encroach upon the days,
The earth with sudden whiteness is ablaze,
And all her paths are lost in crystal maze!

Tread lightly where the dainty violets blew,
Where the spring winds their soft eyes open threw;
Safely they sleep the churlish winter through.

Though all life's portals are indiced with woe,
And frozen pearls are all the world can show,
Feel! Nature's breath is warm beneath the snow.

Look up! dear mourners! Still the blue expanse,
Severely tender, bends to catch thy glance,
Within thy tears sybillic sunbeams dance!

With blooms full-sapped again will smile the land,
The fall is but the folding of His hand,
Anon with fuller glories to expand.

The dull heart hid beneath the pulseless tree
Will throb again; and then the torpid bee
Upon the ear will drone his drowsy glee.

So shall the truant bluebirds backward fly,
And all loved things that vanish, or that die,
Return to us in some sweet bye and bye.

ANONYMOUS.

Domestic Department.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves.

A CHAPTER ON IRONING WHITE SHIRTS.

Dear Sister Martha:—I have not yet seen among the many good lessons, suggestions and receipts in the Domestic Department anything about "doing up" white shirts. And yet there is not more than one woman in twenty who is proficient in that art—if such it may be called—of housewifery. The commonly heard expression concerning such work is, "I would rather do anything than iron a white shirt!"

Experience teaches every careful and thrifty housewife that it is the lack of a proper knowledge concerning any branch in her department which renders it irksome, or causes her to say, "I can not do it." The lack of knowledge in this particular instance, among women in general proves very disadvantageous to a certain class of men called "traveling elders" For, as a rule, they wear white shirts, and, let them be never so careful, these white shirts will get dirty. To hire them washed from year to year at a laundry, or by Chinese, costs the elder many a dollar, for even the Chinaman knows how to charge extra for "job work." Besides, the elder does not always have money in his pocket when his clothes need washing. And again, he is often where there is neither a laundry nor a Chinaman to do the washing. At such times more than one has been under the disagreeable necessity of wearing them dirty till he got where there were such accomodations. But if women were as well skilled in "doing up" white shirts (I say "doing up" because there is as much in the starching as there is in the ironing) as they are in ironing little embroidered dresses, they could render acceptable service to the Master in that way, since he has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." And "a penny saved is a penny gained."

Therefore, for the benefit of the nineteen, I will give one of the methods that I observe, and which produces shining results.

First, see that the shirts are washed clean and all the soap rinsed out. (A partly washed shirt will not iron well). After they have been wrung through the blueing water I gather the linen front in a little bunch by itself, and squeeze it through pretty thick, warm starch which I have previously made. After repeating the process a time or two, to be sure that all the water has been squeezed out, and the starch taken its place, I spread it on my left hand while with the fingers of my right, I take up a little starch and rub well over the surface, doing the wrist-bands in the same way. If the starch should get cold, and become stiff like jelly, it requires much more rubbing to blend it well with the different layers of cloth of the shirt-bosom. Hang the garments on the line till they are perfectly dry. Bring them in before the dew begins to fall. If not necessary to iron them the same day they are washed, roll them loosely together and lay by till morning. Dip the starched portions in a thin cold starch, roll tightly together and let them lie three hours. Have the irons hot and clean. I first iron the wrist-bands, then the sleeves. Double the skirt in the center of back, iron one side, turn it over and iron the other side. Next the yoke, then the neck-band. This must be pressed on both sides until it is perfectly dry and stiff.

Traveling about, as I have been for many years, I have learned to do without a bosom-board, and can make them look just as nice. I do not fold the shirt squarely when I iron the bosom, but draw it over to one side so as to smooth out the bosom on one half of the back, being careful not to have any seam or wrinkle in the cloth under it that will mar the smooth surface of the bosom by a shining ridge. When it is thus arranged, having the neck-band toward the left hand, do not be afraid to pass a portion of the hand over it a few times before commencing to iron. A perfectly clean hand will not soil, and it presses the fabrics together and smoothes the surface far better than a cloth. Never spread a cloth or handkerchief over the bosom if you want it to look nice. See that your iron is not hot enough to burn, then commence the bosom with a decided stroke, letting your iron know that you mean business. If you are fearful and only touch the bosom, and as quickly raise your iron again, you are sure to leave a scarred or rough spot. I prefer a good smooth table to a board (unless it is a very broad board laid on a table). I can iron much more quickly, because there is more width for "plain sailing," and the garment is not always dragging off. If the linen is loose on the lining, see that the wrinkles are pressed down to the lower part of the bosom. Keep the iron moving briskly until it is perfectly dry, and this will produce a very good gloss. After this is done, place the shirt squarely on the table and iron the front of the body. Then turn it over, having the front next to the table, the neck and shoulders towards the left hand; have the sides folded even, by the under arm-seams, and let the extra width in the back come near the center; lay the sleeves over on the body of the shirt, having the under arm-seams of sleeves and body together (fold in the little gored piece immediately under the arm). Now fold one side from you and the other side towards you, leaving only the width of the bosom on the table. Now double it together half-way and you have a neatly folded shirt.

If by accident any have been slightly scorched, put them out in the sun, and the blemish will disappear.

By following this rule and moving quickly I have ironed one shirt in seven minutes; three in twenty-seven five in forty-five minutes.; To-day I ironed five shirts and six collars in an hour. But to do this, no time can be lost; every move must be for a purpose. Should you wish to put a high gloss on the shirts, (and wear out the linen quicker,) place them over a hardwood bosom-board without any covering—after they have been first ironed dry and smooth—sponge them over lightly with a damp cloth, then take a hot polishing-iron and rub them hard and fast, as long as you feel disposed.

HOW TO MAKE THE BOILED STARCH.

As the quality of starch regulates in a great measure the quantity to be used, the exact proportions can scarcely be given. For six shirts and as many collars, take something over a tablespoonful of starch, add four or five tablespoonfuls of cold water, and one teaspoonful of coal oil; stir well, then pour on the boiling water, stirring briskly at the time. When the fluid has thickened and all the whiteness has given place to a transparent appearance, it is thoroughly cooked and does not need to be boiled Continue to stir a few moments after you have ceased to pour the water on, to make it all the same texture. If it does not become thick and still looks milky, there has been too much cold water put to the starch; it then needs to be put on the stove and boiled, (and you must be more careful next time). The best starch is that which is purchased at the Chinese shops.

Add about a teaspoonful of coal oil to about three half-pints of cold starch made with cold water only. This should be made thin if the clothes have been dipped in the boiled starch—not more than a teaspoonful of starch to one pint of water. Shirts and collars will look quite as well done in cold starch only, but when exposed to the steam or moisture of the body, will more rapidly become "limp."

Now if any of our sisters have a better rule, we all will be glad to hear from them. None are too old, or too perfect, to learn.

SR. EMMA.

SAN BENITO, Oct. 7th.

We welcome Sr. Emma to the columns of the Domestic Department. We trust we may hear from her again, and not from her only; we would be glad to hear from others of our readers.

Sr. Emma says: "None are too old or too perfect to learn," and it is surprising how often this is verified. Here, and there, as we read, in conversation, as we work or watch others work, we can gain new ideas, even in such things as we may have thought we thoroughly understood before. Each may be able to tell others some points, which, put in practice, will lighten labor or bring better results. There are mothers who are successful in rearing their families; housewives whose domestic machinery runs so smoothly, who cook such delicious, wholesome dishes, and know how to accomplish the many kinds of work necessary in a perfectly kept

home. Tell us how you manage it all, or some especial part of it. You may not be in the habit of writing, but do not think you can not write until you try. Let us profit by what you have learned.—[Ed.]

A QUICK WAY TO SEW CARPET RAGS.

Take strips as wide as you can get; for instance, the breadths of a dress skirt. Sew the ends together on the machine, having a short, tight stitch. It is best to stitch across twice, either with the ends lapped half an inch and one stitching near each edge, or sewed in a seam, then opened and the seam stitched down. When all are joined, cut or tear into narrow strips. It is better to cut through the stitching, even if you tear between.

YEAST, BREAD ETC.

Good Hop Yeast.—Three good sized potatoes, one handful of hops, one half cupful of flour, one cake dry yeast, one table-spoonful sugar, one tea-spoonful salt.

Peel the potatoes and cut small. Boil until tender, with the hops tied in clean cloth. Scald the flour with the boiling water from the potatoes, mash the potatoes and add. When cool, add the yeast which has been soaked one hour, and the sugar and salt. Set in a warm place to rise, and then put in glass or earthen jars and keep cool. Use a cupful to start bread

Potato Bread.—Boil and mash three potatoes, scald a little flour, and mix all together. Then put in all the water necessary for the baking,—two quarts is a good quantity for an ordinary family. Stir in flour to make a thick batter, and last, a cupful of the hop yeast, and set in a warm place to rise. In the morning add enough flour to make a soft dough, putting in a handful of salt, one of sugar, and a big spoonful of butter or lard. Mould from ten minutes to half an hour. Let it rise, mould down, rise again and put in the pans to rise for baking. Bake from three quarters of an hour to an hour—according to the size of loaf. You cannot fail to have good, sweet, moist, light bread, if these directions are followed. If in the afternoon before setting bread a large panful of flour is set on the back of stove or in any warm place to warm and dry, it rises more quickly and makes better bread.

Sour Milk Bread.—For a baking of six loaves, take two quarts of not very sour milk. Be sure that it boils, then strain the whey over a half pint of flour, stirring as smoothly as possible. Add enough flour to make a stiff batter, and when cool stir in yeast, which if dry, should be thoroughly soaked.

The sponge may be prepared in the afternoon, and the bread made up at night, or at night and the bread made up in the morning.

Have the flour sifted and warmed if possible. Pour in the sponge, adding a good handful of salt, a little less of sugar, a table-spoonful of lard, and if necessary, a little warm water. Mix smoothly and knead until there are no lumps in it and until you can knead without flour, still having the dough rather soft. Keep it warm while rising and when light, work it down again. Let rise once more, then make into loaves and let it rise in the pans. Bake about an hour in a moderate oven.

Do not wrap bread after taking from the oven, as this makes the crust tough. If you want it crisp and tender stand it on one edge, letting as small a surface as possible touch so it might steam. Leave until entirely cold then wrap and cover closely to keep moist and fresh.

Currant Loaf.—Take part of the sponge set for bread, or cut from your bread dough, after it has risen once, a piece large enough for a loaf. Mix in one cupful of sugar, three fourths cupful of lard, one cupful of currants, two eggs and spices if desired. Let it rise and bake the same as bread—only more slowly and a little longer. This is much better for children than cake, and they like it fully as well. Excellent fried cakes or doughnuts, and coffee-cake, can be made in the same way, omitting the currants and spices

For Doughnuts.—Prepare as for currant loaf, and after the dough has risen the last time, cut a small piece at a time, roll lightly and cut carefully Fry them quickly in hot lard and dip in powdered sugar while hot. For coffee cake, make in long rolls, and when very light, ready for the oven, moisten the tops with milk, and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon.

Light Dumplings.—Take some hop-yeast bread dough when ready to be moulded into the pans, cut off small pieces, shape them, let them rise a short time, and then drop them into the soup, which must be boiling. Cover closely and keep boiling until done. Take care not to have too many, or they will crowd.

When baked potatoes are left over, they can be laid in the oven and heated through, and can be made almost as nice as they were at first.

Bread Pancakes.—Crumb six slices of white bread in in a cake bowl, add a pint of sour milk or buttermilk, let it stand a few minutes, mash all the lumps of bread, add an egg beaten light, one heaping teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of salt and a little flour, bake on a hot griddle. Dyspeptics who cannot eat the ordinary griddle cakes, do not object to these.

Department of Correspondence.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR.

BOX 5, LAMONI, IOWA.

EDITORIAL CHAT.

THE patrons of the Department must excuse the editor for complaining so much; but it seems necessary to again call your attention to a few points concerning your manuscript.

First, Write on but *one side* of the paper, as it is contrary to the custom and wishes of the compositors.

Second, Always sign *your name* for the benefit of the editor. The name will not be published if so desired. When you wish to subscribe yourself by one name only, or by some *nom de plume*, sign the letter for publication so; and enclose a note of explanation to the editor.

Third, It is better to write with ink, as in sending through the mail the writing is frequently blurred, and it is difficult to read. A pencil is admissible when not convenient to use ink.

Unless these suggestions are followed the editor will not consider himself under any obligation to give your letter consideration, and it may find the waste basket instead of the eye of the public.

THE Latter Day Saints' Literary Exchange is now in working order, and full directions were given last month. So now send in your names and mites that the good work may not want for supporters. For surely it is a good work; and many hearts may be gladdened, many homes cheered and many lives made brighter and more useful by this movement.

IT is very gratifying to note the fact that the Department is so well supported; but still many more letters could be utilized, if they were sent. Don't be afraid of overworking the editor. It would be well sometimes if there were enough on hands so that we would be compelled to select the best.

COLDWATER, Mich., Sep., 1890.

Dear Readers:—I have been thinking of late perhaps I might write something that would be of interest, as other's letters are to me. I love this latter day work that I have been engaged in since childhood. And it is encouraging to me to read the many testimonies from our brethren that have left their homes and loved ones and have gone forth and labored through persecution for the love of this cause. But toil on, dear Saints, the way looks bright before us. Let us strive to do all the good we can; soon the reaping time will come and the sheaves will be gathered in. Then how grand will the meeting be when we meet with those that have embraced the gospel through our influence!

My eyes have filled with tears many times when reading Bro. Glaud Rodger's letters, the many trials and persecutions he passed through for the gospel's sake, and the many words of comfort and cheer he would send home to his wife and children. This must have been a great sacrifice for Sister Rodger. She must have loved this work.

Wait on, dear sister, be of good cheer;
That future meeting will soon be near.
Thou shalt meet that loved one gone before,
And dwell on that bright and happy shore.

Strive on; do all the good you can;
Thou shalt be among that happy band;
And your children, too, to you shall come.
And all be gathered safely at home.

Through many trials thou hast passed,
But shall be conqueror at last.
Thou hast labored for the gospel's sake.
Be cheerful; I will recompense make.

Your sister,

LEONE.

FLAGLER, Iowa, Oct., 1890.

Sr. Walker:—I love to read the *Autumn Leaves*, believing it to be a magazine destined to do good. I see some commenting on "What are Proper Amusements for those professing to be followers of the Meek and Lowly One?"

I do not agree with some thinking that card-playing, pool, chess and billiards are no harm. Christ's injunction to us is that we should be as a light set upon a hill. He says, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5:10.

Then how are we to let our lights so shine, if we still pursue our old ways, as others do?

He also says, "By their fruits ye shall know them." As some say those games are not wrong, Is there any good in them? If not, let us try to "come up higher."

Paul says, in Corinthians, third thapter, "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth."

Zion, we are told, is to be inhabited by the

pure in heart. We claim to love our church; and claiming more knowledge than outsiders, we should set an example unto them. How are we to do this? Simply by not doing as they do. We should show them a more perfect way, so they may not cast remarks about our actions. One of our readers intimates if we can engage in a game with a clear conscience, that we are not doing wrong.

Paul says, in Acts twenty-third chapter that he had lived in good conscience towards God until to-day. What! And Paul having been a persecuter of the Saints of God, bringing them bound to Jerusalem! So we see that conscience is not a sufficient guide.

Hoping that we may enlighten each other in a kind and humble way—because when we investigate we thereby glean intelligence and knowledge which is very precious to us as Latter Day Saints—my prayer is that we may live good and pure lives, so the plaudit may be, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Your brother in the gospel,

W. E. WILLIAMS.

PLANO, Illinois, October, 1890.

Dear Readers:—Seeing so much in the Department of Correspondence concerning dancing aroused my mind concerning the matter. I agree with your views, dear readers, and can truthfully say, I have never mingled with the gay revelers of the ball-room. It is true I have many, many times been numbered in assemblies where the dance was the prevailing feature, and have been sorely tempted to join the merry throng, but the remembrance of my religious profession, and the probable criticism of the world have prevented any error in this line. Not only my religion has prevented me from seeking my own amusement, but the strong and binding influence of my home, the worthy example of father, mother and sister. All these are the guiding stars of our life.

Thus we realize how necessary is the influence of a happy home and those pure influences which surround it. Many times in my life, when I have been tempted away from my duty, have these sweet memories of home and loved ones risen up and rebuked me. I praise God that my home is what it is. I think each has a duty to perform to make home a happy one. The duty should not all rest upon father and mother, but each one should do his part; and if this is done we have the perfection of home life.

I do not mean to advocate that we should have no amusements at all, but let us take a reasonable amount of them. Let us perform the duty of home, and then indulge in our innocent amusements.

We all desire the companionship of our friends, and we should have it, but not to such an extent as to exclude all other duties.

Can we raise a family of small children and instill into their minds the principles of religion, and at the same time indulge in the dance and card playing? We need some deeper motives, some more elevating purposes than these light occupations. We are placed here for the purpose of doing good in our short period of existence; and if we can hope to fill the plan of our creation, we must put our shoulders to the wheel and work earnestly; and we cannot do this with a euchre deck in one pocket, a poker outfit in another, and the dancing etiquette in our hands. Can we work for the Lord under such circumstances? We are commanded to work with our whole heart, mind and strength, and with an eye single to the glory of God. And can we do it? Can we work earnestly, perform all our obligations to the Lord and still have the leisure to dance and play cards between times? I hold that this is simply impossible.

But we each have a right to our own opinion on the subject, and if I have erred, I would be most happy to be corrected by any of my brothers or sisters. What we say on these matters should never be taken personally, for we are each aiming for the advance of our magazine, and not to trample on the beliefs and prejudices of our brothers and sisters. All is said in love and good feeling, and meant only for good.

With this wish at heart. I remain, Yours in bonds.

A. SISTER.

CHEROKEE, Kan., October, 1890.

Dear Readers:—For the first time I take my pen in hand to write to the Department of Correspondence. I have often thought I would write to it, but I am young and thought some one else could write that could write better than I. But if every one would wait for some one else to write, there would not be much writing done.

I have read all the *Autumn Leaves* since they were first published. I think the Department of Correspondence is especially good. And I think the subject that is now being discussed; namely, "What are proper amusements for those professing to be followers of the Meek and Lowly One," is a good one and one that every person would do well to consider. I like and agree with the letter May Roberts wrote in the October *Leaves*.

I am thirteen years old and never danced a set in my life, and never intend to do so, for I think it is not a proper amusement.

I was baptized the 30th of September, 1888, by D. S. Crawley, and have never regretted the step. I only pray that I may be found faithful in the end.

I will close, hoping there may be many good questions discussed through the Department of of Correspondence.

I remain your sister in the true church,

PEARL JONES.

BIRD'S EYE, Ind., September, 1890.

Bro. Gunsolley and Dear Readers:—I come for the first time to cast my mite with the Correspondence Department. In the May number, the question was propounded for debate, viz: "What are proper amusements for those professing to be followers of the Meek and Lowly One." In the August number there appeared a letter from Bro. Fred C. Molyneaux, in which he offered some objections to one written by Sr. Eva M. Bailey in the June number. The statement is made in Bro. Fred's letter that "the Bible and study are far removed from amusement," but, strange to say, he did not produce one quotation from the Bible, Book of Mormon, or Doctrine and Covenants, in support of his statement.

David says: "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night."—Ps. 1: 1-3. Webster defines the word delight, "To have or take great delight or pleasure; to be greatly pleased or rejoiced." Again. "I have not sat with vain persons, neither will I go in with dissemblers. I have hated the congregation of evil doers; and will not sit with the wicked. I will wash my hands in innocency; so will I compass thine altar, O Lord."—Ps. 26: 4-7. Again. Paul says: "Abstain from all appearance of evil."—I. Thes. 5: 22. Appearance means, becoming visible. We do not deny that the plays mentioned in Bro. Fred's letter are amusements for some people; but the question is, are they proper ones for those who are followers of the Meek and Lowly One? I emphatically reply, no they are not.

Dear readers, can you, being Saints of God, engage in dancing, playing cards, etc., without standing in the way of sinners. The Psalmist says: "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, etc., for his delight is in the law of the Lord." If he does walk in the counsel of the ungodly, etc., his delight in the law of the Lord will be quenched; for Christ says: "No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold unto the one, and despise the other. Ye can not serve God and mammon."—Mat. 6: 24. Again, Bro. Fred says: "Our conscience should be our guide in seeking amusement." Will this do at all times? Our conscience isn't always a worthy regulator, it must be listened to and acted upon.

Let us say the word of God should be our regulator in seeking amusement, for "the law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul."

"Well," says one, "you have refuted Bro. Molyneaux's arguments, what do you think are 'Proper Amusements?'" Proper amusements are: A study of the pure, perfect, unadulterated, and unchanging word of God, together with the study of other good books; and, thereby, preparing ourselves for active service in the Lord's vineyard.

If this is accepted, you shall hear from me again.

I am seventeen years old.

With love to all, yours in the conflict for eternal life.

ALMA C. BARMORE.

DEFIANCE, Iowa, October, 1890.

Dear Readers:—If there is one thing more detrimental to the church than another, it is the lack on the part of Latter Day Saints of living up to their profession as children of God. There are persons who, although they may defend the truth with great zeal and earnestness with their mouths, when it comes to practical everyday life, are no better than a great many who make no profession whatever. This should not be; it seems to me that every one who professes to be a member of the great family of God, should strive to live up to such a high standard of righteousness, that the world might do well to pattern after them, and that they might have no room to accuse us of misconduct. We are exhorted by our heavenly Father to "come up higher;" and the only way we can reach that higher plane is to keep the commandments, and live a more holy life. We could never "come up higher" by merely arguing with sectarians upon the doctrinal points of the church; although we may present the truth in much plainness, we will never ascend to that higher state unless we bring our lives into *harmony* with that truth which we advocate so strongly, as well as preach, when opportunity presents itself.

Some may say: "It is nobody's business but my own, how I live. It isn't going to hurt any one but myself." Ah! my dear brother, you never made a greater mistake than when you made that statement. Does nothing but your arm suffer when it is broken? No, the whole body is weakened thereby. It is impossible for the body to do the same amount of work that it did before the injury. Does nothing but the eye suffer when it is destroyed? No, again, the whole body is inconvenienced thereby. "Ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular," and no more can one of the members of the body of Christ be weakened without correspondingly weakening the whole body, than can one of our fleshy members be injured without weakening the whole body. If one of our members is found not to be living up to his profession, as near as he might, the whole church is looked down upon. On the other hand, if a member is found to be striving to live his religion and to serve God with his whole strength, the church receives credit for it. Who can dare say that they are hurting nobody but themselves when they look at the matter in the proper light?

"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

Can the Spirit of God dwell in an unholy temple? Nay; God's Spirit will not always strive with men. If we do not listen to the promptings of the Spirit to do our duty, we will soon become callous, as it were, to all better influences. Our conscience will become so deadened that it will no longer smite us when we commit a misdeed.

One of the ways by which we can let our light shine, is by observing the sacred privilege (I can not call it an ordinance, nor a duty; it is merely a grand privilege which God has given us) of the family altar. I believe the non observance of this privilege tends more to lower a professed Christian in the estimation of the world than any other one thing. On the other hand, the strict observance of this privilege tends just as strongly to elevate in the estimation of others. Besides this, it is a great benefit to those who practice it. I heard one young Saint state that when the morning prayer was neglected, a lonesomeness was felt during the whole day. I do not believe we can live a true Christian life without observing this privilege. It is as essential to our spiritual life as our daily food is to our physical life. Thus we might call it a duty.

What would we think of a man who would go round teaching that a certain kind and quantity of food was necessary for our health and not himself practice those conditions? Would we not be inclined to call him an impostor? Would he not be considered a very foolish man? We are in the very same position when we go round preaching the true gospel of Christ while we do not live up to what we teach. Will not the world think the same of us and the doctrine we preach as we do of the man spoken of? How necessary then it is that we should see to it that we are living up to what we preach, and not lose sight of the grand objective point,—that it is the doing and not the profession, merely, that makes us Christians, and that insures us salvation in the end.

That we may all strive to *live* our religion, as well as preach it, and not forget that we can not disgrace ourselves without bringing reproach upon the whole family of God, is the prayer, in Jesus' name, of your brother, WILL.

THE DOLLAR MARK.

READING the origin of the dollar mark the following plausible explanation has been presented: The true derivation of it is the figure 8. The Spaniards, from whom we derive the dollar, counts by reals—as the French do by francs. A real is in value 12 1-2 cents, or one-eighth part of a dollar. Any one who has read Gil Blas or Don Quixote will remember the "pieces of eight" which is frequently used by the authors of these works. This term, then, means nothing more than a dollar, or eight reals. When therefore, the dollar became generally used, the figure 8 was prefixed to express dollars, and in process of time the 8 has been changed to the present mark.—*Sel*

HOW VERY often we see a person failing, who was formerly a grand success. He fails because active effort to succeed has ceased. His laurels once won fall from him because he ceases to try to hold them. People must stay awake. The world moves on, and he who stops to rest will find himself in the van. We must not stop. Onward is the watchword of the successful man. No matter how rugged the way, nor how rocky the heights, energy and perseverance will overcome the obstacles and find the progressive man at the goal.—*Sel*

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

"CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

"When nuts are dropping from the tress and corn is gathered in,
When purple grapes are on the vine and apples in the bin,
When far across the level fields is borne the crow's harsh call,
Then in the garden lifts its head the bravest flower of all,
Oh! bright and strong and undismayed the bravest flower of all,
For on the winter's icy edge it sets its banner bold,
With fragrance keen as myrrh and spice, with colors clean and cold
Its petals may be tipped with pink, or touched with palest hue
Of yellow gold, or snowy white — their beauty smiles at you;
And little recks it, though the frost may chill the nipping air,
It came to see the curtain drop, this flower so debonair."

"We harvest the toil of our years, and then
We wait at the gate of the King's highway,
For the dawn of our soul's Thanksgiving Day."

Are you gathering the pretty berries which are to form bright bits of color in our evergreens at the Christmas tide? The bitter sweet, seed vessels of the wild rose, sumac and mountain ash are all useful.

A HANDSOME BOOK-MARKER

A very handsome book-marker may be made of three or four ribbons, each a pretty color and all harmonizing. They may be all the same length, but would look better if the shortest were just an inch longer than the book it is intended to mark, and the others of graduating longer lengths Fasten all four together at one end to a brass ring. This may be the size of a finger ring, or larger, according to the width of your ribbons. Half-inch ribbons and ring to match, look very well. Then, to each disengaged end, attach a tiny bell, the same color as the ribbon, or as nearly so as possible. To finish this marker write in gold or silver paint, or ink, on each ribbon a line of the following rhyme:—

"Not mine to tell
If the book be good;
I keep my place
As a marker should."

A marker like this will keep several places in a book, and look very pretty when lying on the parlor table, with the gay, little bells hanging over the edge.

Another rhyme suitable for the purpose might be:

"I cannot tell where
Your place may be;
But I'll keep the place,
If you'll place me."

Or from our favorite poets we might get many a verse. A good one from Longfellow would be:

"Then read from the treasured volume,
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice"

—*Ladies Home Journal.*

EMBROIDERER'S MATERIALS.

Embroiderers are continually searching for novelties in the way of designs and materials, as well as fabrics upon which the work is executed. In this they are aided and abetted by designers and makers of all sorts of art needlework supplies. As a consequence each successive season brings to light something new in materials, fabrics and designs As to stitches it can hardly be said that there is ever anything novel, the same stitches in use to-day being seen in the oldest embroideries extant. New applications of these, however, cause them to appear as novelties.

Mailcloth, resembling Roman satin in texture, but possessing decided advantages over it, is among the newest fabrics offered for the embroiderer's use. It is heavier, thus richer in effect; the woven surface is divided into tiny squares something like huckaback toweling, which gives it a more brilliant appearance, besides affording a guide for cross-stitch and darned backgrounds intended to throw the design in outline in relief. It is appropriate for cushions, portieres, lounge covers, bed spreads, etc.,—in fact, any thing requiring heavy and durable material.

ROMAN LINEN.

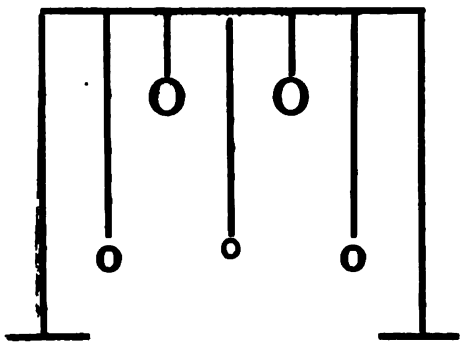
The various weaves of ecru linen, which comes in three convenient widths, measuring from twenty-nine to fifty-six inches in width are in high favor. One of these called Roman linen, resembling Roman canvas, is much used where embroidering and tinting are combined Another is of a fine twilled texture, and is suitable for bold outline or applique work. These linens are suitable for all sorts of uses, and are embroidered with all sorts of embroidery silk, the designs and stitches being widely varied. For economy's sake, flax thread is sometimes substituted for silk with surprisingly good effect.—*Inter Ocean.*

TENNISETTE.

This is a new game that has just been introduced on the continent of Europe, and ought to be very popular in this country. It is much less fatiguing than tennis and is said to possess more interest than croquet, consequently it should fill a long-felt want. Tennisette is scientific, active, easily provided for and can be played either out of doors or under cover. It is a good gymnasium game and requires but little

space. A brief description of the game will be all that is necessary.

Have five hoops made, one twelve inches, two eighteen inches and two twenty-four inches in diameter. Suspend these in a frame as shown in the following diagram:



The small hoop should be hung so that the lower edge will be about thirty inches from the floor, the next larger on each side and twelve inches distant, and the largest twelve inches above the top of the center hoop and twelve inches apart. The hoops should be fastened so that they will remain flat with the frame, and not be disturbed by frequent battering with the balls The player stands 12 feet distant from the frame and directly in front of it and throws a tennis ball upon the floor so that it will rebound and pass through the frame. Should the ball go through the small hoop the player counts 15, through either of the next larger counts ten and if through either of the largest, 5. Each player has five throws of the ball successively and the first player reaching 60 wins the game The game may be played by two or more and sides may be formed as in tennis. Sometimes a net is stretched in the frame and the hoops are set into it so that balls that count go through and false plays return the ball, but the addition of the net makes the apparatus cumbersome. The frame should be placed against a wall in order that the balls may return to the players.

C. H. J.

A PRETTY CLOSET.

I lately saw a novel and pretty china-closet that many would be glad to copy—seven soap boxes formed this unique addition to the room. These boxes were about nine inches high, sixteen inches deep and twenty-two wide; they were piled up against the wall, one upon another, and fastened together with brads. The fronts were removed, and seven nice compartments revealed themselves

How to utilize the space to the best advantage becomes the next consideration. The three upper boxes were neatly lined with dark red canton flannel, and formed a pretty background for the china. A curtain of a pale shade of Inda silk was suspended from a brass rod and drawn to either side to display the pretty dishes.

The four lower boxes were devoted to more homely articles, and needed to be enclosed Ordinary matting was tacked down to each side from the top to the floor, and a flap or curtain of it was also tacked in front of the four lower boxes, whose contents could not be said to be ornamental. This matting can be decorated with painting in some bold design with a very little trouble, and becomes very effective If you are not a brilliant artist, copy the design upon the matting with charcoal from patterns cut out upon paper of a pretty border or graceful trailing vine; then fill in with suitable colors—you will be surprised what a good effect you can produce, even without much real talent. If you are used to decorative work, then the task is an easy one, and both yourself and friends will admire the charming addition to your room, never dreaming that seven worthless boxes have produced such an artistic and pleasing result.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

SEWING ON BUTTONS.

"When I get a bright idea, I always want to pass it along," said a lady as she sat watching a young girl sewing. "Do your buttons ever come off, Lena?"

"Ever? They're always doing it. They are ironed off, washed off, and pulled off until I despair. I seem to shed buttons at every step."

"Make use of two hints when you are sewing them on, then, and see if they make any difference When you begin, before you lay the button on the cloth, pull the thread through, so that the knot will be on the right side. That leaves it under the button and prevents it from being worn or ironed away, and thus beginning the loosening process.

"Then before you begin sewing, lay a large pin across the button, so that all your thread will go over the pin. After you have finished filling the holes with thread, draw out the pin, and wind your thread round and round beneath the button. That makes a compact stem, to sustain the possible pulling and wear of the buttonhole.

"It is no exaggeration to say that my buttons never come off, and I'm sure your's won't if you use my method of sewing."

PICTURES

May be transferred to painted surfaces in the following manner: Cover the ground with an even coat of light colored carriage varnish, which should be allowed to set, (nearly as dry as if for gilding.) If the print to be transferred is colored, soak it in salt and water; if not colored, use water alone. Remove superfluous water by pressing between blotting pads, and then place the picture face down upon the varnish, pressing it smooth. When the varnish is dry, dampen the paper, and rub it off with the finger. The picture will be found upon the varnish, and another coat of the latter should be added to bring out the effect.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

LAKE GEORGE BY MOONLIGHT.

(See page 571).

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. III. LAMONI, IOWA, DECEMBER, 1890. No. 12.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TEACHER.

BY SR. ANNA STEDMAN.

[Read before the Sunday School Association at Lamoni, October 18th, 1890]

THE musician seats himself at the instrument, and in the first chord he strikes you have the key-note, and if my pen shall be able to give true expression to the thoughts that arise, a short prelude to the subject in hand will be attuned to the "dignity of labor," having for its key-note "earnest endeavor," love for the work undertaken.

The fact needs no demonstration that the laborers of this world are its life. Busy brains, busy hands, busy feet, plan and execute the works that increase our comfort, beautify the world, and add to our enjoyment.

The hand of toil erects the massive walls of our great cities; the hand of toil lays the rails and builds the cars and drives the engines that carry you in speed on your journey; the hand of toil paints the glowing canvas with scenes that move the hearts of men; the hand of toil pens the books that inspire men to noble efforts.

And not only this, but busy ones who follow the One of whom it was said, "He went about doing good," build up the schools, the homes of refuge, the hospitals, to gather in and care for the needy and friendless among earth's children.

We do not believe this world came by chance, and we know that any cause to be productive of lasting good cannot be carried on in a hap-hazard way. Order, thrift, prosperity, progress, are signs of labor and laborers.

It is not the province of this paper to dwell upon the field of Sunday-school work, but rather upon the workers; but we know that that work will be effectual when each teacher, each officer, stands faithfully in his allotted place and performs the task assigned him, be it great or small; and the probability with us all is that among our deeds the number of small ones will greatly exceed the great ones. And we reason from this that our Sunday-school teacher stands more in need of a ready, willing disposition than of brilliant talents, while he is doubly blessed who has both.

With what spirit shall a teacher go before his class? In what spirit did the greatest of teachers go forth upon his mission seeking to save?

We have heard sweet voices of children singing out these words:

"'Twas love, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
'Twas God's great love to me
That brought the Savior from above,
To die on Calvary."

And we find here an answer to our inquiries. It was love, a self-sacrificing love that brought to earth the Savior of mankind; it was love that gave him his unfailing patience; it was love that prompted all his deeds; it was love than which "man hath no greater" that led Him to even lay down his life that he might draw all men to himself. In the spirit of love the teacher should assume his work. The cheerful laborer in love with his work will accomplish more than the one who goes to it urged by a sense of duty only.

Love is inspiring; it brightens the intellect; it quickens thought and action; it strengthens mind and body; in the old words, it "lightens labor."

Decidedly, the teacher must be moved by the spirit of love for the work, for the children, for the Master, and they are all one.

He should be willing to sacrifice his own ease, his own pleasure, for his work's sake. No matter if the quiet Sabbath morning is the very pleasantest time of the week in which to read, he will yield it, and other temptations that often come enticingly near will be put aside in the same manner.

Slight indispositions will be overcome; invitations calling him away will be respectfully declined; a little snow or rain will be braved; and an important item is they will be done *cheerfully*.

Teachers should never enter the class with the feeling and face of a martyr. I remember a teacher who used at times to assume such an expression and it had the effect of producing a very rebellious feeling in my youthful breast, and I can assure you that had it been a class in Sabbath-school instead of a day-school I should have been tempted to absent myself. Teachers should be cheerful.

You and I like to meet bright-faced people; we like to hear cheery words; we get tired of people whose faces are always disconsolate and whose words are always fretful; so do the children.

The Savior taught that he who loved Him would do His will. The truest faith and love find expression in deeds, in acts. The teacher who loves his work will as a matter of course be active. He will study his lessons, himself, his pupils.

How blest is he who has a fund of energy; all things give way before it. It is the golden key that unlocks the door to success.

It is not always the brightest mind that masters the lessons of life; not always do the most highly gifted diffuse the most light among their fellow men; those of greatest ability do not always accomplish the greatest achievements. It is the active, energetic men and women that move forward in every good work, using the talents intrusted to them and proving true the words "Unto him that occupieth shall be given."

Let us grant that the teacher must be active. And we then come face to face with another fact; activity, energy, force, power must be controlled and directed in proper channels; therefore the teacher must be possessed of wisdom and good judgment, and to this end he will "study to show himself approved, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." He himself needs to be led by the "Spirit that guides into all truth" if he would point the way to others.

And not only may he point the way, but if he would do any lasting good to himself or any other soul, he must press in that direction himself that his precept may be strengthened by his example.

The educators of to-day are pressing upon us the fact that the great object of all teaching is the developement of character, and this should be especially true of the teaching of the Sunday-school. It is not sufficient that our children should know the text of our inspired books; it is not sufficient that they should know the written word; and though they may be taught to understand the "plan of salvation" in all its details, that in itself will not suffice; there must be a willingness to live by the word of the gospel, a willingness to apply its laws to all the acts of life, a willingness to make it the rule of life.

We find much fault with those religions that seem to us a "dead form;" then let us have a care that ours be more than a form, that our lessons be more than words, that the lambs of the flock find the bread of life and the well of living water and go not from the doors of our schools hungering and thirsting.

And this great, this responsible work, who shall do it but earnest men and women of strong, deep characters, from whose hearts the song goes up like a fervent praver, "I love thy church, oh, God!"

Not shallow, not fitful, not wavering, not tossed by every wind may the teacher be; but steady, firm, wise, patient. Oh, we need to be of the spirit of Christ himself! We need to be his disciples, to learn daily at his feet.

Let none shrink because much is required of the teacher. Are we not all teaching daily whether we profess to do so or not? Will it in any degree lessen the responsibility resting upon an individual to refuse to engage in a work? It is required of each of us to do all he can, to make all the progress he can. That is a responsibility we can not evade. It is our duty, our life-work to mount step by step toward perfection. God's love draws

us, sustains us, uplifts us, and in the same spirit of love we should reach out helping hands to those weaker than we.

What shall we say more? "It is sufficient that the servant be as his master."

DE PUE, Illinois, Oct. 16th, 1890.

LIVING PICTURES.

BY SALOME.

THEY have gone, like the birds of whom they always reminded me, and I feel lonesome as I walk by the place where I saw them every day. Rain or summer sunshine, mud or snow, they were always there, and so happy.

My daily walk takes me by a little brown house where lived a family I always liked to watch. They were not rich only in the number of children they had, and it is the two younger ones I want to tell you about. They were always trotting around like little kittens and always playing together.

They seemed to be the happiest when they were on the street in front of the house, and they were very small when they began this Gypsy life. So small that when they tried to run, their little fat legs would get tangled up and they would tumble down. They used to run and cry every time they saw me coming, if they were alone, and as I got nearer to them they would cry louder. So when I found they were afraid I waited and let them toddle along until they were inside of the gate, peeping back at me with their eyes full of mischief.

Of course I wanted to be friends with them, you would too; and one evening I thought, now here is my time! I saw as I came to the top of the hill and looked across that both of them were sitting on the wood-pile with an older sister who was a member of my Sunday-school class. I was carrying a paper sack full of oranges and as I turned the corner nearing home said, "Good evening, little folks," and threw some oranges in the direction of the wood-pile. Without waiting to see how they were received, or even looking back, I walked down the hill away from them, home.

Well! after that we were friends in a shy way. They did not cry any more, but kept a safe distance and watched me, every day, every day.

If one was sitting down on the sidewalk and the other was not, she was sure to be just a little ways off. They were like kittens in their play. One day I saw one of them holding a kitty by just hugging it tightly around its neck. I think some kitties would not like that, but this one acted as if she was well used to it, and when she was put down would stay and play with them.

One day a third came to join this merry, happy little crowd of two. Not another girl, oh, no! Nor a boy either. Only a goat. But such a goat. We had a great deal of fun with him. Yes! I did too. I think I enjoyed him as much as they did. The boys (their brothers) taught these little ones to stand up right in front of the goat with sticks in their hands, and then taught the goat when they did so, to bunt them. Many a rollover in the grass did these Gypsies get about that time, and how those naughty boys laughed. I laughed too, and would wait to see it all over again when the boys would say, "hit him, hit him; don't you let Billy knock you down." Oh, boys we did wrong, you and I. You, because the little sisters trusted you, and you were not just faithful to that trust; and I, because, though I knew and felt that, laughed and enjoyed it with you.

On other days, the goat, wagon and children would come down the hill pell-mell, and in order to give them room and spare myself I always gave them the sidewalk. They nearly always upset before the journey was half made.

Another day as I was passing, I did not see them, but heard some lisping voices singing:

"Purple 'obe and torny town,
Torny town, torny town,
An' mottin toleders bowdin' down."

Then the older sister took up the strain, for they had forgotten the words, and they sang it over and over again. It was

the sweetest music and seemed to ring up and down the hill, away off where the sky was red and gold; and in the room when I got home, "torny town, torny town" and in my heart for many days.

The next morning my little brown faces traveled over town alone, "Huntin' papa," they said, I told them to "run home," and "there was big sister coming." They ran as fast as they could, but I think it was in the other direction.

Every day I saw them and every day it was something new. It was like going through a picture gallery, only my pictures were living ones. And to-day they are gone. Can you wonder that I am lonely for the sight of a little red dress on the sloping hillside and another brown or pink one not far away.

Dear little rosy-brown children, may their lives be always as free from sin as now and may all those who have to care for and teach such remember, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these little ones ye do it unto me."

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

The Church and the World walked far apart
On the changing shore of time;
The World was singing a giddy song,
And the Church a hymn sublime.

"Come, give me your hand," cried the merry World,
"And walk with me this way."
But the good Church hid her snowy hand,
And solemnly answered, "Nay,
I will not give you my hand at all,
And I will not walk with you:
Your way is the way to endless death,
And your words are all untrue."

"Nay, walk with me but a little space,"
Said the World with a kindly air:
"The road I walk is a pleasant road,
And the sun shines always there;
Your path is thorny and rough and rude,
While mine is flowery and smooth;
Your lot is sad with reproach and toil,
But in circles of joy I move.
My path, you can see, is a broad fair one,
And my gate is high and wide:
There is room enough for you and for me
To travel side by side."

Half shyly the Church approached the World,
And gave him her hand of snow;
And the old World grasped it and walked along,
Saying in accents low,
"Your dress is too simple to please my taste;
I have gold and pearls to wear;
Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,
And diamonds to deck your hair."

The Church looked down at her plain white robes,
And then at the dazzling World,
And blushed as she saw his handsome lip
With a smile contemptuous curled.

"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"
Said the Church, with a smile of grace;
Then her pure white garments drifted away,
And the World gave in their place
Beautiful satins and shining silks,
And roses and gems and pearls;
And over her forehead her bright hair fell,
Crisped in a thousand curls.

"Your house is too plain," said the proud old World:
"I'll build you one like mine;
With kitchen for feasting, and parlor for play,
And furniture ever so fine."

So he built her a costly and beautiful house—
Splendid it was to behold;
Her sons and her daughters met frequently there,
Shining in purple and gold.
And fair and festival—frolics untold—
Were held in the place of prayer;
And maidens bewitching as sirens of old,
With worldly graces rare,
Invented the very cunningest tricks,
Untrammeled by gospel or laws,
To beguile and amuse, and win from the World
Some help for the righteous cause.

The Angel of Mercy flew over the Church,
And whispered, "I know thy sin;"
Then the Church looked back with a sigh, and longed
To gather the children in;
But some were off at the midnight ball,
And some were off at the play;

And some were drinking in gay saloons,
As she quietly went her way.

Then the sly World gallantly said to her,
"Your children mean no harm,
Merely indulging in innocent sports;"
And she leaned on his proffered arm,
And smiled and chatted, and gathered flowers,
As she walked along with the World;
While millions and millions of precious souls
To the horrible gulf were hurled.

"Your preachers are all too old and plain,"
Said the gay World, with a sneer;
"They frighten my children with dreadful tales
Which I do not like them to hear.

They talk of judgment, fire, and pain,
And the horrors of endless night.
They talk of a place that should not be
Mentioned to ears polite;
I will send you some of a better stamp,
Brilliant and gay and fast,
Who will show how people may live as they list,
And go to heaven at last.

The Father is merciful, great and good,
Loving and tender and kind:
Do you think he would take one child to heaven,
And leave the rest behind?

So she called for pleasing and gay divines,
Gifted and great and learned;
And the plain old men that preached the cross
Were out of her pulpits turned.

Then Mammon came in, and supported the Church,
Renting a prominent pew;
And preaching and singing and floral display
Proclaimed a period new.

"You give too much to the poor," said the World,
"Far more than you ought to do;
Though the poor need shelter and food and clothes,
Why need it trouble you?

And afar to the heathen in foreign lands,
Your thoughts need never roam;
The Father of mercies will care for them;
Let charity begin at home.

Go take your money, and buy rich robes,
And horses and carriages fine,
And pearls and jewels, and dainty food,
And the rarest and costliest wine.

My children, they dote on all such things,
And, if you their love would win,
You must do as they do, and walk in the ways
That they are walking in."

Then the Church held tightly the strings of her purse,
And gracefully lowered her head;
And simpered, "I've given too much away:
I will do, sir, as you have said."

So the poor were turned from her door in scorn,
And she heard not the orphan's cry;
And she drew her beautiful robes aside
As the widows went weeping by.

Her mission treasuries beggarly plead,
And Jesus' commands were in vain;
While half of the millions for whom he died
Had never heard his name.

And they of the Church, and they of the World,
Walked closely, hand and heart,
And only the Master, who knoweth all,
Could tell the two apart.

Then the Church sat down to her ease, and said,
"I am rich and in goods increased;
I have need of nothing, and nought to do,
But to laugh and dance and feast."

And the sly World heard her, and laughed in his sleeve,
And mockingly said aside,
"The Church has fallen, the beautiful Church,
And her shame is her boast and pride."

Then the Angel drew near the mercy-seat,
And whispered in sighs her name;
And the Saints their anthems of rapture hushed,
And covered their heads with shame;

And a voice came down through the hush of heaven,
From Him who sat on the throne:
"I know thy works, and what thou hast said,
And how thou hast not known
That thou art poor, and naked, and blind,
With pride and ruin inthralled;
The expectant Bride of a heavenly Groom,
Now the harlot of the World!

Thou hast ceased to watch for that Blessed Hope,
And hast fallen from zeal and grace;
So now, alas, I must cast thee out,
And blot thy name from its place."

O Church of Christ, redeemed by precious blood,
1 Pet. 1: 18, 19 Eph. 5: 25–27. Eph. 3: 10.
Break this alliance, glorify your God!
1 Cor. 6: 20. 2 Cor. 6: 14–18. Eph. 3: 21.
Forsake the Christless world that lures to ill;
Rom. 12: 2. Heb. 13: 13. Rev. 18: 4.

Thou mayest be blest, and prove a blessing still.
Gen. 12: 2. Ps. 128: 5. Eph. 1: 3.

Away with ease and dalliancy and play,
Isa. 32: 9. 1 Cor. 10: 7. Rom. 13: 11.
The Great Commission now in haste obey;
Mark 16: 15. John 17: 18. 2 Tim. 4: 1, 2.
In holiness and zeal thou canst excel,
1 Pet. 1: 15, 16. Rev. 3: 19. Gal. 4: 18.
And save the perishing from sin and hell.
Luke 14: 23. Jas. 5: 19, 20. Jude 22, 23.

Gird on thy robes with purity impearled,
Rev. 7: 14. Rev. 16: 15. Rev. 19: 8.
And keep thyself unspotted from the world.
Jas. 1: 27. 1 John 3: 3. 1 Tim. 5: 22.
Humbled in dust and ashes, sin no more;
Isa. 60: 1. 1 Cor. 15: 34. John 5: 14.
Repent while Christ stands knocking at the door.
Rev. 3: 20. Jas. 5: 9. Rev. 2: 16.

Oh, let thy heart be true to him alone,
Jas. 4: 4. 1 John 2: 15, 16. John 21: 15.
For lo, the Heavenly Bridegroom cometh soon!
Matt. 25: 6. Rev. 3: 11. Rev. 22: 20.
—Selected.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER GLAUD RODGER.—No. XVIII.

COMPILED FROM HIS JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

I COME now to the last chapter of the brief sketch I have attempted to collect together of the life of one of God's servants. This will consist principally of extracts from letters, for I desire that as far as possible the departed one may speak for himself. The first extract is from a letter written to his daughter Dollie, dated June 9th, 1884:

"You said you had a good mind to come after me. I wish you were with me for one month; it would be to you a great lesson never to be forgotten. I will give you a little of my history since I last saw your dear face. . . . Another place where I go lives a sister and some fine children around her, but she looks thin and pale and very careworn. All heart lost and often in want. Her husband is a drunkard and a gambler; and men of this class are often unkind; have no taste for home. Oh! when I see such, I thank God none of mine are given to such a life. I am proud that they are not drunkards, or gamblers, or dishonest, or unkind to their families; and although in youth I was raised in the midst of much drinking and lively life, it never was a temptation to me. When I heard the gospel, I was ready, and left all to follow Christ; and my life has been a mystery to myself. Why was I plucked as a brand from the fire? Over forty-two years ago I was baptized into the church; and forty years ago last April I left home and all connected with home, to travel as an ambassador for Christ; and to-day, here I am far, far from home and family. But I know all is right, and murmur not, and can, from the heart, sing that sweet song, "He Leadeth Me." Now Dollie, be careful to learn and practice the best way in all things. You are young, and the great future is before you, and if you live, your life, like the lives of others, will not be all sunshine; but when the dark clouds of trouble and despair come over you, lay your troubles at the foot of the cross and press on to the end of the race. The prize is rich and the reward great. Make others happy by your hands and kind words, so will the good Lord and the angels deal with you. I hope the day is not far distant when I shall spend my days and nights at home, but duty calls me now away."

Ah! little did we think when the above letter came to hand how soon her dear father would be laid in his grave; and I cannot do better than copy a few lines from a letter I received from him a short time before he died. It is dated Elko, Nevada, June 16th, 1884:

"I arrived here Saturday, 14th, and held meeting yesterday. Expect to leave for the mountains in a few days. We have a great deal of rain, such as is seldom seen in this dry country, no irrigation needed for awhile, waters are high and roads bad, but I have so far gotten along well. Staid at Reno two days; only one sister there, and she lives on a farm four miles from town. Next morning took train for Battle Mountain. Found

one Saint there, an excellent woman and nice family, but very poor. She was alone like many scattered in the mountains. Please read the 34th chapter of Ezekiel, and mark it well, for the Lord has made me one to hunt up and comfort the tried, weary and lonely ones. It is a hard world to many, and few to pity or comfort the poor and needy. The life of a traveling elder is often made sad, but the mortal life is but short. Eternity and eternal life is a reality."

He was well when this letter was written, and for some time after, but caught cold in July and on the 3d of August bade farewell to earth. When Brn. Joseph Smith and Asa Cochran brought the telegram Bro. Joseph said, "I have heard from Nevada."

I asked, "How is Mr. Rodger?"

All he could say was, "Bro. Glaud is dead."

It seemed to us impossible to have him die away from home after so many years of sacrifice; it was hard indeed, and a great blow to the children. The hour of trial had come, and we could not be reconciled. He had made many friends and baptized some; and, although among strangers, we felt sure all was done for his comfort that could be done by willing hands and loving hearts. We received many kind letters concerning his sickness and death. I would fain publish them, but time and space will not permit. Part of one, however, I will give. It was written to Dollie by Sr. Stauts:

"DEAR DOLLIE:—

"I received your letter this Sabbath morning. Oh! the changes one week will bring forth! It is sad indeed, even to recall the scenes of the last week. Oh! how my heart has ached for you all, and for the loss of so good and faithful a brother. If you had been with your dear father, I know you would willingly have given him to the Lord, for his sufferings were great. It was too late when he was brought to Elko. He was well cared for, yes, our beloved brother had all the kind care and attention that loving hearts could bestow. The dear one wanted oil; we soon got a bottle. He stood up weak and trembling and consecrated it to the Lord, then knelt down and prayed for help in his afflictions. It took two to help the sufferer up. Then Bro. Stauts laid his hands on his head, after anointing him with the oil, and Bro. Hays laid his hand on his shoulder. We then prayed that the Lord would restore our brother. Oh! how he tried to rally! He said he felt better, but it was of short duration. The doctor was called in, but he only gave him a tonic and some powders to ease his pain. We hired a nurse for nights, and Sister Smith and myself attended him through the day. I bought a large chair so that he could sit easy, and lay his head back and sleep. How he appreciated what was done for him! He was so good and kind and patient until the last Sabbath afternoon. He wanted to know the time of day. My husband was sitting by him and he said, 'What is the time?'

"He was told it was one minute to three.

"He answered, 'How long the time is till six.'

"He knew he would cross the river about that time. He was sitting in the chair until six and then he wanted to go into the bedroom. He was helped there and sat on the bed. I gave him a glass of good, cool water which he drank heartily, but in about twenty minutes he breathed his last. He was praying and praising God all the day long. About two o'clock he wanted Sister Smith to play the organ. He listened so attentively and leaned towards the parlor door to catch every sound. When done, she came to him. He smiled and thanked her. We had no idea your dear father would die until Friday. On Monday he had on the black suit you last saw him in and was put in a beautiful casket. Bro. Penrod conducted the funeral. He was buried about two o'clock Tuesday. The evening before he died my husband was standing by him when he said, 'O, that I could converse, to tell of the prospects, they are so bright; yes, very bright!'

"Oh! that I was as sure of a home in heaven as I feel that our dear brother's spirit is with the glorified throng! He knew he was dying, and wanted to be released, that he might join those who have gone before; but he said, 'It is hard not to see my dear wife again in the flesh.'

"Brother and Sister Penrod have gone again to their mountain home. They went with sorrowing hearts; but, dear Sister Rodger, do not sorrow; do not grieve. Our time is short when we shall

all meet again where parting shall be no more. Your sister in the one faith,

"W. R. STAUTS."

I could scarcely read the letter, but at the close I felt resigned to the will of God.

Then peacefully rest till the grave shall uncloee,
No sound can awaken thy quiet repose.
Thy spirit by angels is carried above,
To the mansions of glory, the heaven of love.

Oh! may we, like him, when grim death shall appear,
Be ready and willing the summons to hear.
In life be no cowards, but bravely contend
For the gospel of Jesus our Savior and friend.

My testimony is still the same. I know the latter day work is true, and outside of it there is no salvation. I know that we shall meet again, blessed be the name of the Lord! Before I close let me tell a vision that our son Joseph had some time ago. He had returned home from Sunday morning meeting, and was lying on the lounge. His father came and stood before him and said, "Joseph, I have not done any work since I came here, but now I am on my way to preach to the spirits in prison." He had on his black suit, and books under his arm.

THE END.

OUR MINDS.

BY SISTER MARY E. GEORGE.

[Read at Young People's Meeting, Pittsburg, Pa.]

WE do not know the depth of our minds, or what they are capable of until we put them to the test by sounding their depths; for there may be precious thoughts there which have not been called forth. In the mind of man lies the intelligence which makes him "a little lower than the angels;" and in that mind lies the talent, though sometimes it lies dormant, for it does not come forth without an effort upon our part. There are some few minds so full of genius that it bursts forth almost without an effort, but such are few. Shall, therefore, all others stand idle because they are not musicians, poets or great inventors? No. We say the gospel of Christ does not breathe such a thought; but, on the contrary, it teaches us to improve that which we have; and why? Because if we do not improve, we may lose even what little we have. Then we will have to say of a truth, and with regret, I have no talent; and not until then can we truly say as children of God, "I have no talent."

Matthew 25: 24, 25, teaches us this lesson: "Then he who had one talent came, and said, Lord I knew thee that thou art a hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown and gathering where thou hast not scattered. And I was afraid and went and hid my talent in the earth; and lo, here is thy talent; take it from me as thou hast from thine other servants for it is thine."

Mark the last words, "For it is thine." We may say when we enter the fold of God, "Father, I am thine." That is the way we should feel, for all that we have is His. But if at the end of the race when we are called to give an account, we present ourselves unto Him just as when entering into the fold, having done nothing only to say, "Father, I am thine." What think you will He say? What will His answer be? Too sad to think of! We must improve; we must advance, if we would at last hear those welcome words, "Well done."

"I will take, therefore, the talent from you and give it to him who hath ten talents;" or in other words, the one who has improved what he had; for unto every one who hath obtained, other talents shall be given, and he shall have in abundance."

"But from him that hath not obtained other talents shall be taken away that which he hath received."

The mind which God has bestowed upon each one of us (no matter how incapable we may think it to be) is too great and precious a part of our being to be treated as we often treat it. The mind

has a wonderful capacity for good or for evil, (I pray not for evil), and it is our privilege to fill it with either; but as children of God we are required to fill it with good, and use it for good.

The mind will be busy in spite of us, little as we think it to be sometimes; if we do not give it something to do, it will find employment. What is there in all the world that can travel so fast as thought, which the mind produces? How much the mind can retain! and how much it can impart, and yet be none the poorer. Why, the mind is something that should be tenderly cared for and guarded from wrong; it should be cultivated and educated with the highest education which can be had. That education is within our reach. There is nothing worth having that is gained without an effort, and that effort, many, many times, is a cross. Yes, a great cross; but these little efforts and crosses bring us nearer the throne of our Father, and make us more noble.

We often admire the noble and the brave; yet we often refuse to do that which would make us brave and noble. Great deeds alone do not always make one noble and brave. Nay, verily nay! When it comes to the gospel of Christ, and children of God, it is the weakest effort which our Heavenly Father thinks noble.

Great minds have not become so in one day, but years, often a life-time. The wonderful mind of Shakespeare was not at first as we read of it now. No doubt many hours of study and effort brought him to the place which he has attained in the world's history. He improved that which he had. Many of the great and good characters of the past, as well as the present, have reached their high standard only by one thought, one act at a time. Scotland's great warrior, Sir William Wallace, truly a noble man, had to go through the battles like another man, getting wet, foot-sore, hungry, and weak. One step at a time, his mind keeping up with that step, and when the enemy would have come in upon and destroyed them, his mind supplied him and his men with ways and plans, wonderful at times, by which they escaped. Yet with all the wonderful depths of his schemes planned in his mind, they would not have been any benefit to him or his country if he had not made use of them, improved the talent which he had. His great strength of body would have been of no use to him.

By whom the following lines were written, I know not; but they are full of truth: "Thought engenders thought. Place one idea upon paper, another will follow it, and still another, until you have written a page. You can not fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be. If you neglect to think yourself, and use other people's thoughts, giving them utterance only, you will never know what you are capable of. At first, your ideas may come out in lumps—homely and shapeless; but no matter, time and perseverance will arrange and refine them. Learn to think, and you will learn to write; the more you think the better you express your ideas."

Think of these lines, for they contain a good lesson for us all, and we all want to learn.

We can not be a Shakespeare or a Sir William Wallace; but we can be and are children of the kingdom of God, which is greater than either. We can be faithful to our trust. We each have a mind, how shall we use it? "He that is faithful over a few things I will make him ruler over many," is the promise of our Savior. He does not put some great task upon us, He only asks us to improve what little we have, and to do so with all our heart. When Christ gave his precious life for us, he did not say, "I would rather not;" but with his heart full of love for us, with his whole heart, he gave his life for us.

Above all other minds, our Savior's mind was the greatest; grandest in his thoughts, yet how simple and easily understood! wonderful in its depths, yet a child can understand and love him! Let us arise and shine with such an example before us, seek the help of the Spirit, and our minds will improve; and we shall find a depth to our minds which we think not of.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER R. C. EVANS.

(Written expressly for Autumn Leaves by request of the Editor.)

MONDAY, March 18th, Bro. John H. Lake and the writer left Chatham, Canada, for St. Joseph, Missouri, to attend the general conference. We called at Plano, Illinois, met with the Saints there, and preached in their nice stone church. From there we went to Montrose, Iowa, preached in the Saints' church, and while there I was permitted to baptize three persons in the swift blue waters of the Mississippi river. As we stood on the bank of the "Father of Waters" gazing over it, we saw the ruins of the once proud city of Nauvoo. I longed to enter inside the city of the Saints. Bro. Lake expressed his willingness to go over the river, so we crossed in a small boat. We took the river road leading to the town, and entered the old mill now fallen and decayed. I thought as I traversed the old paths leading from the large brick residence hard by, now grown indistinct with weeds, oh, how many happy people walked these roads and paths! How often the songs of Zion were sung while the old mill was grinding the golden grain! Now many of the hands that wrought in the old mill, many of the feet that trod these paths, lie in the silent tomb 'neath the whispering trees!

As we traveled up the road, Bro. Lake said, pointing to a brick house, "There is the house where Hyrum Smith lived." At once my mind was bent on entering the house. Bro. Lake said, "I think you had better not try, for I am of the opinion that you will not be permitted to enter." Said I, "Here goes for a trial." He walked on while I walked up and knocked at the door. A lady opened it and invited me to enter. I inquired if this was the house where Hyrum Smith once lived? She said, "Yes sir, and he dug the well in the yard out there." We conversed for a time, when I requested the privilege of getting a drink from the old well. She said, "Stay here while I go and fetch the water." When alone I could not refrain from bowing to offer a silent prayer in the house where once lived this great and good man. The woman entered the room bearing a glass of sparkling water; I drank, and when about to leave, she handed me a small stone taken from the well, saying, "Sir, take this as a relic from the well of one of the best men that ever lived in Nauvoo." She was not a Latter Day Saint, but claimed that the Saints were, in the main, good people, and that they were ill-treated. From there we jumped the fence and cut a piece from the door-step of Joseph Smith's old store. We then called on Bro. Thomas Revel of Nauvoo, who kindly conducted us to many parts of the city. We stood on the sacred spot where once stood the Nauvoo temple, but alas! it has fallen, and now all that is left to tell the story of its magnificence is the stone well that furnished the water for the baptismal font. We lowered the old bucket, drew up water and drank. I had read of Jacob's well, and others of holy writ, but as I stood by this one, memory's hand was reaching backward to the scenes of other days and the revelations concerning this place. I extracted a small stone from the side of the well, turned and left the spot. Bro. Revel pointed out many places of interest to us, and then we entered the Nauvoo mansion. This dilapidated house was once the happy home of Joseph Smith and his family. We went into every room from the ground floor to the garret. We entered the room where still stands Joseph's secretary. In it are many old papers, and best of all we saw the large and well marked Bible said to have been Joseph Smith's family Bible. From those pages he learned fast the way of the Lord, and this book was his companion in his private hours. Oh, how I longed for one page of this sacred book bearing a pencil mark from the hand of the greatest man who has stood upon God's green earth in the nineteenth century! But I felt it was useless to ask, for I saw in Bro. Revel's face something that seemed to say, "A charge to keep I have." I was permitted to take a pebble from the side of the old stone well in the shed, and a splinter from one of the boards of the house. We left the old home and passed to "the spot where the two martyrs lay." We were brought to the spot where it is said the sacred dead sleep. On the spot marked out as Joseph's tomb I saw a lily growing. I knew

nature had planted this emblem of purity there, and I dug it up by the roots. The roots of that lily remained in my satchel till I reached home, May 14th, when I planted it in my garden where it grew a foot high last summer. I was then directed to Emma's grave; she who was the wife of the martyr, and mother of our present prophet. I clipped a twig from a lilac that grew thereon. With a silent prayer that we may be worthy to meet the pure dead that lie here when the Savior comes, we left the place. O, Joseph, though I plucked the lonely plant from thy grave, methinks to-day were every one for whom you spoke a kind word and performed a kind deed to plant one frail sweet flower there, thou wouldst sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of roses.

From the silent city where lie the brave, the pure, and the good, we went to see all that remains of the Nauvoo house. One corner of this magnificent building is occupied by Major Bidamon. The reading world is acquainted with this celebrated man, so I will say but little concerning him. His hair is silvered over with the snow of many winters; his once noble form now stoops with the weight of years; his cheerful smile tells us that he has not forgotten the gladsomeness of the spring-time of youth; his interesting stories prove that he has still in memory the scenes of the summer-time of life; his frailty shows that the autumn of life is closing with him, and according to natural law, the winter frosts will soon chill the warm blood of life, and the snow of death will ere long block up for him its path.

His testimonies concerning Joseph the Martyr being a grand and pure man, and of Emma being a true and noble woman, and of young Joseph, Alexander and David being good dutiful boys, were encouraging to me. Tears filled the grand old man's eyes, as we stood by the very bed upon which Emma died. Said he, pointing to the bed, "'twas there the purest woman died." He showed us many relics, among them the bed upon which the Martyr Joseph slept the last night in Nauvoo. I begged a piece of a knob around which the rope used to go, connected with the bedstead. Bro. Revel kindly gave us a small piece of the corner stone of the Nauvoo temple, and we bade him adieu, left the fallen city and returned to Montrose, thinking of what might have been if God's children had obeyed the counsel of God, through the prophet Joseph Smith.

From Montrose we went to Keokuk. Leaving Bro. Lake at Bro. B. F. Durfee's I took train for Carthage, Illinois, arriving there I took a'bus and was driven to the jail where Joseph and Hyrum were assassinated.

After some conversation at the door I was permitted to enter. The jail is now a fine residence, and we were politely informed that as so many had called to see the room where the prophet and his brother were foully murdered, that papa had decided to admit none into the house who came to see that room. I informed the young lady that I came all the way from London, Canada, and that I would like much to see the room.

"Well," said she, "Elder Evans, I will make you a privileged party. Come in."

We ascended the stairs together, turned and faced a door, pointing to which she said, "Look at the putty in that cavity. Through that spot went the bullet that laid Hyrum Smith low."

They have placed putty in the bullet-holes and painted the door. We entered the room.

Said my fair guide, "The room is just about as it was when the Smiths were killed, only we carpeted the room floor so as to hide from view the blood-stains in the floor, for you know the floor is all covered with blood and we can not get it out."

There stood a bed in the same place where one stood under which John Taylor rolled while the mob from the door continued to fire upon him. I opened and looked out of the window from which Joseph fell. On the window-sill is cut the name Smith. I begged a nail from this window, walked out into the yard, stood upon the spot where fell the prophet of God. I had a long conversation with my guide and left the place feeling thankful that though the Seer had passed within the veil, God has remembered his people, and from the seed of the martyr has raised up one that is mighty and strong to lead his people home.

Joined Elder Lake and arrived in Farmington, Iowa. Preached there for the Saints, and went to the old hall where

John H. Lake preached his first sermon in 1861.

We arrived in Lamoni, Iowa, on March 23d, remained with the Saints there for seven days, and I preached six discourses while there. I enjoyed my visit in Lamoni very much. I met with many of the warriors of the gospel army. As I saw them coming to the house of God I thought, this is but a foretaste of the joys that await the "tempted, the tried and the true." We were permitted to visit the home of President Joseph Smith. He was absent on a mission, but his wife and family gave us a hearty welcome. Sister Smith gave me a small piece of the crystal of the Martyr's watch as it was found by his wife in his vest pocket crushed by the bullets.

We were made welcome at the Saints' publishing house. Pres. W. W. Blair gave us a welcome to the editorial room, where we spent a pleasant time. Indeed, every one seemed to give us a smile of welcome, and life was made pleasant for us while we remained in Lamoni.

We arrived in St. Joseph, Missouri, on April 5th, and I preached that night in a fine church called "Unity Church."

During the general conference I was the guest of brother and sister Gardner. Their hospitality is remembered with pleasure. After the conference I remained nine days in St. Joseph by request and preached with Elder Mark H. Forscutt. My association with Elder Forscutt and the St. Joseph branch is still remembered. I trust that He who remembereth the widow's mite will kindly reward them for their kindness to me.

I made a flying visit to Independence, Missouri, and Armstrong, Kansas. Met with the Saints and saw many of the Canada Saints who had stood the storms with us in the early days of London branch, preached at each of the above places, and left for Galien, Michigan. I met Elder Bond in Chicago, and together we traveled to Galien. We were met at the station by Bishop George A. Blakeslee, to whose home we repaired. I remained at Galien several days. Bishop Blakeslee drove me around, and I felt at home, for both the bishop and his family did all they could to make me happy.

Went with Elder Willard J. Smith to Buchanan, preached twice there. In company with Elders W. J. Smith and F. M. Sheehy I visited Clear Lake, Indiana, and Coldwater, Michigan. Had a good time preaching and visiting with the Saints; and to add to our pleasure we met Elder C. Scott, whom to know is to admire.

We left Indiana and arrived in St. Thomas, Ontario, on the 15th day of May. The next day I reached my own home and found all well. The next day I planted the root taken from Joseph Smith's grave. If it lives this summer many will have a sprout, and it shall be called Joseph's lily.

In July, 1889, while preaching in St. Thomas, I was met in the street by a young man. Said he, "Elder Evans, my wife and I have attended your meetings and we both believe that you preach the gospel in its purity. My wife is very sick with diphtheria. The doctor has done all possible for her, and we fear she is dying. She managed to tell me to go and ask you to come and administer to her." I told him I would get Elder Wm. Strange, and we would be at his home in one hour. We went, and the Spirit of the Lord was with us in the administration. She was healed, threw away the medicine, and in just one week from the day we administered to her I baptized both the man and his wife. The brother's name is Charles Furgeson. His wife is now the leading alto singer in the London branch choir. They reside in London now. Dr. Corlis, of St. Thomas, was the physician that attended her during her sickness.

(To be Continued).

WHEN a young man engages in a course of dissipation it is not uncommon to hear the remark, "Oh, never mind! he is only sowing his wild oats; he will settle down by-and-by." One of the invariable laws of the moral as well as of the physical world is that "whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." If a man sows wild oats he will reap wild oats, and the crop will turn out a most expensive one. He will reap his crop in loss of moral purity, loss of self-respect, loss of health, loss of reputation; and at some time in after life, at some critical point of his career, the sins of his youth will rise up and turn the scale against him. Young man, don't sow any wild oats.—*Sel.*

BIBLE ENIGMA.

At the suggestion of Bro. C. A. McLaren, of North Forster, New South Wales, we present the following Bible enigma, or riddle, to the readers of Autumn Leaves for solution. Bro. McLaren offers one year's subscription to the Leaves for the first correct answer to the same. Those sending in the answer must observe to interpret each line and feature of the riddle according to the description given, and also give the name of the object to which each line will apply, as they all refer to the same object. The description begins with the third line. Will Bro. Porter as well as many others, give this a trial. We shall always, as far as our space will permit, be pleased to insert anything inciting to the study of the Bible.—Editor.

A RIDDLE.

The subject of this riddle is worthy of remark,
Considering the events in which it took a part.
Before man was created the incipient earth it viewed,
Aspiring not to riches which from the world accrued.
With Abraham he journeyed—his thoughts being then untold,
And unto him was likened, a patriarch of old.
Familiar to the Israelites, and evidently to Job,
He 'companied them in travel but walked while sinners rode.
He bore a character divine; he walked with righteousness;
And on religious topics, none with him could discuss.
The path he walked was honored but oftener despised,
Pious men have clothed him to prove a purpose wise.
In life and death a medium whereby God saved men's life,
And e'en when dead he proved to be effectual in strife.
Angelic ministrations—a gift on it conferred
And by exercising which, destruction was deterred.
His journey has been tended by enthusiastic throngs,
Who rent the air around him with shouts of joyous song.
Subservient to the Master's will, with patience he endured.
Experience with fallen man, in spheres by sin immured.
Inspired were the utterances his voice was often heard,
One action stands unparalleled throughout the written word.
Its speech was not directed indiscriminately to men
And when reasoning with the erring, met with cruel mien.
Sufficiently to serve my aim, this "being" I've described
And though truly represented here, devoid of hope he died.

C. A. M.

Forster, N. S. W., Sep. 1st, 1890.

HINTS ON DOMESTIC LIFE.—No. III.

BY ALMIRA.

As poisonous food or drink taken into the stomach affect the blood and thereby the whole system, so do impure, unholy thoughts, that are suffered to lodge in the mind, affect the whole being, spirit and body, or the soul. Thus anger, jealousy, distrust, hate, etc., as well as all immoral habits, have a tendency to induce nervous diseases. They make themselves felt upon the nervous system, by irritating it and disturbing the harmonious circulation of the nerve force, which is the magnetism. They also impair digestion, and interfere with the healthy action of the liver, and, in fact, they interfere with the healthy action of every organ of the body. They, through the agency of the nerves, leave their corresponding impression on the facial muscles, thereby exhibiting to the world the kind of thoughts sheltered within.

Chronic grumblers can neither be healthful nor happy, for they keep their nerves constantly vibrating with discordant emotions. Yet grumbling is persistently indulged in by individuals of every church and every nation.

Grumbling gives the features a pinched, disagreeable look, and it also vitiates the gastric juice and dries up the secretions—and what is liable to be the result? Dyspepsia and constipation. These effects are just penalties inflicted on those who will indulge in such habits.

If the result rested only with the indulger, it would not be so lamentable but it does not, it effects those who are obliged to live with them, and they, too, being

kept in a nettle are liable to have nervous derangements, even if they do not imbibe the habit. Many a good wife has been worn into irritability, or despondency, and not a few into the grave, by a snapping, grumbling husband; while, on the other hand many a good, kind husband has been driven from intimate association with his family, and some to a divorce, others to a drunkard's grave, by a slack, faultfinding wife. The children who are brought up in such a hotbed of discontent should be pitied. Evil impressions are thus made, first on the buoyancy of their young spirits, then on their nervous system, then exhibited in their features and deportment.

An eminent physician tells us that petulance is worse than grumbling; and that those who indulge in it are full of bile, and also that the petulance causes the bilious condition instead of the latter causing the former. "Petulance often causes hysteria among women and hypochondriasis among men."

No home can be a happy one that has even only one such inmate, what then can be his or her emotion?

Truly such people are objects of pity, but who can pity them?

A violent temper is still worse, for it is absolutely dangerous to life as well as health and to the indulger as well as his victim. We have seen those who boasted of their great physical strength, stagger from weakness caused by indulgence in violent temper. Such people, like Alexander, conquer others, but their own passions do they not conquer.

Another point: Those who have mild tempers, and whose influences tend to keep them so, do not merit so much credit for being mild and amiable, as those do who are placed in reverse circumstances and attain the same.

We ought not to censure those who have inherited evil propensities, because theirs are not just like ours, but we may conscientiously censure their acts of indulgence, as well as our own, Neither harshly censure those whose surroundings tend to develop their errors, only justly censure their degree of indulgence, and instead strive to commend their practical degree of resistance. This is a point in which all fail and are made accountable for their sins and their sickness.

But we, like little children trying to walk, every time we fall or fail, must get up and try again.

There is no work more necessary or more ennobling than that of soothing out inherited bad qualities and diseases. If our aspirations for moral perfection are not sufficient to prompt the effort, we think that self respect and the desire for health might.

Yes, dear Saints, let us each try to cultivate pure principles and right motives in all our acts, and in the exact ratio that we make the effort the corresponding emotions and results will follow. God's laws are unchangeable—certain causes will produce certain effects; then let us polish our souls till their brightness will shine as the noonday sun, and we shall be warmed within and those we hold dear will also be warmed within; and who can estimate the value of the atmosphere of happiness that will circulate through the household!

A properly managed home can be called a kingdom—the father being the king, the mother the queen, the children the subjects. The authority should not be executed from anger or impulse, but from decision and love. Man was created first, and then from his side was taken his helpmate, or co-worker. Not an independent creation, "but bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh," that they might be one. Not from his feet, that he might trample on her, neither from his head that he might rule over her, but from his side—probably near the heart—that they might walk side by side with affections and interests blended in one.

Ofttimes companions are unequally and unwisely united, consequently they do not live in harmony; but even in such instances as that, if each will work in harmony with the other's judicious views and calmly, quietly resist the injudicious ones, each will become more highly cultivated and their interests, joys and sorrows will become common stock. Occasionally a parent thinks the other has no right to exercise authority over the children, and justifies himself or herself with the thought that the love cherished for the children will not admit of the other's discipline. That is an unwise, selfish idea, and will never have a favorable result. It is trampling the other's views and efforts under foot. The child even when very young will discover the same and act ac-

cordingly. Parents who were, and have properly disciplined themselves, will generally meet with but little difficulty in governing their children.

It is not the sharp discordant words, the threats, or the blows that make children obedient—compulsion is not obedience. Such erroneous government never cultivates the better nature of parent or child but on the contrary the worse nature of both. Parents should respect the feelings of each other, and the feelings of their children; by so doing they will command respect and not disrespect—perfectly natural "like begets like." No place on earth in which politeness and religion can be practiced with so good an effect as in the household—just as in the days of wooing.

It is just as the poet has said:

"Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make the home an Eden
Like the heaven above."

THE CYCLONE.

"And behold there came a great wind from the wilderness and smote the four corners of the earth."—*Job.*

The burly wind walked forth to find
Some pleasant play, some place to sing,
To pipe, to play, to laughing bind
The corn in gold for harvesting.
He heard a maiden sing. He laughed and sang
The while he wrought till all the corn-fields rang.

And then he, laughing, turned about
To seek the woods where he had played
For eons past. But lo! a shout
Burst from his lips. He, shrieking, laid
His two hands forth, like Samson when he died,
And consternation was; and Death his bride!

The homeless wind! The wind unhoused!
This wind that brought us corn and wine,
The wind was as a lion roused!
'Twas Samson and the Philistine.
Go build again. But when ye build, I pray
Build ye a house wherein the wind can play.

Give me the wind, the glorious wind,
The wide-winged, wondrous winds of God
That go or stay, or loose or bind,
Or walk the seas, or rend the sod;
But give the wind that gives us wine and corn
Some place to bide wherein his strength was born.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S PILGRIMS.

BY ELDER E. STAFFORD.

WE started on the 1st of April, ten of us in company, all boarders excepting Mr. Canfield and his nephew, on board of a steamboat up the Sacramento river, our destination the Northern mines. The monotony of the steamboat life was broken by playing at whist, or euchre, for pastime; and among those who used to watch the game intently was no less a person than Amasa Lyman, whom the writer had seen and heard preach at Nauvoo. He had a company of men with him, who had been down in lower California, I believe, and were returning to Salt Lake.

At the mouth of the San Joaquin river we met a steamboat from which C. C. Rich, another man whom the writer had seen at Nauvoo, came and took passage on our boat. I understood that these two men, with their companies, were on their way back to Salt Lake. They did not journey with us further than Sacramento City.

We changed boats there, and proceeded up the Feather river as far as Marysville, I think, and there landed and took up our baggage. Some carried tin pans to wash the gold, some shovels and picks to dig for it, and some flour and

meat to enable us to use the picks and shovels.

From this place we started for the North Yuba, stopping at places on the way to prospect, but could not find dirt that paid. Arriving at the Yuba, we pitched our tent, calculating to remain there for sometime; but our prospecting not proving satisfactory, our stay there did not exceed two weeks. Out of that time we had two days and two nights' rain without intermission, which made it necessary to keep fire night and day, for we could not all get into the tent, and indeed by the fire was the most comfortable place, although we had to keep turning round to warm, and dry one side while the other got wet. We could see that there was snow on the tops of the mountains, but when it came down to us it was rain.

A council being held, it was resolved that we abandon North Yuba and steer for a place called Gold Run, said to be very rich diggings. This was distant some three days' journey. Taking up our line of march, we arrived in the middle of the third day at a place called Nevada City, where about a dozen tents were pitched. This was about five miles from our destination, and the report that a rich lead had been struck by two men, was attracting miners from all directions, and the excitement was at boiling heat.

The ravine claims were all taken up, and there seemed to be no chance for us; but, holding a council, we concluded to see in what direction the two men were taking out the most earth, for, though they should try to deceive, the way the principal part of the earth was taken out would indicate the way the streak ran; and from observation we concluded that it ran up towards the center of the mountain top, and we staked our claims in a line with the way the streak ran. The two men who first found the gold, staked their claims in the ravine, and consequently did not have to remove so much earth before arriving at the gold; but our claims were staked on the top of the hill from the ravine, which might be about twenty-five or thirty feet above it, and upon a gentle slope which extended about a hundred yards to where the mountain took an abrupt rise to its top. Staking claims on the hill-top was a new departure and caused no little fun and sarcasm at our expense. But taking it all as pleasantly as possible, we concluded to set two men to work on the claim nearest to that of the two men's who first discovered the diggings, while the balance, two by two, went to prospect for other diggings. The writer and a man whose sobriquet was Irish Bill, were detailed to dig at home.

We commenced to dig a hole about six by ten feet and had dug down about six feet, when we came in contact with solid rock, or stone, that covered the whole space in the hole.

We had about given up trying there, when the thought suggested itself to try the sides of the hole, and see if the rock would not shelve, so as to give us a hope of getting round it. We commenced on the side next to the claim where the two men were working, and had the good fortune to discover, in short time that the rock began to slant. Bearing in, as the miner would say, about two feet, the writer suggested to Bill to try the dirt to see if it would pay to wash in the rocker. We filled a common milk-pan with dirt and went to the creek to wash it, which thing was done three times before we concluded to try the rocker. We followed the slant of the rock about four feet before we came to the end, the earth being richer as we advanced.

Taking sufficient earth out to give us room to work round the rock, we turned up the hill, working a tunnel or drift five feet wide and as many high. The earth that the gold was in did not exceed a foot in thickness, and probably not more than that in width, but we had to keep the tunnel this width to give us room to work.

The men who had been prospecting obtained enough of the dust to keep us in provisions for a few days; their services were now required at camp. After our getting the hole in fair working order, I was resting with my back against the side and one foot on the shovel, thinking about the amount the company had taken out up to that time (they had divided about fifty dollars to the hand for four nights) and calculating it would only take two days before I had brought Canfield the amount he was to pay me for three months, and at the rate we were taking the gold out what he would make off my labors. He came into the hole while I was engaged in these reflections

and burst out into a hearty laugh and said, "Hallo, Ed, what's the matter? Got the blues again? But I don't blame you. I would not like to work for a man making him fifty dollars a day, and I only getting three or four dollars."

I replied, "If I don't complain you have no right to do so; if I have made a bad bargain I shall endeavor to fulfill my part of the contract."

"No," said he, "I don't desire it, and if you are willing to cry square we will wash up clean, settle up to-night, and you can come in an equal partner with the rest in the morning. I know I owe you two hundred dollars, but I have been at the expense of your board, and your fare up here, and furnished some clothing."

After a little more thought I said, "Square it is then."

We had not worked more than an hour before the streak apparently ran out; no gold came out of the dirt washed. The men left the rockers, and those packing the dirt to the machines came into the place where we were working with sober countenances declaring that the gold had run out. A council was held, and it was concluded that before we gave the hole up, for each man in the company to take a shovelful of dirt, in a milk-pan, and wash it, to see if there was gold in it. Each one was to be very particular to place the edge of the shovel where the other left off, and in this manner go all around the room.

I watched the motions of my companions very closely, my financial position quickening my perception, and when the nine had done, they concluded it was a foregone case, the gold had run out.

I noticed they had left a spot the width of a shovel, untouched, right in the center of the room. They had given up and were about to leave the premises when I said: "Let me try." They all exclaimed: "It is no use, we have gone all round the room." "Well," said I, "I will try for luck," and placed my shovel just where I noticed they had left it untouched, and taking half a shovelful of dirt placed it in a common milk-pan and proceeded to the creek, accompanied by Irish Bill, and commenced to wash it. The men were wrestling and joking each other to keep up their courage, and, being in close proximity, were flinging sarcasms at me for my folly. I had not washed half the dirt out of the pan, before I discovered black sand—a sure indication of gold—and had washed but half the balance before gold appeared. I asked my companion to keep mum, I wanted the surprise to my companions to be complete. But one of the men, looking over my shoulder, exclaimed, "Ed's got the gold!" which caused all the rest to come, and they acted like school-boys at vacation.

They all guessed at the amount, but would not be satisfied without taking it to town to see it weighed. It weighed forty-five dollars. There was no more work for that day. Work began lively in the morning, and the streak continued good through two or three of the company's claims, and then ran out on an adjoining claim held by three sea-faring men who had left that life, like many more, to try their fortunes in the mines. When the lead ran out, each one of the company except myself had made about a thousand dollars.

Having been away from home over three years, the desire to visit the United States became very strong, and Canfield, having accomplished the task of instructing his nephew in gold finding, was determined on going home. I concluded to go with him to San Francisco. I had seen so much of men making money, and after their lead would run out, spending their all in hunting for more; and thinking that this might be my case, if I should hunt for more, I decided to go with what I had. It was a good deal like a lottery, there were more blanks than prizes. We arrived in San Francisco about the middle of June, 1850, and I immediately secured a passage on a steamship, which would leave her moorings in a day or two, for Panama.

Bidding adieu to my kind-hearted friends on the day advertised for sailing, I went on board ship. We weighed anchor about the middle of the afternoon, and steamed down the bay and through the "Golden Gate," and when fairly out of the harbor, set sail. About this time, many of the passengers who had never been at sea before, having gone overland to California, as well as some who had been on a voyage before, began to be afflicted with what Mark Twain styles the "O, mys!" and began to pay tribute to King Neptune.

Their baggage, which they had not

secured, but which was piled down below, loosely amidships, was rolling over the deck in promiscuous confusion, and the owners were careless of its fate.

Nothing uncommon occurred on our voyage, but we sailed and steamed smoothly along on the Pacific ocean until nearing Panama when, on the night of July 4th, one of the most terrific thunderstorms, accompanied by the most vivid lightning the writer had ever witnessed, broke upon us. To make the matter worse, we were sailing among islands, and in pitchy darkness. Both watches were on deck, and the services of the captain and of all the officers of the ship were called into requisition. The sails were furled and she was running under steam. The passengers were mostly all up and on deck in a dreadful state of alarm. I lay awake for some time. My bunk was amidships by the ship's light, and I could see the fearful and disconsolate looks upon the faces of the passengers and hear the noise on deck at intervals between the claps of thunder, and finally, about midnight, turned out of my bunk and went on deck to take a survey of what was going on. The passengers on deck served to hinder the crew in their work, I heard the crew repeatedly ask them to stand out of the way. Going to a place on the forecastle where I would be out of the way, I tried to pierce the darkness, but could see nothing until a flash of lightning would, for a moment, light up sky and sea, and reveal at but a short distance several islands, angry looking clouds and foaming billows. I had been there but a short time when a most vivid shaft of lightning illuminating the scene, revealed to us that we were running stem on to an island which appeared to be about four or five rods ahead. Of course, the speaking-trumpet bellowed forth an order to change the helm. I stood there with no little trepidation in that blackness of darkness following the lightning's flash, expecting to feel the shock of a concussion, but fortunately we cleared the island. I went down to my bunk feeling assured that the good ship would weather the storm, and land us safe at Panama, notwithstanding the storm had lost none of its fury and continued most of the night, I turned in and slept. The next day we landed at Panama a little before sundown.

(To be continued)

ZION'S RISING:

LIVING in the midst of an atmosphere of strikes and labor troubles now painfully on the increase all over the world, caused the writer, one day, while thinking of society's perturbed condition, to feel at first sad, sickened, and heavy hearted for these things; then the brighter side of the picture relieved the shadows, in the joy of which the following lines were penned:

Springing up within my heart,
I feel a gladness,
And a thankful adoration,
Tribute to his goodness,
Due the Lord from every nation.

And ere long it shall be paid him;
His justice who can stay?
For the spreading of his truth,
Gleaming out the coming day,
Lights the aged and the youth.

Look ye nations, stand and wonder!
Will you not give heed
To the message sent in power,
Supplying every need,
In this dark'ning "judgment hour?"

Light from Nazareth once was beaming;
Whence cometh it again?
Righteousness shining from on high,
(Blinding yet with pain)
Truth from the earth doth cry;

Here, where liberty found birth,
Here, oh! here am I,
Mercy and truth, judgment and right,
Justice to low and high,
Springeth forth to end the night.

To make a people ready,
His glory to abide,
And reign in life with Christ on earth,
By trial purified;
Made fit to judge by righteous worth.

All who will, may come and drink,
In thirst no more need cry;
Let ev'ry honest heart be glad,
And weeping eyes be dry,
Nor turn away from good declared.

Scorn, error, calumny and hate,
Truth shall at last efface;
Awhile she suffers; soon shall shine
For all of Adam's race;
All dross remove, the gold refine.

Ye "kindreds, tongues and people,"
Heed the evangel's word?
The message glad, to all brings peace,
Where once was strife and sword,
And earth and heav'n shall soon embrace.

M. F. GOWELL.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 30th.

ZION'S REDEMPTION.

BY ELDER A. WHITE.

DURING the summer of 1885 my mind was very much exercised about the manner of the redemption of Zion, which was caused by the manifestation of the Spirit, both in tongues and in prophecy, given at several different times through the summer and through several different persons, and all agreeing that the redemption of Zion was very near at hand, and some saying of it as "even at the door."

I had been thinking of Z. H. Gurley and J. W. Briggs, and what they had done for the cause; and after all they had fallen, although they had occupied such high positions. This caused me to wonder how the weak ones of the church could stand, if men who had received and borne such great testimony could be so shaken in their faith with regard to tithing, the doctrine of gathering and the redemption of Zion, as I knew that the church had accepted these doctrines, as well as the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, in which they are taught. I had understood from reading section 63, paragraph 8, of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants that the redemption of Zion would be by purchase.

These things caused me to doubt whether the before mentioned gifts were of God or not, as it appeared to me to be an utter impossibility for the Saints to purchase this land anywhere in the near future, because of the very high and rapidly advancing prices of all real estate in this region of country.

These things were a very great trial of my faith, because of the seeming impossibility for the land of Zion to be redeemed in the short time indicated through the gifts, without the intervention of the power of God.

These thoughts caused me to exclaim, "Oh! Lord, why suffer thy people to be tried so severely in this matter? Why not reveal unto thy people that which will relieve them of this great trial, and let them know how the redemption of Zion shall be," when I heard a voice (which I understood to be the voice of God) saying, "The time was when my people might have redeemed Zion, if they had kept my counsel, but now it has passed out of their power. I will redeem Zion in its time, and I will do it in this way:" Then I saw a narrow and very bright red ring which inclosed Independence and a portion of the surrounding country, the center of which seemed to be a little southwest of where I was standing on a high spot of ground.

Then he said, "Do you see that ring?"

I said, "Yes."

Then he said, "I have sanctified all of the ground inside of this ring, and I will not suffer any person to live inside of this ring except those who keep the celestial law. Now mine elders shall receive an endowment, and it shall be the same endowment that Peter had when he judged Ananias and Sapphira." I was given to understand that only such elders received this endowment as were chosen by the Holy Ghost at this time. "Now all written law ceases on the inside of this ring, but on the outside it shall continue as it is. Now my judgment commences inside of this ring which is the judgment of the Holy Ghost, that no sin may escape. By the written law and the judgments of men, many guilty ones go unpunished, and many of the innocent suffer. You read in my word that Zion shall be redeemed by judgment. Many of

my elders misrepresent me in regard to my judgment. They say it is storms, pestilence, earthquakes, etc., but this is not what I mean. I mean the judgment of the Holy Ghost, and as you see Peter yonder judging Ananias and Sapphira by the Holy Ghost, so shall the judgment be here. Death is laid at the feet of every person."

Then the vision opened to a very great distance, where I saw Peter judging Ananias and Sapphira by the Holy Ghost. Then looking back to near the center of the ring, I saw the judgment going on, yet at sufficient distance to prevent me from knowing any one engaged in it. There were about ten or twelve men standing with their backs toward me, and about four or five feet to their right stood a man judging some person who was in front of them, yet hid from my sight by the other men. Immediately there was a very great excitement around where the judgment was going on, which soon extended to all parts within the circle, all seeming to know that every one must immediately get out of the ring or come up and be judged by the Holy Ghost, which proved fatal to all whose consciences did not hold them guiltless; and I saw many hastening to get outside of the ring. Some ran, some walked and others went in wagons, one of whom I noticed more particularly. After he had driven over the ring, he turned alongside of it with his right hand toward me, so that I could see the tears run down his cheeks, and I was enabled to hear what he was saying to himself. He said, "Now I have lost this great blessing because I have not lived up to my privilege." I was also given to understand that he could soon prepare himself by repentance and faithfulness to return and be able to abide the judgment, which he immediately sought to do.

I also noticed another one, on foot, who did not care for, or know, what he had lost, but seemed to be glad he had escaped the judgment, and showed no signs of repentance. I understood that both of these were Saints. I looked back to where the judgment had been going on, but it had all vanished. Then I asked to know what degree of perfection would have to be attained to enable one to abide the judgment, and to have it manifested by pointing out some one that I knew. This He refused to do, but would tell me what kind of a character could abide the judgment and what kind of a character would have to go out.

He said all those whose words had been just and true, all those in whose hearts there is no guile or deceit, can abide the judgment. He also told me that the following characters could not abide the judgment; all those that forgive with their lips, but not with their hearts; all those who have not spoken the true sentiments of their own hearts.

I had formerly believed that the land of Zion would comprise a great portion of America, which caused me to say, "If this is all the land of Zion, it is a failure, as I understand it."

Then He said, "It is wisdom in me to sanctify but a small portion at a time, for you saw that many went out, and if I had sanctified a large portion there would so many have gone out that it would have left a great part of the land desolate and waste; but by sanctifying a small portion at a time there will enough remain on the inside with those on the outside who are prepared, who will be invited to come in immediately to build up and occupy the places that are going to waste; and when all of the land on the inside is filled up, I will move out the line and sanctify another portion as you read in my word, "The borders of Zion shall be enlarged." This is what I mean. It is wisdom in me to prepare my Saints in this way for my coming. If I did not prepare them, they could not abide my presence. If I should come unto them in their present condition, my glory would destroy them."

I was given to understand that the time had now come that the gospel should go forth from this place to every nation, kindred, tongue and people, with signs following, and it should go forth by those who received this endowment, and that they had power given them to smite the earth with all plagues as often as they would, such as lightning, plagues, earthquakes, etc.

After I saw the foregoing vision I was very much exercised in my mind over it, as it was so different from anything I had ever thought of. I commenced reading and studying the Book of Doctrine and Covenants to see if it would corroborate any such an idea, and immediately after I had finished it, which took about six months, I dreamed that I was telling the

vision to some person, and told it all right until I came down to where I saw the judgment going on, and I said he laid death at the door of every house.

Then I heard the same voice that I heard in the vision saying to me in an emphasized tone, "Tell it as I told it to you. You have misrepresented me. I told you I would put death at the feet of every person."

INDEPENDENCE, Mo.

I said, "I see I have misrepresented a little, but I thought it would not make any difference."

He said, "It does make a difference, for this belongs to the vision I gave you and is a part of it."

I awoke immediately after this. I never told the vision until I received the above dream.

"DOES IT PAY TO READ FICTION."

MRS. F. P. MCGAHEN, *Dear Sister:*

IN my former letter to you I remarked that the character of the advantages parents would wish to give their children, would be governed largely by the views of the parents themselves, or words to that effect. If this be true (and I think no one will dispute that it is) then it becomes a matter of prime importance to know what are, or what should be, the views and aims of parents who have entered into covenant relations with God to keep his commandments and walk in his ways; for it is in the interest of this class that our magazine is published, and they with their children are the ones we are trying to serve.

When God chose a people anciently, among the strictest commands given them was that of teaching their children his law. So also in this latter day dispensation we find the same care given in regard to this matter; and not only this, but we read of the highest officials of his church being rebuked because of their neglect of this duty. The command to parents is that they shall teach their children the law of the gospel, in order that they may be ready for baptism when they are eight years old; and they cannot be ready for baptism until they are properly instructed in the first principles of the gospel.

Now that our church needs juvenile literature in a simple, attractive form, leading up to this, I am free to admit; and I have strong faith that she will soon have it. At best, however, such can be only a help to parents; and they never can delegate, or neglect this duty, without coming under the condemnation of the Lord. We have heard many assert that this law was obligatory upon parents in Zion and her stakes; but, as we are not now in Zion, or any of her stakes, it was not obligatory, Let us grant that it is not obligatory (which, however, we do not believe) is it not wise and altogether to be desired?

When is the strongest picket guard thrown out, and every soldier the most vigilant? When the army is at home in barracks, or when they are marching through an enemy's country? If parents need to be watchful over their children in Zion and her stakes, do they not need to be doubly so when away from Zion, and surrounded by so many influences calculated to lead their hearts from the pure gospel of Christ? That it is doubly hard to accomplish, only calls for double diligence. And just here, lest I be misunderstood upon this point, let me say that whatever can be made subservient to this, be it the Bible story told at the mother's knee, or the story of moral courage, fidelity to truth, cheerful obedience to parents, woven by the imagination of another, or coming under our own observation; in short, whatever tends to lead the child to a closer acquaintance with, and greater reverence for the pure principles of the gospel, is to be made a means to this end. God never bestowed upon man a useless faculty; and imagination must therefore have a part to perform in the great workshop of the brain. But like all other faculties, it becomes hurtful, if cultivated at the expense of the rest; for there is a proper balance to be maintained in the mental as well as the physical realm. As the handmaid of faith, we cannot dispense with imagination; but she is only a handmaid and must be subservient.

The true genius of the gospel of Christ

is love to man, and the carrying out of this implies service. The child of God is not his own, but, as the apostle declares, is bought with a price, and is bound to glorify God in his body and spirit. We cannot expect to be successful in any avocation in life without preparation (and that, too, diligent and special preparation) for that particular branch of work to which we intend devoting our time. Can we then expect to be successful soldiers in the warfare the Christian is called upon to wage with scepticism, infidelity and the thousand and one developments of our age which are calculated to lead men astray from the truth, unless we are familiar with the weapons of warfare with which God has provided us? "Be ready to give to every man who asks you a reason for the hope that is within you," is a command implying much; and a later one, "Gain information from all good books" is very like it. That much information is to be gained by reading some works of fiction, we cheerfully grant; but we are still inclined to believe that it can be obtained in a more direct manner, and that until the taste for solid reading is established, the direct manner is the better one.

Again, the idea of service leaves little, if any time to be given simply to our own gratification; for whatever we do is done as a means to an end. If the brain is overworked and we are seeking rest, change of occupation is often more beneficial than cessation of labor, or lighter labor of the same kind. Then, too, books of travel, biography, and many of like character, are just as restful as works of fiction.

We see the world to-day in a state of perfect upheaval. Old landmarks are removed, and old battle-cries have lost all their significance, or are unheard; for new forces are at work, and new issues are involved. Statesmen and philosophers are racking their brains, while theologians stand with eyes fixed upon vacancy, not knowing whence to look for the next development. Reading, thinking, and reflecting men are separating Christ from organizations called, in honor of his name, Christian; and, as Bishop Huntington informs us, "they cheered the name of Jesus Christ and hissed the name of church." There can be but one possible reason for this; namely, the term Christian is a misnomer. It is a blot upon the glad tidings announced by the angel and proclaimed by the Christ—"Peace on earth, good will to men." They have erected to themselves, in their costly temples of worship, an ideal Christ; and have utterly ignored, repudiated, and put to shame the real, active, living, humble, weary, watchful, prayerful, despised and forsaken Nazarene—the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. In lofty strains of sublime harmony they chant his praise; and words are too poor to eulogize his acts—his divine, unlimited, unfathomed mercy and love. But one step beyond the portals of that temple they draw aside their garments from coming in contact with the real Christ as he stands before them in the guise of some humble, suffering child of want, perhaps of sin to which want has forced him. To say to you that religion like this can never regenerate this world, is to insult your intelligence by deeming it necessary to tell you of that which is patent to the most casual observer. If the work of Christ upon earth meant anything at all, his life is as much to us as his death; and both are in vain for any one if they keep not his commandments. And if those of that day came under condemnation, through rejecting the light which they had, would it not be well for us as Saints of the latter day to stop and inquire how we can possibly escape if we fail to do his will with all the added light he has blessed us with. Is this an apparent digression and foreign to our subject? Let me say to you that I believe life too short, too full of earnest work to be done for Christ, to admit of hours and days given to any class of reading, be that reading fiction or be it the most naked realism within the power of mortal to depict, which is not read with the intention of fitting us to act better our part in life, to be more earnest and faithful in God's service. Have we leisure from the pressing cares of daily life, how many there are needing a helping hand, a kindly act, a word of encouragement written or spoken, just a little help over a hard place; and whatever habit it may be which interferes with our lifting our eyes to see the great need of the world around us, it is a selfish one, and has no encouragement in the gospel of Christ. There is a fascination in novel reading (and this

pertains to the best fiction even in a more marked degree than to any other class of books) which chains us, draws us on into spending both time and money, neither of which belong to us, nor do I think ever was given us to be so used, simply because there are much better ways of spending both. That there are also worse ways of spending both we most cheerfully admit, but we cannot see the wisdom of choosing either of two evils when a better choice is left us.

That my views are very unpopular upon this subject, I am well aware; but that I should be untrue to the inner convictions of my soul did I advocate any other, I know equally well.

I would like to say to all mothers who possibly can, cultivate in your children a taste for reading, for by so doing you will be throwing around them one of the most powerful safeguards against evil associations, and will leave them a rich legacy for the years to come, when the cares and trials of this world shall press heavily upon them, and the tempter assail in unguarded hours. The great principles of right and truth, strong as the pillars of the universe, are also eternal as God himself is eternal. But who shall define those principles? Can man unaided by inspiration do this? Can he answer the question which long centuries ago fell from the lips of the Roman governor, "What is truth?" Has man, uninspired man, ever done this?

"Sanctify them through thy truth—thy word is truth." Let us as parents regard this matter as we may, it will in no sense change the light in which God views it; and if other tastes be first cultivated, and in after years we see the great mistake we have made, who will be to blame if we cannot restore to them their birthright, though we seek to do so with penitence and tears? If we go contrary to, and violate the law of God, we will surely have to pay the penalty. If man's laws are for protection against the selfishness of man, God's requirements are for our protection against self, for there is in them only that which is intended for our highest good; and only through perfect obedience to them can we secure the good God has in store for us.

Familiarity with the word of God broadens and strengthens the intellect; and we assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that any one who is familiar with the Scriptures, will never be called an ignorant person, though they should be unfamiliar with almost every other printed volume except the Bible. In our former letter we adduced the testimony of an admirer of fiction to the vast thousands who from year to year were reading novels only to forget them, or "feeding the appetite without satisfying it." Now, leaving entirely out of view the bearing which this has upon another state of existence, is there a parent who desires the temporal welfare of his child, who would be willing to commit him to a course of such mental training as this? We earnestly hope not.

Let it be understood that while I have been considering the subject of fiction, I have not once taken into consideration the thousands of volumes which have an immoral tendency, to say nothing of other thousands too vile to be mentioned; but have referred only to those held to be above the suspicion of anything of this nature.

And now, will you permit me one word in regard to what, even in the strictest sense of the term, we may call good fiction. If we are analyzing the *work*, of course the term good would apply to the manner in which it was written more than the character of the contents, and would be a criticism of the writer or author as an artist, rather than of his characters; but if the term be applied to the *contents* of the book—the characters, in opposition to the way in which those characters were described, then am I not correct in asserting that in this sense no work of fiction ever has or ever can have a perfect type of character. There is but one such type and that is found in the person of Christ. The history of his life, his teachings, his death and resurrection, constitute an endless theme capable of interesting and chaining the attention of the loftiest intellect as well as the unformed mind of the child. This life-history and teachings the Lord has made obligatory upon us, as his people, to communicate to our children, and that too at a tender age. Shall we then allow other reading to supplant this? Almost endless in the variety of its contents, none need fear of ever exhausting this store-house of God's word; and from that word by natural and unmistakable paths,

the inquiring mind is necessarily led to see and feel the necessity of obtaining information upon an almost endless variety of topics. Nor is the perfection of character, found in the word of God, all. The perfection of sublimity is there found as in no other book, or in all other books combined.

Last evening in an exchange lying upon our table we read, "Those who utter the glib saying, 'Nobody cares for theology nowadays,' would quickly change their minds if they could be for a little while the secretary of one of our postoffice missions, or the minister of one of our college town churches, or the editor of a Unitarian paper, and read or hear the earnest and often intensely pathetic inquiries that are constantly coming from every quarter for light on the great religious problems that are stirring so profoundly the religious thought of the age."

Do you ask why I quote this, I answer: How can a people unto whom God has intrusted his oracles, to whom he has given the bread of life, commanding them to feed this hungry multitude—how can they, we repeat, be so indifferent in times like these as to give thought, time, and money, in the pursuit of those things which cannot satisfy; those very husks upon which this same hungry multitude have been feeding? Never before since the world began was there such an unrest as envelops the world to-day; never such a going to and fro in search of a foundation upon which to ground a hope of eternal life; and in the midst of all this God has commanded us to be as a city set upon a hill, as a light to the world. Does this mean that we are to love the things which the world loves? to be as one of the world, no more diligent, no more watchful or prayerful?

May the Lord help us to realize our duty as Saints, that we may not be found wanting in the day of trial.

"If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." We have no evidence that to any very great extent human nature is different in our day from what it was in the days when Christ enunciated the above; and coming from the great loving heart of the Redeemer of mankind, we dare not call it a narrow view. It was not of *humanity* John was talking when he said, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world," for "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved."

And yet, he who manifested all this love for mankind, knew only too well that there was not room in the same heart for the love of God and the love of those things which the world loves. To the careful observer, the fact will be patent, that Christianity—so-called—is to-day as sadly lacking in the spirit of the gospel as she is in the authority, principles and ordinances thereof. The church has conformed herself to the world; but if we are Saints we must be conformed to the likeness of Christ, for if not, our worship is vain. Very respectfully yours,

M. WALKER.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Whirled on high or rustling low,
Hurried past or circling slow,
Full of meaning as they go,
Drive the autumn leaves.

Like the burden of a strain
Often heard and lost again,
Comes the fitful, wild refrain
Of the autumn leaves!

Scarlet leaves that cannot fade,
Mixed with those of sadder shade;
Some in evergreen arrayed,
Even autumn leaves.

As we sweep adown the stream,
Shall we bright and cheerful beam,
Or morose and thankless seem?
Ask the autumn leaves.

Let the life adorn the lot;
Joyless is the fairest spot
If a smile illume it not,
Teach the autumn leaves.

Summer may be on the wing,
And aside the livery fling:
Still there were no joyous spring,
But for autumn leaves.

—Selected.

GALILEE.

BY VIDA.

'Twas a beautiful scene, and after I read,
I thought of it all the long day,
And into the shadowy night, till in dreams
The past seemed to all fade away.
I stood with the throng in that far away land,
On the shore of that wonderful sea;
And heard the waves break on the sands at my feet—
The waves of the blue Galilee.

And piercing the haze, lo! the afternoon sun
Shines bright on the brown eastern hills;
While off to the west amid olives and figs,
The groves with their shadows it fills.
The multitude gathers along the sea-shore,
From synagogue, market and grove.
Ah! come they with hatred,—with subtle intrigue;
Or are their hearts filled with God's love?

A form nears the sea-shore; He enters a boat;
He pushes away from the land,
And seating himself on the prow, as it rocks,
He teaches the throng while they stand.
That voice clear and strong rings out o'er the sea,
Such eloquence! simple, yet grand.
He speaks of the doctrine, so strange unto them,
But so speaks that all understand.

"Behold, now the sower, he goes forth to sow"—
They look to their own verdant plain,
For there is the "wayside," the "thorns" and the "stones,"
Intermingled with rich golden grain.
So over and over they turn in their minds
This doctrine so strange and so new,
As it rings from the lips of Jesus the Lord,
O'er the waves of the waters so blue.

The sun has dropped low, and, wearied at last,
He turns from the shadowy shore,
And with His disciples sails over the lake,
For rest and communion once more.
Ah! thou sweet far off shore, shall ever I stand
And look on the blue of thy sea,
Remembering then how he stilled the wild storm
On thy breast?—O, thou deep Galilee!

Ah! here was a home for a short, happy time—
Yes, here on thy bright western shore,
For him who was hunted and hated by men,
Until the great lesson was o'er.
It was here at their toil the fishers he found,
And bade them to "Come, follow me;"
And here when was ended the victory o'er death
He came to thee, dear Galilee.

And here came to Peter the "Lovest thou me?"
List we to the charge he must keep;
"Thou knowest I love thee;" the Master replied,
"If thou lovest me, feed thou my sheep."

SAN BERNARDINO, Cal., July 22d.

BEN-HUR; OR, A TALE OF THE CHRIST.

REVIEWED BY J. A. GUNSOLLEY.

I AM not versed in Jewish history nor ancient mythology; neither have I the comprehensiveness of a Bacon, nor the perception of a Dickens; I am lacking in the qualities which enter into the make-up of a keen critic; yet I am about to attempt to give you a brief outline of this interesting and instructive novel, trusting you each possess a goodly degree of that best gift known as charity.

The story covers a period of thirty-seven years, beginning in the second year of the 193d Olympiad, or the 747th of Rome; the 35th of the reign of Herod, and 4th before the beginning of the Christian era.

The scene of the story is chiefly Jerusalem, but extends also to Rome, Antioch and Bethlehem.

The characters are peculiarly adapted to the place, time, and incidents. The real hero is Christ. The character of next importance is Ben-Hur, a Jew, who traces his lineage from Hur, the associate of Joshua, seventy-two generations from Adam. The characters of less importance are: the mother and sister of Hur, from whom he is separated early in life, and for whom he spent eight long and dreary years in almost hopeless search; Messala, a Roman, Hur's playmate in childhood, but bitter enemy in manhood; Simonides, secretary of Hur's father; daughter of Simonides, a young lady of sixteen or seventeen; Ilderim, Arab chief; old Belthasar, an Egyptian, and his daughter, Iras, who was very beautiful; and some minor characters which will be

named as occasion demands. The story opens by giving us an account of the meeting of three wise men in the desert. They ride upon large white camels. Each of these three men was a sort of separatist from the prevailing religion of his people. One was a Hindoo, another an Athenian, and the other an Egyptian. Each was called by vision to go to Bethlehem, and there to inquire for Him that is born "King of the Jews." In the description of these wise men we get a good understanding of the dress, appearance, and somewhat of the habits of their respective countrymen. After traveling far into the night, heading westward, a flame of dazzling brightness appears suddenly before them.

. . . A proclamation having been sent abroad requiring all the people to gather to the city of their birth to be numbered, thousands from all parts of the country came to Jerusalem. Standing at Joppa gate, one may have a comprehensive view of every type and character of humanity, while they pass in review before him. Both Jew and Gentile, from the Rabbi to the street vender, each in his peculiar dress, crowd hurriedly by. In the rush and hurry came a Nazarene and his youthful wife. She is beautiful and innocent, wearing a pious and peaceful expression; he, tall, and many years her senior, wearing a long beard upon a face marked by anxiety. The reader at once recognizes them as Joseph and Mary. The inn, or khan, as they called it then, was already filled, and the Nazarene and his tender wife are forced to seek shelter in a cave used for a stable. We are given a somewhat extended but sublime account of the birth of Christ; first a vivid description of the country; of the shepherds, their flocks, and dogs; of the miraculous light, how the shepherds were frightened by it; of the angelic voices announcing the birth; the arrival of the wise men with their offerings to the babe, their visit to Herod who desired them to bring him word of the child, and their departure by another way. The account closes thus: "In this period of the plan of salvation God was all and the child nothing. But look forward, O reader! A time will come when the signs shall proceed from the Son. Happy they who then believe in him! Let us await that period."

Thus filling the reader with desire and expectation to hear more of the child Jesus, the author leaves him.

. . . A period of twenty-one years is now passed over in silence, during which important changes occur in Judea. Herod the Great died, as the Christian world believed, by divine wrath. He left a will dividing his territories among his three sons; but Ceasar reduced Judea to a Roman province, and instead or a king ruling, it fell into the hands of an officer of the second grade called procurator, who communicated with Rome through the Legate of Syria, residing at Antioch. This change of government was very obnoxious to the Jews, who ever looked upon it as a means by which Rome might the more easily tighten the keys to their already heavy and galling yoke.

. . . You are next invited to take a look into a garden of the palace on Mt. Zion; the time, noonday. There you will see two boys, in the rosy bloom of youth, engaged in earnest conversation. One is a Jew, the other a Roman. They are about the same age, handsome, and clad in their native garb, and are recounting the pleasant incidents enjoyed together in childhood. The Roman has grown haughty while away at school in Rome, while the Jew, whom we will call Judah, remained the same in his simple devotion to his religion and his people. In the course of their conversation the haughty sarcasm of the Roman wounds the tender nature of the Jew, and they separate; the Roman, whom you have recognized as Messala, in his pride and self-conceit; the Jew, grieved in his heart, turns his steps homeward. This home was a palace furnished with all that wealth and luxury could afford. The conversation with Messala had aroused Judah's curiosity, and upon returning home he asks many questions of his mother concerning his people's history and his own probable future. From her he learns that his people are the chosen people, and were once very powerful. He also secures his mother's consent to let him enter the army, upon condition that he will serve the Lord his God.

The next morning following this interview between Judah and his mother, he and his sister Tirzah, were upon the housetop; he telling with a light heart of his intentions to become a soldier, she sadly lamenting at the prospect of parting from

her noble brother. While thus engaged they were attracted by the sound of music, and Judah, anxious to learn whence it comes, hastens, followed by Tirzah, to a higher part of the roof. It is the new procurator, Valerius Gratus, accompanied by a grand military escort, entering the city for the first time. The indignant people were shouting epithets in derision at the officer. Judah, from sympathy for him, leaned out over the parapet to better see the company, when, placing his hand upon a tile, it broke loose from its support and toppled over the edge of the roof. Frightened at the prospect of those below, Judah gave a shout of alarm. The officer looked up just in time to receive the falling tile full upon his forehead and fell from his horse as one dead. The people upon the housetops, taking this for a signal, begin at once a terrible storm of dried mud and tiles upon the unfortunate company. In the midst of the tumult Judah hears the cries of his mother in the house and flies to her rescue. He is seized by cruel hands and torn away from his mother and sister, at the instance of a Roman whom he recognizes as Messala. He sees, too, his mother and sister taken by Roman soldiers and borne away, he knows not where, though he hears them ordered to the tower. From this time there was a change in the young Jew, which change is known as the wonder of life; in the instant of his captivity he put off childhood and became a man.

The next day the gates of the palace were closed and the sign, "This is the property of the Emperor," was placed upon them. The day after this, a decurion, with his company of ten horsemen, approached Nazareth from the south, the direction of Jerusalem. They bore with them a prisoner, a Jew, doomed to the galleys for life, who became the center of attraction when they reached the village. When the cavalcade reached the well and stopped for refreshments, the prisoner sank in the dust, exhausted, bearing signs of great mental suffering, as well as great physical weakness, and famishing for water. Will no one minister to his wants? See! From the crowd of bystanders steps a youth about his own age, and taking a pitcher of water from the well curb, he bears it to the prisoner who drinks long and eagerly. Thus revived, he turned to look upon his benefactor, and his gaze is met by one long look of sorrowful, compassionate love, and his benefactor turns away. "Thus met and parted for the first time Ben-Hur and the Son of Mary."

. . . The year 24 A. D. finds the young Jew shipped as a galley slave, doing service on a ship commanded by Quintus Arius, a Duumvir, bound for the Aegean sea to make war upon the pirates. Here he distinguishes himself by his devotion to duty, beauty and strength of body. The Duumvir is attracted by him, inquires into his history, and gives him faint hopes of freedom. In an engagement with the pirates the ship of Arius is destroyed; and all on board, except the Jew and the commander, perish, Arius being rescued from the waves by Hur. As a reward for this act, Hur is adopted by the Roman as his son, and falls heir to a very valuable estate in Rome by the Roman's death, which occurred soon after the expedition against the pirates.

Ben-Hur now turns his whole attention to searching for his people. Accordingly, July, 29 A. D., he is on board a transport galley sailing up the Orontes approaching Antioch. On this vessel he meets a respectable Jew, and from him learns of Simonides, his father's secretary, who has continued the business since the father's death, and has meantime grown very wealthy. Hur resolved to visit him; and having learned his whereabouts, he set out immediately upon landing for his place of business, thinking only that he might hear of his mother and sister. He found the old man broken physically, but shrewd and energetic; cared for by a devoted daughter of about eighteen summers, beautiful and childlike. They are seated upon the house-top, and Hur is surprised at the condition of the master, being a helpless invalid through torture at the hands of the Romans; he is also favorably impressed by the loveliness of the daughter, Esther. Hur reveals his identity, but the old man feigns doubt and demands proof, and at the same time declares he knows nothing about the family. Hur departs, feeling downcast and disheartened. Simonides, half believing Hur's tale, sends Malluch as a spy to discover, if possible, his identity; and Esther wonders, though why she cannot tell, if he will ever return.

Wondering where to go or what to do,

he resolves to visit the enchanted garden of Daphne. 'Twas said that this garden possessed such peculiar fascinations that one visiting it and partaking of its charms never desired to leave it, but was content to remain there the remainder of his life, and drink of the love there manifest. In this grove he meets Malluch, and after wandering about for some time together, they arrive at a fountain called Castalia whose water possessed the remarkable virtue of imprinting upon papyrus immersed in it, one's fortune. While at the fountain Hur meets Belthasar, the Egyptian, one of the three wise men who visited the child at Bethlehem, and his beautiful daughter, Iras. The party at the fountain were suddenly surprised by the approach of a magnificent chariot drawn by four spirited horses. They were coming at full speed and seemed not to notice the company before them. Hur recognizes the driver to be Messala, whom he had seen in the race a short time previous. Having called to him to stop and receiving no answer, the Jew stepped aside and seized one of the horses by the bridle as they came up, thus nearly overturning Messala, and saving Belthasar from destruction.

Ben-Hur had long cherished a desire to punish Messala for the wrongs received at his hands. This affair at the fountain afforded him some satisfaction, but he was not willing to let him escape thus easily. An opportunity now presented itself. In the race before-mentioned one of the competitors had been an Arab Shiek, Ilderim by name, whose splendid four had been driven by a Roman, and owing to mismanagement had been defeated. The Shiek, highly enraged, offered a great reward to any one who would drive his four successfully at the coming contest which was to take place in a few days, in which contest Messala was to be a competitor. Hur now sees the opportunity to humiliate his enemy, accepts the offer of the Sheik, and begins at once to train the horses for the occasion.

Meanwhile Malluch has related to the Jew the story of the coming king. This being the first time he has heard of him, his interest is very much awakened, thinking perhaps, the king may destroy the Roman government. This anxiety is all the more increased by the story related by Belthasar himself whom he meets at the Shiek's tent in the "Orchard of Palms." Belthasar argues that the kingdom will be spiritual; Hur thinks the king will be a political ruler and resolves to identify himself with him.

Hur now gives his time to preparing for the coming contest, his one desire being to humiliate his enemy. He trains the Shiek's four daily and takes every precaution necessary to insure success. In the meantime he visits Simonides who acknowledges him his rightful master, and as such, renders him an account of his possessions. Hur thus falls heir to a second fortune which renders him the wealthiest man in the whole country; but in accordance with his generous nature, he allows Simonides to retain the possessions and to continue his trade. He engages Simonides for financial security, that the wagers might be great in the coming race. During this visit to Simonides, the young Jew becomes much infatuated with Esther, the daughter. He also hears much more concerning the coming king; but still believes he will be a political ruler. During his stay with the Shiek he is brought into contact with Iras, the fair Egyptian, and is much attracted by her charms.

On the day set for the race, multitudes from all parts of the country assemble. Enormous wagers have been made between the Roman and the Jew, at the dictation of Hur, that the interest might be centered in them, and the defeat be more complete. While preparing for the start all voices are silent, hardly a heart beats, every eye is strained to catch sight of the two rivals who are the center of attraction. The start is made, the silence is broken by murmurs of admiration which increase into bursts of enthusiasm, then into shouts of wild excitement as round and round they go. First here then there one drops out of the contest, making the struggle between the two rivals the more conspicuous. The strife grows hotter, there being no perceptible difference in their speed. Thus they fly round after round until the seventh and last, when the Jew, with keen ingenuity, caught the Roman's chariot with his own in such a manner as to bring destruction to the vehicle, disgrace and a life of helplessness to Messala, and victory and revenge to himself over his enemy.

He has still another enemy, Rome, which he, as an aid to the coming king, hopes to overthrow.

. . . A great change has taken place. Valerius Gratus has been succeeded by Pontius Pilate. The removal cost Simonides a large sum of money, the object being to help Ben-Hur, by lessening his exposure while searching for his mother and sister whom he still believed to be alive. "The worst men do sometimes vary their wickedness by good acts." So Pilate ordered all the prisons to be searched and a list to be returned to him of all the inmates and the crimes for which they were confined. This search revealed two women in a secret cell of the tower, where but a single small opening the size of a man's hand served to admit light and food. The food was handed to them by an old man whose tongue had been removed that he might not reveal the secret. This dark, gloomy dungeon was infected with leprosy. For eight long, dreary years, each moment of which seemed an age to the unfortunate beings, they had been there, dying by inches from the dire disease. The reader at once recognizes them as the mother and sister of Hur. The mother is transformed from mature womanhood to a frightful object, dead though living; and Tirzah, like a blighted rose, can scarcely be distinguished from her mother, so terrible have been the ravages of the disease. The women were released, and proceeded at once to find their old home. There they find the gates locked, but on the walk before one of the gates they espied a man sleeping, whom they recognized as the long lost son and brother who had returned hither in search of his beloved ones. O, imagine, if you can, the agony of that mother's or that sister's heart, overflowing with love for him whom they dare not touch for fear of transmitting to him the terrible disease! But they must depart, simply kissing the bottom of his sandal. The next morning they are banished from the city and are forced to take up their abode with the lepers, in the city of the dead. Meanwhile Hur identified himself with the Galileans, in a combat with a company of Roman soldiers, thus gaining a hold upon Galilee and paving the way to greater power to use in the service of the coming king.

. . . It was noised abroad that one John the Baptist, is preaching in Judea and baptizing in Jordan and proclaiming the coming King. All Jerusalem goes out to see him. Ben-Hur on his way to Bethlehem falls in with Belthasar and Iras. They travel on together and in the course of the journey Iras tries to ensnare him with her beauty and smiles, and all but succeeds. Belthasar is anxious to hasten on. They arrive at Bethabara where they meet John the Baptist and also Christ. Ben-Hur here meets for the second time the son of Mary, and in the simplicity yet the exquisiteness of perfection exhibited in his personage he asks himself, "King or Redeemer, which?" He begins to doubt him to be a political ruler, yet, "May not the Redeemer be a king also?"

Hur remains for a time in Galilee to await the action of the Nazarene. He is an eye-witness to many of his miracles. At length, having returned to Jerusalem, he relates to the assembled guests at the palace of the Hurs the wonderful works of the lowly Nazarene and announces his coming upon the morrow. Amram who is an old woman-servant of the Hurs, hearing the words of the son, leaves the house noiselessly; and daybreak next morning finds her at the city of lepers where she has been wont to go daily to carry food to her mistress. She tells them of the miraculous cures the Christ has performed, of his coming to the city this day, and prevails upon them to go out to the way by which he must pass and ask a boon from him. They believe the simple story and receive according to their faith, both being cleansed and restored to their son and brother.

The time of the passover had arrived, and multitudes flocked to Jerusalem; the Jews expecting the King to proclaim himself and assume royal power. Hur, as a leader of a band of Galileans, holds himself in readiness to espouse the cause of the new King. While awaiting the slow movement of time, "especially slow in the face of a great event," Hur seeks an interview with Iras. During the interview she betrays her treachery to him and they part as enemies. He then seeks Esther, whom he finds asleep in her father's chair. As he gazes upon her innocent features he is impressed with her purity and is conscious of a feeling of a peculiar nature toward her.

The evening of the passover the streets were crowded, roasting and eating meat; and every man seemed brother to every other one. Amongst the crowd may be seen a company of Roman soldiers armed and bearing in their midst a man, his head resting down upon his breast. They proceed to a garden called Gethsemane. The rest is soon told; the Savior is betrayed, seized by cruel hands, bound and placed in charge of soldiers. On the morrow he is led out to Calvary, and there in the midst of a multitude of people of all nations who have followed him, he is mercilessly nailed to the cross by his own people, the Romans being the tool. Over his head is placed the inscription, "The King of the Jews," and in his death he is king indeed.

Five years after the crucifixion Esther, the wife of Ben-Hur, was visited by Iras, whose father died on the day of the crucifixion. She remained only long enough to announce Messala's death and acknowledge her own guilt. Simonides lived to be an old man, helping Hur in the judicious expenditure of his immense wealth. Hur was converted to the true object of the king and decided to further on the great work by distributing his fortune for the spreading of the gospel.

This book is destined to be regarded as one of the great novels. One may be disappointed in some respects, and delighted in others. It is written in an easy, flowing style. The thought is not obscure. The author has great power of vivid description, as shown in the detailed accounts of the people, their dress, habits and customs; the country, and birth of Christ; the garden of Daphne, and the chariot race; also the crucifixion. He has a large and well-chosen vocabulary, but exhibits no tendency toward pedantry. In general he seemed to have had a complete grasp of his subject and took great delight in handling it, as shown by the animation throughout. The plot is well devised. You are delighted with the birth of Christ, and filled with interest and desire to hear more, you are left to wait patiently, hearing only of Ben-Hur whom you are, at times, disposed to designate as hero; but there is constantly beyond something that tells you to wait patiently the coming of the true hero. The reader will sometimes get ahead of the story, to the gratification of the reader, however. When reading of the women becoming leprous, the mind of the writer was borne along in advance and conceived of their restoration through the Redeemer. The object of the novel, as implied in its name, is to give us a narrative account of Christ, associated with incidents and descriptions which add much to the interest. No one can read the book without having a clearer conception and a greater love and reverence afterward for the "lowly Nazarene."

A secondary lesson to be learned is the Jew's fidelity to his people and religion; also examples of their oppression by the Roman government are given.

All things considered, we must pronounce the novel a success, and predict for it world-wide popularity, and renown for its author.

SHENANDOAH, Iowa, 1888.

SPIRITUAL REMINISCENCES

IN THE LIFE OF SISTER ANN DAVIS, OF LYONS, WISCONSIN.

WRITTEN BY F. M. COOPER.

I WAS born in the city of Armagh, county of Armagh, Ireland, on the last day of February, 1805. My father's name was Jacob Scott and my mother's name was Mary Warnock. They were married in my native city. To them were born eight children, four boys and four girls, I being the eldest of the family. My brothers and sisters are all dead except I. F. Scott, of Randallville, Columbia county, Wisconsin, and Mary Warnock, of Farmington, Iowa. My father and family left Ireland on the fifth day of April, 1819, moving to Canada, where we arrived some time in May. We landed at Quebec, but subsequently removed to Little York, now called Toronto. From there we moved to Markham county, where my father taught school for one year, receiving one hun-

dred dollars bounty from the British government for teaching, besides the subscribed fees of the parents of his pupils. In the following year, I think, we located at Trafalgar on one hundred acres of land, given by the government to all British subjects who were actual settlers. We resided at Trafalgar nearly eighteen years. It was here that I first heard the gospel preached as restored to the earth in this last dispensation.

Elder Isaac Russell of Toronto, one of Canada's pioneer missionaries, came to Churchville, a village three miles from our residence, and held a series of meetings which father and I attended. An incident occurred during the course of the meetings spoken of, prior to our joining the church, which gave rise to some comment, and indicated clearly to us that the Spirit of the Lord attended the word spoken. Mr. William Law was a faithful attendant upon the meetings at Churchville, and suddenly one of his children was taken very ill. Bro. Russell was called in to administer to the child, and it was immediately restored to health. This was the first manifestation of divine grace and power as promised by our dear Lord, which had come under our observation. Before the close of Elder Russell's meetings, my father and I embraced the gospel, receiving baptism at his hands March 22d, 1837, in Churchville. My father's entire family subsequently came into the church, but my mother and sister Sarah were the last to unite. Mother was prejudiced against the claims of the latter day work, and her influence over Sarah was so great that the latter did not receive the gospel until after mother's baptism. God's providence was clearly seen in the conversion of my mother and sister, which occurred some time after my obedience to the faith. The marvelous exhibition of the Lord's ways in bringing them to a knowledge of his truth has ever occupied my memory, as one of those early evidences which confirmed in my soul the divine claims of the everlasting gospel.

About six weeks before mother's conversion, my father met Elder John P. Green, of Kirtland, Ohio, in the city of Toronto, where he was preaching. In conversation with my father relative to his family, Bro. Green prophesied that my mother would yet obey the gospel, if her children did their duty; and if she did not obey, they would be responsible. When father told me of Elder Green's prophecy, I felt determined, by God's grace helping me, that if mother never obeyed the gospel, it should be no fault of mine; so for six weeks, or up to the time of her conversion, I prayed earnestly to the Lord three times each day that he might lead her into the light of his glorious truth.

The memorable meeting at which mother found her way into the kingdom of God was held in my father's house. Elder John P. Green was in charge. Mother was still opposed to the work of the Lord, and just before the meeting began arose to depart from the room. Upon arising to depart, she raised her hand, intending to say, "I am done with this thing," but her arm became, as it were, paralyzed, her tongue refused to respond to the dictates of her will, and she left the room in silence, going to her bedroom and retiring. The meeting was of a social character, and as it progressed, Bro. Green said the gift of tongues was present, and he exhorted the Saints to faithfulness in the performance of their duty. I prayed silently that the gift might rest upon me. A strange feeling took possession of my heart, causing it to palpitate. This feeling removed to my tongue, taking possession of that organ, but I persistently refused to speak. My brother arose and spoke in an unknown tongue and gave the interpretation also. During the time he was speaking, the peculiar feelings I had in a great measure left me, and I feared I had lost the gift in my refusal to speak, and I earnestly besought the Lord to forgive me, and to restore unto me the gift. Immediately the Spirit rested upon me in great power, literally lifting me upon my feet, leading me towards the door where my mother had made her exit. Being completely under the influence of the Spirit, I was led to exclaim, "I know that Jesus lives. Where is the Spirit of the Lord leading me?" with this I spoke in tongues, and then had the gift of interpretation. Prior to this Bro. Sampson Avard had delivered a prophecy to me, to the effect that I should be one of the humble instruments in the Lord's hand in the conversion of my mother, and that she should be given unto me in the gospel.

The interpretation of the tongue was, that this manifestation of divine power was the fulfillment of Bro. Avard's prophecy. I said, "The Lord promised that my mother should be given me, and she is given me. My mother, O, where is she!" My mother, in an adjoining room, heard all that had been said, and was seriously affected. My father arose and went to her bedroom, and with her came again into the meeting. I stood near the door as mother entered, and being filled with the love of God, I threw my arms around her, exclaiming: "My mother, oh! my mother! she is saved! she is saved!" As I stood with my arms around her she said: "It is enough. I want to be baptized." And that very night, after the meeting was dismissed, we retired to the water, where Bro. Green baptized mother into the kingdom of our dear Lord. And many years after this, as I stood by the bedside of my dying mother, in the city of Nauvoo, I reminded her of the precious promise given her by the Spirit of God, away back in her home in Canada, that she was saved. With a smile wreathing her dying face she said: "An abundant entrance is administered to me into the kingdom of our Lord." To complete the narrative of that wonderful meeting attended by mother's conversion, I will add that while I stood upon my feet speaking in tongues, Bro. Green called the attention of the people present to a luminous body which seemed to rest upon my head, which appeared like fire. Another party present testified that this luminous body was in the form of a heart.

My sister Sarah was the last one of my sisters to obey the gospel. The rest of our family had all come into the church and were rejoicing in the blessings of the Lord, and were intensely interested in Sarah's conversion. The latter was mother's favorite girl, not that she was loved more than the other children, but she always seemed to especially seek mother's companionship, and she clung to her as do the tendrils of the vine to the tree. But now, even after mother had yielded obedience to the word of the divine Master, her faithful daughter companion still stood out of the fold, and so remained until God, in his own good way, let the light into her soul. In Sarah's final acceptance of the truth can be seen the workings of that Providence of whom Cowper wrote:

> "God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform."

This dear sister had witnessed something of divine power, besides having been surrounded by those influences at the last favorable to her conversion, as well as learning that the gospel preached by the Saints was identical with the message Jesus taught in ages past. Under those circumstances her responsibility to God was very great. One evening before bed-time I went into my father's buggy-house for secret prayers, and while resting upon my knees before the Lord, the spirit came upon me in the gift of tongues. The interpretation was, if my sister Sarah was not baptized that very night she should not live to see the light of another day. Astonished at this remarkable revelation I immediately hurried to my sister, whom I found as if in waiting for me, and I delivered to her the terrible message. Instead of being shocked at a message fraught with such fearful significance, she replied, "I believe the statement to be true from a manifestation I had last night." Some time the night before after retiring to bed, my sister said her bedroom was suddenly filled with such an intense light that it seemed as if her powers of endurance were too frail to withstand the shock which was produced upon her entire system. She felt that if the influence of the power to which she was subjected were not soon removed, she would die. She lifted up her mind in prayer to the Lord, that the power which had so overcome her might be removed, and it was immediately withdrawn. She said she was fully satisfied that the hand of the Lord was in all that had been shown us, and that she was ready for baptism. And the same hour of the night we went with her to the water, where she was baptized into the Church of Christ by Elder Green. And so far as our family was concerned, our cup of joy was full; because father and mother, with my brothers and sisters were all in the church, and God had in a wonderful manner confirmed to us the message which he had sent, and had established, seemingly beyond the possibility of a doubt, our certainty of the truth which we had accepted.

(To be Continued).

CONFIDENTIAL WITH FATHERS.

NOT long ago I read a little editorial called "That kind of Father," wherein the father described was a brute, who shied a stone at his boy as one would at a dog. Now that this creature was a disgrace to his sex there can be no doubt, and that he would get much that he deserved is equally sure. A wretch like that is pretty sure of his punishment, because he violates the law, and justice is outraged. If possible I would like to call the same power and put in her scales the men who are called "fathers," who are rarely found shieing stones, or breaking any known statute, and yet are quite as mischievous, for they shirk all their responsibilities and cast aside their God-given prerogatives. The father's influence has been so little felt that it is now almost counted out.

"Papa, will you help me with my lessons?" is asked once, twice, perhaps by the more courageous a number of times; but at last the sterotyped answers such as: "O, my dear, papa is too tired," or "Really, Johnny, this is absurd, I am busy working all day at my office. I pay your teachers to do the work." Or very often: "Go to your mother; I can't be bothered," convinces Johnny that, however papa may be interested in his education, he does not intend to show it in that way; as to mamma being tired, "well, she don't say so," and he "must have some help."

O, fathers! you make a mistake; the hour or so you would give your boy in helping him with his latin or arithmetic would be of mutual benefit all your lives; he would remember it with pleasure and gratitude; you with fond pride when he achieved distinction in life.

"My father helped me." Alas! how few sons have this delightful reflection; as a rule they remember their fathers as the law-giver and purse-bearer, but rarely as their best counselor—their chosen confidential friend.

Two men, among my friends, rise in my mind as illustrations of the tender beauty of this relationship; the son is twenty, the father a little over forty; both well and strong; both manly and fine; they have ever been the best of friends, having no secrets from each other, feeling always implicit trust, and so it will probably go on through life. The son, heretofore depending upon the father for support and kindly direction, will now accompany him as his friend and faithful admirer; later on the father will have the younger arm to uphold his feeble steps; always together, always finding in the company of one another that *camaraderie* which, alas! man so seldom enjoys with his own flesh and blood.

Opposite to my summer home is a pretty cottage where a young couple with their children—two boys—have come for the holidays; the children, aged I should say four and six years. Every morning the father, when he leaves the gate whither he is escorted by his boys, turns and lifts his hat gravely and courteously; the broad sun hats of the babies are promptly lifted in return, and "Good by, Papa," "Good by, my boys," rings out on the soft air, making melody for all who care to hear.

I often wonder if they know how much cordiality these *truly gentle* exchanges carry to their unknown neighbor across the way, or what pleasant pictures they suggest to my fancy. Father and sons going on through life, courteous and considerate, provoking each other to love and good works.

Your children are what you make them; if you want their first and best you must give them yours; if you expect them to be refined and high toned, give the key-note yourself. "Good morning, my child," carries a benison with it, and, in so expressing himself, no man need be ashamed; yet how often does a man neglect this trifling politeness when in the bosom of his family! "Good-morning," as if it were all one word, and a short one at that, coupled with a testy injunction "not to leave the door open," or a reproof for lateness. Do I counsel entire disregard of discipline? Certainly not, I know children are but human, inheriting to the full their parents' depravity, but I am in this paper pleading, nay, *wrestling* with the fathers, hoping to open their eyes to the beauty and happiness they miss by not making friends with those to whom they have given the gift of life. You have brought these children into the

world; but for *you* they would not *be*; since you have called them, give them of your best.

Open the treasury of your heart and lavish upon them the fondest love. Call upon your storehouse of knowledge, feed *brain* as well as body. Teach them by your conversation and deportment that you are *all* that you profess. Remember, "getting *mad*" is not righteous anger. Johnny is young, but he is quite keen enough to discern between passion and honest indignation. Irritability, caused by dyspepsia, much smoking, nay, perhaps, much drinking, will not be accepted by him as the reproof of the wise. Also, when you *order* Johnny "to be a gentleman," and "pick up mother's book or pencil," you must do likewise, and not sit in your easy chair while she runs up stairs to get your slippers; or when you meet her on the street pass her with a smiling "how d'ye do," forgetting entirely to lift your hat with the same deference with which you salute Miss S—— your pretty acquaintance. Johnny is your son; he has many of the same failings; he is both obstinate and high-tempered, but he has also the same warm heart, and an appeal to it will always bring a response. Don't forget to praise him. You like to hear your wife say sweet words; even your acquaintance down town can touch you with a compliment, which you repeat when you come home, with the commendation that "Jones is a good fellow;" as a fact he may be an ass, but he wears an aureole to you for he has put you on good terms with yourself.

Please remember Johnny is made of the same stuff; tell him occasionally that "he is a good boy." It won't spoil him, I'll wager.

Said a young fellow to me, "My father *never* told me I was a good son, but he has often expressed the reverse opinion." I looked at the young man with tears in my eyes and my heart filled with pity for the father who has missed so much; the boy was yet young and other loves would round out his life. The father was old and he had rejected God's bounty, namely, the grateful, filial love which wells from every human heart.

"This is my well-beloved son;" no holding back in the Divine Father's love, but full measure, pressed down, flowing over, that all mankind may see that the father and son are one. Is this sacrilegious? No! my reader, for God constantly likens His love for the Son to the earthly relationship of parent and child, and it is without doubt His intention that we shall give to our little ones of our best.

For He asks in stern inquiry: "If a son shall ask bread of *any* of you that is a father, will he give a stone?"

Fathers, *know* your children; study their characters; learn their tastes and inclinations, that *you* may influence the one and cultivate the other. How many a male parent has professed utter astonishment when his son has been guilty of some crime. "I never knew the boy. I thought him entirely different;" whilst all the while the mother, true to her vocation of parent, had sorrowfully known and kept it hidden in her heart, knowing it of little use to confer with the father whose only logic is force, and whose impatience of youthful folly admits of no excuse.

"The boy's a fool," is often the paternal *dictum*, when some little innocent vanity is exposed; but one wonders if the cap and bells would not be more fitting for the irate sire, whose own neglect has brought the young offender to his present state.

Fathers! it *is not* that you are busy or that the large schemes of life engage your attention, it is because you are lazy and selfish. You leave to the mother more than her part; it is your duty to form your sons to be good, wise and able citizens. This is not the woman's work; why depute it to her? you are jealous enough of any little infringement of what you are pleased to call your *rights*, and yet this, the first and foremost of all, you affect to despise and leave it for the already over-burdened mother. "The child is father to the man," said the maker of apothegms; take heed to the young minds and hearts *now* within your reach. Some day they may tower above you; this is the age of progress; if you do not *now* win their love and respect, the time will come when it will be too late, and with the agonized consciousness that your son cares little for your opinion, and, indeed, is quite ashamed of his old-fashioned father, will also arise the thought that when the training of this young soul had been given you, you had neither time nor inclination for the task.

You preferred your books, your club, nay, your cigar, to an hour or so with your boy.

You had it *then* in your power to enlist that tender heart and active brain, those fleet feet and strong muscles, into your service forever as your devoted son and staunch adherent, to whom you would have been "the dearest father," the reverenced friend, instead of, as you are probably now called, "the old man," or "my Governor."

—Selected.

LAKE GEORGE BY MOONLIGHT.

(See Illustration.)

WE present our readers with this number, a fine view of this beautiful and historic lake. It was at first known as Lake St. Sacrament, but the name was changed by General Johnson, to Lake George, in honor of King George II. During the war with France General Johnson was encamped at the south end of the lake in a strong position. Learning, however, that the French army under Dieskau, was marching towards him, he moved out of camp to meet him and fell into an ambush, prepared by the French and Indians, which nearly proved fatal. Falling back, however, in good order, a stand was made and reinforcements were sent forward, and when the French and Indians came up, they were defeated and put to rout.

In this battle fell Col. Ephraim Williams, a brave soldier and earnest patriot. He was the founder of Williams' College, in Massachusetts, and the Alumni of the college have erected a monument over his grave. The success of the English in this engagement revived the spirits of those over whom the news of Braddock's defeat had cast heavy gloom.

But while we contemplate the placid waters, surrounded by the hush of night and bathed in the pale light of the moon, we remember Col. Williams, the founder of Williams' College, with emotions loftier and purer than the same name excites when connected with scenes of blood and carnage, and we look forward with faith and hope to that time which must come, come it sooner or later, when arbitrament to arms shall cease, and right, not might shall triumph.

HIGHLAND PARK NORMAL COLLEGE.

HIGHLAND Park Normal College, Des Moines, is really a great success both as a business and an educational enterprise. This new institution was opened September 2d, and the enrollment for the first term will reach quite four hundred students. This is conceded to be the largest attendance ever known at the opening of a new school. The business enterprise connected with this new school is to be commended. The trustees have liberally provided for all its wants. The main college building is one of the largest, and certainly the best appointed school building we have ever seen. The whole building is richly furnished. The library and reading rooms are fine. The library contains over four thousand volumes of choice literature. The recitation rooms are neat, well furnished, light and airy. It is a pleasure to see how nicely the model school is arranged. The little children have all the helps and conveniences needed. The pupil-teachers here have an excellent chance to observe the best methods of teaching. The business department is elaborately furnished throughout. We are told that there is not a more complete pharmacy department in the West than here. Certainly the pharmacy room is well equipped. The departments of civil engineering, electrical engineering, musical department, the departments of art, short-hand and typewriting, telegraphy and elocution are all liberally provided for. The building is indeed all that we could ask. Some $10,000 has been expended in library and ap-

paratus. One is astonished at the provisions that have been made for the accommodation of students. Humboldt Hall is a brick building practically five stories high and 107 by 42 feet. This building will accommodate one hundred and twenty boys. The rooms are all 11x15, with a closet 8x7. Franklin and Lowell Halls are brick buildings built after the same plan as Humboldt Hall but larger. They will each accommodate one hundred and thirty students. These three halls furnish accommodations for three hundred and eighty boys. The rooms are all furnished nicely throughout, heated by steam and lighted by electricity. There are five cottages for the accommodation of the young ladies. These will each accommodate from twenty to thirty-five girls. They are especially arranged for convenience and neatness. These also are well furnished, provided with water, heated by steam and hot air, and lighted by electricity. Besides these accommodations there are, of course, many private houses that furnish accommodation to students. The faculty is large and composed of able teachers. President Longwell has proved himself an educator of exceptional ability. Highland Park Normal College is undoubtedly one of the greatest schools in the West. We can heartily recommend it to all.

—Iowa Homestead.

AN EVIL OF AMERICAN DAUGHTERS.

A BEAUTIFUL young lady asked me recently if I liked her new hat as well as one she had been wearing previously.

Truth compelled me to say that I did not.

"Neither do I, and it is all mamma's fault," she exclaimed, while an irritated expression dashed all the beauty from her face, as a whirlwind of dust covers the beauty of a rose tree.

"You never saw such a woman as mamma is to shop with," she continued. "The very first thing I try on, she exclaims, 'O, that looks lovely on you,' and she never can discriminate and choose, and so I buy the first one I look at, and after I get home I find I do not like it at all. I told mamma to-day how I despised this hat, and that it was all her fault!"

"What did she reply?" I asked.

"Oh, she said she was always in fault—for my misfortunes according to my way of looking at, and then she had an injured air, and, of course, it was no use talking about it, so I came away."

"Has it ever occcurred to you," I inquired, "to stop and analyze your mother's feelings and motives toward you? You are her only daughter, and she has always worshiped you. You are always beautiful in her sight. She can only wish to please you, and to save you trouble. She can have no desire to annoy or disappoint you. From your cradle to the present day she has had no wish but for your happiness and success. Night after night she has been broken of her sleep to watch and care for you. It was the proudest hour of her life when she saw you developing into a beautiful young woman. What do you suppose can be her feelings now when she hears you speak such sharp, sarcastic or selfish words as you have just related to me? How poorly repaid must she find her life of devotion, how inexpressible must be her sense of disappointment!"

"I never thought of that before," said the young lady soberly.

I begin to think that the average American daughter "never thought of that."

Last summer a friend of mine occupied a room at a fashionable sea-shore resort, next to one used as a parlor by one of the belles of the season, and her mother.

My friend had first observed the two ladies in the dining-room, and on the verandas, where the mother's devotion to her beautiful daughter was marked and noticeable. An indifference to this devotion and an occasional expression of petulance marred the beauty of the daughter's face in the eyes of my friend. Had this beauty become absolute ugliness when she heard the young lady's manner of speech to her parent through the thin walls which separated the two rooms?

"I have been so worried about you, dear," said the loving mother one day when the daughter returned from an un-

usually long equestrian excursion. "I was so afraid something had happened to you."

"I wish you would not make such a fool of yourself," was the hateful daughter's reply. "I guess I know enough to take care of myself if I am out of your sight."

"Do take this shawl, dear; it is so damp on the veranda," urged the mother as the daughter went out of the room later in the day.

"You attend to your business and I will attend to mine," was the reply of the belle as she slammed the door behind her.

A few moments later she was dispensing smiles to a circle of butterfly adorers, not one of whom would have sacrificed an hour of comfort or pleasure for her sake, while the mother, who would have died for her, was left with the memory of her cruel, unfeeling words to keep her company.

A remarkably handsome and gifted young lady sought my acquaintance some two years ago, to consult me in regard to the professional use of her talents.

Young, beautiful and gifted, she attracted me strongly, and the acquaintance continued, at my request. Her mother called upon me and with tears in her eyes thanked me for my interest in her beautiful darling, who was an only child. But before the acquaintance was many weeks old, its death blow was struck for me; and my interest and admiration merged into amazement and disgust at the daughter's disrespectful treatment of her doting parent.

She contradicted her mother's statements on almost every subject; interrupted her in conversation without an apology, and showed such ill-humor over trifles, that I felt called upon to rebuke her. Whereupon the mother begged me to overlook the "dear child's petulance, as she was not well!"

A foreign lady of good birth and breeding, who has for a year past been in our country, expressed herself to me recently upon this subject—

"The disrespect which children of all ages show their parents in America shocks a foreigner more than any other one thing in your land, unless it is the way men spit upon stairways and in public conveyances," she said. "I never could have believed it true if I had not seen and heard these things myself. I have met scores of your best families intimately; I have traveled extensively, and I have passed two summer seasons at the best resorts, and everywhere it is the same! American children are impudent and bad mannered, and the way your American daughters treat their mothers, is especially shocking to a foreigner. I have found the gentle, respectful, devoted daughter to be the exception, not the rule, in America."

I could not dispute the lady's statement, for I had been too frequently pained by this same observation myself.

I have seen mothers who have sacrificed youth, appearance, health and comfort in the effort to save money to educate and dress their daughters, browbeaten, crushed and virtually ignored by their daughters in return for it all.

The American girl is taught that she is a young princess from her cradle to the altar. It is a great misfortune when she forgets that the mother of a princess must be a queen, or queen regent, and should be so treated.

I am always sorry when I see a young mother trying to save her little daughter trouble by anticipating every wish, and waiting upon her. As a rule, such daughters grow up to think it their right to be waited on, and to regard their mothers as upper servants. They seldom appreciate what is done for them, but are quick to resent any neglect.

On the contrary, children who are taught to wait upon their parents, and who are brought up to regard the parents as their superiors, are almost invariably respectful and grateful in the home circle.

Let a mother ask a child to do all sorts of errands for her, and no matter how busy the child is kept, if the mother expresses gratitude and appreciation, the child feels repaid and finds a delight in the thought of relieving the parent's cares. While a child, that is courteously waited on, almost invariably becomes a petty tyrant and exactor. They take it as their right, and have no comprehension of the sacrifices made for them.

If every one of us devoted a life of fifty years' duration to a mother, we could scarcely more than repay for the soul, brain and body strain we caused her the first ten years of our lives. Of course I I am speaking of the true, good mother.

I know there are exceptions to the rule—there are cruel, heartless and unnatural mothers. I have known mothers who were jealous of their own daughters. I know a mother who lives in luxury and uses all her income in frivolous dressing and pleasures, while her fair, fragile daughter works in a dusty office all day long. But, as a rule, the American mother is loving, devoted and self-sacrificing and self-effacing, and she needs to assert herself and to command more respect from her too often unappreciative and thoughtless daughter, who must herself become a mother in order to comprehend the great wrong she has committed to her own.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Home Journal.

Domestic Department.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

AIM TO BE POLITE.

"Politeness consists in doing the kindest thing in the pleasantest possible manner. A selfish person is never truly polite, because he does not feel an interest in others, and therefore, not always able to assume a gracious manner. A person who is never willing to oblige others at home is at much of a loss to know how to be polite abroad, as he would be if compelled to speak a language unknown to him. Politeness, like charity, begins in the home circle. But it should never end there. Boys should early be taught to lift their hats and bow whenever they meet a lady. Our grandfathers were taught to bow, and our grandmothers to 'courtesy' to every one they met on their way to and from school. It was an admirable social custom and ought not to have been allowed to fall into disuse. Boys should be taught at home to remove their hats at the door, to clean their feet on the door mat outside, to walk quietly and gracefully across the room, to sit and stand erect, to speak pleasantly and frankly, to reply promptly, truthfully and respectfully when addressed, to keep their hair and clothing neatly brushed, to consider well-polished shoes, neat clothes and clean hands and face, just as essential when no one but the family is present, as when there is company. They should be permitted to help entertain company and should make themselves useful whenever their help is needed. A boy who is unselfish and 'handy' enough to replenish the fire, sweep up the hearth, bring in wood and water, or in any way add to the comfort and convenience of his nearest relatives, without being reminded of these little duties, is a treasure to his mother and has benefited himself greatly by laying a good foundation for the performance of all those little attentions which society exacts from young men. Every intelligent boy ought to know that it is against all rules of good breeding to use profane or vulgar language; to loll or lounge on sofas or chairs in the presence of ladies; to sit with the feet on a table or the back of another chair; to whistle loudly indoors, to speak rudely or harshly to those older than himself; to sit while ladies are standing; to occupy the easiest chair in the room when there are others present entitled to it by age, infirmity or courtesy; *to order* a friend or relative as though he were a servant; to slam doors; to assume a swaggering air of superiority; to quarrel with any one; or to treat visitors with ill-bred indifference or contempt.

"Little girls who wish to be agreeable must remember that besides observing all the rules laid down for their brothers, it is ill-bred to act in a sullen or churlish manner, to say spiteful things, to ridicule the aged or deformed, to talk and laugh so loudly as to attract notice in public, to be petulant, to find fault with a gift, and to complain about the weather or anything else which is unavoidable.

"Girls, try always to be natural, to forget self, to be gracious toward every one, to cultivate an amiable disposition, and to add to the happiness of others. If possible, learn to walk in an easy and graceful manner, without mincing or taking steps too long. Learn to use your hands, and do not sit in company with your arms tightly folded as though they were not intended for use. Conversation requires gestures at times. If asked to sing or play, comply at once, if it is in your power to do so. Be scrupulously neat in dress, and see that your room is always in order. Avoid all such disagreeable habits as picking the nose, ears or teeth in company, biting or trimming the nails, yawning and appearing bored when any one—particularly an old person—is speaking. Never interrupt any one because he is telling you a tiresome story. You

can bear the infliction much better than he can endure the wound his vanity will receive. Always acknowledge an acquaintance if worthy of your respect, no matter where he is, or however shabby his clothes may be. The young girl or boy who has a polite bow, a smile and a pleasant word for every one, will be blessed with many friends. Above all, learn to be true-hearted and sincere.

"A silly, fickle-minded person, with no principles or opinions worth defending or retaining, is, at best, a worthless member of society, and one who will never have much influence for good.

"Will not our young readers strive to attain the courtesy that begins at the heart's core and not at the lips?"

SOME LITTLE THINGS.

"See to it that the children thoroughly warm their feet before going to school, and on returning home. They are seldom disposed to do it themselves. Many a serious cold, or other inflammatory attack, might be prevented by attention to this precaution.

"Teach the children, when out of doors, to keep their mouths closed, and breathe through their nostrils. This prevents the air—the temperature of which may be zero—from striking directly on the tonsils and the larynx. As the nasal passages are kept constantly warmed by the breath from the heated lungs, the in-breathed air is warmed, as it passes circuitously through them

"Children who are liable to inflammation and swelling of the tonsils, or to troubles of the ear, should wear hoods that come well over on the forehead and well down on the neck. Hats are dangerous for such children, and so are bonnets, unless care is taken to bring them down over the sides of the head.

"In our cities and large towns especially, children are inclined to sit together on the stone doorsteps, which are often ice-cold. This practice needs to be guarded against. Every thoughtful mother will readily see how dangerous it is for her girls.

"On returning from a cold walk or ride, throw off all but the home clothing at once. The outer clothing is nearly at the temperature of the outside atmosphere, and, if kept on, must absorb much heat, which might otherwise have come to the wearer immediately.

"In dressing and undressing in a cold room, move about as little as possible when the slippers are off. The carpet just under the feet is warmed by abstracting heat from the feet, and the person has the advantage of it; while every change takes additional heat to warm a new place. In undressing keep the slippers on as long as convenient; in dressing put them on as soon as possible. If a chamber is without a woolen carpet, be sure to have a woolen mat or rug or bit of carpeting near the bed on which to stand."

HOW TO TAKE A FOOT-BATH.

"'Just as if everybody did not know how to take a foot-bath! Why, you soak your feet in hot water, wipe them and go to bed, of course. What other way is there to do?'

"That is the way most people take a foot-bath, and, almost without exception, they will tell you that in a short time after going to bed their feet are as cold as ever; and also that they are more liable to take cold after such a bath. All this is evidence that the bath has not been properly taken. Hot water dilates the capillaries, that is, the fine, hair-like blood-vessels of the surface of the body, and the redness of the skin shows that an increased supply of blood has been called there. The pores of the skin have been opened by the heat, and the insensible perspiration is being rapidly thrown off. If the feet thus flushed with blood, and with every pore wide open, be exposed to the air, or to the cold sheets of the bed, the heat will be rapidly carried away. Add to this the reaction that naturally follows the increased flow of blood to the feet, and you have another reason why they are soon cold after the hot bath. 'Action and reaction are equal and in opposite directions.' Therefore, as great as has been the increased flow to the feet, so great, when the reaction comes, will be the current away from the feet, and the bath becomes an evil instead of a good.

"The best time to take a foot-bath is not at night, but in the middle of the forenoon, when the vitality is at its highest point. After immersing the feet for a time in hot water, lift them out of the bath and dash a dipper or two of cold water over them, and rub briskly till dry. By this sudden application of cold you have closed the pores, and left the skin in a tonic condition; you have also sent the blood from the surface with such force that it must of necessity, in following the law of reaction, return with force, thus tending to make the feet ultimately warmer. When thoroughly dry, draw on a pair of clean, well-warmed hose, put on your boots, and you are ready for a walk or a ride, without fear of taking cold.

"Rubbing the feet with a little sweet oil be-

fore putting on the stockings, is a still further preventive of colds.

"If you take the bath at bed-time, do not omit the clean, well-warmed stockings, or, in place of them, wrap the feet in flannel in order to keep the heat that you have gained.

"A foot-bath thus taken twice or three times a week will tend to improve the circulation, and overcome a tendency to cold feet. Many women have cold feet constantly, and are so accustomed to it that they are not aware of it until after they are in bed; then perhaps they lie awake hours before the feet are warm enough to allow them to sleep. This constant coldness of the extremities is provocative of internal difficulties known under the general term of "weaknesses;" and many a woman would find her various aches disappearing if she were scrupulously to avoid having cold feet.

"My mother will not allow me to warm my feet by the fire. She says it will make them tender.

"It is certainly the best way to warm them by exercise, but it is better to warm them by the fire than not to have them warm.

Dr. Thomson, of New York City, whose authority cannot be questioned, says: "Many women suffer with cold feet on account of the relationship between the pedal circulation and that of the pelvic viscera, and in such cases it will be found that the long-continued use of a foot-stove during the day, and a hot soap stone at night will do more towards the re-establishing of the disordered functions than any other line of treatment. In order to encourage the patients in keeping their feet warm, it is well to inform them that by so doing they will relieve the backache from which they suffer.

"Many women are accustomed to wear thin cotton stockings and slippers even in winter, and it would be wiser to clothe the feet warmly, than to continue them in their thin dress and use the foot-stove. If woolen stockings make the feet clammy and cold, it is well to wear a thin pair of cotton hose under them. Slippers should be discarded in cold weather by all delicate persons. German felt shoes can be found in market that are very comfortable, though not handsome.

"The crocheted or knitted dressing-slippers can be continued so as to form boots and are then exceedingly comfortable.

"The whole body should be equably clad, or if there be any difference it should be in favor of the limbs, both upper and lower. A very good exercise for warming the feet is to raise and lower the body a number of times upon the toes. This also tends to increase the size of the muscles which make up the calf of the leg A strict and conscientiously regarded rule of life should be, never to go to bed with cold feet. The last half hour before retiring should be devoted to getting the feet warm. Lay aside books and study, for they tend to draw the blood to the head and make the feet cold. Rub the feet before the fire, and be sure that you have secured a thorough, not merely a superficial warming. A few minutes thus spent will secure sleep during hours that would probably pass in wakefulness while your feet were slowly getting warm after you were in bed."—*Mary A. Allen, M. D., in Good Cheer.*

Editor's Corner.

On Tuesday evening, November 11th, 1890, the Students Society of Lamoni, reached the fourth anniversary of its organization and was favored with an address from Bro. Joseph Smith, in which much good advice was given them. We regret not being able to reproduce it for the benefit of our young readers, but hope, by noticing the fact that the society still lives and flourishes, to induce other branches to organize similar ones.

The day is passing by and we trust will soon be past forever, in which any young saint who is really in earnest in serving God, will be found ignorant in regard to the faith he has espoused. Brother Joseph advised them to "be earnestly engaged in obtaining knowledge from every source, and refuse to pay attention to or grasp after that which is not solid." He said, "In reading fiction, you acquire the faculty of forgetting. The faculty of remembering is far better."

He also advised them, "Be not afraid to read what is written against your faith or against Christianity. Keep this thought in your mind: what you have a knowledge of as true cannot be disturbed by that which is untrue."

These do not sound like the words of one striving to mislead, neither in any way wishing

to keep the people in ignorance to the intent that his own claims may be strengthened. Long may the young have the benefit of his counsel.

Good words have been coming in to us in regard to the "Exchange," of which we give a few below. It is earnestly to be hoped that both the young and old will take an interest in this; for, if wisely managed and energetically conducted it cannot help being productive of much good. Think of it, you who have reading matter to spare, and if you have none, can you not spare a few dollars or a few stamps to help on the good work?

Sr. Sophie Wight says, "I am so glad to hear of the effort being made to send our papers to those who cannot pay for them. I loan mine to an old sister who is a cripple, and after she reads them, I send them to Wyoming to relatives who do not belong to the church, but who are anxious to read them."

Sr. Mary Hoague, Fulton, Wisconsin, says: "I have all the Leaves from the first number. I had intended having them bound, but since they have started the "Exchange," or distributing agency, I thought perhaps I ought to send them so that others might have the benefit of them, or sell them to those who desire to purchase, and the money would send the new volume to some poor Saint not able to subscribe."

As a bit of information, embracing gems of thought, we take from the September *Arena* the following editorial:

"THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD.

"One of the really noteworthy recent publications is a little work by Henry Drummond, entitled 'The Greatest Thing in the World.' The author, in the opening lines of this little book, brushes aside the long revered doctrine of salvation by faith in these significant words: 'We have been accustomed to be told that the greatest thing in the word is faith; that great word has been the keynote for centuries of popular religion and we have easily learned to look upon it as the greatest thing in the world. Well, we are wrong.' Dr. Drummond next proceeds to impress a great cardinal truth that for ages has dawned but faintly, even when its presence has been recognized in the world. He shows how Love rises far above all else, resplendent with the glory of heaven; that in proportion as Love permeates the soul of man, he becomes godlike, and he makes life around him bright and fragrant. This is one of the straws which indicate the trend of religious thought, even among the most illustrious representatives of orthodox thought. It reveals the fact that, despite all efforts that blind leaders of blind masses have put forth to repress the spirit and exalt the letter,—humanity is rising into a nobler conception of life and duty. Only the pure gold of any system of ethics suffices to satisfy the heart and brain of the present age. 'The greatest of these is Love.' 'Love is the fulfilling of the law,' declares Paul. Peter urges, 'above all things have fervent love among yourselves;' and John declares that 'God is Love.' After emphasizing these thoughts, Mr. Drummond proceeds to examine Paul's analysis of Love. 'It is a compound thing. It is like light; you have seen a scientist pass a ray of light through a crystal prism and you have noticed it come out on the other side broken up into its component colors, all the hues of the rainbow. Paul passes Love through the prism of his intellect and it comes forth broken up into its elements,—thus he gives us what we might call the spectrum of Love, which has nine ingredients, viz.: Patience—'Love suffereth long'; Kindness, 'and is kind.' Generosity—'Love envieth not.' Humility—'Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.' Courtesy—'doth not behave itself unseemly.' Unselfishness—'seeketh not her own.' Good Temper—'is not easily provoked.' Guilelessness—'thinketh no evil.' Sincerity—'rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in truth.'

"Wide indeed is the field this magic word covers and most thoroughly a heart radiant with true love is prepared to make life bright, to promote the fellowship or brotherhood of mankind: 'To make peace on earth.' The scholarly author notices, at length, each element as brought fourth by Paul's analysis of Love, after which he gives advice so practical, so clear, and so free from cant, dogmatism, or the foolish mummery that, chrysalis-like, shrouds so much religious thought that all can appreciate its worth. 'The business of every life,' says Mr. Drummond, 'is to fit these things into our character. This is the supreme work to which we should address ourselves—*to learn to love*. The world is no playground, it is a school-room. Life is not a holiday, it is an education. The eternal lesson for each one to learn is how we can better love.' Soul development comes only by practice. There is no strength of character, no vigor, no moral fibre, no beauty of spiritual growth but which comes through practice.

"So broad and healthy is the spirit of this little book; so bold in its contrast to the discordant jangle of so much that is being put forth under the mask of religion, that the finding of

such a work proceeding from the bed rock of orthodoxy, is like coming upon a fountain after chasing for hours mirages in a desert land."

It is with a sense of sadness that we realize we have reached the end of another volume. Sadness largely mixed with pleasure, however, when we remember the kind and cordial support our friends have given us and the many words of cheer and encouragement we have received from time to time. As we part one by one with characters who have borne us company, albeit they were only resurrected from the past, we cannot help feeling that some of the brightness is vanishing out of life; for while they were with us, they were so real. But our faith is undimmed, our hope unclouded, and we bid adieu to the labors of the year fully realizing that, while they might have been far better, we have yet done the best we could. And, because of this, when discouragement comes, we will not submit to its sway, but press on, if possible, to make the future compensate the past, feeling sure of your kindly indulgence and sympathy.

Once more we earnestly request our friends to let us know as soon as possible whether they wish the magazine for 1891. Before the first form of the January number can be printed, we will have to decide how large an edition we will be justified in issuing. It will cost you but a penny to send us a card and have your name retained. Please do this, unless you intend to send the money soon.

Because of our failure in getting the engraving ready for sending out at an earlier date, we extend the time up to which it may be had with the magazine, from January 1st to January 15th, 1891, and ask our friends who first receive it to show it to others as an inducement to subscribe. Please remember that in no case will the engraving be sent unless the fifteen cents for postage accompanies the order.

Department of Correspondence.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR.

BOX 5, LAMONI, IOWA.

Nebraska City, Neb., Oct., 1890.

Bros. and Sisters:—I have many times thought of writing to you, but the old thought of "What shall I write" is forever coming to mind.

I have been a member of the church since I was twelve years old; and yet, in all those ten years of membership, I can't say that I ever did what I should have done for my Master.

No, brothers and sisters, it does not pay to read fiction. I have proven it, to my own satisfaction at least; for I find that I have a very poor memory, and I can attribute it to no other reason than that of excessive story-reading.

As for dancing, I believe with Sam Jones when he said, "Who ever saw a Christian that wanted to dance?" As for card-playing, I know nothing about that. I am a Prohibitionist, of course. I think some one has written, "It would be well for all young Saints to heed the Word of Wisdom." They will surely be blessed with better health if they do so.

Are the young Saints as united as they should be? And do you feel when at meeting, especially at social meeting, that "This is no place for me?" Let me tell you if you feel that way, the evil one is trying to win you away from your duty; and you must break his chain. Come to meeting; and as soon as services have begun, or before, let your prayer to God be to remove that feeling, and he will answer your prayer. And when you feel his Spirit, arise if only a word you can say, you will be happy; I have been in meeting night after night, preaching services, when I would become so drowsy I could not hold up my head; but I knew it was the workings of Satan, and after praying earnestly, I was able to overcome that power.

The Lord has answered my prayer many times; and when my prayers are not answered, I know that it is not right that they should be, or it is a lack of faith on my part. We, that is, my parents, some friends and myself, had prayed that my husband might be brought into the fold. I prayed for him even before we were married; and we have been married three years, September 8th, 1890; and on August 31st, our prayers were answered. We did not know he had any intention of being baptized.

I praise the Lord for his goodness and mercy; may he bless you all, is my prayer.

Rena Diefendorf.

SACRAMENTO, September, 1890.

Dear Saints:—I am not in the habit of writing for any of the church publications, but I feel this morning as though I ought to do all I can for the cause, and perhaps some little good may be received from my testimony of the truth of this blessed work; for indeed it is a blessing to me, a greater blessing than tongue or pen can express. I take up my pen to relate a dream that I had sometime ago. I have often thought I would send it to be published, but so far have neglected it, thinking I had better leave the room for some one who was a more ready writer.

I had been in the church about five years, and for some time had been sick. Many times during my sickness I got rebellious and impatient, because I had my plans all laid out to accomplish certain things and attain my heart's desires; so of course, when I was laid upon a bed of sickness, and realized the time was passing, and my plans not being accomplished, it would tend to make me impatient, my heart being set on my own will being done, I had not learned to say, "Thy will be done," though I had received many testimonies of the truth of the gospel. Well, my impatience led to doubting, and finally I got so sad and downhearted that life seemed a burden to me. In this state of mind I went to sleep and dreamed I saw upon the side of a mountain a very old building, something like a castle. It was very old, so old that the roofing was most all off and the windows broken. There was a large congregation of people in it who were shouting and singing to attract attention, and saying, "We are the people of God." Down in the valley below them were a few Saints who were kneeling on the green grass, which I noticed was very green. They had no house or covering but a bright blue sky above them. Their heads were bowed down; and not one of them spoke a word audibly, yet were praying earnestly. I was told to look toward the east. I looked, and saw a bright spot in the clouds (for heavy black clouds were hanging over the mountain side). It grew brighter and brighter till the clouds parted, and an angel came flying out of the space. She passed by the people on the mountain, turning her face from them, and came on till she reached the valley where she hovered over the Saints and said to them, "This is my people, saith the Lord."

I awoke; and as I thought the dream over, I felt very much condemned for my little faith, so little had it been that I had been found doubting, although I many times before had seen the power of God made manifest. I had been healed by the laying on of hands, when I was almost dead. I had also been wrapped in vision, and had been shown and told things that no man on earth could tell. And here in this dream I was one of the people that God, through his angel, claimed as his. I tell you, my sisters and brothers, I was made to realize the weakness of the flesh, and how little worth there was in me when I was tried long, for it was a trial to me to be helpless so long. I had to learn obedience, however, for I was sick for many, many months after that, and have passed through more trying fires; yet I do not feel to complain now, as I did then. I had been away from the Saints and deprived of the sacrament, and so my spiritual strength was not renewed; and as I now look back, I see when I thought God had forsaken me, it was I that had not lived near to him; and I see he was watching over me and waiting to bless, whenever I would serve him as I ought. I hope it will never be my lot again to be deprived of the Saints' meetings; and I would say to my young sisters and brothers, do not neglect to attend to your church meetings, for you are commanded to meet often together, and you need God's constant care in these trying times. How can you look up to him in faith believing and ask him to bless you and care for you, if you are not obeying him. I say by my own experience, that it is impossible; for he has only promised to watch over us for good, if we do our part. Dear young Saints, do not fear the ridicule of your comrades. They are not pretending to serve God, and you cannot afford to listen to them, or pattern after them. Don't let that man-fearing spirit get the upper hand of you, but go to God and ask him to fill your heart so full of his love that you can brave everything and say to them, "Come with me;" and they must respect you down deep in their hearts. You will find, too, that they will trust you when they would not trust each other; and in their troubles (for all have their trials, both Saint and sinner), they will come to you for advice; and then is your time to do good to them that misuse you; you then have an opportunity to teach them the gospel; though you may not mention the name religion, you will be sure to leave a good impression.

Dear young Saints, did ever you stop to think what kind of an influence you have in the world? Some, no doubt, think they have not any, but that is a mistake. Just set to work and watch yourself awhile, and you will find that you have; and as you watch, you will be able to judge if it is good or evil. I am sure you will not wish to carry an evil influence

with you; but if it should be so, seek to be righteous; then it will be good. Do good, and the more you use the good influence the more you find use for it, and the more God will use you. Do not be afraid to stand up for right, though all others may be on the side of wrong. You will always have the most strength, because God is always on the side of right. Don't be afraid to acknowledge your Lord, for if you don't bear your testimony you are not acknowledging him; and you surely don't look for him to acknowledge you if you do not acknowledge him. You may not see now that you need to be acknowledged; but the time will come that you will realize the fact when it may be too late.

Then seek to be a lively stone and an honor to the cause by living your religion every day, and you will be blessed above what you look for. We are working for eternity, therefore we must give up the pleasures and vanities of this world, for they will surely draw us away from God if we do not draw away from them. The spirit of the world and the Spirit of Christ will not dwell together. But I must not take so much space, I did not intend to write so lengthy, but there's so much in the gospel to talk about.

Ever praying for the welfare of the Saints, I remain, your sister in Christ.

ADDIE BEEBE.

KANSAS CITY, Kan., Nov., 1890.

Dear Readers:—I have felt prompted for some time to write to the *Autumn Leaves*, and in reading the letters in the Department of Correspondence, I felt more determined than ever. I am very much interested in reading the article on "What are proper amusements for those professing to be followers of the Meek and Lowly One," and thought I would try to give my opinion according to my ability.

I cannot agree with some of the writers in regard to dancing. I do not see how dancing is very becoming to those who profess to be followers of Christ, and fail to see how it could come under the head of Amusements for Saints; for, though we are in the world, Christ tells us not to be of the world, that we be not partakers of their evil deeds; for instance, a young brother attending a dance one evening, during which a quarrel arose, was severely hurt. Although he took no part in either the dance or the quarrel, he suffered the consequence of being there; for we are known by the company we keep.

I think that is a splendid idea of Sister Nina Cook in regard to the "Word of Wisdom." I well remember the time I gave up tea, though I was but a child. Mother had given me a ring which my father gave to her before he died, and I had worn it but a short time when I lost it. After that she loaned me another one, and by some means or other I lost that one. You may imagine how I felt about it; and if any one ever offered an earnest prayer, I did, that I might find it before mother asked about it, and I told the Lord if he would help me find it, I would give up tea. It was but a child's promise, but it has held good till this day. I was directed to the place where it was, and was putting it away as she asked me about it, though it has been a mystery to me ever since how it got there. It has increased my faith that God is a hearer and answerer of prayer. I think it would be a good idea if all the young folks that have a desire (and old folks too, if they wish), to pledge themselves to abstain from tea and coffee and save their mites to send to help any purpose the correspondents think proper; and why not begin this on New Year's.

Hoping to hear your opinion on this subject, and trusting that we may strive to grow in grace and accept the invitation to "Come up higher," I remain your sister and well wisher in the gospel,

BESSIE H. JOHNSTON.

What an excellent idea of Sr. Bessie's! "Why not begin New Year's day?" No more fitting way to celebrate the ushering in of a new year's work, certainly. And the "L. D. S. Literary Exchange" affords an excellent opportunity of disposing of the "mites," where they will be put to good use.—ED.

No. 3,333 Boyd-st., OMAHA, Neb.,
Nov., 1890.

Dear Readers of the Department of Correspondence:—It has been with a great degree of interest that I have read the different articles in regard to amusements that have appeared in your columns at different times of late. And having a desire to see the young of the church attain to all that is for their good, I shall attempt to express a few thoughts on the subject.

On page 385 of *Autumn Leaves* the following is found: "Our conscience should be our guide in seeking amusement. Let us listen to that, and we shall not go wrong."

Such a course has lead many into error in the past, and continues to do so at the present time. There is a higher law than that of conscience; and if our conscience is guided by that, we can safely follow it; otherwise it will lead us into endless trouble. Christ set us an example that is worthy of our consideration and practice. When he was tempted by Satan, in order to de-

fend himself, he said, "It is written;" and on every occasion he defended himself by the word of God. It would be all right to follow our consciences, if we kept them pure and free from the taint of corruption. To make it appear more plain, we might say it was the executive of the mind, and carries out its conclusions regardless of what kind they may be; or, as Locke has said, "It is our own judgment as to the moral rectitude of our own conduct." And if we admit this as a correct hypothesis upon which to build, it makes it very necessary for us to surround ourselves with such influences as good books and good society, the very best our circumstances will permit. It is possible for us to have either a good or bad conscience; and if the latter, it would certainly lead us into wrong doing. Paul said he lived "in all good conscience before God" when he was persecuting the Saints and assisting in putting them to death (Acts 23:1). In Hebrews 9:14 he said, "Purge your conscience from dead works;" in Hebrews 10:22, "Having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience;" also 1 Tim. 1:19, "Holding faith and a good conscience; which some having put away. . . ."

With the above in our mind, we can safely say we can follow our conscience so far as it follows the word of God.

The writer can see no evil of itself in the different amusements referred to; but there is something hidden, for it seems the majority of persons indulging in them seem to lose nearly all interest in the work of God. Farmers, mechanics, and merchants will neglect business for their sake; wives and husbands neglect home; the young man and maiden neglect studies and even forsake school to indulge in them. And all will neglect their duties to God. The person who rides ten miles, and is early on the streets to see the circus parade, will be late or absent from two o'clock Sunday service, notwithstanding it is only a very short journey to the house of worship; and it does not seem to trouble his conscience the least to spend two or three dollars on circus day and give ten cents for church and Sunday-school purposes.

The writer has been a close observer of these things for several years; and it has ever appeared to him that those who went with the gay and the giddy have been lost to the church, so far as doing any good for themselves and others; while on the other hand, those who have refrained have been of great good to themselves and also to the church. It is not my wish to see the young deprived of pleasure, but rather to see their lives filled with happiness and their young hearts joyous and glad, surrounded with such pleasure as will aid in their development into useful members of society. If my advice is worth taking, it would be to the young: Spend more money to make for yourselves a valuable library of the best books and magazines published, than for the kind of pleasure that has been written about; and when your young friends come to spend the evening with you, it will, in time, be fraught with greater pleasure to show them some beautiful work of art, or some excellent volumes of American or foreign histories, or perhaps the writings of our most gifted poets, or works of fiction of the purest and best that has been given to the world—yea legion is the name of good books—than to spend their time in playing with dice or cards.

When you get into the habit of such things as stated above, and add to it music and song of the highest order—not such as "McGinty" and "Annie Rooney"—you will be surprised how soon you will lose pleasure in worldly things, and you will no longer think it a cross to forsake them.

In the following manner known as a "Lunar Party," a very pleasant evening can be spent. Have the name of each month written on a piece of paper and then enough blanks to make the number correspond to the number of the party; and those drawing the papers containing the names of the months are then to give the leading events that have occurred in the month which they have drawn. The drawing can take place, if convenient, a sufficient time before the party, so that each one can spend some time in preparation. A prize could be offered for the one that did the best, a book, picture or anything that was suitable, the amount obtained by each one paying a dime or half dime.

EDW. RANNIE, Jr.

DELUZ, Cal., Sep., 1890

Dear Readers:—In looking over the letters of August *Leaves* I read with interest the one from Sina Wight, and only regretted that I was unable to tell from the name whether it was a lady or gentleman who gave us the treat. I wonder how many there are among the Department readers who are lovers of nature, and can look on a sunset with real pleasure? On the 8th inst., I left home for a hunt in the mountains on the western limits of San Diego county, the highest of which is 3,500 feet above the sea, yet only twelve miles distant. The second day out I climbed the steepest part and stood on a rocky peak from which I could see for many miles over mountain tops, open valleys, wooded ridges, and dark canyons. Large buildings

looked like tiny specks in the distance. A scene, it was, of green, brown and gold, striped with dark canyon shades, the whole backed by the sparkling blue of the grand Pacific Ocean. There I watched the sun sink to his rest, but could not stay to enjoy a fulness of the scene, for prudence warned me that camp was some distance away. After a night of refreshing sleep that is nowhere better than in the clear air of the California mountains, I swung into the saddle and turned my mustang's head across the open mesa looking for the elusive deer. Riding slowly along, I rounded a bold promontory from which I could see the surrounding—but where was the surrounding country? For an instant a feeling of dread came over me. The higher peaks of the ridge of hills along the coast were being lighted by the rising sun's first rays. The mountain tops of the Santa Rosa, San Jacinto and Palomar, with Table Mountain below the Mexican line, and smaller peaks and mounds far and near, were plainly seen in the early morning light. But where was the teeming world I had gazed upon the day before? What is this that rolls in long sweeping billows covering the homes of friends and loved ones, burying cities in its close embrace, filling the dark canyons, rolling past the points and headlands like the surging billows of the mighty ocean? What cry is that! Some poor castaway mourning his losses? No, dear readers, it was only a lonesome cow lost in the ocean fog. The land had not sunk "'neath the ocean wave," but was covered with a fog too heavy for the light air of the mountain tops; but could you have stood with me on that bold peak of the Sierra Onofre, with nothing to break the stillness of early morn but the chirping of a bird or the distant lowing of cattle, and had looked over that vast expanse of dense vapor, you would have understood the feeling of awe that came over me.

I am glad to see that the distribution of reading matter has been referred to by Bro. Duncan in July *Leaves*, and by Nina Cook, Elizabeth Beemer and Carrie Holmes, in September number. Good for the g—; excuse me, I mean the dear sisters. But where are the young gentlemen of our band? Are you in favor? You will say, "of course." I know silence gives consent, but suppose a young brother asks his best girl the all important question; she answers never a word, but her flushed and happy face and the light in her eyes tells the tale; he would be satisfied certainly; but when they stand before the altar, if she still does nothing but show her happy face and bright eyes, would you wonder if he should remonstrate?

Now, brethren, we claim to be the Church, the Lamb's bride, and let us not only be willing to be counted as such, but let our works go before us; and happy will we be, if, when the Bridegroom comes, we find that seed sown through our Literary Society has brought gain to our Master's honor.

"While others toil in foreign lands
Far over the ocean's foam,
Let us ever bear in mind
Our mission field at home."

Pray do not take offense at what I have written; but is there not *one* grain of truth in the foregoing? I think Nina Cook has found the principle by which to pay the "traveling expenses" of our reading matter. Perhaps we do not all drink tea or coffee, but is there not something else we might get along without? "This is a day of sacrifice."

Pardon me if I have written too much, but the signs of the times point towards our Master's coming. Let your light so shine that others seeing your good works will glorify your Father which is in heaven,

Your brother,
H. B. ROOT.

KEWANEE, Ill, November, 1890.

Willis W Kearney, Dear Brother in Christ:—As treasurer of "Latter Day Saints' Literary Exchange," please accept enclosed postal note for one dollar to be used for same.

God bless the "Literary Exchange" in its infancy that it may be a great good finally.

In Christ, your brother,
S. ALMA WHITEHOUSE.

P. S.—I hope soon to be able to send some literature. S. A. W.

It is with great pleasure that the above letter comes to the editor's notice, and space is given it, that others may catch the inspiration, and many dollars thus find their way to usefulness by reaching the treasury of the "Exchange."

Only a few days since the secretary received word that a sister had several volumes to contribute which she wished to send to him immediately, fearing that she might not live to see them wisely distributed; and it will take money to provide for such cases. Who will be the next?—[ED.]

"DORMANT POWER.—Although men are accused of not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold, which the owner knows not of."

"Only a word of encouragement, a single word? It gave the drooping spirit new life and led to victory."

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

"Looking to Jesus
Ever serener,
Working or suffering,
Be thy demeanor.
In the shade of His presence,
The rest of His calm,
The light of His countenance,
Live out thy psalm;
Strong in His faithfulness,
Praise Him and sing,
Then, as he beckons thee,
"Doe the nexte thynge."

A SUNFLOWER CHORUS

Provides a very enjoyable entertainment. It is described as follows by a writer in St. Nicholas:

"One foot behind the stage curtain, hang another curtain of dark brown cambric, ten feet square; attach this by rings to a wire stretched nine feet from the floor; tie cords to the first and last rings and, drawing the curtain tightly, fasten these rings to the wall on each side. The top being now secured, let the curtain hang naturally; wrap the surplus cloth about a strip of wood twelve feet long, two inches wide, and one inch thick; fasten this to the floor by two large screws, and the flower screen will be tightly stretched.

"Group the singers in a picturesque cluster behind the screen, with their faces pressed against the cloth, and at distances from the floor varying from one to eight feet; mark the position of each face, and cut in the screen a hole into which the face will closely fit. Going now to the front of the screen, arrange the flowers and leaves The rays of the sunflowers may be cut from yellow paper, and the leaves and stalks from green paper. Paste the rays around the openings, then arrange the stalks and leaves in proper position.

"When the paste is dry, remove the strip of wood from the bottom of the screen, unfasten one of the cords at the top and slide it back until needed for use, when it may be easily be put into position.

At the appointed time, the manager, stepping before the curtain, spoke of the statue of Memnon in Egypt, which was accustomed to greet the rising sun with song.

"'More obliging than Memnon,' he said, 'certain stately American sunflowers have been found ready and willing to sing whenever called upon. Ladies and gentlemen,' he added, 'I have been fortunate enough to secure for our festival a cluster of these remarkable additions to our native flora, and have the honor of presenting to you our Sunflower Chorus.'

"The slowly drawn curtain revealed upon a dark background thirteen large, yellow sunflowers with leaves and stalks complete, and in the center of each a human face. Music came from the piano near the stage, and to its accompaniment the cluster of human sunflowers sang numerous popular songs, melodies and college glees."

The "humaniphone" is a more difficult though very amusing musical entertainment. A staff is represented on a curtain, each note of the scale being a human face. The director plays upon this curtain by pointing to the various notes which must always respond with the proper sound.—"*Dorcas*"

"The article entitle 'For Charity's Sake' in June *Dorcas* contains helpful suggestions for a bazaar. For the flower and candy stand we would recommend booths with peaked roofs thatched with straw and the sides festooned with flags. Home-made candy generally sells best, and if made in the booth by a young lady in white apron and cap, the process of making would attract many. A Japanese booth with its attendants in costume is a desirable arrangement for the fancy work department.

"Last year at a fair, I saw a lovely glove-case. It was of pale-green China silk, lined with white in the same material, with an interlining of perfumed cotton. On the outside was embroidered with heavy white silk, in graceful letters, the words 'Oh would I were a glove upon that hand.' The edge was finished with a white silk cord."

"Sand rolls are very useful to lay across a book to keep it open when laid on the table. If made of plush, take a piece nine inches long and four and one-half inches wide. Stitch it up lengthwise, gather up one end, make a bag filled with sand, slip inside the plush, gather up one end and finish with a tassel or ball at each end. These are pretty made of strips of ribbon."

"Another 'cute' little fancy is the darning needle cushion. Take four strips of dress-braid six inches long, and of two colors; sew together lengthwise, in narrow seam; fill with a roll of soft woolen material three inches and a half long, fringe out the ends of the braid, fasten at the ends of the filling with bright silk, and briar-stitch the seams."

"Dainty booklets may be made by those who paint. Take a leaf from a water-color panel, or a half-sheet of thick linen paper, paint some simple design on it, with the name of the poem for which you intend it to be the cover. The poem may be purchased in leaflet form, or written on leaves of white paper the size of the cover. Tie all together with narrow ribbon."

"Pretty waste-baskets for the study are crocheted of macreme cord; they are to be fitted over a large tin pail, to get the required size and shape. When made they must be starched in thick flour-starch, and dried over the same pail by which they were shaped. When well dried, they can be loosened with a thin knife and taken off readily. They should then be gilded, lined with satin, satine or silesia of any preferred shade, and finished with bows of the same shade. Very dainty little work-baskets and jewel-cases can be made in a similar way."

"A very simple but useful little gift is a ribbon to hold down the dress sleeves when putting on a coat. It should be about a yard long and an inch and a quarter wide. Each end is firmly sewed to a brass ring large enough to pass easily over the thumb. The rings should be closely covered by crocheting over them with embroidery silk."

"A pin book covered with silk is a pretty and useful thing to carry in a traveling bag. Buy one of the pin books which are filled with black and white pins in assorted sizes. Remove the paper cover carefully not to tear it, and cut one exactly like it in stiff white wiggan. Baste this on the silk which is to form the outer covering, and cut it out, allowing a half-inch all around. Turn this over the edge of the wiggan, and baste it down carefully. Cut another piece of silk a trifle smaller for the lining. Baste it on the inside of the cover, turn in the edge, and hem it down neatly. Fold the case over the pin leaves just as the paper cover was put on, and with a strong needle and double silk, sew it with a few firm stitches put back and forth through the case near the bottom and about an inch from each end. Put narrow ribbons to tie in bows across the ends of the case, and another on the point of the cover, long enough to go around the book and tie. Soft India silk, especially blue, which harmonizes with the paper leaves, is very pretty for this purpose. Or the outside may be of brocaded silk with a plain silk lining. Pongee is also used with a colored binding of silk braid."

"If you would make your friends pleasantly reminded of you by the sweet odor of violets, make them some sachets of orris powder. For these the small hemstitched silk handkerchiefs sold for children may be used. Cut a circle of white wadding ten inches in diameter and lay it in the center of the handkerchief. With doubled silk run a drawing-string round the handkerchief just outside of this, and fill the bag thus made with powdered orris-root. If it is freshly ground, the odor will be stronger. Tie a narrow ribbon over the drawing-string and catch down the corners of the handkerchief on the bag. The edge of the handkerchief might be trimmed with narrow lace or small designs outlined or painted in the corners. One cannot have too many of these sachets, which give the delicious fragrance of blue violets to one's clothing. A set of them made of different colored handkerchiefs in delicate shades would be a pretty gift. Instead of the handkerchiefs, ribbon two inches wide and half a yard long may be used. Double this and overhand the edges together on the wrong side, beginning about two inches from the open end. Flatten the seams and turn the bag. Sew together the ends of a piece of lace seven inches long and about three wide; gather it and sew it around the top of the bag, fringing the ends of ribbon which will be over it. Fill with orris, crowding it down to make the bag as full as possible, and tie a narrow ribbon around the top."

"Dainty pincushion covers are made of the small linen doilies with drawn-work borders. The edge is finished with lace two and a half inches wide put on plain at the sides and quite full around the corners. The cover may be still further decorated with a design in outline stitched with wash silk or with a line of feather stitching inside the drawn-work border. If a cushion is made to go with this cover, it should be square, covered with silk or satin, and have full ribbon bows on each corner."

"Covet Earnestly the Best Gifts."

Autumn Leaves.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR THE YOUTH OF

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ

OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

JANUARY, 1890.

Vol. 3. No. 1.

CONTENTS.

Christmas Vision (frontispiece)... 1
The Legacy of Christ Kindchen... 6
We are Like the Books we Read.. 7
Christ's Sympathy..... 8
With the Church in an Early Day. 9
The Angels of Christmas Eve 13
"Patience with Love".....15
Leaves from Palestine.....16
The Christmas Chimes 17
Santa Claus on a Lark.....18
Story of the Book of Mormon....26
Mother's Room.....31
Child's Struggle.....31
Pattie; or, Leaves From a Life...33
"One of the Least".....37
Three Christmas Days.....39
Some New Year Reveries.....43
Department of Correspondence:
Salutatory 47
The Progress of Knowledge....48
Self-Improvement.....49
God Wants them All.....50
Editor's Corner:
The Oneness of Truth.....52
Dr. Lassarre at Trafalgar.....53
Round Table.....55

LAMONI, IOWA:

M. WALKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Price $1.50 per Year.

[Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Lamoni, Iowa.]

AUTUMN LEAVES.

We wish to announce to our friends and patrons that with the beginning of Vol. III we purpose adding

AN ENTIRELY NEW DEPARTMENT

To our magazine; and as this department will be exclusively in the interest of the young, we hope to awaken in them a more lively interest in helping to sustain—both by contributions and by helping to increase the circulation—the work inaugurated especially for their benefit.

This department will be under the charge of

PROF. J. A. GONSOLLEY, B. S.,

And will be devoted to an interchange of thoughts and ideas upon all topics of interest pertaining to mental and spiritual growth, the study of God in nature as well as in the Bible.

The Latter Day Work is increasing wonderfully in magnitude, and it behooves him who desires to keep pace with its rapid strides to embrace every opportunity of informing himself not only with reference to the standard works of the church, but things transpiring in the world at large, which have a direct bearing upon the grand march of events, pointing to a culmination in the second coming of Christ.

In addition to this there will also begin in the February number a

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT,

Which will be taken charge of by "MARTHA," and will be devoted strictly to such matter as will aid the mother and housewife in her toilsome labor of love, and help her to realize how high and holy is her calling, and how much of the abstract comfort and peace of the family is dependent upon her.

Brethren and Sisters, will you aid us, by helping to enlarge our subscription list? If cash commission suits you better than premiums, write us for our terms. Less than a month now remains before the January number will be ready for sending out, but much can be done in a month, by persistent and earnest effort. We could furnish you many testimonials of the work the magazine is doing, especially outside of the church; but we do not believe it necessary. We look for a largely increased subscription list the coming year, and hope we shall not be disappointed.

Yours gratefully,

M. WALKER.

N. B.—A request for renewal of subscription, or to have the magazine sent on time will be all that is necessary, if you are not prepared to pay now. We want to accommodate all, but can not afford to continue it to parties who do not request it. Remember it will only cost you a postal card to keep your name from being dropped, and insure you the magazine for 1890.

☞ All magazines will be sent out as soon as names are received. Premiums will be awarded the last of April or first of May. Keep your lists open, as you may add other names before that time; *but don't fail to keep a list of all names you send.* If you fail to do this, delay and trouble will surely result.

☞ N. B.—Parties sending in list of names for Autumn Leaves will be credited with all names, but commissions can not be allowed until payment is made. To insure commission on money must be collected and sent to the office

26apr M. WALKER

RUINS REVISITED,

AND THE WORLD STORY RETOLD;

The Scientific Defense of the Latter Day Faith.

240 pages, bound in cloth, price $1.

S. F. WALKER, Lamoni, Iowa.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Is one of the less than half-a-dozen really great family papers in the country.

IT IS THE ONLY ONE

Published at the National Capital

IT IS THE ONLY ONE

Devoted to the History of the War.

IT IS THE ONLY ONE

Devoted to the interests of Ex-Soldiers and Sailors.

IT IS THE ONLY ONE

That makes a bold and persistent fight for their rights.

IT IS THE ONLY ONE

That continually insists on strict honesty in the country's defenders.

It has More Distinguished Contributors than any other Paper.

A SPLENDID 8 PAGE, 56 COL. PAPER.

Printed on fine white paper, edited with signal ability and filled with the most interesting matter that can be procured.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR—TWO COPIES A YEAR.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is the result of a determined, thoughtful effort, accompanied by a heavy expenditure of money, to build up at the Capital of the country

A GREAT FAMILY NEWSPAPER

Which should be a welcome weekly visitor at every fireside from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and champion effectively the cause of loyalty and good government, and of justice to the soldiers and sailors of the late war, their widows, children and dependent relatives.

FEATURES OF THE PAPER.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE makes a special feature of War history and reminiscences of the war by the prominent men of the Nation. It publishes in fact the

ONLY GENUINE HISTORY

Of that gigantic struggle. It is made up of the experiences of a multitude of witnesses, the plain, matter-of-fact stories of the men in every rank and degree who did the marching, digging and shooting and carried forward the war through all its various phases to a glorious success.

There is now running "The Commander's Story," **the best war story ever published.**

Besides this it presents every week a splendid series of Editorials on Current Topics—Stories by the Most Attractive—Wit, Humor and Information—Agricultural Notes of the Greatest Value—Household Hints and Suggestions—Synopsis of the News of the Week—Answers to Correspondents—Bright Miscellany, etc., which will interest, amuse and instruct **every member of the family.**

Send for Sample Copies. Sample Copies sent free.

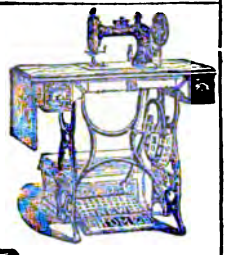
Address, THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE,

Washington, D. C.

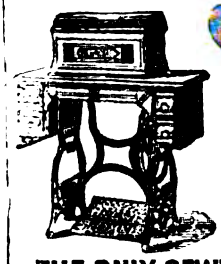
THE LIGHT RUNNING

NEW HOME

SEWING MACHINE



HAS NO EQUAL.



THE LADIES' FAVORITE.

THE ONLY SEWING MACHINE THAT GIVES

PERFECT SATISFACTION.

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. ORANGE, MASS.

CHICAGO ILL. — 28 UNION SQUARE, N.Y. — DALLAS, TEX.

ST. LOUIS, MO. — ATLANTA, GA. — SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FOR SALE BY

W. HUDSON, Agt, Lamoni.

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY R. R. CO.

PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

CHICAGO, February 15, 1889.

NOTICE.

C. B. & Q. Editorial Milage Tickets are not good on the line of the St. Louis Bridge & Tunnel Company between East St. Louis and St. Louis.

That privilege was printed on the tickets in error. P. S. EUSTIS,

Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent.

REPLY TO LITTLEFIELD.

In paper 10cts.; per dozen..... 75

This is the "Reply of President Joseph Smith to L. O. Littlefield in refutation of the doctrine of Plural Marriage."

CERTIFICATES AND REPORTS.

Branch Statistical Reports, per dozen.....	40
Annual Statistical Reports, two for.....	5
Certificates of Baptism and Membership, per doz.	12
Certificates of Removal, per dozen	12
Marriage Certificates, per doz n	25

PITMAN'S Phonography, or PHONETIC SHORTHAND

Taught in 12 Lessons,

Privately through the Post Office or in classes. Teachers, Readers, Journals and Magazines for sale. Address.

WILLIAM STREET.

Conshohocken P. O., or 359 Hector Street.

dec4t

---: The Independence Gazette :---

Published weekly by

BRETHREN JOSEPH LUFF AND WM. CRICK,

At Independence, Mo.

One Dollar and twenty-five cents per year, outside of Jackson County.

A fine cabinet size Photo of our New Church to every cash subscriber for one year.

J. H. HANSEN, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Will practice in Lamoni and vicinity.

Special attention is given to all chronic diseases, especially those of Women; also to Surgery. Many chronic diseases can be treated successfully by mail. Letters answered when return postage is sent. Address

J. H. HANSEN, M. D.,

LAMONI DECATUR CO., IOWA.

WASHER

We will guarantee the "LOVELL" WASHER to do better work and do it easier and in less time than any other machine in the world. Warranted five years, and if it don't wash the clothes clean without rubbing, we will refund the money. We can show proof in every county. We

AGENTS WANTED that agents are making from $75 to $150 per month. Farmers make $200 to $500 during the winter. Ladies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price, only $5. Sample to those desiring an agency $2. Also the Celebrated KEYSTONE WRINGERS at manufacturers' lowest prices. We invite the strictest investigation. Send your address on a postal card for further particulars.

LOVELL WASHER CO., Erie, Pa.

The Best

LIST OF PREMIUMS

Awarded to persons securing subscribers for Autumn Leaves.

No. of Sub.	FIRST CHOICE.	SECOND CHOICE.	Va
2.	Historical Game, Our Presidents; 54 colored cards, showing portraits of Presidents, &c	Dickens' Child's History of England, 12 mo.....	35
3.	Coin Silver Thimble, extra heavy.	Triple Silver-plated Napkin Ring, chased.....	45
4.	Rogers' Triple Silver-plated Butter Knife.	Stories of Inventions, by Edward E. Hale.....	1 00
5.	Florence Hair Brush, large; ornamented; best bristle	Wonderful Christmases of Old, by H. Butterworth, describing ten famous events that have happened on Christmas Day. 8 vo., leather, gilt edges.....	1 25
6.	Silk Plush Autograph Album.	Ben Hur; a Tale of the Christ; 12 mo., cloth.....	1 50
7.	Gold Pen; No. 3 Black Desk Holder.	World by the Fireside, or Pictures and Stories from Far off Lands, by Mary and Elizabeth Kirby; profusely illustrated.....	1 75
8.	Brown's Perfect Letter File.	Livingston and Stanley; their Life and Travels in Central and Southern Africa.....	2 00
9.	Box of Mathematical Instruments; rosewood box, brass instruments, 10 or more pieces.	Complete Works of Flavius Josephus, the celebrated Jewish historian.....	2 25
10.	Bryant's Poems; tree calf edition.	Longfellow's Poems; tree calf edition.....	2 50
11.	No. 4 Gold Pen, telescope holder.	Macaulay's History of England, 5 vols., cloth....	2 75
12.	Silk Plush Cabinet Album.	Conquest of Mexico, by W. H. Prescott.....	3 00
13.	Traveling Bag; grained leather, japanned frames, canvas lined, 13 inch.	Whittier's Poems, bound in full silk plush.....	3 25
14.	Holman's Family Bible; large, clear type, 10¼ by 12½ inches, American Morocco, paneled.	Shakespeare; bound in full silk plush.....	3 50
15.	No. 4 Gold Pen and Pearl Holder, in case.	Rollin's Ancient History, 4 vols., 12 mo, cloth..	3 75
20	¾ doz. Tea Spoons, (Rogers' Triple Silver-plated Ware) *	Traveling Bag; grained leather, japanned frames, duck lined, 16 inch.....	4 00
25.	Lambie's Dictionary Holder.	Teacher's Bible; minion type, 8 vo., 5¾ x 7¾ in. Persian seal; divinity circuit; leather lined; silk sewed; flexible.....	4 25
30.	Silver Cake Basket; engraved.	Fine Easel Album; silk plush.....	7 00
36.	½ doz. Table Spoons (Rogers' Triple Silver-plated Ware) *	Holman's Parallel Family Bible; French Morocco, raised panels, gilt edged, fine sheep.....	8 75
40.	Rogers' Brus Solid Steel Triple Plated Knives and Forks, one dozen each	Dressing Case; fine Silk Plush.....	10 00
45.	Traveling Bag; leather, imitation alligator, shaded, covered frame, leather lined; fine nickel locks; 16 inch.	Teacher's Bible; brevier type, 8 vo., 6 by 8½ in.; thin (India) paper edition; Alaston Levant; divinity circuit; leather lined, silk sewed, red under gold edge, flexible.....	11 25
50.	Knives, Forks, Table Spoons and Tea Spoons, ½ doz each (Rogers' Silver Triple-plated Ware).	Decorated Tea-set; best China.....	13 50
	Largest number of new subscribers, Webster's Dictionary, sheep, patent index.....		$15 00
	Second largest number of new subscribers, Silver Castor, chased, six square bottles.....		$8 50
	Third largest number of new subscribers, Lambie's Dictionary Holder.....		$5 00

* If a full dozen is required, write for terms.

"Covet Earnestly the Best Gifts."

Autumn Leaves.

deo89
AliceFrance

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR THE YOUTH OF

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ

OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

FEBRUARY, 1890.

Vol. 3. CONTENTS. No. 2.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ..... 57
Not as I will..... 65
Autobiography of Father John Landers..... 66
The State of Tulait..... 70
Testimonies of James Whitehead 70
What is it good for..... 72
New Every Morning..... 75
Story of the Book of Mormon... 75
Domestic Department:—
Salutatory..... 80
The Love of Home..... 81
The Gift of Tears..... 81
Death..... 82
With the Church in an Early Day 84
Autobiography of Glaud Rodger. 89
Pattie; or Leaves from a Life... 95
Life of One of Earth's Pilgrims.. 99
Editor's Corner.....101
Department of Correspondence:
To You.....102
Retrospective.....102
Prohibition.....103
Round Table.....104

LAMONI, IOWA:

M. WALKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Price $1.50 per Year.

[Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Lamoni, Iowa.]

RUINS REVISITED,

AND THE WORLD STORY RETOLD;

The Scientific Defense of the Latter Day Faith.

240 pages, bound in cloth, price $1.

S. F. WALKER, Lamoni, Iowa.

Read the genuine and old reliable

ARTHUR'S

HOME MAGAZINE.

Other so-called Home Magazines are imitations. This old standby begins its **39th** successive year of publication in 1890, and is

CHEAPER, BRIGHTER & BETTER

THAN EVER.

Arthur's is a magazine of clean, good reading. Its stories are the best, and its Departments devoted to Housekeeping, Girls and Boys, Home Circle, Needlework, Mothers, House Decoration, etc., are not only bright and cheerful but USEFUL. There is never any padding in Arthur's pages,

PRICE ONLY $1 50 A YEAR,

with large allowances to Club-makers. Read the Club Rates for 1890.

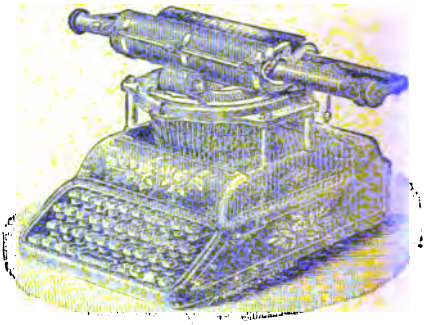
Two Copies, free by post,				$2 90
Three	"	"		4 35
Four, with a free sub'n to Club-getter,				5 60
Five	"	"	"	6 75
Six	"	"	"	7 80
Seven	"	"	"	9 00
Eight	"	"	"	10 00

Sample Copies 10 cts. each, but the price of the Sample may be deducted from the price of a subsequent subscription, thus making the Sample Copy FREE. Clean copies of the Magazine always furnished to Club-makers for their own file. Address,

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

—THE—

INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER!



A strictly first-class machine. Fully warranted. Made from very best material, by skilled workmen, and with the best tools that have ever been devised for the purpose. Warranted to do all that can be reasonably expected of the very best typewriter extant. Capable of writing 150 words per minute—or more—according to the ability of the operator.

Price - - $100.

If there is no agent in your town, address the manufacturers.

THE PARISH MFG. CO.,

Agents wanted. PARISH, N. Y.

feb1

FREE. STENOGRAPHY and TYPEWRITING FREE. First-class facilities and best of teachers. Address, with stamp for return postage.

THE PARISH MFG. CO.,

feb1 Parish, N. Y.

Books—NEW ISSUES

every week. ***Catalogue, 96*** pages, sent free; lowest prices ever known.

Alden's Ideal Revolving Book Case (the two sides are alike), prices $6.00 to $10.00; holds 125 to 150 volumes of the average size. No other article of furniture of equal cost will equally adorn a cultured home.

CYCLOPEDIAS

The following is an interesting comparison of Contents and Price of leading Cyclopedias:

	No. of Vols.	Pages.	Words.	Cost.
Appleton's	16	13,408	15,928,000	$80.00
Johnson's	8	6,983	10,962,310	48.00
Britannica	24	20,940	26,006,400	120.00
Alden's Manifold	40	35,600	14,080,000	30.00

Agents Wanted

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA is the *BEST* for popular use, as well as cheapest. Specimen pages *free.* Cyclopedias taken in exchange. *Mention this paper when you write.*

JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., NEW YORK; 242 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO; 73 Whitehall St., ATLANTA.

SEE SAMPLE BOOKS at the office of ***this paper,*** where you can, if you wish, leave your order. By clubbing many orders cost of transportation may be partially saved

Alice France 290

"Covet Earnestly the Best Gifts."

Autumn Leaves.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR THE YOUTH OF

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ

OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

MARCH, 1890.

Vol. 3. CONTENTS. No. 3.

Kanesville (frontispiece) 151
Peace 105
Rest 108
Gleanings from the History of the English Mission 108
Nothing Good and Beautiful Dies and is Forgotten 113
Childhood 116
Sermon by Elder J. Whitehead .. 118
The Scholar and the Donkey 125
Education and Religion 125
Come up Higher 130
With the Church in an Early Day 130
Push on 134
Story of the Book of Mormon ... 134
Autobiography of Glaud Rodger 130
Life of One of Earth's Pilgrim's. 142
Department of Correspondence .. 145
Some That Will Not Hear 145
Reading Fiction 146
Domestic Department 140
The Duties which lie Nearest 149
Editor's Corner 151
Round Table 151

LAMONI, IOWA:

M. WALKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Price $1.50 per Year.

[Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Lamoni, Iowa.]

—: The Independence Gazette :—

Published weekly by

BRETHREN JOSEPH LUFF AND WM. CRICK,

At Independence, Mo.

One Dollar and twenty-five cents per year, outside of Jackson County.

A fine cabinet size Photo of our New Church to every cash subscriber for one year.

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY R. R. CO.

PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

CHICAGO, February 15, 1889.

NOTICE.

C. B. & Q. Editorial Milage Tickets are not good on the line of the St. Louis Bridge & Tunnel Company between East St. Louis and St. Louis.

That privilege was printed on the tickets in error. P. S. EUSTIS,

Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent.

PITMAN'S Phonography, or PHONETIC SHORTHAND

Taught in 12 Lessons,

Privately through the Post Office or in classes. Teachers, Readers, Journals and Magazines for sale. Address,

WILLIAM STREET.

Conshohocken P. O., or 359 Hector Street.

dec4t

RUINS REVISITED,

AND THE WORLD STORY RETOLD;

The Scientific Defense of the Latter Day Faith.

240 pages, bound in cloth, price **$1.**

S. F. WALKER, Lamoni, Iowa.

—THE—

INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER!

A strictly first-class machine. Fully warranted. Made from very best material, by skilled workmen, and with the best tools that have ever been devised for the purpose. Warranted to do all that can be reasonably expected of the very best typewriter extant. Capable of writing 150 words per minute—or more—according to the ability of the operator.

Price - - $100.

If there is no agent in your town, address the manufacturers.

THE PARISH MFG. CO.,

Agents wanted. PARISH, N. Y.

feb1

FREE. STENOGRAPHY and TYPEWRITING FREE. First-class facilities and best of teachers. Address, with stamp for return postage.

THE PARISH MFG. CO.,

feb1 - Parish, N. Y.

Books—NEW ISSUES

every week. ***Catalogue, 96*** pages, sent free; lowest prices ever known.

Alden's Ideal Revolving Book Case (the two sides are alike), prices $6.00 to $10.00; holds 125 to 150 volumes of the average size. No other article of furniture of equal cost will equally adorn a cultured home.

CYCLOPEDIAS

The following is an interesting comparison of Contents and Price of leading Cyclopedias:

	No. of Vols.	Pages.	Words.	Cost.
Appleton's	16	13,408	15,928,000	$80.00
Johnson's	8	6,983	10,962,310	48.00
Britannica	24	20,000	26,000,000	120.00
Alden's Manifold	40	25,600	14,080,000	30.00

Agents Wanted

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA is the *BEST* for popular use, as well as cheapest. Specimen pages *free.* Cyclopedias taken in exchange. *Mention this paper when you write.*

JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., NEW YORK; 242 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO; 73 Whitehall St., ATLANTA.

SEE SAMPLE BOOKS at the office of ***this paper,*** where you can, if you wish, leave your order. By clubbing many orders cost of transportation may be partially saved

1890
Alice France

"Covet Earnestly the Best Gifts."

Autumn Leaves.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR THE YOUTH OF

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ

OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

APRIL, 1890.

Vol. 3. CONTENTS. No. 4.

The Spirituality of Plants (see Frontispiece) 153
Observations 157
A Testimony 161
Feed My Lambs 162
The Alpha's Log.—No. 2 163
Principles 167
To My Companions 168
Eternity of Mind 170
Autobiography of Glaud Rodger 174
Story of the Book of Mormon ... 180
The Step that Never was Heard .. 184
Gleanings from the History of the English Mission 185
The True Leader 190
Department of Correspondence .. 191
Domestic Department 196
Editor's Corner 198
Round Table 199

LAMONI, IOWA:

M. WALKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Price $1.50 per Year.

[Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Lamoni, Iowa.]

FOR SALE,

One half interest in the only

Drug Store in Lamoni.

This is a good opportunity.

Address Dr. J. H. HANSEN.

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY R. R. CO.

PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

CHICAGO, February 15, 1889.

NOTICE.

C. B. & Q. Editorial Milage Tickets are not good on the line of the St. Louis Bridge & Tunnel Company between East St. Louis and St. Louis.

That privilege was printed on the tickets in error. P. S. EUSTIS,
Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent.

J. H. HANSEN, M.D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Will practice in Lamoni and vicinity.

Special attention is given to all chronic diseases, especially those of Women; also to Surgury. Many chronic diseases can be treated successfully by mail. Letters answered when return postage is sent. Address
J. H. HANSEN, M. D.,
LAMONI, DECATUR CO., IOWA.

—: The Independence Gazette :—

Published weekly by

BRETHREN JOSEPH LUFF AND WM. CRICK,

At Independence, Mo.

One Dollar and twenty-five cents per year, outside of Jackson County.

A fine cabinet size Photo of our New Church to every cash subscriber for one year.

RUINS REVISITED,

AND THE WORLD STORY RETOLD;

The Scientific Defense of the Latter Day Faith.

240 pages, bound in cloth, price $1.

S. F. WALKER, Lamoni, Iowa

PUBLICATIONS ISSUED AND FOR SALE

—) BY THE (—

Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church, at their Publishing House in

LAMONI, DECATUR CO., IOWA,

And sent Free of Postage at prices named.

JOSEPH THE SEER.

His Prophetic Mission Vindicated, and the Divine Origin of the Book of Mormon Defended and Maintained.

(New and Revised Edition.)

Paper covers, 200 pages..... 35
Muslin binding..... 50

This is a reply by Elder W. W. Blair to Elder William Sheldon of the Second Advent Society, and is an important work to be in the hands of the ministry of the church; and it is a most excellent one to be circulated both in the church and among those without, abounding in proofs never before presented in defense of Joseph Smith and the Book of Mormon.

BRADEN-KELLEY DEBATE.

Muslin boards, 396 pages.....1 75

Propositions:—(1) Is the Book of Mormon of Divine origin, and are its teachings entitled to the respect and belief of all Christian people? (2) Is the Church of which I, Clark Braden, am a member, the Church of Christ, and identical in faith, organization, ordinances, worship and practice, with the Church of Christ, as it was left perfected by the Apostles of Christ. (3) Is the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in fact, the Church of God, and accepted with Him?

SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS.

Compendium of Faith, for the Higher Classes.
Sprinkled Leather.....1 00
Muslin boards 75

Question Book for Intermediate Classes.
Limp muslin, 25 cts. each, per dozen 2 50

Question Books for Primary Classes.
Limp muslin, 15 cts. each, per dozen 1 25

"MANUSCRIPT FOUND."

In muslin, 25cts, ten or more, each 20
In paper 15cts., ten or more, each 13

This is the notorious "Manuscript Found," written by Rev. Solomon Spaulding, about which so much has been said in connection with the theory that it furnished Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon the chief ground work and material from which to write the Book of Mormon.

COWDERY LETTERS.

In paper covers 8cts. each; per dozen..... 75
Without covers 5cts. each; per dozen 50

Contains valuable matter in relation to the Calling of Joseph the Seer, the Discovery and Translation of the Book of Mormon, and the Angelic bestowal of the Priesthood.

FORSCUTT-SHINN DISCUSSION.

Paper covers, 194 pages..... 25

J. Shinn affirms "The Bible teaches the coming of Christ to Judge the world is now past" M H. Forscutt affirms "The Bible teaches the Literal Resurrection of the body from the grave."

CONCORDANCE TO DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS.

An enlarged edition, 32 pages, paper covers 10
Old edition 5

SONGS OF ZION.

Paper covers 10 cts.; per dozen.....1 00

REPLY TO LITTLEFIELD.

In paper 10cts.; per dozen..... 75

This is the "Reply of President Joseph Smith to L. O. Littlefield in refutation of the doctrine of Plural Marriage."

BOOK OF MORMON.

Roan, sprinkled edges.....1 25
Imitation Morocco, gilt edges 1 50

DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS.

Sprinkled Sheep, or Library 1 25
Imitation Morocco, gilt edges 1 50

190
Alice France

"Covet Earnestly the Best Gifts."

Autumn Leaves.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR THE YOUTH OF

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ

OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

MAY, 1890.

Vol. 3. CONTENTS. No. 5.

The Camp at Keokuk, Iowa (see Frontispiece) 245
Wreck of the "Flora M. Crowley" 201
Song of Winter 205
Pattie; or, Leaves from a Life ... 206
Hard Times 210
Testimony 212
Rest 213
Life of Elder Glaud Rodger 214
Picture from Memory's Wall 217
Life of One of Earth's Pilgrims .. 218
How to Read 220
With the Church in an Early Day 222
The Children 226
Observations, No. 2 227
Eternity of Mind 232
Beet Sugar Industries 236
Vision 237
Department of Correspondence .. 240
Home 244
Editor's Corner 245
Domestic Department 246
Round Table 247

LAMONI, IOWA:

M. WALKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Price $1.50 per Year.

[Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Lamoni, Iowa.]

FOR SALE,

One half interest in the only

Drug Store in Lamoni.

This is a good opportunity.

Address Dr. J. H. HANSEN.

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY R. R. CO.

PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

CHICAGO, February 15, 1889.

NOTICE.

C. B. & Q. Editorial Milage Tickets are not good on the line of the St. Louis Bridge & Tunnel Company between East St. Louis and St. Louis.

That privilege was printed on the tickets in error. P. S. EUSTIS,
Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent.

J. H. HANSEN, M.D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Will practice in Lamoni and vicinity.

Special attention is given to all chronic diseases, especially those of Women; also to Surgury. Many chronic diseases can be treated successfully by mail. Letters answered when return postage is sent. Address
J. H. HANSEN, M. D.,
LAMONI, DECATUR CO., IOWA

—: The Independence Gazette :—

Published weekly by
BRETHREN JOSEPH LUFF AND WM. CRICK,
At Independence, Mo.

One Dollar and twenty-five cents per year, outside of Jackson County.

A fine cabinet size Photo of our New Church to every cash subscriber for one year.

RUINS REVISITED,

AND THE WORLD STORY RETOLD;

The Scientific Defense of the Latter Day Faith.

240 pages, bound in cloth, price $1.

S. F. WALKER, Lamoni, Iowa

PUBLICATIONS ISSUED AND FOR SALE

—) BY THE (—

Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church,
at their Publishing House in

LAMONI, DECATUR CO., IOWA,

And sent Free of Postage at prices named.

BRADEN-KELLEY DEBATE.

Muslin boards, 396 pages.....1 75

Propositions:—(1) Is the Book of Mormon of Divine origin, and are its teachings entitled to the respect and belief of all Christian people? (2) Is the Church of which I. Clark Braden, am a member, the Church of Christ, and identical in faith, organization, ordinances, worship and practice, with the Church of Christ, as it was left perfected by the Apostles of Christ. (3) Is the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in fact, the Church of God, and accepted with Him?

REPLY TO LITTLEFIELD.

In paper 10cts.; per dozen..... 75

This is the "Reply of President Joseph Smith to L. O. Littlefield in refutation of the doctrine of Plural Marriage."

CONCORDANCE TO DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS.

An enlarged edition, 32 pages, paper covers.... 10
Old edition..... 5

SONGS OF ZION.

Paper covers 10 cts.; per dozen.....1 00

CERTIFICATES AND REPORTS.

Branch Statistical Reports, per dozen..... 40
Annual Statistical Reports, two for..... 5
Certificates of Baptism and Membership, per doz. 12
Certificates of Removal, per dozen 12
Marriage Certificates, per dozen 25

DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS.

Sprinkled Sheep, or Library 1 25
Imitation Morocco, gilt edges 1 50

SET OF TRACTS.

Bound in Limp Muslin, turned in 75

SABBATH SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

School Engineer and Record Book 5
Good Behavior Tickets, 100 for 15c., 1,000 for..1 00
Prompt Attendance Tickets..... .....Same price
Fancy Cards, package of 50, 5 kinds, large 10
Fancy Cards, smaller. 10 kinds. per 100..... 5

HESPERIS.

(Poems by David H. Smith.)

Fancy Muslin, 202 pages, gilt edges.....1 50

BOOK OF MORMON.

Roan, sprinkled edges.....1 25
Imitation Morocco, gilt edges 1 50

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

(Inspired Translation by Joseph Smith.)

Sheep or Library binding, sprinkled edges.....1 50
Imitation Morocco, gilt edges 2
Morocco, gilt edges.....2 50
New Testament, Inspired..... 75

"MANUSCRIPT FOUND."

In muslin, 25cts., ten or more, each 2
In paper 15cts., ten or more, each 1

This is the notorious "Manuscript Found," written by Rev. Solomon Spaulding, about which so much has been said in connection with the theory that it furnished Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon the ground work and material from which to write the Book of Mormon.

FORSCUTT-SHINN DISCUSSION.

Paper covers, 194 pages..... 25

J. Shinn affirms "The Bible teaches the coming Christ to Judge the world is now past." M. H. Forscutt affirms "The Bible teaches the Literal Resurrection of the body from the grave."

BRANCH RECORDS.

Leather backs and corners, muslin sides; printed headings, and ruled for Record of Names, Blessing of Children, and for Marriages.....2

Alice France 290

"Covet Earnestly the Best Gifts."

Autumn Leaves.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR THE YOUTH OF

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ

OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

JUNE, 1890.

Vol. 3. CONTENTS. No. 6.

The Evil Tree 249
June Song 252
Woman's Liberty in Holy Land.. 252
The Love of God 254
The True Hero 255
Lecture on Temperance 257
Testimony of Sr. Mary Jordan... 258
Let the Flowers Speak 259
Memories 259
Observations, No. 3 260
Memorial Sermon 266
Decoration Day 271
Autobiography of Elder R. C. Evans (see Frontispiece) 271
Song of Spring 278
With the Church in an Early Day 279
The Bravest Battle 283
Pattie; or, Leaves from a Life... 284
Department of Correspondence .. 288
Domestic Department 292
Our boys 292
Loss and Gain 294
Round Table 295
Editor's Corner 296

LAMONI, IOWA:

M. WALKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Price $1.50 per Year.

[Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Lamoni, Iowa.]

FOR SALE,

One half interest in the only

Drug Store in Lamoni.

This is a good opportunity.

Address Dr. J. H. HANSEN.

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY R. R. CO.

PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

CHICAGO, February 15, 1889.

NOTICE.

C. B. & Q. Editorial Milage Tickets are not good on the line of the St. Louis Bridge & Tunnel Company between East St. Louis and St. Louis.

That privilege was printed on the tickets in error. P. S. EUSTIS,

Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent.

—THE—

INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER!

A strictly first-class machine. Fully warranted. Made from very best material, by skilled workmen, and with the best tools that have ever been devised for the purpose. Warranted to do all that can be reasonably expected of the very best typewriter extant. Capable of writing 150 words per minute—or more—according to the ability of the operator.

Price - - $100.

If there is no agent in your town, address the manufacturers.

THE PARISH MFG. CO.,

Agents wanted. PARISH, N. Y.

feb1

FREE. STENOGRAPHY and TYPEWRITING FREE. First-class facilities and best of teachers. Address, with stamp for return postage.

THE PARISH MFG. CO.,

feb1 Parish, N. Y.

J. H. HANSEN, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Will practice in Lamoni and vicinity.

Special attention is given to all chronic diseases, especially those of Women; also to Surgery. Many chronic diseases can be treated successfully by mail. Letters answered when return postage is sent. Address

J. H. HANSEN M. D.,

LAMONI, DECATUR CO., IOWA.

—: The Independence Gazette :—

Published weekly by

BRETHREN JOSEPH LUFF AND WM. CRICK,

At Independence, Mo.

One Dollar and twenty-five cents per year, outside of Jackson County.

A fine cabinet size Photo of our New Church to every cash subscriber for one year.

RUINS REVISITED,

AND THE WORLD STORY RETOLD;

The Scientific Deduces of the Latter Day Faith.

320 pages, bound in cloth, price $1.

S. F. WALKER, Lamoni, Iowa.

THE LIGHT RUNNING

NEW HOME

SEWING MACHINE

HAS NO EQUAL.

THE LADIES' FAVORITE.

THE ONLY SEWING MACHINE THAT GIVES

PERFECT SATISFACTION

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. ORANGE, MASS.

CHICAGO, ILL. — 28 UNION SQUARE, N.Y. — DALLAS, TEX. — ATLANTA, GA. — ST. LOUIS, MO.

W. HUDSON, Agt, Lamoni.

"Covet Earnestly the Best Gifts."

1890
Alice France

Autumn Leaves.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR THE YOUTH OF

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ

OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

JULY, 1890.

Vol. 3. No. 7.

CONTENTS.

Eternity of Mind.....297
Love One Another.....301
Incidents in the Life of One of Earth's Pilgrims.....302
A Psalm of Praise.....306
Reminiscences.....307
Troubles.....308
"What is Man".....309
Autobiography of Elder R. C. Evans.....311
A Definite Object in Life.....315
The Oldest Story.....316
Autobiography of Elder Glaud Rodger.....317
Our Treasure is There.....320
Testimony of Sr. Mary E. Page..320
The Lake of Fire.....321
Fire, Flood and Famine.....323
Pattie; or, Leaves from a Life...324
The Rose of Sharon.....328
Experience with Modern Cigarette 329
Unity.....331
Cupid by the Well (Frontispiece) 333
Fetching Water from the Well..333
Department of Correspondence..334
Domestic Department.....338
Be Civil.....340
Editor's Corner.....341
Search the Scriptures.....342
Loving Words.....342
Round Table.....343
The Weeds and the Flowers.....344

LAMONI, IOWA:

M. WALKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Price $1.50 per Year.

[Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Lamoni, Iowa.]

FOR SALE,

One half interest in the only

Drug Store in Lamoni.

This is a good opportunity.

Address Dr. J. H. HANSEN.

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY R. R. CO.

PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

CHICAGO, February 15, 1889.

NOTICE.

C. B. & Q. Editorial Milage Tickets are not good on the line of the St. Louis Bridge & Tunnel Company between East St. Louis and St. Louis.

That privilege was printed on the tickets in error. P. S. EUSTIS,

Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent.

—THE—

INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER!

A strictly first-class machine. Fully warranted. Made from very best material, by skilled workmen, and with the best tools that have ever been devised for the purpose. Warranted to do all that can be reasonably expected of the very best typewriter extant. Capable of writing 150 words per minute—or more—according to the ability of the operator.

Price - - *$100.*

If there is no agent in your town, address the manufacturers.

THE PARISH MFG. CO.,

Agents wanted. PARISH, N. Y.

feb1

FREE. STENOGRAPHY and TYPEWRITING FREE. First-class facilities and best of teachers. Address, with stamp for return postage.

THE PARISH MFG. CO.,

feb1 Parish, N. Y.

J. H. HANSEN, M.D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Will practice in Lamoni and vicinity.

Special attention is given to all chronic diseases, especially those of Women; also to Surgery. Many chronic diseases can be treated successfully by mail. Letters accepted when return postage is sent. Address

J. H. HANSEN, M. D.,

LAMONI, DECATUR CO., IOWA.

—: The Independence Gazette :—

Published weekly by

BRETHREN JOSEPH LUFF AND WM. CRICK

At Independence, Mo.

One Dollar and twenty-five cents per year, outside of Jackson County.

A fine cabinet size Photo of our New Church to every cash subscriber for one year.

RUINS REVISITED,

AND THE WORLD STORY RETOLD;

The Scientific Defense of the Latter Day Faith.

240 pages, bound in cloth, price $1.

S. F. WALKER, Lamoni, Iowa

THE LIGHT RUNNING

NEW HOME

SEWING MACHINE

HAS NO EQUAL.

THE LADIES' FAVORITE.

THE ONLY SEWING MACHINE THAT GIVES

PERFECT SATISFACTION

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. ORANGE, MASS.

CHICAGO ILL. — 28 UNION SQUARE, N.Y. — DALLAS, TEX.

ST. LOUIS, MO. — ATLANTA, GA. — SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

W. HUDSON, Agt, Lamoni

21

"Covet Earnestly the Best Gift"

290
Alice France

Autumn Leaves.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR THE YOUTH OF

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ

OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

AUGUST, 1890.

Vol. 3. CONTENTS. No. 8.

The Christ in America 345
A Broken Heart.....350
Faith, Hope and Charity.....352
Leaves From Palestine 354
With the Church in an Early Day 357
Incidents in the Life of One of Earth's Pilgrims.....361
Pattie; or, Leaves from a Life...365
Reflections.....368
Autobiography of Elder Glaud Rodger.....369
Pan's Revenge 372
Autobiography of Elder R. C. Evans 373
Revelations to the Church.....378
The Day We Celebrate.....380
To Girls in the Outer World....382
Department of Correspondence ..383
Editor's Corner 387
Domestic Department 389
Round Table.....391

LAMONI, IOWA:

M. WALKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Price $1.50 per Year.

[Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Lamoni, Iowa.]

FOR SALE,

One half interest in the only

Drug Store in Lamoni.

This is a good opportunity.

Address Dr. J. H. HANSEN.

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY R. R. CO.

PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

CHICAGO, February 15, 1889.

NOTICE.

C. B. & Q. Editorial Milage Tickets are not good on the line of the St. Louis Bridge & Tunnel Company between East St. Louis and St Louis.

That privilege was printed on the tickets in error. P. S. EUSTIS,

Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent.

—THE—

INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER!

A strictly first-class machine. Fully warranted. Made from very best material, by skilled workmen, and with the best tools that have ever been devised for the purpose. Warranted to do all that can be reasonably expected of the very best typewriter extant. Capable of writing 150 words per minute—or more—according to the ability of the operator.

Price - - $100.

If there is no agent in your town, address the manufacturers.

THE PARISH MFG. CO.,

Agents wanted. PARISH, N. Y.

feb1

FREE. STENOGRAPHY and TYPEWRITING FREE. First-class facilities and best of teachers. Address, with stamp for return postage.

THE PARISH MFG. CO.,

feb1 Parish, N. Y.

Sioux City Corn Palace of 1890.
Opens Sept. 25. Closes Oct. 11.

We are pleased to present our readers with a cut of the beautiful "Corn Palace" to be erected in Sioux City, Iowa, and opened on the 25th of September, 1890. Arrangements for most complete and extensive are being made not only to insure the success of the enterprise, but to make it the most perfectly complete in all its details of anything of the kind ever undertaken in the State. Special arrangement are being made for a Press Headquarters, and everything is being done on a scale of liberality and magnificence unsurpassed. Arrangements have been completed, among many others, for a grand Mardi gras procession. The representation will be magnificent in all its details. It will continue to October 11th, 1890.

August 21st to 30th, 1890, will be held at Creston, Iowa, a grand exposition and fair in the magnificent "Blue Grass Palace." The building is now being pushed to completion and will far excel the one of last year in size, beauty of construction and accommodation for the public. One fare for the round trip over all railroads in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinios, Indiana and Missouri. The attractions and inducements for visiting Creston at this time are too numerous to mention.

—: The Independence Gazette :—

Published weekly by

BRETHREN JOSEPH LUFF AND WM. CRICK.

At Independence, Mo.

One Dollar and twenty-five cents per year, outside of Jackson County.

A fine cabinet size Photo of our New Church to every cash subscriber for one year.

RUINS REVISITED,

AND THE WORLD STORY RETOLD;

The Scientific Defense of the Latter Day Faith.

240 pages, bound in cloth, price $1.

S. F. WALKER, Lamoni, Iowa

11 '27

"Covet Earnestly the Best Gifts."

Autumn Leaves.

1890 Alice France

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR THE YOUTH OF

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ

OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

SEPTEMBER, 1890.

Vol. 3. CONTENTS. No. 9.

Sermon by John Landers.....393
Eternity of Mind.....397
History of the English Mission..401
Social Progress and Spiritual Development.....404
It is Good to Read the Stories...406
Autobiography of Elder R. C. Evans.....407
Truth Versus War and Ignorance 412
Why She Quit Dancing.....412
Autobiography of Elder Glaud Rodger.....415
Past and Present.....415
Pattie; or, Leaves from a Life...418
Incidents in the Life of One of Earth's Pilgrims.....422
The Sea of Galilee.....425
Hints on Domestic Life.....426
Living.....428
Department of Correspondence..429
Domestic Department.....434
Editor's Corner.....437
Love for Good Books.....438
Round Table.....439

LAMONI, IOWA:

M. WALKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Price $1.50 per Year.

[Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Lamoni, Iowa.]

Stem Vowel Shorthand.

A system of shorthand in which the vowels are expressed in the consonant stems, by making the latter of different lengths. Invented by a court reporter of years of practical experience and used by hundreds in business life. Its merits are that it is easily learned, easily read and fully vocalized. It has no long lists of word signs, and is much simpler than the old systems. The undersigned uses it, and after comparing it with other systems recommends it to young men and women as a valuable acquisition as a profession. Little or no strain upon the memory required to learn it. Book with plain and complete self-instructions sent to any address $2. Circulars sent upon application.

Addres R. S. SALYARDS, Agent, Lamoni, Iowa.

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY R. R. CO.

PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

CHICAGO, February 15, 1889.

NOTICE.

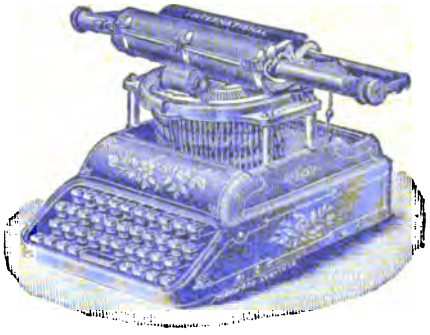
C. B. & Q. Editorial Milage Tickets are not good on the line of the St. Louis Bridge & Tunnel Company between East St. Louis and St. Louis.

That privilege was printed on the tickets in error. P. S. EUSTIS,

Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent.

THE

INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER!



A strictly first-class machine. Fully warranted. Made from very best material, by skilled workmen, and with the best tools that have ever been devised for the purpose. Warranted to do all that can be reasonably expected of the very best typewriter extant. Capable of writing 150 words per minute—or more—according to the ability of the operator.

Price - - $100.

If there is no agent in your town, address the manufacturers.

THE PARISH MFG. CO.,

Agents wanted. PARISH, N. Y.

feb1

RUINS REVISITED,

AND THE WORLD STORY RETOLD;

The Scientific Defense of the Latter Day Faith.

240 pages, bound in cloth, price $1.

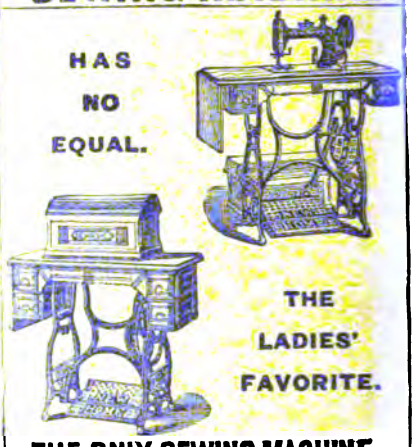
S. F. WALKER, Lamoni, Iowa.

THE LIGHT RUNNING

NEW HOME

SEWING MACHINE

HAS NO EQUAL.



THE LADIES' FAVORITE.

THE ONLY SEWING MACHINE THAT GIVES

PERFECT SATISFACTION

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. ORANGE, MASS.

CHICAGO, ILL. — 28 UNION SQUARE, N.Y. — DALLAS, TEX.

ST LOUIS, MO. — ATLANTA, GA. — SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FOR SALE BY

W. HUDSON, Agent,

LAMONI, IOWA.

—: The Independence Gazette :—

Published weekly by

BRETHREN JOSEPH LUFF AND WM. CRICK

At Independence, Mo.

One Dollar and twenty-five cents per year, outside Jackson County.

A fine cabinet size Photo of our New Church to every cash subscriber for one year.

FREE. STENOGRAPHY and TYPEWRITING FREE. First-class facilities and best of teachers. Address, with stamp for return postage.

THE PARISH MFG. CO.,

feb1 Parish, N. Y

CONCORDANCE TO DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS.

An enlarged edition, 32 pages, paper covers 5

Old edition 5

SONGS OF ZION.

Paper covers 10 cts.; per dozen.....1 00

"Covet Earnestly the Best Gifts."

Alice France

Autumn Leaves.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR THE YOUTH OF

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ

OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

OCTOBER, 1890.

Vol. 3. CONTENTS. No. 10.

Frontispiece—An Evening Scene.
Observations, No. 4 441
Caste 450
Little Ben Ezra 451
Public Opinion 453
The Happy Woman 456
Hints on Domestic Life 457
Beautiful Morning 458
Pattie; or, Leaves from a Life ... 459
Trusting our Children 463
Elder R. C. Evans 464
Elder Glaud Rodger 470
Brighter Day 474
Evening (see frontispiece) 475
Essay on Temperance 476
Ancient Manuscripts 477
Ambition 477
Ethics and Religion 478
Department of Correspondence .. 479
Domestic Department 484
Editor's Corner 486
Round Table 487

LAMONI, IOWA:

M. WALKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Price $1.50 per Year.

[Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Lamoni, Iowa.]

NOTICE.

BELIEVING that the interest of the work and the good of the young will be enhanced by the preservation in book form of two serials which have been appearing in the "Leaves," namely:

"With the Church in an Early Day,"

AND

"Pattie, or Leaves from a Life,"

we wish to say to all Saints interested in this, that we are now making an effort to have them published, and shall do so just as soon as sufficient encouragement is received. We will be able to issue these volumes at $1 each, neatly bound in cloth, printed on good paper, and containing the likeness of the authors, provided a sufficient number of names are received in advance to justify the beginning of the work.

NO MONEY

is asked for until the books are ready for mailing; but if you are interested in this matter and desire to see them published, send us your name as a subscriber to one or both when issued, and just as soon as names enough have been received to cover the actual cost of publishing, we will begin the work.

Those who have read the "Autumn Leaves" know fully the character of these volumes. They will be carefully revised and may contain other articles by their respective authors. Can you not afford to expend a few dollars in placing these volumes in the hands of a friend, whose mind you wish to disabuse of prejudice; in the hands of your children who you wish to grow up in the love of the work; in your Sabbath School libraries, where they may be read by those who can not afford to buy for themselves? Think of this matter, and if you answer yes, send your name, stating whether you wish one or both volumes, and which one you want, to

M. WALKER,
Lamoni, Iowa.

A postal card will be sufficient, but be sure to state just what you want and write your name and post-office, plainly.

SPIRITUAL GIFTS
AND
SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

By M. H. BOND

Spirit Power and Manifestations in and out of the Church examined in the light of reason, practicability and the Scriptures. How shall we Avoid Deception? The Ancient Church and Gospel Gifts Restored, &c., &c.

For Sale at Herald Office, Lamoni, Iowa; or by addressing M. H. Bond, Willoughby, Ohio. Single copy mailed to any address, 25 cts. Liberal commission to any one, man or woman, acting as agent.

---: **The Independence Gazette** :---

Published weekly by

BRETHREN JOSEPH LUFF AND WM. CRICK,

At Independence, Mo.

One Dollar and twenty-five cents per year, within Jackson County.

A fine cabinet size Photo of our New Church to every cash subscriber for one year.

FREE. STENOGRAPHY and TYPEWRITING FREE. First-class facilities and best of teachers. Address, with stamp for return postage.

THE PARISH MFG. CO.,
feb1 Parish, N. Y.

THREE HARVEST EXCURSIONS.

The Burlington Route, C. B. & Q. R. R. will sell from principal stations on its lines, on Tuesdays, September 9th and 23d, and October 14th Harvest Excursion Tickets at Half Rates to points in the Farming Regions of the West, South west and North-west. For tickets and further information concerning the excursions, call on your nearest C. B. & Q. ticket agent, or address P. S. Eustis, General Pass. and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Illinois.

PUBLICATIONS ISSUED AND FOR SALE AT HERALD OFFICE.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS

Compendium of Faith, for the Higher Classes
Sprinkled Leather 1 00
Muslin boards 75

Question Book for Intermediate Classes
Limp muslin, 25 cts each, per dozen 2 50

Question Books for Primary Classes
Limp muslin, 15 cts. each, per dozen 1 50

SABBATH SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

School Engineer and Record Book 50
Good Behavior Tickets, 100 for 15c., 1,000 for 1 00
Prompt Attendance Tickets ..... Same price.
Fancy Cards, package of 50, 5 kinds, large 75
Fancy Cards, smaller, 10 kinds, per 100 50

VISIONS OF JOSEPH SMITH, THE SEER.

And discoveries of Ancient American Records and Relics, with the statement of a Converted Jew.

Paper covers, 42 pages 10

111 '27

"Covet Earnestly the Best Gifts."

1890
Alice France

Autumn Leaves.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR THE YOUTH OF

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ

OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

NOVEMBER, 1890.

Vol. 3. CONTENTS. No. 11.

Frontispiece—Indian Summer.
Churchianity vs. Christianity....489
Thrice Rescued but Once Saved..494
Incidents of a Day's Travel.....497
God's Rest.....502
Careless Habits.....502
Pattie; or, Leaves from a Life...503
Save Your Eyes.....506
Alive Two Thousand Years.....507
The Resurrection.....507
The Promise and the Promiser..507
Life of One of Earth's Pilgrims..509
Elder R. C. Evans.....513
Perfect Through Suffering.....518
Elder Glaud Rodger.....518
Sermon in Rhyme.....520
Does it Pay to Read Fiction....521
Editor's Corner.....525
Indian Summer.....527
Domestic Department.....528
Department of Correspondence..531
Round Table.....535

LAMONI, IOWA:

M. WALKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Price $1.50 per Year.

[Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Lamoni, Iowa.]

NOTICE.

BELIEVING that the interest of the work and the good of the young will be enhanced by the preservation in book form of two serials which have been appearing in the "Leaves," namely:

With the Church in an Early Day,"

AND

"Pattie, or Leaves from a Life,"

we wish to say to all Saints interested in this, that we are now making an effort to have them published, and shall do so just as soon as sufficient encouragement is received. We will be able to issue these volumes at $1 each, neatly bound in cloth, printed on good paper, and containing the likeness of the authors, provided a sufficient number of names are received in advance to justify the beginning of the work.

NO MONEY

is asked for until the books are ready for mailing; but if you are interested in this matter and desire to see them published, send us your name as a subscriber to one or both when issued, and just as soon as names enough have been received to cover the actual cost of publishing, we will begin the work.

Those who have read the "Autumn Leaves" know fully the character of these volumes. They will be carefully revised and may contain other articles by their respective authors. Can you not afford to expend a few dollars in placing these volumes in the hands of a friend, whose mind you wish to disabuse of prejudice; in the hands of your children who you wish to grow up in the love of the work; in your Sabbath School libraries, where they may be read by those who can not afford to buy for themselves? Think of this matter, and if you answer yes, send your name, stating whether you wish one or both volumes, and which one you want, to

M. WALKER,
Lamoni, Iowa.

A postal card will be sufficient, but be sure to state just what you want and write your name and post-office, plainly.

SPIRITUAL GIFTS
AED
SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

BY M. H. BOND.

Spirit Power and Manifestations in and out of the Church examined in the light of reason, practicability and the Scriptures. How shall we Avoid Deception? The Ancient Church and Gospel Gifts Restored, &c., &c.

For Sale at Herald Office, Lamoni, Iowa; or by addressing M. H. Bond, Willoughby, Ohio. Single copy mailed to any address, 25 cts. Liberal commission to any one, men or women, acting as agent.

---: The Independence Gazette :---

Published weekly by
BRETHREN JOSEPH LUFF AND WM. CRICK,
At Independence, Mo.

One Dollar and twenty-five cents per year, outside of Jackson County.
A fine cabinet size Photo of our New Church to every cash subscriber for one year.

FREE. STENOGRAPHY and TYPEWRITING FREE. First-class facilities and best of teachers. Address, with stamp for return postage.

THE PARISH MFG. CO.,
feb1 Parish, N. Y.

PEN AND PLATFORM.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL.

J. B. WATSON, - - - EDITOR.

TERMS:—FIFTY CENTS A YEAR.

This journal is not the organ of any sect, denomination or party, but is published solely for the dissemination of knowledge upon Christianity, Temperence, Social and Moral Reforms, and its columns are open to all who wish to speak pointedly, pithily and practically upon these questions; who believe that the Word of God and reason are the only rules of faith and practice for Christians as well as Moralists.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The intention is to conduct the journal as a medium for giving both sides of the question, and no favoritism or prejudice by us will be exercised in regard to authors. All communications will be published without names or nom de plumes attached. An exception will be made in the case of controversies, when each writer must and shall know his advarsary. Short, forcibly written communications, worded in the spirit of love, are invited upon any theme bearing upon the above outlined subject, with the appended qualifications. Address all matter for publication to

PEN AND PLATFORM.
DRAWER F, ST. MARYS, ONT

IMPROVED FOUNTAIN PEN.

New invention (patented April, 1890). The pressure on the pen in writing regulates the flow of ink. Writes about 40,000 words with one filling. Very convenient for taking notes of sermons, speeches, &c. Can use any pen when needed. Makes a very pretty Christmas gift. By mail prepaid. One pen 25cts. Five for one dollar in P. O. Money Order or Express Check. Address,

PETER HINDS, Lamoni, Decatur Co., Iowa

VISIONS OF JOSEPH SMITH, THE SEER.

And discoveries of Ancient American Records and Relics, with the statement of a Converted Jew.

Paper covers, 48 pages..... 10

A 11 '27

1890
Alice Fiance

"Covet Earnestly the Best Gifts."

Autumn Leaves.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR THE YOUTH OF

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ

OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

DECEMBER, 1890.

Vol. 3. No. 12.

CONTENTS.

Frontispiece—Lake George by Moonlight.
The Spirit of the Teacher.....537
Living Pictures 539
The Church and the World.....540
Elder Glaud Rodger 542
Our Minds.....544
Elder R. C. Evans 546
Hints on Domestic Life 549
The Cyclone 551
Life of One of Earth's Pilgrims..551
Zion's Rising.....554
Zion's Redemption.....555
"Does it Pay to Read Fiction."..557
Autumn Leaves.....560
Galilee 561
Ben Hur; or, a Tale of the Christ 561
Spiritual Reminiscences 566
Confidential With Fathers 569
Lake George by Moonlight.....571
Highland Park Normal College..571
An Evil of American Daughters.572
Domestic Department 574
Editor's Corner 576
Department of Correspondence ..578
Round Table.....583

LAMONI, IOWA:

M. WALKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Price $1.50 per Year.

[Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Lamoni, Iowa.]

NOTICE.

BELIEVING that the interest of the work and the good of the young will be enhanced by the preservation in book form of two serials which have been appearing in the "Leaves," namely:

"With the Church in an Early Day,"

AND

"Pattie, or Leaves from a Life,"

we wish to say to all Saints interested in this, that we are now making an effort to have them published, and shall do so just as soon as sufficient encouragement is received. We will be able to issue these volumes at $1 each, neatly bound in cloth, printed on good paper, and containing the likeness of the authors, provided a sufficient number of names are received in advance to justify the beginning of the work.

NO MONEY

is asked for until the books are ready for mailing; but if you are interested in this matter and desire to see them published, send us your name as a subscriber to one or both when issued, and just as soon as names enough have been received to cover the actual cost of publishing, we will begin the work.

Those who have read the "Autumn Leaves" know fully the character of these volumes. They will be carefully revised and may contain other articles by their respective authors. Can you not afford to expend a few dollars in placing these volumes in the hands of a friend, whose mind you wish to disabuse of prejudice; in the hands of your children who you wish to grow up in the love of the work; in your Sabbath School libraries, where they may be read by those who can not afford to buy for themselves? Think of this matter, and if you answer yes, send your name, stating whether you wish one or both volumes, and which one you want, to

M. WALKER,
Lamoni, Iowa.

A postal card will be sufficient, but be sure to state just what you want and write your name and post-office, plainly.

SPIRITUAL GIFTS
AED
SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

BY M. H. BOND.

Spirit Power and Manifestations in and out of the Church examined in the light of reason, practicability and the Scriptures. How shall we Avoid Deception? The Ancient Church and Gospel Gifts Restored, &c., &c.

For Sale at Herald Office, Lamoni, Iowa; or by addressing M. H. Bond, Willoughby, Ohio Single copy mailed to any address, 25 cts Liberal commission to any one, men or women, acting as agent.

---: The Independence Gazette :---

Published weekly by

BRETHREN E. ETZENHOUSER AND WM. CRICK

At Independence, Mo.

The enterprising publishers of this paper are offering you your choice of one of three very fine views of the Temple Lot at Independence, free with paper if subscription is paid in advance. Two of these views, which are 8x10 include a view of the new church at that place Send in your money and get a good family paper for one year and a fine view of the Temble Lot, both for $1.00.

FREE. STENOGRAPHY and TYPEWRITING FREE. First-class facilities and best of teachers. Address, with stamp for return postage.

THE PARISH MFG. CO.,
febl Parish, N. Y.

PEN AND PLATFORM.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL.

J. B. WATSON, - - - EDITOR.

TERMS:—FIFTY CENTS A YEAR.

This journal is not the organ of any sect, denomination or party, but is published solely for the dissemination of knowledge upon Christianity, Temperence, Social and Moral Reforms, and its columns are open to all who wish to speak pointedly, pithily and practically upon these questions; who believe that the Word of God and reason are the only rules of faith and practice for Christians as well as Moralists.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The intention is to conduct the journal as a medium for giving both sides of the question, and no favoritism or prejudice by us will be exercised in regard to authors, as communications will be published without names or nom de plumes attached. An exception will be made in the case of controversies, when each writer must and shall know his adversary. Short, forcibly written communications, worded in the spirit of love, are invited upon any theme bearing upon the above outlined subject, with the appended qualifications. Address all matter for publication to

PEN AND PLATFORM.
DRAWER F, ST. MARYS, ONT.

IMPROVED FOUNTAIN PEN.

New invention (patented April, 1890). The pressure on the pen in writing regulates the flow of ink. Writes about 40,000 words with one filling. Very convenient for taking notes of sermons, speeches, &c. Can use any pen when needed. Makes a very pretty Christmas gift. By mail prepaid. One pen 25cts. Five for one dollar in P. O. Money Order or Express Check. Address,

PETER HINDS, Lamoni, Decatur Co., Iowa

SET OF TRACTS.

Bound in Limp Muslin, turned in 75

From "The Western Galaxy."

WALKER'S "THE RUINS RE-VISITED."

A QUITE remarkable little book—as lofty in purport as it is humble in appearance—has been sent to the *Western Galaxy* from Iowa, its writer, an old California and Nevada miner, S. F. Walker by name. The full title of the work is, THE RUINS REVISITED AND THE WORLD-STORY RETOLD. In explaining how his studies and investigations came to receive this christening the author says: "My theory being new and my plan including a survey of the ruins, with facts and a faith that Volney knew nothing about, and my conclusion diametrically opposite to his, I called my project THE RUINS REVISITED; and as my plan necessitated a survey of all eras of the earth and of man, I added the sub-title of THE WORLD-STORY RETOLD.

The book gives one more evidence—and a very forcible one—of the reaction, through a broader metaphysics, of the earnest scientific mind of the age from a fallacious and ephemeral content in a godless agnosticism. The leading idea of Mr. Walker's book is that cosmical and human history are identical in plan and movement; that movement and method a *divine* evolution, or in other words, *evolution with God in it, and above it, and superior to it.* The careful and accomplished author of THE RUINS REVISITED, as will at once be seen, is in harmony with the central thought of the master thinker, Bacon, who deduced from *his* studies and experience, that "the same God gave the Christian law to men who gave the laws of nature."

Mr. Walker's admirable book is not written in a controversial mood, nor from the specially religious stand-point, nor yet from the point of the social scientist. Indeed he affirms with noble ingenuousness that "no reverence or antipathy toward any religious creed or system has been permitted to deflect the lines of legitimate deduction; nor has any consideration been taken for pecuniary success, or coveting of the sweets of flattery's poison-flower."

The Ruins were his guide for the human era, and for the pre-Adamite eras he had the testimony of the Rocks. His book fortifies faith, sanctifies science, glorifies human life. The author well urges that as science exults at having demonstrated the conservation of forces, so science must admit that *spiritual* force knows no annihilation, knows no diminution. "Whatever has been done in the past can be equalled or surpassed now or in the future; and what has been miraculously begun can and will be miraculously maintained, with ever-active upward tendencies to perfection and beatitude. The dial on the heavens goes not back, and the clock of Time has struck a cyclic hour."

But we must come now to a brief summary of the various themes touched in the eighteen chapters of this stirring volume. In Chapter First nebulæ are noticed as the earliest stage of matter; suns coming next, and Saturn midway, in a stage of transformation into a peopled world—her seas suspended in annular form by her heat and motion. In this chapter the author puts forth a new theory of comets. Chapter Second, "The World's History of Itself," is the geological record, with an American rendering, while a California extension makes up Chapter Third, "Eldorado," showing *it* to have been the cradle land of the race. Chapter Four demonstrates that man in Eden was not an ape. The Fith Chapter, called "Seeric History," shows that in all these speculations the author's scientific thought is in line with what the seers have told us. Chapter Sixth, "The Winter of the World," is a novel geological explanation of the Flood. Seventh, "Deluge Tablets," shows the flood from profane sources, and that all the facts of human history hinge upon this one. Eighth, "Ararat," a centre to which all backward tracings lead. Ninth, "Babel," the fountain-head and source of languages, religious systems, arts, sciences, traditions, customs, and ideas of origin, of Eden, etc., together with rites, mysteries, secrecies, etc. Tenth, "Beni Noah," traces the migrations of all nation, tribes, kindreds, and tongues, savage and civilized, Americans and islanders. Eleventh, "Revelation amid Evolution," puts Christ into all that has yet come under review. Twelfth, "Noachidæ in America;" crossing the sea we find everything identical with that on the other side. Thirteenth, "Abrahamidæ in Peru," peoples Peru with Israelites. Fifteenth, "Central Americans of Antiquity," traces the Israelites to that locality. and Sixteenth, "Ancient Mexicans," traces them there by any amount of archæological proofs. Seventeeth, "The Mound Men," is a continuation of the same strain of thought. Eighteenth, and last, shows that the "Great Culture Hero," worshipped in all these lands was Christ—Christ crucified, and Christ the lamb slain from before the foundation of the world.

The book is a continuous narrative, with clearly connected or related parts, a progressive march from the very beginnings to a transcendent consummation and culmination in Christ—Christianity embedded in "the hills rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," and the preordained superstructure of all.

"The idea of the atonement by the substitution of one victim for another, also that of a general atonement by the offering of a superior or divine being, for a nation or for the world is of great antiquity."

"As the constellations of the Zodiac were named before the flood and were prophetic, it must have been done by inspiration; *and the more this assumption shall be rubbed, the brighter it will get.*"

Incidentally is given a new explanation of the shape of the earth at the poles and at the high mountain lands of the equator.

The writer holds that as religion has a scientific basis and history a scientific framework, therefore must the world come to have but one creed. He writes in cogent terms of the credentials with which Christ came into the world. "The world's rejection of him was horrid stupidity then; it is idiocy now."

Mr. Walker's lambent humor, wherever the subject justifies a humorous sally, is irresistible. His whole style in writing is graphic and compenduous, at once weighty and and easy.

Writing of himself Mr. Walker says: "I found that the only way that I cou'd undersand anything was by tracing it to its origin. The only way to trace any one thing to its origin was to trace all things to their origins. In order, for instance, to trace one race—the Indian, say—to its origin, I had to trace all other races to their origin, so as to know that there were no loopholes for irregular lines of entrance; and in order to do this it was necessary to also trace all material things to their sources. The same method was applied to ideas and institutions. I wanted to find where in the great processional march of the ages and the worlds I had got to, and what note I had been trying to strike in

'The fair music that all creatues made
In perfect diapason.'

I sought in the great whole if peradventure I might catch the rhythm and the movement, as

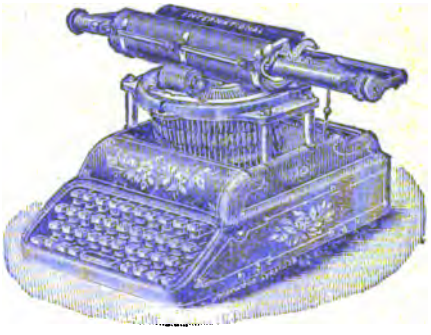
'Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The Diapason closing full in man.'

But this was in solitude, to which in the tumult of my mind I had been driven. I sought the farthest wilds between the two oceans for meditation, to gather up the rent threads, to see if I was I! When I got again where there were books, I undertook to prove up that which I had seen."

THE RUINS REVISITED is distinctively an American book, and while a captivating story for the generl reader, we think it can not fail to force jitself upon the consideration of the learned *elite* of both continents. A truly unique and fascinating work.

—THE—

INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER!



A strictly first-class machine. Fully warranted. Made from very best material, by skilled workmen, and with the best tools that have ever been devised for the purpose. Warranted to do all that can be reasonably expected of the very best typewriter extant. Capable of writing 150 words per minute—or more—according to the ability of the operator.

Price - - $100.

If there is no agent in your town, address the manufacturers.

THE PARISH MFG. CO.,

Agents wanted. PARISH, N. Y.

feb1

FREE. STENOGRAPHY and TYPEWRITING FREE. First-class facilities and best of teachers. Address, with stamp for return postage.

THE PARISH MFG. CO.,

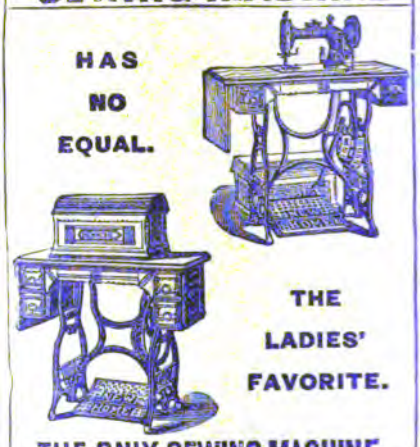
feb1 Parish, N. Y.

THE LIGHT RUNNING

NEW HOME

SEWING MACHINE

HAS NO EQUAL.



THE LADIES' FAVORITE.

THE ONLY SEWING MACHINE THAT GIVES

PERFECT SATISFACTION

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. ORANGE, MASS.

CHICAGO, ILL. — 28 UNION SQUARE, N.Y. — DALLAS, TEX.

ST. LOUIS, MO. — ATLANTA, GA. — SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FOR SALE BY

W. HUDSON, Agt, Lamoni.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

Form 419